

MINE

by
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An outside observer may have called him majestic, or handsome, but the blue dragon wheeling through the sky gave no thought to such descriptors. As he passed over a lake, wings spread wide to catch the updraft from below, the reflection below he would have just described as mundane. Dark blue scales glinted like sapphires in the afternoon sun, contrasting against the silvery-blue plates along his underside, similar to that of a cloudy sky. Spotting a clearing in the forest beyond surrounding a waterfall, he banked left and angled towards it.

Great wingbeats sent up a cloud of loose dirt as he touched down, using his long tail for balance until he could get all four feet under him. Shaking the dust out of the fluffy silvery tailpoof on his tail, similar to that of the spiky "mane" of sorts along his head, neck, and spine, he padded over to the river and took a muzzleful of water. Gulping it down, he angled his long neck for a better look at his reflection while wary birds began their songs once more.

In shape, his head was much like the dragon tribes of the far eastern continent, though he was not of that lineage. Though it had that distinctly canine cast, right down to a nose pad as opposed to the simple nostrils of some other breeds, he lacked the antler-style horns, instead bearing two golden horns that curved back from his skull. He did have the more mobile foxlike ears however, as opposed to the simple earflaps that some dragons bore in their place.

Some would have called the look in the eyes of his reflection a look of loneliness, but he had long ago come to terms with his lack of a mate. In his home territories, it was the red dragons the dragonesses had all desired. Where he had preferred finesse and subtlety, the reds were the embodiment of brute force and directness, their souls full of fire, where as he... he was as if made of water.

Shaking his head free of the memories, he splashed into the water, finding to his surprise it was deep enough to reach his silvery underbelly as he waded to the waterfall. Once there, he curled his head back, letting the water from the waterfall wash down over his head and neck, carrying away the dust from the last several day's travels. Enjoying the feel of the water caressing his scaled hide as he washed it clean, he let out a quiet rawr of contentment, the splashing water hiding the sound of the next arrival at the small glade.

"Khyron?"

The lilting voice cut through the background clutter like claws through hide, snapping the blue dragon out of his reverie. Shaking the water from his eyes, he found himself looking at a svelte silver dragoness that seemed somehow familiar. She knew his name, so he knew he should know her, but he didn't remember running into any females that looked as good as she did.

A spaded tail was curled around the slender, silvery-scaled legs of his visitor, almost hiding the small dark grey claws on her toes as she sat on her haunches. Along her underside were smooth silvery-grey bellyplates, smaller and finer than Khyron's, in much the way everything about this silver dragoness was more delicate, yet in no way fragile. As she tilted her head inquisitively, folding her wings, he couldn't help but admire how the muscles moved underneath her scaled skin. The puzzled expression on her snout did nothing to mar her simple beauty as silvery orbs took him in. Yet still, something

about her was somehow familiar... though he could have sworn he'd never seen such a lovely dragoness.

He blinked in surprise as she suddenly rose to all fours, her expression of confusion giving way to one of delight. "It IS you! I haven't seen you in a griffon's age!" Her pleased expression couldn't help but make him smile too, despite his confusion.

"I've been here and there... uhh..." he responded carefully, curling his neck around questioningly as he waded to the water's edge and climbed out onto the bank. "You obviously remember me, but I'm having a bit of trouble..."

He trailed off as he noted the exasperated look on the silver female's face. While the body language of dragons is different from that of the humanoid type, if she had been human she would have been standing with hands on hips glaring at him. In this case, it merely involved her talons digging into the ground, and curling her neck in disbelief. "It's me, Alana! Remember, back at Aerie's Peak? You kept getting us into trouble, like that time you showed me that cave and got us stuck there when the tide came in."

Khyron's eyes opened wide, ears perking as the recognition hit him. Of course he remembered her, but they were still mere wyrmlings back then, and she hadn't looked anything as lovely as she did now. Still though... "I'll have you know we WOULD have made it back in time if you hadn't wanted to chase those crab creatures around! Though they were quite tasty... and you were the one who thought to would be a hoot to chase that herd of deer into Argarth's den while he was sleeping."

"You thought it was hilarious too when he woke up to it!" she added back, then laughed and bounded forward, curling a wing around his forequarters and nuzzling his cheek with hers with a happy rawr. "It's so good to see you. I never expected to run into anyone I knew out here."

Khyron tentatively returned the nuzzle from his old friend, curling one dark blue wing around her side in response. "Same here," he said, beginning to notice a new scent reaching his nose. "In fact, I've barely seen any other dragons in the past few starcycles..." He trailed off as a gust of wind brought him more of that scent. It was oddly alluring, whatever it was, but he couldn't quite place it.

