

Mrin's shadow swept over the tops of the trees to her right as she flew past. She adjusted her course slightly to put the shadow just a little bit behind her; it wouldn't do for prey to see it before she could catch it.

It had been a couple of days since she had eaten last. Not an unusually long time, but long enough that the growling from her stomach had sent her from her cave to the richest hunting grounds within half a day's flying. There was some tension between her and the neighbouring dragon about whose this small valley actually was. They were usually on, if not friendly terms, then certainly polite ones but he insisted that it was his as his cave was closer. Needless to say, Mrin disagreed. She wouldn't give up such a rich place, not while there were still deer and wild goats roaming around. The valley even had rabbits which, while not more than a mouthful, tasted delicious.

One day, and soon, she would probably have to fight Mathris for the valley. That duel could go either way. Mathris was slightly larger and probably a good deal stronger but he couldn't match Mrin for her speed or her flying ability. In the air, the scales would probably be ever so slightly in her favour.

Returning attention back to her hunt, she spied an animal wander into a clearing to her right. The creature was a buck, a young one that looked like he would make a good meal. Of all the prey in this valley, this was the best that she would be able to find without hunting for the rest of the day. Immediately, she stopped beating her wings, gliding forwards with the altitude she already had. The sound of wings might be muffled this far up but most of the prey in these mountains knew the sound of dragon wings and what it meant. Banking to go to the clearing, she growled quietly as her shadow passed in front of her. This was exactly what she had wanted to avoid but it was too late to circle around.

The brief patch of darkness passed over the buck. At once, it froze then looked up. As soon as it did, Mrin tucked her wings close to her sides and dived. The buck leapt away, bounding towards the safety of the trees where she couldn't easily follow. Flaring her wings before she hit the ground, Mrin turned her downward speed forwards and caught up to the buck quickly. Reaching forwards with a foreclaw, she grabbed the animal's neck before flaring again. The sudden stop broke the buck's neck and he fell there.

Dropping to the ground herself, Mrin examined her prey. It was a fine thing, lots of meat and no signs of disease or illness. A clean kill too. Humming slightly, she stripped coat off with her claws and ate her fill. When the majority of the buck was gone and her belly full, Mrin sat back on her haunches and surveyed the area around her. A clear little river ran through the clearing and all around mountains rose up to frame the clear sky. It really was a nice place. If Mathris wanted to take it, she would fight him for it.

With ownership of the valley such an issue, Mrin took the remains of the buck over to the edge of the trees where it would be less visible from the air. While she didn't want to

relinquish her claim, hunting on the land would just be unnecessary provocation to Mathris. Scavengers would find and finish the carcass anyway. She took a moment to wash the blood from her snout and claws in the river before returning to the air. It was a clear day with only a few clouds on the horizon and a little tailwind that sped her on her way. Hot air rose from the rock as she drifted over one of the bare patches of earth and Mrin used to gain the height she needed to reach her cave. On a cooler or sunless day, the ascent would have taken a lot more work.

Now that she was happily fed, she wanted nothing more than to lie in the sun for a couple of hours. The mountain directly opposite hers was one of the smallest in the range so even though her territory was in the middle of the mountains, her cave was bathed in sunlight for most of the morning up until midday. Using claws and fire, Mrin had managed to create a little ledge outside the cave itself on the steep edge of the mountain. Humans could probably get up here if they were determined but the place was remote enough that they never really came here. The only time one had entered was a hunter who had stumbled in during a fierce storm. He was as surprised as Mrin when he came face to face with the dragoness. She had considered eating him, more to keep the knowledge of her home secret than anything else, but he had offered a nice brace of rabbits and asked for shelter only until the storm cleared. The gift of food had tipped the scales in his favour, especially as she couldn't fly or hunt in a storm and she allowed him to stay although she stayed between him and her hoard.

