

FLIGHTS OF FANCY

by
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It was a cool wind that blew down the slopes, a few melting piles of snow showing the signs of spring starting to reach these far northern regions. That wasn't the only sign however, provided that you knew of the ways of dragons. Or were one, as in the case of the two weary travelers laying on the cliff-edge overlooking a valley far below.

The larger one was scaled in blue, the visible portion of his underbelly and underside of his long neck protected by silvery plates. A silvery mane of sorts matching it ran from his head, down along his back to his tail, which was capped in a floofy tailtip of a similar nature. The wind barely affected either as he turned his oddly canine-shaped head, fox-like ears swiveling beside golden horns, to take in the gathering far below.

"Are you sure you want to go through with this?" He rumbled to his smaller companion, her more delicate features making her femininity obvious to any other dragon. The protective way that the dark blue wing of the larger dragon covered her, and the way she pressed her silver-scaled body against his side also made it obvious that the two were mates. Which, if one knew the season and knew about dragons, would tell that person why they were here.

"Of course, beloved," the throaty voice murred from the silver dragoness as she gently raised her head to nuzzle under his blue-scaled snout. "It's tradition... and besides, I want to show all those other rabbit-eaters what they passed up on when they ignored you back then," she said, baring her teeth in a grin that could only be called happy if one had been chewing longweed for at least an hour beforehand.

"Alana..." The big blue dragon let a soft sigh escape as his eyes tracked a new green-scaled arrival banking around a cloud and heading downwards. "Sometimes it's better to let sleeping wyverns lie."

Alana softly snorted at that, a puff of frost escaping her nostrils as she turned her own gaze to take in the valley below. Trees once bare had taken on the look of giant pink clouds, a few petals blowing in the breeze from the flowers covering their branches. Down in the deepest part, the trees gave way to grass, already starting to green up around a large lake. At least, what she could see of the grass seemed to be greening up, but the scaled paws and bodies of the younglings cavorting around the lake edge made it hard to tell. It wasn't all dragons who had come of age however, as there were many older dragons there as well. Some to observe, some to participate in what was to come.

"Now Khyron," she said, returning her attention to her mate and giving him a much warmer smile, her teeth hidden this time. "Like I told you before, it's not just that. Showing you off is just a bonus. I can already feel the eggs growing, so if we don't join the Flight this year we may not get to for a long, long time."

At the reminder of the precious cargo within her, Khyron's blue-scaled tail curled gently around the silver dragoness, his attention leaving the growing draconic crowd to give his mate's black horns a couple gentle nibbles. "You never did tell me if you knew that you were already in heat or not when you found me at that clearing," he murred as the gentle nibbles drew a quiet rawr of appreciation.

"And I'm never going to, because it doesn't matter," the lovely dragoness murred playfully as she

lapped a little at her mate's neck. "Would you have done anything different, one way or the other?"

Without even a pause to think, Khyron lowered his maw to gently nip an earfan and answer, "Nope, not one bit."

A soft murr of surprise escaped Alana's throat at the nip as she nosed under her mate's canine-styled muzzle, curling her spaded tail around him in much the way his rested around her. "And you have to admit, the final portion of the Flight of Mating should be fun."

"Mmm.. I can't deny that," he rawred as he recalled watching the males and females high in the sky at this very valley, long before he left to find meatier pastures. He'd been too young to participate then, and by the time he'd reached the proper age, he'd already been long gone on his travels. "So, tomorrow, when the sun reaches it's zenith?"

After nodding a yes, Alana snuggled closer under his leathery wing, laying her head down over his forepaws as the two imagined what was to come.

It started the following day, as the sun just barely peeked over the mountaintops, casting a soft light on the gathered dragons below. Perched on the same cliff as the day before, Alana and Khyron watched as the first few dragons took off, mostly of the impatient, young type. Wings beat at the air as they rose higher and higher, seeking the updrafts that would let them glide far above the females and other males below.

As each found a path of their own to follow, a few young dragonesses began to rise as well, arrowing towards their targets as the males began to twist and turn. Rawrs echoed off the rock faces as males and females called to each other, the sun glinting off the chaotic rainbow of colors beginning to fill the sky.

As the sun climbed higher and higher, the numbers began to fall off as the younger pairs left the sky to those not chosen, or those still seeking to complete their flight. Or those waiting for the right time, such as the blue and silver pair now stretching out their forepaws and shaking the stiffness from their wings.

It wasn't long before the sun hit its peak, the larger, older dragons now beginning to make their flights. As Khyron gave one last stretch, he curled his neck over to meet his mate muzzle-to-muzzle, a warm murr echoing from his throat. "Don't wait too long," he said with a grin, then let out a soft rawr of surprise as Alana slapped her spade right against the slit under his tail that held his large dragonhood.

"Let's give them a nice show," she said with a sultry smile, sitting on her haunches as her mate bounded once, twice, then off the cliff, spreading wings wide to catch the wind from below and spiral up into the noon sky.

