

Getting Acquainted

Written By: Skabaard

The world smelled... refreshed. As Emma sat at the end of a long table, wolfing down her breakfast, she could smell it over the intoxicating aroma of her meal. The torrential rain of the previous day had done more than leave puddles of water standing in every irregularity in the ground. It felt like it had washed the land's slate clean for it to start anew. The odor of Southcliff, not always pleasant, had been dulled and replaced with the scent of spring, wet earth and flowers and cooling breezes on warm days. After months of seemingly endless snow and ice, she almost didn't know what to think of it all, and she swept out of the kitchens with a happy bounce in her step.

As she strolled down the broad, airy hallway of the Sanctum Arcanum, she waved happy greetings to other Lancers, occasionally stopping to exchange teary embraces with those few who hadn't yet been made aware of her return. It felt beyond good to once more be around her friends, and it showed in her demeanor. She had trouble keeping her lengthy, black-skinned wings held against her back as they quivered excitedly, and her thick, muscular tail was nearly constantly thrashing behind her as she walked.

She gave as many gleeful hugs as she received, and she devoted no small amount of time to burying the end of her tapered, draconic snout into the hollows of her friend's throats, reacquainting herself with their diverse, unique scents. Some had even changed enough to warrant it. She herself showed the effects of her hard winter. The young dragoness had grown, matured, and while she didn't really consciously acknowledge it, her bearing flaunted it. As she strutted along, her hips swung alluringly from side to side, and her chin was lifted just a hair's breadth higher than usual, accented by the inch of extra height she had gained during her most recent growth spurt.

Her wardrobe had needed resizing, something her father, the Archmage, was quick to do. Even then, her shirt, which was buttoned up her back in a complex pattern to allow for the motion of her wings, was a snug fit, its dark, black fabric a match for that of the clingy trousers that reached to the middle of her calf. Each sumptuous contour of her rather curvaceous figure was highlighted. Her large, ample breasts rode full and high on her chest, supported by the tension of her tough, scaly hide on its own without the need of any undergarment, and the flare of her expansive backside made her waist appear thinner than it really was. She was lined from head to toe in an impressive layer of tough, sturdy muscle that gave her feminine assets a firm, perky shape, and she was rarely hesitant to put it to use.

She had taken time that morning to carefully polish her thick, onyx horns, most of which were short and backward curving and gave her a spiky crown, save for the two largest, which continued their arc in a sweeping spiral that brought them around to border her skull like those of an immense, threatening ram. Where her scales were left uncovered, splashes of brilliant, polished bronze could be seen, and each of the impregnable, shield-shaped plates contrasted with the stripe of bright, electric blue that ran down her front to the end of her nimble, prehensile tail. Her eyes glimmered like a pair of flawlessly-cut amethysts, and they shined with an intense, prideful glint in spite of her attempts at humility. She felt *good*, and she showed it.

She wasn't really certain where she was going; she had nothing to do at the moment. She hadn't been assigned any duties by the Lance, and no one had needed her for anything other than

giddy welcomings, some of which she indulged herself in more than others. But other than that, Emma simply walked, enjoying the familiarity of home and dozens of friendly faces that were happy beyond happy to see her. She was so engrossed in simply enjoying the moment that she was very nearly taken by surprise by the most excited person of them all. Only a deep, powerful voice crying out her name was enough to give her a hint of a warning. "Emma!"

She had time to tense and spin part of the way around before her world was turned upside down and shaken for all it was worth. A pair of immense, undeniably strong hands, along with the arms attached to them, wrapped bodily around her, each as thick as her waist at the bicep, and hauled her off of the ground, crushing her into an almost violent hug. She saw darkness for a split-second, and the air was forcefully squeezed from her lungs as the world gradually came back into focus. A dark shirt much like her own dominated her vision, and the immense chest against which she was held saved her with a generous cushion of plush bosom. Still, were she not a dragon, and much, much sturdier than she looked, bones would have been broken, and no amount of boob would have saved her.

"Cera!" she wheezed, gulping down air when she could while she squirmed helplessly. "Gods' Blood, have mercy!"

The arms that were like bars of adamant wrapped around her loosened somewhat, going from crushing her to merely cradling her, and she was lifted a little further, until at least four feet of open space separated the tips of her clawed toes from the ground. She looked up, stars dancing around her vision, and came face-to-face with that of a snake, an oddly lovely, clearly feminine serpent with eyes of burnished gold and eyebrows marked with a pair of thick, sharp horns. A fleshy, sable tongue flicked from between thin, ophidian lips and tasted the air inches from her face, as if to make sure that it was really her. Without speaking, Cera pulled her into another, more gentle hug, laying that serpentine head on her shoulder and shuddering as if on the verge of tears. "Emma... Oh, Emma. I thought... Oh Gods, I was so afraid. I thought I would never see you again."

She returned the embrace as best she could, but the twelve-foot woman's humongous frame and heavily-muscl'd physique made getting her arms around the breadth of that colossal chest a chore that she simply couldn't pull off. "Well..." she crooned soothingly, "You should have known I'd be back. I couldn't just up and leave my family like that, especially you."

Cera laughed in spite of her relieved anguish and hugged her tighter, something about which she wasn't yet ready to complain. Instead, she peered over a broad, powerful shoulder at the ophidian woman's tail as it thrashed in its excitement. Emma's captor possessed no legs. Instead, a body of a truly titanic, sandy tan serpent was fused with her at the hips, complimenting her scaly, snakelike appearance. "Well next time you better damn well leave a note, or I'll hug you until your eyes pop out!" hissed the second of the Lance's two leaders. "If you make me tell your father that you exploded one more time, I swear there will be a hell to pay! I still know a few priests; I can do it!"

"I promise." she acquiesced. "Although I'm pretty sure I've already seen a hell or two, so I'm half tempted just to see what the rest are like."

The naga dropped her back to her taloned, digitigrade feet. "You even try, and I'll send you there in pieces, little girl." The gruffness in Cera's voice came more from the effort required to keep from crying than any real threat. "Gods help me, I'm falling apart." the serpentine behemoth mused while scrubbing a tear from her eyes. "Listen. I need to get moving, but should you come seem me some time tonight? My office, during dinner, I don't care where. I... I could really use some more hugs."

She gave Cera one for the road, promising to do just that while watching the naga slither down the hallway. Reaching out, she let her fingertips brush lightly along the naga's girthy train as it dragged itself past her. When the tapered tip of it slipped by, it snapped around, cracking like a whip across her backside firmly enough to prod a yelp from her lungs. Not bothering to turn around, Cera simply laughed and kept going. With a huff, the dragoness rubbed her trousers while shooting a surly pout at the monstrous woman's receding back. After a moment, and with a shouted promise of revenge down the hall, she continued on her way.

Desiring to feel a little sun on her scales, she took a turn when the hallway dumped her out into one of the Sanctum's immense chambers. The inner doors stood as they most often did, wide open, and she sauntered out into the massive, circular park that was separated from the rest of the world by the massive, white marble walls of her home. The air smelled even sweeter than it did inside, aided by the patches of brightly-colored flowers that dotted the gently sloping hill. There were a few stands of trees scattered around, some growing around a small, shallow stream that flowed from the hill's apex, which was dominated by an ancient-looking willow whose drooping, leafy branches formed a thin canopy in the center of the great, open space.

She dodged around groups of other Lancers who were training in twos and threes on her way up the hill. The stream bubbled quietly next to her as she followed it, pausing occasionally to chat with people who were lounging casually in pools where the water collected on its way down the slope. It was all a world apart from the bustling metropolis that thrived beyond the boundaries of her home, and had she not known that it had all been created and was all maintained by a potent mix of arcane and natural magics, she would have thought she was in a paradise.