As she lay on the ledge, a wing draped over the ground next to her to catch the sun, she kept an eye out for anymore humans wandering about but there were none. It wouldn't even be hunting season for weeks yet. Rolling over onto her back, the warmth of the sun went right through the scales on her belly and she hummed in pleasure. From this position, her silver scales would probably be shining like polished metal. Mrin took great pride in her scales. Most dragons had shiny scales but few had metallic colours like hers. Silver dragons were rare, gold ones even rarer. She'd met a bronze one a couple of winters ago but other than her, she was the only metallic dragon she knew of.

It was very comfortable lying here in the sun and soon she fell asleep, but not for long. When the sun was near directly overhead, Mrin was woken by a roar that echoed and bounced off the mountains around her. She scrambled to her feet immediately; displaying her belly and throat would not be a good idea. The roar was not a challenge, merely an announcement of arrival but there was an angry tone to it and there was only one dragon it could be. Sure enough, a green shape flew into sight a moment later.

He didn't have iridescent or metallic scales but instead had a curiously dappled appearance, the colours on his hide swirling in patterns. It made him far from ugly though. If they hadn't been fighting about that valley, she might have even tried to entice him with a lifted tail, but not now.

Mrin moved into the entrance of her cave, both to allow Mathris the space to land and

to bar him entry. A few moments later he dropped heavily from the sky and landed with a muffled thud on the ledge.

“Greetings,” he said, an angry hiss marking the word. He didn’t stand at ease, wings staying half-unfurled and tail twitching in the air. Whatever the reason for his anger, this was not going to be a friendly conversation.

“To you as well,” replied Mrin, keeping her voice as calm as possible. “What brings you here?”

“You!” Mathris snarled, taking a sudden step forwards. “You stole a deer only a few hours ago! The entire herd has left my territory now because of you.”

Mrin held her ground and growled loudly, raising her own wings a little. “Nothing was stolen. The valley and its prey are mine not yours. If you wish to duel me for them, you need only challenge. This was my territory before you came and it remains mine now!”

They both stood still for several moments, unwilling to back down. It could have turned into a duel right there, but then Mathris backed away. Whatever he said, he wasn’t so sure he could win either. With an angry snarl, he leapt off the ledge and back into the sky. Mrin watched him until he was out of sight to make sure he left her territory then returned to her sunny spot on the ledge. There would only be a little while longer before the sun went behind her mountain though any possibility of a nap was now gone.

Her thoughts wandered back to Mathris. If he had come here just for Mrin taking one deer, he would soon be asserting his claim for real. She would have to be careful when out hunting. Not for an ambush, it wouldn’t be a proper duel, but if she was eating or on the ground when he challenged then she’d have the disadvantage. More than once she’d considered letting him use her land but he would never accept not owning it.

The sun finally disappeared behind the mountain face and the warmth was gone. Growling unhappily, she got up and stretched out her wings. Mathris had said that the deer had left his territory which meant that they had either left the mountains entirely or were on her land. She would go and find out.

The herd was indeed on Mrin’s land, a fact that made her quite happy. After all, Mathris couldn’t fault her for taking them in her own territory. Unfortunately she rarely hunted the deer, not when there was other prey. She smelled Mathris often though. His scent was all over several clearings in the valley, something that did not escape Mrin’s notice when she went there herself. That was why one day, near a week after Mathris had confronted her about the deer, she found the herd again and killed a doe that had wandered from the group. This one

was not for her though.

Picking the doe up in her claws, she leapt up into the air and beat her wings hard to stay aloft. The extra weight slowed her greatly and made flying difficult and laborious even on a warm day with pillars of air rising from the ground. By the time Mathris's home was in sight and she had roared a greeting, Mrin was panting hard and the muscles across her chest were aching. Mathris's cave was on the valley floor, unlike her own, but the descent wasn't easy either. The green dragon left his cave and looked up at her before making room for her to land outside his cave.