As he reached the height he'd been considering, he glanced back nervously for that small silver dot far below of his lovely silver dragoness, then banked around as he began to concentrate on pushing out his hidden dragoncock.

To begin the Flight, the first thing the male did was to put himself on display... all of himself. As he began to think of his sexy mate waiting for him, Khyron felt himself starting to grow hard. Foot after foot of black flesh pushed out of his bellys lit, the yard-long shaft jutting from his underside as it firmed up. Slowly, he banked around, giving the dragonesses below an eyeful of that rigid, throbbing shaft, his tooth-filled maw opening in a rawr of challenge to any who would come take that thick cock for their own.

Swiveling his ears, he caught the steady beat of wings below as a couple females changed direction, though to his dismay neither of them were the svelte silver dragoness whose body he was beginning to crave. Folding his wings, he dived through a puffy white cloud, one of a few that the wind was starting to blow in, a soft gasp escaping his muzzle as the cool vapor enveloped his heated shaft for the few moments he was in it. As he spread his wings, checking his descent and looping back around, he noticed the green and bronze dragonesses following him had only gotten closer.

As they arrowed in on the aroused blue, they finally noticed each other, the green letting loose an angry rawr as the bronze lashed her spiked tail, but neither changed course. Khyron turned yet again to try to buy more time, but the two dragonesses already after him simply angled in further, shortening the distance between them and their "prey."

'Alana, where are you,' Khyron thought as he changed course one more time, letting his rawr of challenge ring across the skies yet again as he tried to avoid the two already after him. A moment later he heard a yelp, and looking back saw the green angling away with a few gashes in her flesh, the bronze dragoness licking her short muzzle as she arrowed for his underside. Before he could change course yet again, Khyron felt a warm tongue run along that thick black dragoncock, drawing a surprised murr of pleasure from him. A moment later, he saw the culprit as Alana dropped out of his shadow, stooping towards the bronze dragoness quickly flapping her wings in a desperate bid to change direction, teeth bared at the one who'd dare try to take HER beloved.

As the bronze quickly peeled away, Alana spread her wings, checking her descent and swooping around in a graceful curve right towards her chosen mate, who couldn't help but grin in mixed relief and amusement at his dragoness's possessiveness. Wagging his wings, he banked around one last time as his silver-scaled love matched his course, giving the crowd above and below one more look at that massively thick, yard-long dragoncock jutting from his silver bellyplates.

A murrarw escaped his throat as his mate angled her neck to lap along the hot length, his ears catching her pleased murr against the rushing wind as she tasted his hot dragonflesh, the two of them beginning to angle up as they prepared for the final part of the Flight. Up and up they went, waiting until the lake below was a mere speck before checking their ascent.

As they came to a stop, Alana's muzzle went straight for the delicious shaft of her mate, their wings beating in unison as she took a portion of that heated length into her warm, wet snout, suckling it and tonguing it gently as her blue-scaled lover murred hotly at the attention to his needy dragoncock.

Gently, he teased her vent with the floofy tip of his muscular tail, noting with satisfaction that she was already starting to drip with sweet dragoness honey as she murred around the massive black shaft filling her muzzle, her tongue teasing along the underside. Apparently his show had gotten her turned on just as much as thinking about what they were about to do had done to him.

As soon as she tasted his musky pre beginning to leak from the pointed head, she slid her muzzle off

that throbbing draconic shaft and lapped at the glistening black flesh, making her blue-scaled mate rawr in pleasure at her ministrations as she panted in need and want for being filled with that drooling cock.

With mixed reluctance and anticipation, she adjusted her angle, baring that hungry vent to the massive shaft hanging from her mate's belly, a plaintive rawr of need leaving her muzzle. Her mate lowered himself, forepaws gripping her rear hips as he pressed the wide head of that massive shaft against her slick entrance, their loud rawrs filling the sky as he filled her tight dragoncunt with every foot of his massive shaft, spreading her femsex wide as he felt that throbbing dragoncock surrounded by her tightness and heat.

As they flapped their wings, barely keeping their altitude, he began to rock his lower hips, thrusting into that slick vent, stretched so wide around that massive girth plowing her tight cunny. Alana couldn't help but press back against each powerful thrust as she felt that rigid shaft drooling his heated precum into her needy sex, panting as she rawred her pleasure at being taken by her mate so forcefully in the afternoon sky.

As Khyron's firm thrusts grew in speed and urgency, their tails twined around each other, their murring moans and rawrs reaching the dragons further below as they too paired off and began to sate their urges on each other. Wet schlups and slaps echoed around the valley as scaled hips met, the sounds and sights of the couples mating all around driving them all on in hotter and harder thrusts, dragoncocks of various sizes and shapes filling those wanting, needy vents as they claimed their mates before all the world.