The source of it all could be seen at the top of the hill, sitting casually beneath the spread branches of the willow that dominated its fellow trees. Pushing herself into an easy trot, she jogged the rest of the way, intent on the conversation she could hear thundering down to her from her father's deep chest. His back was to her, and she brushed aside the strands of leafy, vinelike branches that screened his powerful silhouette. She scampered around the hill's crown, leaping over the stream's source in the roots of the tree and throwing herself bodily into the huge dragon's back, latching onto his wings and climbing the rest of the way up.

He reacted as if he had known she was stalking him, and simply peered over his shoulder at her as she popped over the muscled contour. His crystalline blue eyes sparkled, and his grin appeared boundlessly happy in spite of the twin rows of daggerlike teeth it put on display before her. "Good morning, little one." he rumbled softly, reaching back past his tapering horns to run his fingers along her jaw. "The Sanctum seemed so empty without you here. If you could manage it, do you think you could maybe stick around for a while? I think it would to wonders your parents' peace-of-mind if you would restrict yourself to local incidents for a decade or three. I..." He faltered, his eyes growing misty and distant. With a hand that could have crushed stone to dust within its grip, he reached over his shoulder and pulled her from her perch to cradle her against the breadth of his chest. "I didn't know what to do, not being able to locate you. I fixed it, and I'll never fail to find you again, but... Oh, Emma, missing you couldn't begin to describe it."

His enormous arms almost completely enveloped her. He was more than twice her size, and while she was strong and quite visibly so, he was a different beast entirely, with thick, immovable slabs of adamantine muscle that gave him a godlike physique that had been carved from diamond and wrapped in a layer of tough, golden scales. The stripe of obsidian that covered his front radiated soothing warmth into her from the furnace that was his body, and she slipped her own arms beneath the fabric of his sturdy, black longcoat to hug at him. "I don't know about

a decade, but yeah. I... I think I'll be staying close for a while. I never thought I'd miss being bored out of my mind, or being warm, and comfortable, and around all my friends, but I definitely did. Don't tell Mom, but I missed this the most, your hugs. They're the best."

He hummed dubiously, but embraced her more firmly anyway, squeezing her with fond affection and pressing lips to her forehead in a doting kiss. "I'm sure, I'm sure." The Archmage eventually released her, and she nimbly slid down his front to land softly on the sun-warmed grass before him. "I was just speaking with our guest." added the dragon with a gesture toward the other person with whom they shared the hilltop.

"Amena!" she cried happily while running over to give the other woman a hug with the same excited energy. "Are you okay? Did you sleep well? I'm sorry I sort of vanished, but... I needed to take care of some things."

The woman she had rescued was worlds apart from her, a normal, unmorphed human with almost violently blue eyes and long, white hair. "Yes, yes." she said meekly, "There's so many people here, and I looked out one of the windows, and there's a whole, huge city out there, and everyone's been so nice, and I didn't want to bother anyone after everyone was so kind..."

Flushing furiously, she dipped her head, and the silence gave the Archmage the chance to speak. "Come now, Amena. Helping people who need it is hardly a bother; it's our duty, our honor, even our pleasure."

"Yeah!" Emma quipped. "Besides, if you bothered anyone around here, they'd definitely let you know. We've got plenty of beds for you to stay in while we get you figured out!" She redirected her attention to her father. "Speaking of, Dad... Do you think I could move to one of the suites on the third floor? I've... run into the need for a little more space. I nearly broke some things last night..."

An immensely prideful grin stretched over the elder dragon's fierce features. "I know. Every mage in the Sanctum felt it. I had to assuage more than a few worries because I'm not sure if anyone other than your mother or I recognized it for what it was. She was very excited, so much so that she nearly barged in on you. I managed to convince her otherwise."

She felt her skin heat beneath her scales, and she held her wings more tightly to her back to hide the way their membranes flushed in embarrassment. "Thanks..."

"I thought a little privacy was appropriate. Melana?"

"Y-yeah."

His head fell back to allow a rich, hearty laugh to roil from the depths of his lungs. "She always was a tough one. I'm proud of you, little one. Your mother said that you're Awakening before she did, and she found herself unable to contain her excitement."

Amena walked up behind her, enraptured by the conversation. She only lifted an eyebrow. "Is that why she's nowhere to be found? I thought she'd be with you."

"She was..." he mused with a grin, "But she stayed in the mountains to continue to... express her joy in a place that is less populous than the heart of the second largest city in the country. She'll be back around when she can keep herself from blowing something up, although she did request that you come see her sooner rather than later, so try not to keep her waiting for too long."

"I'm not planning to, but I wanted to spend a little time showing Amena around Southcliff. That is, if she wants to..."

The woman who had been silently creeping over to her suddenly lunged, throwing her off balance and nearly tackling her to the ground under the force of her abrupt glee. "Really?!"

Amena squeaked breathlessly, a huge grin plastered over her face. "Would you really?! There are so many people! There's so much! That... That would be wonderful!"

"I can't see any harm in it," admitted her father, "so long as you two take it easy. You've both been doing more than your fair share of walking recently."

She threw her arm around Amena's waist and pulled her close. "Don't worry. I'll make sure she doesn't get lost or trampled by some clumsy horse"

"What?" the human said in a startled gasp. "Does that happen?"

"I'm just kidding," she corrected herself, to Amena's visible relief. "Dad, were you able to help her at all, with her memories or her... additions?"

With a sigh, the dragon lowered himself to the ground, crossing his legs before him. "Well, I've done a little poking around, and I have to say, our guest is one of the most intriguing young ladies I've ever had the pleasure of meeting." He gestured downward at Amena, who brightened like he had asked her to dance, and his smile softened. "I'll be the first to say that I can only guess at what was done to her, but it certainly had some interesting results. I have no clue as to its intended purpose, but whatever is using her as a home is... absolutely fascinating. It's so deeply intermeshed with her form that it's almost impossible to tell where it ends and she begins. I don't think I could separate them even if she wanted me to."

"I don't," Amena said matter-of-factly, "I like them. They've helped me. We need each other. They would die without me."

"Of that I'm sure," replied the Archmage with a nod, "You and your little conglomeration of tagalongs seem to have made quite the team. They aren't parasites by any means. They don't seem to be harming you at all. In fact, it seems like the only thing they need from you is... a place to live. You've said that they can communicate with you..."

"Yes," chirped Amena in agreement, "but not with words. I can feel them, and they can feel me. I know because I can feel what they feel. They can feel you, and Emma. I could point you out with my eyes closed. Sometimes, when they get hungry or excited, everything gets all jumbled up in my head and I can't tell what's me and what's them."

"And as long as you don't lose yourself in them, they don't pose any threat to you." The Archmage gave Amena a firm eye. "And I think that what they offer you in return for a body to call home is quite the recompense. You likely can exert some form of control over them, just like they can you, and why don't you show Emma what you can do without even bringing them out?"

The easily-excited woman grinned eagerly and gently pulled the dragoness over to the roots of the massive willow. Amena stepped boldly into the beginning of the little stream, and without hesitating wrapped her arms around one of the massive rocks that were nested against the ground and that bordered the water's source beneath the tree. With a cute little grunt, she straightened her legs and put her back into heaving the stone from the earth, and to Emma's obvious surprise, she managed it. The huge hunk of rock came free from the socket its weight had carved into the ground with a gravelly grinding sound, and the deceptively strong woman turned on her heels and walked over to the dragoness, carrying a small boulder that must have weighed hundreds of pounds like it was no more than a bucket of water and leaving deep footprints in the grass.