Mrin landed a little less gracefully than she normally would have done but was careful not to crush or mar the deer. "For...you," she said, nudging the deer over towards Mathris while trying to catch her breath. She had not carried weight such as that that far for a long time.

Mathris waited a moment before replaying so that she could stop panting for air. "To replace the one you took?"

Mrin snorted weakly. "Took...took nothing. This is a peace offering, neither from your lands nor the contested ones, but from mine. Consider it an attempt to halt this feud before it gets out of hand. You already have a larger territory than me and you should be content with that. You can fly out onto the plains and hunt there while I cannot easily leave the mountains. But the valley is mine and if you want it, you will have to duel me for it."

For a second, Mrin thought he might do just that, but then Mathris relaxed. "I will not cede my claim to it, but for now...it can remain yours," he said, taking the deer from between them and examining it himself. "It is a fine gift. You are welcome to stay until you can fly again."

Mrin declined his offer and leapt upwards as Mathris ate the deer. Hopefully, this would at least make things friendlier, if only for a while. Eventually though, Mathris would want the land again. It was simply how dragons were. In these mountains, there was little gold and few gems to hoard, so they hoarded territory instead. Mrin's own hoard was mostly heirlooms given to her by her parents and a few things she had found in her territory or on her travels here. Mathris's own territory had a human town on the border and she knew that he traded with them on occasion but she doubted he had much in the way of wealth.

Reaching her own cave, Mrin walked into the cool air. Her cave had not belonged to another dragon before her but it was still quite large. It had three main rooms to it, one where she slept, one that remained empty apart from a few oddities that she had found and one room that held her hoard proper. Mrin had rounded and enlarged all three when she had found it and the claw marks still showed in the stone.

It was the final room, furthest from the entrance, that held her hoard and this is where she went. It was the smallest of all the rooms but there was a hole in one wall that let in the

sun and occasionally, the rain. The latter didn't matter so much to Mrin when the sunlight came in and glittered off her treasures.

Mrin sat down in front of the small, precious pile. A fair amount of it was coin, nice and shiny silver and gold. Dotted here and there were small gems, rubies, emeralds and even a diamond. There was a gleaming sword, brought by a knight that had tried to kill an ancestor of hers at some point but by far the most valuable thing in the room, at least to Mrin, was the large stone in the centre. It was clear and could have been another diamond except for the silvery light that emanated from the centre. That was her hatchstone, given to her when she broke her egg. Nearly all dragons had one; a hatchstone couldn't be won in a duel or taken in any way by dragon custom, so only humans ever stole them.

She watched her hoard for a while after that, admiring every piece and how what little light there was played over the reflective surfaces. Every so often she would breathe a little tongue of flame to light up the room. The orange and red light sent little spots of light everywhere, reflecting off the treasure and Mrin's own scales.

Before long, most of the afternoon had passed and night was falling when Mrin finally got up. There was still a little blood on her claws and muzzle from her hunts earlier in the day so she went to the cave entrance. There was still a little red in the sky but the air was already getting cool. She needed to wash the blood off and she would much prefer water now than in a couple of hours. The nights here were cold, especially in this season.

Leaping off the ledge and spreading her wings, Mrin made her way towards a stream that ran down the mountain. It wasn't as large or as fresh as some of the other streams but it was the closest. Mrin heard it before she reached it, the roar of the water tumbling over rocks, making short waterfalls here and there on the mountain face.

Landing carefully on the uneven surface so as not to harm herself, Mrin went to where the water fell from a boulder slightly above head height. She stuck her head underneath the flow first, partly to gauge the temperature and to get the worst of the blood off. The water was cold but not unbearably so. Still, it wasn't terribly nice. She cleaned her muzzle and claws then stepped out of the stream hastily. The water slid off her silver scales but the chill remained. Next time, she'd wait until midday when it was warmer.