And above them all, the big blue dragon with the foxlike head slamming his lovely silver dragoness full of so much thick black dragoncock. "RRRrrrr... gonnna... cummmaaarrrrrr" he rawred into her ear as he felt his heated cream pooling within, his need to fill her with hot dragoncum growing as he thrust into that tight, dripping vent.

"Graaaawrrddsss..... cummmrrrrr.... in mmrrreeeee..." she panted back to him. "Fill meee... while falllllinggggrrrrrrr...." Rawring out her pleasure, she gave that large dragoncock, gliding so nicely between her glistening netherlips, a firm squeeze, barely remembering their plan from before in her need to be filled by her mate's seed.

With a flick of their combined tails, they aimed downward, wings stilling as they began to fall. Khyron's thrusts picked up a renewed urgency as he wrapped his wings tight around his silver-scaled mate, her own silvery wings folded tight against her sides as they dove towards the lake far below. Most dragons barely noticed, already pounding their new mates' tight vents or getting filled by hot, throbbing dragonflesh, but the few who had already finished or were merely here to oversee the proceedings watched with surprise as the two fell like a roaring comet of silver and blue scales.

As the wind whistled by, Khyron managed a few more strokes of that yard-long cock within his lover's tight dragoncunt, then roared in exultation as he felt his hot cream blast out of that pulsing shaft into his mate's heated cunny, powerful spurts of his thick cum shooting deep and splashing so hot inside her. Her roar joined his a moment later as she felt his rich seed pouring into her, filling her with his warmth as they fell towards the water, free from gravity and everything except each other while her hungry vent tried to milk that massive shaft for every drop.

A moment later, as the final bit of his pearly cream entered her body, they finally reached the surface of the lake with a splash larger than any four dragons there. The chill water surrounded them as they dove

as one, the coldness surrounding their heated bodies making them shiver. Bracing her rear legs against him, Alana pushed away, a gasp bubbling from Khyron's muzzle as the cold water hit his now-sensitive shaft, quickening his well-used dragonhood's retreat back into his slit.

With firm strokes of leg and wing, the two dragon lovers rose back to the surface. The waves caused by their sudden entrance rocked back and forth as they burst from the water, panting as they spread their wings over the surface and floated there. As they began to nuzzle each other, mrrring at the wonderful feelings still flowing throughout their bodies, the other dragons who weren't still otherwise busy looked on with expressions ranging from disbelief to admiration at the stunt the two had pulled.

Later that night as the moon began to rise, the starry sky found Khyron and Alana snuggled up on the cliff in preparation for the long trip home. Dark blue wings and tail protectively encircled the silver dragoness, her head tucked underneath his as they gazed out at the peaceful glade far below.

Though peaceful, it was far from still, as a few dragons far below were still mating with their chosen. Or perhaps mating again. 'Or a third or fourth time,' Khyron thought with a chuckle as a couple roars of climax faintly reached his fox-like ears.

His head rose as the distant sounds of mating were drowned out by the sound of beating wings, the stars above them occluded for a moment by an incoming visitor. As Alana snuggled in closer against her blue-scaled mate, he called out, "Who approaches?" with a questioning rawr.

"Just an old dragoness," came the reply as the silhouette reached the cliff landing with a thump, the claws on her forefeet and hindfeet digging into the rock as she steadied herself. A moment later, the moon's light reached the new arrival, and Alana gasped in recognition.

"Mom!?"

The elderly silver made a soft chuckling sound as Khyron's gaze darted back and forth between the two like a game of "throw-the-rock." "It's been a long time, daughter."

"That it has," the younger silver answered with a murr, not leaving her mate's side but stretching her neck to meet her mother in a gentle nuzzle. "I didn't expect to see you at one of these. You always said it was just for those with more nethers than brains."

Khron had to stifle a chuckle at that as the elderly silver spread her wings in a draconic shrug. "All you younglings already left long ago, so I figured I'd make myself useful and watch over the next generation of wyrmlings. You two put on quite the show."

"Thank you," Khyron said, bowing his head a bit. "I think?"

Now that drew a laugh from the matron dragon. "It seems my daughter's chosen well... a mate with plenty of brains as well as nethers."

"Mother, go find Dad if you want a ride, this one's mine," Alana responded half-jokingly, flicking her spaded tailtip in amusement while her mother rawred another laugh and Khyron just shook his golden-

horned, canine-like head in amusement.

"I'm guessing that wasn't your first mating either. You already have the scent of eggs about you, child." As the two young draconic lovers craned their necks to look at each other, the elderly silver nodded slightly. "I thought as much. But now I have seen the father of my children's children, and he is one worthy of the honor."

As she turned to go, she angled her neck back and rawred a farewell. "May the winds always guide your wings, and the stars your claws." With a flick of the tail and flapping of wings, she was gone once more into the quiet night, leaving the two dragons to sleep and dream of their future together.