Noticing Alana's questionong look, he mentally shelved the matter of the scent and gave her nose a lick. "Anyways, what brings you out this way? Like you said, it's been a griffon's age since we last saw each other, though I haven't been exactly the easiest dragon to find."

As the two began to catch each other up on their travels, afternoon quickly gave way to early evening. Though initially they were sitting on their haunches, the setting sun found them laying next to each other by the riverbank. Several times, Khyron found himself rubbing his rear hips against the ground slightly, but caught himself each time. That scent he had noticed earlier had done nothing but grow stronger as time had gone on, and while he wasn't sure what it was coming from, he was beginning to recognize what made it so alluring. Whatever it was, it was making him feel a bit randy, and he found his thoughts drifting towards his nethers and his hidden dragonhood, but there was no way he could do anything about it with his lovely visitor right next to him.

Well, that was simple to fix, he thought. Rising up, he stretched in much the way felines do, then shook himself to rid his muscles of any stiffness. Well, other than the potential one in his belly. "I should probably go hunt some dinner. It was great to catch up with you again."

If any dragoness could pout, Alana was certainly doing it right now. "Are you sure? I mean we both had long flights earlier, and it can't hurt to wait a bit longer. " Rising to her feet, she beeped his nose with a dark grey claw. "After all I know you can see in the dark at least as well as I do, and I hunt at night all the time." giving him a wink, she added, "Less competition."

Looking away so she wouldn't see the reluctance on his face, he commented, "That may be true back there, but out here the biggest game is always out of sight at night, and a few wolves does not a dinner make."

Because he was looking away, however, he didn't notice the sly look Alana gave him, or where her eyes happened to glance. "Well, I'm not sure what game you might be after tonight then, but I do happen to be smelling something I'd love to get a taste of."

Smiling in relief, Khyron turned his head back to face the sultry silver dragoness, too glad of a way out to notice the odd tone of voice she said the last several words in. "Then maybe we should both go hunt, and meet up again afterwards."

"Oh, I don't need to anywhere else to get what I want. After all, it's been right next to me the whole time."

Khyron's head shot up in surprise as she ducked her own underneath his silver-plated belly to give a sneaky lick at his slit, making him shiver slightly. "What are you-"

"Shhh," The silver dragoness cut him off, tapping his nose with her spaded tailtip. "I know you want this at least as much as I do." After giving that barely visible split in his bellyplates another long, slow lick, she smiled in triumph as a bit of shiny black began to poke through. "As if that delicious musky smell of yours the past while wasn't a big enough clue..."

The big blue male's eyes half closed as he felt her rough tongue brush against the sensitive head of his hidden dragoncock, a soft murr of pleasure escaping his lips as more thick black flesh began to slide out into the open air. "mMmm.. wait, Alana, I.. ooh... don't want you to-"

Cutting him off again, this time by wrapping her tail around his muzzle, she glanced back towards his head. "You do, hon, but you just don't want to admit it. Now see if you can put that mouth to better use than fake denials," she said with a wink, and returned to her ministrations to that growing member. "Mmm, such a wonderful taste."

Her tail left his muzzle just as her tongue found that sensitive spot just behind the pointed head, the one he'd used many a time in secret, imagining moments just like this. As another warm murr escaped his muzzle at the touch, a drop of clear dragon pre escaped the fleshy spire, splashing across the sexy dragoness's tongue with a salty-sweet taste that she loved. Spreading his wings in the draconic equivalent of a shrug, he angled his long neck down under his new playmate's hiked tail, taking a good whiff of her own scent. He paused a second in shock, as he realized that the scent that had aroused him so was coming from Alana! As the pieces clicked into place, he could help but smile, before giving a testing lick to her vent, already starting to pout in anticipation of what was to come.

As she felt the warm tongue glide along the fine sensitive scales around her femsex, the silver dragoness let out a happy murr, vibrating the thick ebony shaft within her muzzle and drawing a

matching one from her chosen mate. Sliding her muzzle along the glistening black length, she imagined what this monster of a cock would feel like sliding into her, and let out a happy shiver as she felt his tongue slide between her slickening netherlips and start to explore within her.

Murroaning warmly into her slickening dragoncunt at the warm mouth along his sensitive flesh, Khyron pushed his snout firmly against her vent and began to lick deep inside her. Finding her taste a delight to his tongue, he drank down every drop of her juices that he could get, drawing back to just lap at her pouting entrance before once more licking deep within the heated dragoness.