The chill of the water was still in her scales when Mrin flew home and the effort of flying to and fro through the day had left her tired, even if she had rested for a while. The room in which she slept was only slightly larger than the one that contained her hoard but it had something extra. In here Mrin had cut a small alcove into a wall. Now the stone was blackened and cracked.

Opening her maw, Mrin breathed a jet of flame into the alcove. Keeping the fire going for as long as possible, she eventually had to stop and draw breath. Her breath had heated the

stone so that it now glowed, radiating heat into the small space. She had heard that humans did a similar thing to warm them in winters but this was much better and it would stay warm for hours.

She curled up in front of the red-hot rock, wrapping her tail around and basking in the warmth. Humming with pleasure, she fell asleep, content and warm.

Mrin's sleep was restless and her dreams fevered. She didn't usually dream much and when she did, details were always forgotten by morning. This time was no different but the fevered feeling didn't leave when she woke. The stone had lost its heat a long time but she still felt warm, like she was lying in the sun. She got up, unable to stay still, filled with a restless energy that was new to her.

After yawning and stretching out, she exited out into the air. Unlike last night, the cold air felt nice on her scales. Judging by the chill and position of the sun, it was only a little past dawn. After pacing up and down a couple of times, the decision to go flying was easy.

The wind rushing over her scales felt nice, cooling them down, and her wings were using up some of her energy. She flew more or less in circles for a while, occasionally diving or rolling to make it more interesting. Aerial acrobatics were fun.

It was thirst that sent her to the ground in the end. Even after flying for over an hour, Mrin still felt that she could go for longer but not without some water. She went back to the nice valley and the clear stream that ran there. Landing in the same field that she had eaten the buck, Mrin shook out her wings and gulped down water before sitting back on her haunches.

The air was still, at least here in this shielded spot. Taking a deep breath, the scents of dozens of animals flowed through her sensitive nose. Of all of them, three were of interest immediately peaked Mrin's interest. The first was rabbit, as fresh as if the animal had just run underneath her nose. On another day Mrin might have begun hunting them but the other two scents caught her attention. One was hers, one was Mathris's.

Mathris's scent was a day or two old but she inhaled deeply. His smell now seemed rich and invoked a warm feeling in her belly. She purred a little as the feeling intensified before shaking her head and snapping out of her daze. What was that?

Mrin's own scent had the answer to that. It had taken coming out to this empty field for her to notice the difference. Well, she did live with it every day. Her scent was mostly the same but there was an additional part to it. Faint, but definitely there, a hot, spicy element that shouldn't be there. It took a moment for it to click inside Mrin's head. Her reaction to Mathris's scent and her own changing one, it made sense now. Heat. She was in heat, or at least, the

beginning stages of it.

She was still quite young, barely more than a youngling by dragon standards. She'd mated before but this was her first heat. It was later than expected, later than most, but it was here now. The problem was, the only other dragon within a week's flying in any direction was Mathris and she certainly did not want him to sire her eggs, even if there was only a small chance of that. It was unlikely that she would be fertile in her first heat, even less likely if she didn't want to but still...there was a chance.

From what she knew of heat though, soon she would go looking for him. That is, if he didn't catch her scent before that. There were few dragons that would ignore a female in heat and eventually Mrin's own lust would lead her to raise her tail, no matter how much she didn't want him now.

Deciding that delaying what was probably inevitable was far better than giving in now, the dragoness flew as fast as possible back to her home. She reached it quickly, not doing any acrobatic manoeuvres this time but aiming for speed. She flared her wings just enough to slow down safely and dove through the entrance. She skidded on the floor for a bit before managing to stop.

Right, she was home. That was something at least. Here, there would be no scents other than her own and unless Mathris came looking for her, he would not come too close. The next problem was figuring out how to stop herself from going and finding the other dragon. Slowly, as her heat went unsated, she'd get more and more desperate but if she could hold out until it was over, then it might be years before she went into heat again.