The giddy smile never dropping from her face, she then let the rock fall from her hands at Emma's feet to dig a fresh hole in the ground with a dull *thud*. "Well shit..." said the awed dragoness, staring down at her impromptu gift, "I should have had *you* carrying *me* all that way."

Amena visibly blushed. "I would have, but I didn't know I was so strong until Daryn did his magic. And he's right. I can't quite control them, but it's like they know what I want them to

do, and they do it before I can even think about it... Sometimes. I practiced last night..." She closed the distance and pulled Emma into a happy, lingering hug. "I didn't like the tank, and the others hurt me, but maybe it wasn't all bad. Maybe we can help people like you helped me. Thank you, Emma. I... Thank you."

Chuckling warmly, she returned the tight embrace while her father beamed proudly down at her. "It was the least I could do, Amena. I'm just glad I was able to get you out of there without getting us both killed... mostly, at least. As for help, I'm sure that there are people out there who could use some help from someone like you, but I think we should make sure you're completely okay first."

"That's my recommendation," said the dragon that loomed over them. "But I don't want to overstress either you or your friends. Mental spells can be strenuous, so I think we should wait until you're fully physically recovered before I go digging around in your head. I think it would be a wonderful idea for you to get a little fresh air out in the city, as long as you don't push yourself too hard."

"Great!" Emma barked, hugging Amena to her side. The other woman was already trying to pull her down the hill in her excitement. "Before we go... about my room...?"

Her father dismissed the question with a flick of his hand. "Of course, of course. She'll need a real room as well, so you should both go pick one out later today so that we can make sure that they're furnished. Now go on before Amena pulls your arm out of its socket, and try not to overwhelm her. Her mind is still recovering, even this long after regaining consciousness."

"I'll make sure to be gentle." She called over her shoulder while she let herself be led down the hill by her excited ward.

Following Amena back along the path she had come up was far from an arduous task. For what the dragoness was sure was the first time that the amnesiac could remember, she was wearing clothes that fit her, a long, light blue sundress coupled with short stockings and a pair of ankle-high boots of sturdy leather, perfect for casual wear, and the entire ensemble complimented its wearer almost unfairly. Lustrous, snowy hair bounced with the spring in Amena's steps, and hips that strained *just* enough at the dress rolled in an entrancing rhythm.

Emma had to avert her eyes, lest she become too distracted. The woman that sashayed gaily along before her possessed an intense, feminine beauty that would be denied by nothing. Elegant features graced her face, a pert nose and plump, rosy pink lips whose smile only faded to bend into a thoughtful frown on rare occasions. Even from behind, perhaps especially from behind, it was clear how endowed she was. Large, full breasts that were likely as large as Emma's own rested proudly on a slimmer, more fragile chest, and the nine inches in height that Amena lacked on the dragoness made the distinction all the more plain, especially with how she bounced along and swung her assets without a care in the world.

She stared at her toes, at the grass, at the sky, anything but the silhouette of her ward's alluring body, and she silently vowed to get Amena some shapeless, sackcloth clothes simply to preserve her sanity, or at least her self-control. As it was, she followed, grinning with her guide as those blue eyes peered back at her from time to time, making sure she was still there. Eventually, however, the lovely human hesitated and let her walk up to her side. The Sanctum's enormous gates stood open as usual, and she looped her arm through the crook of Amena's before stepping boldly forward and into the open air outside of the silver-streaked walls.

She pulled in a deep breath of the temperate, spring air. She smelled the city: the Lance's nearby stables, smoke for heating and cooking, the scent of wood and oils and spices and foods of a million varieties. But above it all, she smelled the city itself. She smelled the nauseatingly

diverse, interwoven mesh of odors that was produced by tens of thousands of people living their lives in a relatively small space. As it always did at first breath, it made her nearly gag. Stifling the urge and swallowing hard, however, she shoved it aside and led Amena down the hill along the winding, stone path to the outer limits of the property.

Outside the Sanctum, there were few crowds of people. There were the occasional groups of people going this way and that, along with the more common horse-drawn carriages, but she knew that would change once they both got into the city proper. Despite how much her father disdained the high life, his home was still situated practically across the street from Castle Southcliff, where the Duke and his family resided, and from where the city and the surrounding lands were run. They were surrounded by the town-homes of minor nobles and particularly affluent merchants alike, widely-spaced manors with courtyards and their own walls and all the accoutrements of home for a baron or count in the city on business. She thought it dreadfully boring, and though she explained to Amena where they were, she made no attempts to linger there.

She and her guest both grew more excited as the crowds grew denser and the populace more diverse as they walked northeast from the city's heart. Southcliff was a well-organized and meticulously maintained place, and the districts of the city were as well defined as they were numerous. Amena jumped as the bells of the cathedrals that occupied their own little corner of the metropolis rang out the hour, and Emma steered them both in their direction to explain and show off the source of the vaguely musical racket.

Every god and goddess had their own cathedral there, and there were nearly countless other little chapels for the minor gods and their various incarnations, each staffed by clergy of all temperaments, from quiet and kind-hearted priests to screeching evangelists that practically foamed at the mouth in their religious fervor. She kept their path clear of the latter, but let Amena take in the sights and sounds at her own pace, even stopping to let the curious woman stop and ask questions of several robed monks who were performing an intricate prayer-dance.

As they left, Emma took them through another, more modest residential area. Amena spoke in hushed tones of the Southcliff city guard, each of whom was dressed in the black and silver livery of their station. Some patrolled, while others stood in place and swept the passing citizens with sharp, watchful eyes while leaning casually—but not lazily—on their halberds. Her ward certainly understood the need for people to look out for the safety of the innumerable men, women and children that called the city home, and looked up in respectful awe at them.

Emma had a destination in mind, and she chose a route that would take them through a few notable areas of the city on the way there. To make a full circuit of the bustling metropolis would have taken hours and hours, especially while fighting the crowds, but neither of them were in any hurry. They stopped for lunch at a small cart on the side of one of Southcliff's main thoroughfares, and she bought her wide-eyed guest a dense, heavy pie rich in vegetables and meaty gravy. She even ate one, despite being far from hungry. They were her favorite, and she was a growing girl, after all.

She swept them through the city's beating heart, some of the numerous trade districts where merchants were free, for a fee, to set up stalls and operate stores from their homes along the roads. At the plethora of sights and sounds and smells, Amena became truly overwhelmed, clinging tightly to Emma's side and just watching with huge, disbelieving eyes at the raucous nature of people looking to make or spend some coin. She spread a leathery, black wing, draping it protectively over her ward's back like a sable cape, and she shielded her from at least part of the cacophony while they made their way through.

The idea of such a large river flowing through a city seemed to very much shock her guest, and as they strolled over one of the several bridges that crossed it, she paused a moment while Amena stared down into the rapidly moving water and wondered aloud how many fish were in it. Emma replied with an amused, "Not many, at least this far south. And any that are in there are the stupid ones."

That seemed to perplex the woman whose simple wonder was almost childlike, but she kept it at that, preferring instead to continue walking, Amena in tow. She meandered with a purpose, sweeping through several more areas of the inner city and showing off some of her favorite locations, the inn where she enjoyed spending much of her free time, some of the city's treed parks, and towers that made it easier to navigate the Southcliff from above, all the while nearing her destination and the reason Southcliff was such a popular and populated place.

It began with a low rumble that gradually rose in volume as they walked. Amena questioned it, but she gave only vague musings in reply as they began to walk between warehouses that lined the river. Wharves and jetties stuck out into the water, and they watched small armies of men loading and unloading ships and cargo barges and packing crates and sacks of every size and description away for storage or transportation down river. When Amena asked why they wouldn't just keep the goods on the boats, she could only chuckle and tell her to wait and see.