After a minute of the two sampling each other, her muzzle surrounding heated black dragoncock while his tongue sampled deeply of her tight femsex, the horny dragoness released his thick black shaft to the cool air, drawing a gasp from her blue companion. Grinning lustily at the shiny length, she gave the pointed tip of the yard-long maleness a firm lick. "Now that I've got your attention," she murred, turning away from him while keeping the image of that delicious fat dragoncock in her mind, "I think we both want that nice thick cock somewhere else."

As she leaned forward on her forelegs, hiking her rear and tail and showing off her dripping vent, it was all Khyron could do not to pounce her and take her as hard and fast as possible. Closing his eyes a second, he opened them again to take in the lovely silver dragoness, head and forequarters lowered to the ground, wings spread out, lust in her eyes as her tail curled out of the way, a clear drop of her juice escaping her tight tunnel to hit the ground with a wet plop, muscles tensing under her scales as she waited in anticipation to be filled with that hard, thick cock jutting from his underside.

Carefully he moved over top of her, placing his forepaws next to hers and covering them both with his wings as he guided his heated tip against its destined sheath, drawing a soft gasp of anticipation from them both. Once he felt her slickened vent brush against the tip, he slowly lowered his rear hips, spreading the feral dragoness wide around his thick intruder and drawing a loud moan from her that sent the birds in the trees flying.

He paused there a second, reveling in the sensation of being buried so deep within her heated body, then withdrew slowly, drawing another sweet moan from his new mate's muzzle. "Nnng... gods Khyron... all this time.... and no other dragoness ever claimed... this monster of a cock?" She panted out the words as he began to give her slow, firm thrusts, letting her get used to his size as he stretched her wide around so much fat cocklength.

"Nnng... No, they... mmmmm... would rather have one of the.. ooh... reds! Gods Alynna, does it always feel.. this good?" He murred as he slowly sank that slickened shaft deep into her tight femsex after each drawing back. "I feel like.. I just want to .. ram you full... mate you.. until we can't stand."

"Ooohh... do it..." she murred out, letting out a happy rawr as the pointed head brushed against a sensitive spot within her. "Take me... make me your mate... fill me with your seed..."

As the last words left her muzzle, he gave a sharp, firm thrust, the change in pace making her rawr in pleasure, her slickened passage grasping at the thick dragonmeat as if trying to suck it in further. Leaning down over her, he began to swing his hips harder and faster, rocking her with the force of each deep thrust. Murroaning happily, she lowered her forequarters against the ground, claws digging into dirt as she submitted herself fully to the big blue male taking her as his own, her tail entwining with his as he slammed her full of so much thick black dragoncock.

Their roars of pleasure echoed through the forest as Khyron pounded her tight vent with quick, hard thrusts of that ebony spire, his mind becoming filled with only the need to fill her full of his hot cream. Feeling himself draw close, he leaned his head down, and rawred out one word.

"MINE."

Taking her neck in his jaws, he slammed deep one last time, a roar of triumph echoing around the scaled flesh in his maw as he came. Hot, thick spurts of rich dragoncum blasted out the buried tip, splashing against the heated walls of the silver dragoness under him, and setting her off as well, her roar of pleasure mingling with his as her hungry dragoncunt squeezed and milked the thick shaft for every bit of that gooey cream, filling her womb full of his hot seed to mingle with the forming eggs within.

As the last few spurts sprayed out the pointed tip, Khyron's grip on his silver-scaled mate's neck loosened, though still he held it gently in his jaws. Enfolding them both in his wings, he pressed close, leaving his thick maleness still sheathed so deep within his heated dragoness as he rested with her, enjoying the feelings of surrounding and yet still beign surrounded by her.

A contented murr escaped Alana's muzzle, rumbling underneath her chosen as she basked in the feelings of being filled so full of her lover's seed and held in his grasp. On a whim, she squeezed down on the large dragoncock still filling her, and smirked mischevously at the warm mrroan from her sapphire-scaled companion. "Mmm... you do realize you'll never get rid of me now, even if you wanted to."

Releasing his grasp on her neck, he gently licked at the tooth-marks in her hide, not bleeding thankfully but visible signs of his claim on her. "As if I ever would let you go..."

With a contented rawr of agreement, she pulled away from the licking slightly, turning her head to give his black nosepad a gentle lick. As she looked up at the big blue-scaled silver-bellied dragon who had claimed her body and soul, she smiled warmly and murmured one single word.

"Yours."