Distraction, that would be the best thing right now. Something to take her mind off the powerful messages her body was already starting to send her and what better way to do that than her hoard? That always enraptured her. It did this time as well. Mrin spent the next few hours rearranging and moving items around, then stepping back to see the result. Unfortunately, her hoard wasn't that big and it didn't last.

Whenever Mrin stopped, even for a moment, the heat came back to the forefront of her mind. It was called heat for a good reason. It felt like there was fire beneath her scales, in her blood. She could feel it flowing to every part of her body, but it focused on one part in particular, beneath her tail.

Dropping down onto her side, she curved her head down between her hindlegs, one of the advantages of having a long neck. Usually, the entrance to her vent was a simple line, a slit underneath her tail. Now though, the lips of her sex were puffy, the normally silver-grey skin a dull pink. The lips had drawn back as well, revealing the sensitive flesh underneath. Mrin's clit, usually nestled away and hidden, was now out and exposed. Her entire sex was covered with a thin sheen of moisture that was flowing slowly from her vent. It was this that was exuding the

powerful odour that quickly filled the cave

By now her vent was beginning to ache, a physical need developing inside her. Even Mrin's own scent was having an effect on her now and lust began to cloud her mind. Curling her tail around, Mrin held the blunt tip of the limb over her vent. Already she was panting and she hadn't even done anything yet. A few drops of liquid rolled down her side, leaving a reflective trail from her vent to the floor.

Unable to wait any longer, she pushed the point of her tail into her vent. Her tail was fairly thin at the end and it slid in easily, helped along by the arousal that was running out of her vent. Mrin moaned, vent squeezing and rippling around her tail as sensation ran up her spine. Her claws clenched and twitched as she withdrew her tail and then pushed it in further, the growing width of her tail stretching her vent out. It wasn't just the pleasure that was helping; it was like scratching an itch that had been left untouched for a week. It just felt right.

She began thrusting her tail faster, squeezing down to increase the pleasure. It wasn't enough though and after a moment's hesitation, the dragoness bent her head down further and flicked her tongue across her lips. Mrin's hips jerked as her tongue ran over her exposed clit and she moaned again. Her juices tasted strange on her tongue but the taste wasn't unpleasant.

Mrin ran her tongue up in quick, smooth strokes, making sure to give her clit the attention it wanted. Every time she touched it, her vent seized down on her tail and a thrill of pleasure raced through her. Something was wrong though. The pleasure was nice, but it wasn't what she wanted, what she needed. The need, which her tail had dulled, was now back and even stronger. She turned her tongue to her clit, running over it repeatedly, but it wasn't enough. The orgasm she desperately needed wouldn't come. There was a point that she couldn't make herself pass, that she needed someone else to get through.

Whining now with frustration, Mrin took her muzzle and tongue away but couldn't bring herself to stop thrusting with her tail, even if it did no good. The primal part of her mind made Mrin scramble into a presenting position, chest to the floor and rump held high. Her tail continued to thrust and it felt a little better for a moment, like she was being claimed by another dragon. Soon though, even that faded.

If this was nature's way of ensuring that she found a mate, then it was pretty effective. The small part of her mind that was still functioning, at least reasonably well, made the connection. If she wanted relief from her heat, she would have to go find another dragon and she knew where one was.

Still thrusting with her tail and getting even less pleasure than before, her mind was made up. Whatever her personal dislike of Mathris, she just had to do something. Withdrawing her tail from her sex, she got to her feet. Every few moments her hips jerked of their own

accord as she went to the cave entrance. The end of her tail was covered with a layer of her arousal and her vent hadn't stopped dripping either.

For the second time that day, she flew as fast as she could, wings straining, except this time she wasn't flying away from Mathris, but towards him. The wind was behind her which helped speed Mrin on her way but also blew her scent ahead of her. Mathris would know that she was coming long before she got there and her scent was unmistakable.