The clamor of the mysterious noise continued to grow in volume, and the louder it got, the fewer and fewer homes they saw. This portion of the city was dominated by worker's bunkhouses and places where manual labor was in almost constantly high-demand, the docks along the river. As they walked, they received more than a few odd looks, but most of the workers did little more than wave as Emma shepherded Amena out onto the wood-and-steel reinforced riverside. After a few moments, the ground began to slope upward, and they found themselves climbing back up away from the water along a series of sturdy, wooden ramps along which were being drawn carts heavily laden with goods of every description.

The place was a hive of activity, though neither of them could hear much of it over what had grown to be a steady, trembling roar. Concerned, Amena huddled close to her side, and she kept them both out of the way of the laborers that were hard at work making sure that Southcliff's thriving trade continued to flow. She hopped up a short flight of stairs and walked out on a landing that overlooked the river, and as she approached the railing, she swept out a clawed hand to gesture theatrically at the vista that greeted them. Her guest's jaw dropped open in utter amazement at the view.

At first, it seemed that the river simply terminated at the end of the world, a sharp, frothy white line that roiled tumultuously, but their perch stood out into the air a ways, and as Amena leaned over the railing, she gasped. Stretching as far as could be seen to the east and west were the cliffs that gave the city its name, hundreds of feet of nearly flat rock face that went on for hundreds of miles. It looked as if a god had descended from the heavens simply to push half of the continent downward, splitting the plains that made up the heartland of Arvandor in half. The Rift, it was called, and no one really understood what had formed it. It varied in elevation along its length, allowing in some places for mostly easy passage up and down the heights.

From their elevation, though, they could see out for miles and miles to the south, the endless patchwork of farms and ranches for grains and cattle, fruits and vegetables. Nearly all of the food in Arvandor came from the central plains, and Southcliff was in the center of it all. At the base of the cliffs was a large lake, and it was fed by the river that ran through the city. The coursing waterway carried bargeloads of goods down from the north and rushed off of the cliff in

a nearly deafening cascade to rage and roar down the rock to fill the depression it had carved over centuries. The sight was breathtaking, and Amena seemed not to know what to do with herself in her stunned awe.

Normally, and perhaps for some time, a few-hundred foot drop would have proved to be a barrier to progress, but since the city's founding, human ingenuity and raw stubbornness had prevailed. When ships bound for more southern waters reached the top of the falls, they were carefully stopped and unloaded, and their cargo was packed onto carts and huge pallets that were lowered down the cliffs with a complex system of platforms, pulleys, and counterweights, and that was only if the ships needed to go back upstream. If they were able, rather than being turned around and rowed against the powerful current back north, they were cradled in enormous steel chains, made fast, and secured onto massive eversteel cranes mounted deeply into the rock. They would be let loose to drift toward the falls, and when they reached the precipice of disaster, the current would simply shove the barges and boats out into the open air to be gently, carefully lowered with the aid of titanic iron weights, or even ships that were bound for the north.

Accidents were rare, and catastrophes rarer still. The whole process had been boiled down to an art, and each pulley and massive, water-driven wheel were carefully inspected at the beginning of each shift, and a veritable army of workers kept the machinery running almost constantly. "It's the most amazing thing..." Amena hissed with a reverent breath as a stout, wooden barge drifted seemingly weightlessly through the air before it began to drop smoothly down to the lake below. "I'd never believe something like this was possible if you'd just told me..."

The dragoness shifted to lean against the railing that kept her from quite the drop. "It's certainly a spectacle. Southcliff gets a lot of visitors who simply want to see the Rift from the top, and then they see all this, and they leave with bruised chins from their jaws hitting the ground so hard. Sometimes I like to just stand here and watch the people work like little ants crawling all over the stairs and walkways carved into the rocks. They're so tiny, weak and insignificant, but together... look at what people can do. It's a hell of a motivator to get up in the morning, and its part of why I decided to stick with the Lance. People... They deserve the chance to accomplish something so awesome, even if they're just a tiny gear in the machine."

Sliding over to her, Amena leaned against her, dragging her eyes away from the scene to look up at her. "Is this why you saved me from the tank, so I could be part of this?"

She shook her head. "No... Not this particularly. I can't imagine you hauling chains all day. Not that you couldn't of course. I saved you because you looked like you needed help, and I wanted you to have the choice... You should have the choice to do whatever you want to do with your life. The people who took your memories and put you in that tank, that did all those horrible things to you, they took that choice from you." She clenched her hand into a tight fist and pounded on the wooden rail before her for emphasis. "And they had no right."

The rumble of the falls filled her ears for a moment, but Amena eventually spoke up enough to once more make herself heard. "I wish I could remember something, anything. Thinking is easier now, but I still can't remember anything but flashes of the tank until you saved me. Do you think I had friends?"

After she scoffed, she giggled at the ludicrousness of the question. "You're wonderful Amena. I can't imagine that you were some lonely old crone. I'm absolutely certain that you were the life of your hometown, and that they all miss you dearly."

Amena rested a cheek against her arm. "I hope so." she said distantly, sadly. "But I hope they don't miss me too much. I hope they were all as good as you are, such good friends. I'm

glad... I'm glad that you can be my friend, Emma. I'm glad that you saved me, and I'm glad that you stayed with me even after everything that happened."

Looking over at the soft-spoken woman, she idly brushed the beginnings of a tear from Amena's eyes before she drew her close into a warm hug. "You know what?" she purred, "I'm glad too." Her lovely ward smiled privately, and she returned it, running her claws lazily through a lustrous, white mane and pressing an affectionate kiss down into the head that rested against her shoulder.

They looked out over the cliffs after which the city was named for a mostly silent moment. Their eyes lingered along the blue line that was the river as it dwindled with distance on its way into the south. The falls practically vibrated the wooden decking beneath their feet, and the sound of so much water crashing down over such a sharp precipice roared at them. The breeze tugged urgently at her wings, pleading for her to simply take the leap, but she kept her feet on the ground, just basking in the wonder of everything. She supposed that there must be something about dragons and sweeping vistas, but she very well could have stood there for hours—or even days—while watching everything unfold before her.

Eventually, Amena stirred against her. "Thank you, Emma."

The dragoness heaved a languorous, contented sigh while leisurely wondering what the thanks were for, but rather than ask, she squeezed the slender amnesiac against her. "It was my honor, Amena. But really, I should be thanking you."

"R-really? For what?"

"For surviving this whole crazy adventure." she admitted with a shrug and a breathy chuckle. "For staying strong when anyone else would have been screaming their head off in terror. For being one of the most resolute, fearless women I know despite not really remembering who you are. But mostly I suppose I should thank you for trusting me, trusting me to get you to a safe place, trusting me to protect you. It really means a lot. Even though I'm in the Lance, and that blue cape tends to soften a lot of moods, I'm still a dragon, and dragons have still racked up a pretty rotten reputation as far as things go. I have a great many friends, people who I would gladly fight and die for, but outside these walls, or outside Arvador, where the cape is next to meaningless, there are people who would just as soon run away screaming as give me a passing wave."

"Why?" Amena wondered with big, curious eyes.

She scoffed. "Because many dragons, ones who don't have the benefit of interaction with humans, are brainless, horny monsters, at least in people's eyes. There have been too many lost travelers and kidnapped princesses for people to ignore. Most dragons are content to laze about their eyries, eating when they get hungry and screwing the nearest sentient thing when they get horny, which is the vast majority of the time. Usually the nearest thing is another dragon, but some get a little proactive with their selection. Most of those dragons are one's who have been mated that are just trying to surprise their mate with someone that looks sturdy enough to survive a night with a dragon or two."