When she was in sight of the cave, she roared to let Mathris know she was coming. The roar trailed off into a needy whine towards the end but Mathris still heard her. He was sunning himself on the ground but roused himself and made room for her to land. Mrin did and as soon as the wind from her wings died, Mathris's musk filled her nose. The smell only made the ache in her vent increase. Mrin's nose said that there was a male right there, a healthy one that would be a good mate. Just seeing him made her tail jerk higher.

"Well, I expected you hours ago," Mathris said, the tip of his tail flicking back and forth as he smiled. "Your smell has been in the air for hours now, but I thought it would be better if you came yourself, rather than coming to you."

Mrin's mind was too clouded to produce words, instead giving a long, plaintive whine. It was only with immense effort that she didn't go into a presenting crouch right there and then, although her heated scent made her condition pretty clear. Mathris laughed at the sounds she was making and rose to his feet, walking over to the entrance to his cave. Mrin whined again, thinking that he was going to leave her but he turned his head back to face her. "Coming?" he asked, before turning back.

Mrin practically bounded in after him, following Mathris into a little room filled with the smell of metal and leather. Normally, she would have been interested by his cave, the layout, where he kept his heard and things like that but Mrin couldn't bring herself to care about that at the moment.

The room was hung with a variety of items: chains, straps and many other things she didn't recognise, but she did know their general purpose. Mathris took a couple of things off the wall and then turned back to her. "Now, you came here, so we do this my way. If you want me to mate you, to sate your heat, then you are going to let be bind you while I do. It'll be a lot more fun, for me and for you."

Mrin whined again, looking back and forth between the restraints and Mathris. She was already willing and more to the point, in heat. What was the point of tying up a dragoness in heat? She wavered back and forth for about three seconds before her need flared up again and the decision was made. She nodded her head quickly and Mathris smiled again, a predatory growl rumbling in his throat.

“Good girl. Now come over here.”

Mrin did as he told her. If not for the heat, she would never have consented to do this, nor have even obeyed him, but she couldn't help it. Going to the middle of the room, Mrin stood waiting for Mathris to do something, still whining quietly with every breath. Mathris stalked around her a couple of times. Every time he passed behind her, Mrin couldn't help her tail twitching upwards to show him her dripping vent.

“I got some of the humans to make me these. It only took a gem and a few coins to get all of this. All I've been missing is a dragoness to use it on.”

The first piece of bondage that he put on her was a long metal bar between her legs, ensuring that she kept them spread wide. Testing the range of motion she had, Mrin knew that walking would be very difficult like this. A claw pressed down on her back between her wings and she didn't need any further encouragement. Dropping her chest to the ground, she raised her rump as high as she could, tail bending and lying flat against her back.

“Eager aren't we?” Mathris chuckled. “Put your claws through here...that's it.”

Mrin pushed her front claws as far back as they could go underneath her body. It was a little uncomfortable lying like this but before she could change her position, Mathris locked manacles around her wrists and linked the chains to the bar, keeping her in that position. Tugging on the chains, Mrin tested her range of motion. It really wasn't much but she didn't care. She just wanted him to mount her already! A couple of straps pinned her wings to her back, making them useless while another went around the tip of her tail to hold it against her spine.

Mathris came back around to her head which was lying on the ground, holding one last thing in his claws. Mrin whined again when she saw it but opened her mouth to accept the ring gag. It fitted into place behind her teeth with a strap that acted like a muzzle, holding her jaws shut around the metal circle.

Stepping back to admire his work, Mathris said, “One last thing, to show your mine.” Taking a heavy leather and iron collar from the wall, he fit it around Mrin's neck, just below her head. “All done. You look very beautiful like this. And so needy.”

The last part was certainly true. Being bound had only increased the ache in her vent and her hips were slowly grinding against the air. She needed him to mount her but even without the gag she could barely speak. Mathris sat down in front of her and she whined when she saw him fully aroused just in front of her. Her mind went blank for a few moments, lust making her thrust against the air faster for a few moments. Mathris just laughed and walked behind her.