She shook her head at the stereotypical nature of her species. "The real pisser is that most people think that the ones who go missing wind up in some dragon's belly, as if *we* would *eat* a human." She made a dismissive sound in the back of her throat. "Maybe if I was starving to death... Human meat is disgusting. It's stringy and greasy and totally unappealing, but human arrogance is only rivaled by that of dragons I suppose. No, most of the time the "captive" is just returned without a word, maybe with a bruise or two, and then they invent these crazy stories full of teeth and rocks and fire, of rape-hungry beasts with huge dicks and slaving mouths. And

usually only one thing out of those is true. In fact, most... *most* dragons will ask before trying anything untoward with anyone; it's just that when a naked, twenty-foot tall god asks if you want some fun time, the answer is usually yes and please. So every now and again some fair maiden or strapping young man gets whisked off to the mountains for the best night, or week, of their lives and people get all in a huff about it. Hypocritical idiots..."

After sullenly pouting for a moment, Emma realized that she was venting and laughed at herself. "I'm sorry." she said while scratching anxiously at the base of her curling horns, "I suppose my dragon is showing. It's usually not all that bad, just annoying."

Amena just accepted it all with a steady smile. "They're wrong. You're perfectly nice."

A little knot of pride formed in her chest. "Nah." she added with a knowing smile.

"They're right sometimes. I'm a dragon, and I'm alright with being a monster when I need to be. I've hurt a whole lot of people without a second thought, because those people would have done the same to me if I'd let them, and I've hurt a whole lot more for hurting others, for hurting people like you, and I don't regret it at all. What really scuffs my scales is when people think that monsters can't be nice too."

The other woman didn't look chastised at all, and only leaned confidently against her. "It's okay Emma. If I have to be a monster too, I hope I can be like you. I hope that we, that them and I, can be like you."

She laughed again, richly and happily. "That would be lovely, Amena. The world can use a few more monsters on our side. Cera's getting lonely." Slowly she turned and leaned back against the railing, looking out at the docks, at all the busy workers, and then out at Southcliff as a whole, her home rising like a white and silver monument almost at the center of it all. "We should probably get you back before we get ourselves into another adventure, though. I think we both could use a little more recovering for now."

As she peeled herself off of the railing, Amena followed. The path back through the piers and wharves was a fairly short and simple one, and she chose a more direct route back to the inner city, cutting straight through its heart rather than skirting through the less bustling parts. Her shy accompaniment stuck close by her, and she once more shielded her with an onyx wing while pushing through crowds. She kept an eye out for any familiar faces in the tangled throngs of people, but she didn't manage to catch sight of any of her more civilian friends. It didn't bother her much though; it just meant another outing in the not-too-distant future to check up on the rest of them.

The Sanctum Arcanum, the home of the Archmage and the most powerful wizard alive, greeted her warmly as she and Amena strolled nonchalantly up the steps. After a few more greetings at the gates, the massive entrance hall towered protectively over her once again, and she heaved a relieved sigh, as she often did. Instead of directly down the lofty hallway, she guided Amena to the side, to one of the immense staircases, which she used to get to the third, and top, floor. Idly, she brushed her claws along the ornate railing that overlooked the open-air hall below them, and she lingered as Amena leaned over to peer at Lancers rushing, sometimes full-out sprinting on their way to their destinations on the ground floor so far below. "What's up here?" asked the giddy amnesiac.

"Not much of anything really," she mused, "at least not yet. My father built this place with roominess in mind. The ground floor is packed with rooms, ritual rooms, training rooms, storage rooms, libraries, and my favorite, the kitchens. The second floor's got offices and workspaces, and has most of the bedrooms for the other Lancers. Mine's down there, just on the left, that door right there, but I'm going to eventually need a little more room to stretch out, so

I'm solving the problem before it becomes a problem. The rooms on the third floor are a little more spacious, so this is where the guests usually stay. There are always a few rooms prepared for the odd visiting official or family friend. Valorie and Dawn—you haven't met them yet—have a room here, and so does Cera, the big snake-thing."

"And I get to sleep up here?" Amena said, gaping at the ten-foot doors that dotted the halls, some marked for some purpose or another but even more left blank.

"Of course." said the dragoness with a sweeping gesture. "We'll get you all settled in with a bed, a bookshelf or two, a desk... maybe even a couple chairs. I guess I'll need to figure something out for a bed too, while I'm at it. Do you have a preference for view? Each room has a big window that looks out over Southcliff."

"I... I don't know." muttered her tagalong. "Can I... Can I just use one next to yours?"

She smiled and paused, looking back over her shoulder. "I don't think I'd mind that all that much. I guess I've gotten used to having you close by." A short distance later, far from any of the in-use rooms, she paused before a large, sturdy door. "This one should be good, I think. I like having windows that face west. Being able to see the sunrise just sits well with me. The rooms on either side are empty too, so you should be able to pick one out. You should know beforehand though... I can be a noisy neighbor."

Without even considering the implications of her warning, Amena squealed and sprinted for the nearest door, disappearing within it in a flash. Chuckling lazily, Emma slipped through her own chosen door and into the room beyond. It wasn't much to look at, at least yet, but it was as big as it was empty, a generous, two-room suite, with the far room separated from the entrance area by a wall split with a large, open arch. Cold stone made up every surface, but she knew that it would only take a little making up to transform the place into something pleasant and homey, not to mention mercifully spacious, more than enough to suit her current needs.

With a pleased sigh, she strolled over to the window, leaning heavily on the sill and staring out over the city that stretched out below and sprawled off into the distance. The afternoon was late, and the sinking sun threw long, exaggerated shadows from each roof and spire. The outer walls drew a line on the horizon beyond which began the quilted farmlands of central Arvandor. It was all a view that she could easily grow to appreciate, even love, and she spent more than a brief moment pondering the future while watching the tiny specks that were people go about their business.

She was drawn from her reverie, however, when she heard the door open and close behind her. Amena was there, shoulders hunched forward and head hung low, tears hanging heavily from her large, bright eyes. "Amena?" she asked, a worried frown dragging down her smile. "Amena, what's wrong?"

"Nothing!" sobbed the apparently distraught amnesiac, "I... I don't know why I'm crying! I'm just... I'm so happy." She scrubbed at her face with the sleeve of her dress and walked shakily over to the confused dragoness to look up at her. "I have a home." she continued, "I have... a friend. I can't remember anything from before, but I don't need to remember to know how much it means, and it's all because of you. Even if I never remember anything again, I get to be my own person, away from the tank and... *her*." She hesitated, reaching up through the intervening inches to lay a slender, delicate hand on Emma's cheek. "You took me away from all of that, and now I get to be... me. I get to be me, by myself. I'm free, and it's because of you. Thank you."

"Of course I did!" she laughed happily, "But anyone who is anyone would have done the same thing, Amena. I'm not special in that regard. This whole place is full of people who would—" She cut off, mildly surprised, when the hand on her cheek pulled gently on her. The woman

pressed so close against her rose up on the balls of her feet to let a soft, lingering kiss play between their lips. Emma's spine tingled, and she felt her heart leap excitedly into her throat only to be forcefully swallowed back down after her ward drifted away. She tried to play it off despite how her pulse pounded in her veins. "What... what was that for?" she said with a forced, bemused smile.

Amena licked her lips, leaving the perfect, pink pillows moist and yearning for another intimate meeting. The dragoness nearly took them up on their silent offer. "It just... felt right." breathed the human, her normally light, musical voice having fallen into a low, husky purr.

"Yeah..." Emma nearly panted with a nod. The knowledge of what Amena was, perfectly, hauntingly, painfully beautiful, was rising to the forefront of her thoughts, and those huge eyes drilled into her, those pouting lips called out for her to join them. "What else feels right?"

The fact that Amena's breath quickened at the question was enough to make hers do the same. "Can I touch you?"

She kept her hands at her sides, fearing what they would do if she relinquished control of them to her baser instincts. "Absolutely." she answered, ignoring the fact that the woman's hand was already on her cheek, stroking her brazen scales in small circles. Amena's other arm drifted up, lying fingers over the nape of the dragon's neck, and she pulled Emma downward. She gratefully allowed herself to lean forward, and the electric sensation of plump, pouting lips pressing into her own thin, draconic equivalents was simultaneously gratification enough and not at all sufficient to do more than set fire to her blood.

Amena kissed her, and she slid her hands around to clutch at the ardent amnesiac's back to hold them together. "You cared for us." said the impossibly lovely human during a brief respite that allowed them to breathe. "You protected us." She blushed furiously, a meek, girlish reaction that was at odds with the way her hands toyed with Emma's scales. "You fed us, them. But each time, there was more to it. It was in the way you looked at us, at me, while they were... taking what they needed. You wanted more. I could see it in your eyes, and they could feel it... The whole time, while we were walking, you were naked and cold. You kept us warm and safe, sacrificed so much for us, made us feel so... good. We want to... I... Nnh..."

Releasing a quiet, little moan, she pulled her hand away from Emma's cheek to press it against her temple, shutting her eyes tight. The dragoness nearly asked what was wrong before she saw the cause for the hesitation in Amena's monologue. The crisp, white waves that fell around the woman's shoulders began to darken at the roots, first becoming a faint, pale grey that spread outward before deepening to a rich, lustrous black that seemed dark enough to absorb the light that struck it. The darkness of each silky strand made the healthy, pinkish tone of her smooth skin stand out even further, and the woman's cheeks flushed a deeper shade of red as her eyes defocused, staring blankly ahead as if she were lost in some invisible sensation.

"You should see me like I've seen you for so long." Amena whispered, an unearthly cant to her usually airy, timid tone, "I want you to." She hissed out a breath and took a step forward, pushing against the intrigued dragoness, not forcing, but encouraging a step backwards. Her broad smile was mangled for a moment by a sharp wince, but it quickly dissipated, swallowed by the excitement that bloomed in those impossibly blue eyes. Beneath her pretty dress, things were moving, shifting the fabric from beneath and slowly crawling upward across her shoulders and toward her collar. "Let us help you."

Emma kept taking steps back, but Amena followed her. She wasn't certain if she was retreating, or if she was leading the human back with her, further into her new room, where her bed would eventually lay. She didn't care. Like eyeless worms, a pair of thin, whiplike shapes

wriggled free of her ward's dress to slither higher into the air. Each was as black as her hair, but possessed a glossy, oily sheen that made them appear slick and wet. "Oh...?" said the dragoness with a coy smile, "Is it going to be that sort of afternoon?"

"No." Amena responded confidently, still not quite looking at her. "They don't hunger. They want nothing from you for now. We want... We just want to give you the pleasure you have given us."

The two blind, flexible tentacles twitched curiously in her direction as she moved, following her as she shifted despite having no visible means of sensing her. She knew that at least two more lurked beneath that dress, lower down, waiting. "I... w-well... Are you sure you want this? Are you sure that this is *you* that wants this, that you aren't just being overwhelmed by them?"

Blinking rapidly, Amena managed to focus back on her face, smile quickly returning. "It's hard to tell what wants what when we all want the same thing. Do you... do you want us?"

At the glimpse of a shy, meek girl practically begging for her, hands open in a primally fierce plea, her resistance was swallowed by the undercurrent of her own desire. Whatever Amena's strange growths were, they seemed to feed on raw power, whether natural or magical, and both those things she had, as a dragon, in abundance. As the beautiful woman standing anxiously before her asked her the question, she saw the worry, the fear behind those eyes, fear of rejection, perhaps. There were no words to express how unrelentingly her body was telling her the answer to that one, simple question, and so she did the only thing she could do under the circumstance. She stepped forward, brushing aside Amena's two sinuous allies, and kissed her firmly on the mouth.

The slim amnesiac tensed and let out a little squeak, and for a moment, it was as if the demure human didn't know what to do in the face of Emma's reciprocation of her low-burning desires. After just a brief moment, barely a heartbeat, Amena figured it out, melting slowly into the dragoness's arms and leaning heavily into her. They parted haltingly, hesitantly, as if her ward wanted to speak but kept getting reeled back into her lips, and she slowly straightened her back, pulling her mouth out of range for the time being to allow her to voice her desires. "Touch me like you wanted to, Emma. It... I... We want you to."

"And here I was thinking that I wasn't being that obvious..." muttered the dragoness with a wry smirk. Her hands drifted up along the little woman's shoulders, rubbing them thoughtfully as she pondered the open, giddy need flickering in those haunting eyes. One of the thin, wriggling tendrils slid in toward her, touching the scales of her cheek with careful reverence, and she smiled more cautiously and leaned into it. "Do you really want this?" she mused, "Will this be more than just me taking advantage of you, or worse, you taking advantage of me?"

"Wh-what do you mean?" stammered the hesitant amnesiac.

She leaned downward, taking in a huge breath of Amena's intense, herbal aroma. It smelled intoxicating, and made the slender human's scent one of unmitigated sensual appeal. "I would very much like to do more than sit in front of you and get ravished by your little friends. You are beautiful beyond description, *too* beautiful. It causes me discomfort to just look at you, but I can't look away. If you would let me, I would rip this dress off of you and make both of us into an unholy mess just... just to see what it felt like, to see what you feel like. But I know that's not right. I shouldn't want it so badly, not for you."

"Why not?" Amena whimpered with a hurt frown, "What's wrong with me?"

"Nothing." hissed the dragon. "But you've been hurt. You're still recovering. What if you have a family? What if you already have a mate who loves you, who's worried about you? I've

given these things..." She gestured fondly toward the whip-thin tendril at her side with a stiff flick of her hand. "I've given them what they wanted, what they needed, and I have to admit that I greatly enjoyed myself while doing it. But you... Actually touching you, it would feel almost sacrilegious. To be honest, I shouldn't have even kissed you. I just... couldn't help it. You're lips... and your happy, yearning smile, they make it hard to keep myself in line."

"But Emma... I... I want to... I just want you to..." The young woman's voice faltered, and the oily-looking appendages withdrew, twitching nervously and brushing along the dragoness's scales the whole way. "Do you really think that there's someone out there who cares for me like that?"

She swallowed heavily, biting back the tension rising in her gut. "I can't believe that there isn't anyone, Amena. You're a sweet, lovely young lady, and as good as it would make me feel right now, maybe even as good as it would make you feel, I couldn't do that to them."

"But you don't know them..."

"But I know you. I've known you as long as *you* 've known you. If we do this, I might be hurting them, that nameless person, and by hurting them, I might be hurting you, and I care too much about you to do that to you."

"If we're friends, and we both want-"

She balled her hands into tight fists to resist biting her own tongue off in pent-up frustration. Her body was in absolute, almost painful disagreement with her mind. "That's just it, Amena. I'm your friend, and I really, *really* do want to just lose my mind right now, but just because we want it, doesn't mean we should get it. I'm your friend. I'll show you around the rest of the city, and introduce you to all my other friends, and I'll be there whenever you need me, but I don't think that us doing what you're suggesting is the best idea right now, for either of us."