“Mmmm, you’re even prettier from this angle. Tail nice and raised...”

His voice trailed off and a moment later, something touched her vent. It was the lightest touch, just the tip of a claw trailing across her lips. Mrin trilled, a sound she hadn’t made since she was a hatchling, and bucked back against it. Mathris laughed but kept his claw where it was, stroking gently up and down. Even though it was barely anything, the feeling was a thousand times better than what she had managed to do herself.

The claw pressed in a little more firmly and dipped down to press against her clit, making Mrin moan and buck back against him. Mathris curved his tail around and nudged the tip against the entrance to her vent but didn’t go any further. Just having something there had Mrin thrusting back with her hips but he moved his tail with her. She whined again, curving her head around to look at Mathris imploringly. Why was he teasing her? Why didn’t he just mount her already?

He kept rubbing with that one claw, refusing to give her anything more. His musk was filling the cave as well now, mingling with Mrin’s own heat scent. Withdrawing his claw and tail from Mrin’s vent he once again walked around her body to sit in front of her. Mrin kept her eyes on his cock he passed, whining and still thrusting slightly at the air.

“I have pleased you,” Mathris said. “Now, it’s your turn to pleasure me.”

Mrin nodded quickly, believing that he was going to mount her now, giving her enough orgasms that she wouldn’t have to worry about her lust for the rest of her heat. To her confusion though, he stepped over her head and grabbed one of her horns. As Mathris moved her head she figured out what he was doing and whined, but did not resist. Holding one of her horns to direct her head, Mathris pushed her head towards his cock.

He released his grip and Mrin nudged around for a moment before sliding her maw down his length. The ring behind her teeth made it impossible to close her mouth or even her lips but she was careful to keep her teeth away from his sensitive flesh. His taste was filling her mouth and her nose could smell nothing but his scent. Her vent was burning, desire filling every thought that she had. The need was painful but she couldn’t resist him, not now.

Mathris thrust a little bit deeper into her maw, taking Mrin’s thoughts back to her task at hand. She bobbed up and down awkwardly, curling her tongue around his cock as it moved in and out of her muzzle. Unable to form any kind of seal with the gag, this was the best she could do. It seemed to be enough though, Mathris moaning with pleasure above her and thrusting every so often into her mouth.

With Mrin’s pheromones filling the air, it did not take long for Mathris to have his orgasm. Thrusting quickly, Mrin did as much with her tongue as she could when Mathris stiffened. A claw grabbed one of Mrin’s horns to hold her still and he pushed himself deep into

her maw so that Mrin's nose was pressed against his slit. Mrin felt his cock jerk in her mouth and then warmth as his seed spurted down her throat, the dragoness swallowing as much of it as she could.

Mathris pulled out of her mouth, leaving Mrin with the lingering taste of his seed in her mouth. Her tongue flicked around, gathering up any remnants and drops. She was so horny! Please, please, let him take her now. Her tail lashed against its bond, Mrin trying to tug it down so that she could get some, any, pleasure.

Mrin had thought that the aching fire in her sex couldn't get any worse. She was wrong. Mathris's teasing and her forced oral had only made it worse and now she felt like she was going mad. Mrin's sex, rump, stomach and the floor between her feet were soaked with the product of her arousal, the scent filling the air.

Mathris lay down in front of her, laughing again as she whimpered at him, her hips humping against the air again. This time she couldn't stop them, the strap on her tail stopping the dragoness from grinding against the ground.

"That was lovely," Mathris purred, an unsettling predatory expression on his face. "It will take me some time to be ready again, if I even mount you." He grinned even more widely at Mrin's confused and imploring expression. "You need it more than I. Of course, I am loathe to leave such a pretty dragoness like yourself in such a condition so, let's talk about payment. How about a certain valley...?"