Amena's face scrunched up in confusion, and she took an unsteady step back. "But... but I thought that you'd just... I mean I wanted to just..." She stood there for a tense minute, chewing thoughtfully on her lip and tangling her fingers anxiously together. Emma just tried to keep her teeth from clenching together too violently. "You felt so good through them... I thought that I could maybe... or that you would-"

"Later, Amena," she said slowly, calmly, "When the Lance gets you back on your feet and helps you get your life back in gear, back where you belong, it will feel less weird, but as it stands... I can't do this with you. Not right now, as we both are. I'm in the middle of figuring out part of myself right now too, and... It just feels like the wrong thing to do."

The amnesiac stood and thought long and hard, mulling over what she said. Slowly, most of the rejected hurt faded from her expression, being replaced instead with a sort of glum resignation that marred the contour of her pouting lips. "I... think I understand, Emma. As long as we can still be friends, I can... wait." She took a deep breath that strained the fabric over her chest, and Emma resolutely kept her eyes up, watching as Amena's expression took on a more normal, happy vitality. "I might have a family, and more friends, and you and Daryn and everyone else has already been so kind to me." The tension left her slender shoulders, and she stepped forward again, wrapping her arms around Emma's chest in a fast, firm hug that her exposed tendrils even took part in. "Thank you, and I'm sorry for not thinking."

She huffed dismissively, but accepted and returned the embrace nonetheless. "I'd do it again, every time, Amena, and it's not your fault. Your mind will take time to recover from everything that was done to it. When you're back in fighting shape, healthy and happy, you and I can do things that would make the gods jealous, but for now, I think we should just be... friends."

Those huge, blue eyes rose to meet hers, and Amena grinned with boundless enthusiasm. "Thank you." repeated the impossibly alluring woman.

She returned the smile and hugged her ward more tightly, rubbing her back with soothing affection. She couldn't help but be made aware of how close her claws were to the buttons that held Amena's dress onto her curvaceous body, and how easily she could simply reach around and... "You're welcome, Amena." The little woman beamed, and she sucked in a steadying breath through her teeth. "Listen. I need to go see my mother, and from what my father said, she's not likely in a mood to entertain the unprepared. Do you think you're up to hanging around here for a little bit?"

Her preternatural smile never faltering, Amena drifted from her arms and nodded with supreme confidence. "Yes." her thin, sinuous additions slowly retracted back beneath the fine fabric of her dress, and the bulged that showed where they sprouted from her back gradually disappeared, taking with them the unnatural coloration to the amnesiac's normal icy white hair. "They're... complete for now. But I'm getting hungry. Do you think the people in the kitchens would let me cook?"

She managed a laugh that she thought wasn't even forced. "I think they would savor the help. The rigors of the Lance's training lead to legendary appetites."

Excitedly clapping her hands, Amena gave her another quick hug and bounced toward the door. "Oh, I hope they can make those pies! They were so good! Thank you Emma, for everything, and the next time they get hungry... I promise I'll try to make them be more gentle."

The ebony skin of her wings darkened as she flushed hotly and cleared her throat with a nervous cough. "Not *too* gentle, I hope."

She didn't really get another reply as the other woman skipped merrily, her mood having turned dramatically around, out the massive door, disappearing down the hall before it could swing idly close, clicking shut with a dull thud. She took another measured breath, stalking over to the smooth wood and locking it with an even sharper *click* before spinning around and leaning heavily into the sturdy surface. Emma's nostrils flared as she tried to clear her sinuses of Amena's overpowering scent, but traces of it lingered there to make her nose tingle and her blood warm even further. Her lips effervesced from the leftover passions of her unintentionally passionate kiss, and she slowly slid to the ground, her wings trapped uncomfortably against her back by the wood.

Her fingers tightened into clawed fists, and she idly pounded her hand against the cold stone of the floor in flustered frustration, uttering a colorful curse that was a favorite of her partner, Mel. The dragoness then repeated it, berating herself for her own foolishness and stupidity. Amena had been *right there* in front of her, open and had been pleading for the ravaging that had been building up beneath her scales all day. It had gotten easier to deal with in the month she had spent alone with the damaged human, but still, spending that much time in close proximity to those eager eyes and smiling lips was torturous on a base, instinctive level, and when she had finally gotten the chance to sate that growing, furious hunger, she had *turned it away!*

"Fuck!" she snarled, frustration and anger and pure, aching lust boiling in her gut. She knew that she had made the right decision, but it had physically hurt her to redirect Amena's ever-present enthusiasm into other avenues. What the hells was wrong with her?! She leaned hard against the door, panting, and slid a wickedly taloned hand down the intricately contoured muscle that lined her front. Her body was flexing against itself in frantic desperation. She could just stand up, leave, call the human back and tear that insultingly concealing dress off. Her

tongue ached to taste that smooth, pale flesh, each yielding curve, and it slipped free from her thin, draconic lips to run over the twin rows of her teeth in an exaggerated motion.

Something about saying no had only made her desire it even more, and now that she was without that eager, yearning smile, she felt fury at her own stubborn righteousness burn in her chest. One hand rubbed over the big, proud curve of her sapphire breast through the paltry barrier that was her shirt, feeling her turgid, black nipple stiffen against her palm, and the other surreptitiously slipped beneath the waistline of her trousers. Her wandering digits played along the nearly invisible line that marked the hidden entrance to her pulsing, draconic sexes, and she groaned as she roughly stimulated the fine, delicate scales.

Her tail thrashed behind her, batting against her pinned wings, and with a sharp intake of breath that was punctuated with a terse grunt, she felt herself go rigid and begin to open. Like the petals of a glistening flower her scales parted and released her pent-up endowments to the glory of freedom. The crotch of her pants bulged obscenely as her cock filled it, straining to fully disgorge itself from her body, and her back arched under the strain. She visibly throbbed, thick veins crawling over the ebony flesh as it filled with her lust. She was only half empty, but the pressure that filled the space behind her huge, inhuman member pushed it with more and more force from her crowded loins.

She burned to just sink her claws into the tough fabric, but she resisted, clenching her teeth and letting herself pulse fervently against it. She wouldn't need to for much longer, and it felt good to push and strain against something, especially when it began to give under the strength of her furious masculinity. Threads popped noisily as the seams of her trousers began to surrender, and her victory quickly turned into a rout. Inch after inch, the rest of her hulking cock spilled from her loins to a chorus of tearing cloth, and she cried out in ecstasy, shuddering in the bliss of freedom.

More than two feet of pulsing flesh filled her vision, as thick as her forearm and just as taut with unseen tension. It arced upward against its heavy girth, bobbing in time with her heartbeat. It demanded she touch it, give in to its glory, but instead, she tucked her fingers below its base, greeting the shier folds of her exposed womanhood with urgent prods of her claws. She seized as she forced a finger into herself, slick lube easing her passage, and her other sex reacted by thickening immensely for a split second, enough to shoot a glob of sticky precum between her spread legs before trickling more down her immense length.

Only then did she take it up in her dutiful fingers, and she moaned hoarsely at the sensations of gratuitous pleasure that assaulted her senses from the simple contact with her steely flesh. She gave herself a long, halting stroke, hesitating long enough to roll her thumb over the flaring ridges that ribbed her elephantine tool, jerking at each caress. She smeared her slimy, transparent fluids over her burning flesh, and while she busied herself, eyes closing and head rolling back on her shoulders, she reasserted control over the length of her powerfully-muscled tail.

The thick limb slipped around from where it spasmed behind her and crawled beneath the hem of her shirt, touching her taut abdomen and gliding with the rasp of scale on scale as it poked at the underside of her breasts, making a bulge beneath the cloth. Once she was certain she had the leverage needed, she jerked the prehensile appendage outward, snapping the line of buttons that went up her back from the fabric and throwing her suddenly tattered shirt across the room.

Then she had to make a decision, and she chose. Knowing that her aching, feminine passage was less picky about the source of its pleasure, she replaced her probing fingers with the

tip of her now freed tail, tucking the tapered end of the muscular limb into herself and watching it disappear behind the view-hogging mass of her monumental cock. That hand then swept up her body, favoring her heavy bust for a moment before sliding a finger into her mouth to taste the beginning of her bliss. She suckled from her taloned digit long enough for her to replace her slick slime with saliva before she pulled it from between her teeth and dropped the hand to her chest.

Her big, firm breast dimpled under her fingers as she fondled herself, increasing the slow, eager pistoning of her other hand around the girth of her monolithic member and rolling her wrist in languid circles as she built her pleasure on itself. Her bust ached, and her prominent, fleshy black teats were practically vibrating with the manifestation of her hot, physical need. She pinched and pulled at them, making the generous mounds bounce and heave beneath her speeding breaths. More of her tail pushed into her, stretching her around thicker and thicker portions of its length, and she began to pump it in and out of herself, pushing out her ample fluids for them to soak into the remnants of her ragged, torn trousers before pooling on the stone beneath her.

Bursts of wracking bliss flickered along the line of her spine and further manifested as thin arcs of bright, violet-white electricity that crackled between her scales, growing in intensity alongside her ardor, and she took it as a sign that she needed to hurry herself along. Her hand and cock both were soaked with a thick coating of her viscous fluids, and that hand took only the briefest of moments to push into her cleavage, spreading a slimy trail in its wake, to touch her sternum. With the other hand, she pushed aside the pendant that had been returned to her on her return home, a piece of her eggshell strung on an argenteum chain, letting it fall around to her back where it wouldn't get in her way.

Then, with fervor that further made her thinking mind retreat to the corners of her consciousness, she focused more of her dire attentions on the enormous, throbbing column of lusciously textured flesh before her. Hooking the fingers of both hands beneath its weight, she dragged it up into her cleavage, letting her breasts envelop it as best they could. The heat coursing through her cock was tremendous; it felt like she could boil water or roast herself dinner, but she knew better. Anything that could survive being spitted on her would only be screaming for more. Her jaw dropped, and for a second her mouth hung open, her tongue lolling out limply. And then she filled her maw with the slightly tapered crown of her bulging maleness, growling at her own temerity as she seared her palate and boiled against her nimble, oral organ.

Taking her breasts in both hands, she squished the lusty globes around her bulbous cock, rubbing them up and down as she rocked her hips, pushing more and more, and then less and less, past her teeth and against the entrance of her throat. She was forced to open her mouth wide around the sheer bulk of her masculinity, and she relished her impossible virility, the hot, urgent fire that filled her gut and pushed and strained at her sanity in its desperate search for a release. Her tail was crammed into her, and she pumped it into her pliant depths with building fervor, but it was clear what was her more pressing, hot, drooling focus was.

Emma spilled copious globs of her thick fluids straight down her throat as she sucked herself off. Her whiplike tongue lashed over her enormous glans and favoring her outermost ridges, sometimes leaving her maw and stroking along her upper half with a length of her lewdly inclined organ. Her lust built, and she made no effort to restrain it. The sparks that danced over her body left her scales on occasion, leaving thin, black scorch marks on the floor and wall, and even searing wandering lines into the door with a flurry of her unleashed, draconic strength. Her tail mindlessly fucked her almost of its own accord, and with each firm thrust up into her

dripping depths, she bucked her hips, threatening her esophagus with the bulk of her colossal cock.

The manipulation of her breasts for her pleasure was pleasure in and of itself. She squished and squeezed, pinching at her nipples as she undulated her spine and dragged the hefty orbs of tight, blissful flesh along her taut, masculine meat. Her scales against her hypersensitive hide was beyond rapturous, and the sensations tearing through her body only poured more fuel onto the already out-of-control inferno that was her bright, explosive desire. Her trembling viciously pleased masculinity bulged threateningly against her chest, filling her mouth with more and more and more, dilating enormously. She felt as much as saw her cumvein distend from the underside of her edging cock, and she made no effort to delay the inevitable. If anything, she redoubled her efforts, practically inhaling her stunning maleness, punching past the entrance of her throat and bulging out her neck with its impossible girth.

It almost hurt, that bend she force on her rock-hard tool, but the pleasure she gave herself overwhelmed everything else, and she gurgled a wet scream past the obstruction in her throat as she came harder than she could have imagined. Around the thickness of her pistoning tail came a slick gush of girly cum, and it was accompanied by an immense deluge that stretched her cock to its limits, forcing apart her jaws and lips and stretching her already abused neck just to carry the vastness of her orgasmic discharge.

Her gut churned, turning her lust into cum just so she could shoot it straight back into her. She didn't need to swallow. She jetted her thick, boiling jizz with force enough to nearly dismount her skull from what she rode with it, and it emptied herself straight into her stomach. Her hands clenched frantically around her breasts, mounds that couldn't be contained by even her powerful digits, and if anything she felt her orgasm peak and peak again. She couldn't breathe around her own orgasmic tool, and her lungs burned as her vision swam. She wasn't certain if it was because of the force of her release or because she was strangling herself on her own bliss, so she played it safe.

With a long, sucking *schlick*, she dragged her head back and up to safety, freeing her trapped cock and getting a mouth, nose, and eyeful of her hot cum as a reward. Her first shuddering spasm as a disconnected ouroboros shot a thick blast of her own creamy jizz up to arc it along the wall behind her, and she immediately slapped both her shaking hands down onto the girth that wouldn't be covered even with their cooperation. She squealed with a very undragonlike cry of unrelenting bliss and threw her chest out, burying her tail between her legs as she frantically jerked her fingers along her steely shaft.

Wildly, she humped the broken ring of her fingers and sprayed long, connected streamers of thick, pearlescent cum across the room, some of it even possessing the pressure needed to reach into the second area of the suite. Finally, she found her voice, and it was with a far more appropriate roar that she continued her nearly endless release, jerking and shivering and thrashing against herself, until she was doing little but drooling the dregs of her orgasm from her drooping crown and panting like a sprinter at the end of a race.

Still, she was hesitant to stop her motions. Her tail slid sluggishly in and out of her crowded, feminine passage, and her fingers grasped tightly at her swollen cumvein, gradually milking the last few pints of her sticky, potent seed from her core. Sensations of vicious, biting pleasure trickled down her spine and radiated through her entire body, and she eventually, sagged backwards against the door, staring dumbly at the silver-streaked marble of the ceiling and wondering what the fuck was happening to her with what was left of her reasoning mind.

Her deflating cock was quickly resting in a puddle of its own making, one of many, many others that were spread across the room, and she wondered how many gallons of cum she had used to hose down the fragrant space. It seemed like a lot, far more than usual, and she stared numbly down at her fatigued flesh, wincing as she removed her tail from her hot, pleased innards. What was happening to her? Where had her self-control gone? Why did everything have to feel so good? Pondering, she casually tore off the ruins of her soaked trousers and let them drop to the floor as she rose to her feet, her member hanging sluggishly between her thighs and dripping dribbles of leftover seed onto the bare floor.

Her tail felt wet and sticky, a match for the layer of slimy white that covered much of the floor, and Emma's shoulders slumped as she once more hid her mixed sexes behind her cerulean scales. She needed a nap, and then a mop.