

After Hours

Written By: Skabaard

Given how many times he had been there, Gavin had little trouble finding his way to his destination. It looked better than it ever had, warm and welcoming in spite of how the sun was sinking into the evening sky. A simple, colorful sign proclaimed the building's purpose and the services it offered, and it was with an eager grin that he pushed open the door and swept inside to the chime of a small bell that called out his presence.

In what light there was left in the day, the woman behind the counter situated in the middle of the entry area busied herself with returning her disheveled workplace into a semblance of order. "Busy day, Juniper?" he mused as he hung his wide-brimmed hat on a stand by the door.

The chitinous wasp-morph looked up from her duties to acknowledge Gavin's presence with a polite nod. "Long, at least. I need a drink." Her voice was tired, but she sounded genuinely happy to see a familiar face, and two of her four arms lifted to wave him in, the others not breaking their stride. "I wouldn't guess those are for me?"

He looked sheepishly down at the bouquet in his arms. He should have suspected the vespine woman would be there late. Kass was certainly not the only workaholic he knew. "Perhaps not, my dear," he murmured as he approached, "but that doesn't mean that I'm not always prepared to pay my respects to a lovely lady, no matter the hour." With a flourish and a surreptitious gesture, he made the whole bundle of flowers in his hand disappear, leaving in its place a single yellow rose, which he offered to his hostess with a capricious bow.

June rolled her eyes, but a hand reached out and accepted his gift nonetheless. "Showoff..." muttered the insectile woman with the beginnings of a helpless smile. "She's in the back, and take your flashy street-magic with you. We'll talk later over that drink you're going to buy me."

"I'll count the seconds," he answered as he sauntered past her and into the hallway that led deeper into the structure.

"Don't strain your tiny brain on my account." Juniper added over her shoulder with a laugh.

He dismissed her jab with a smile and a wave before he disappeared down the hall, keeping his bouquet where he had secreted it. Being "in the back" wasn't a very helpful hint, because the broad hallway was lined with a seemingly endless array of doors, despite it being little more than a half-dozen. Silently, he peeked in them each in turn, grinning when he located the one he wanted.

It was a small, square space that held a long, low table in its center, one with a thick, comfortable-looking layer of padding and a pair of holes set into it, one at the end and one toward the center. The whole room smelled faintly of flowers, likely scents that emanated from the rack of jars and flasks that rested against one wall. The light, floral scent oozed calm and relaxation, and he had to stifle a sigh as he crept into the already occupied room.

She occupied herself with the task of folding a stack of freshly laundered towels, and her back was to him. He grinned hopelessly. The plain, white apron she wore over her simple dress did nothing to mar the elegance of her perfection. Her thick, tapered tail flitted happily about behind her, and she hummed something light and airy, a song he knew was a favorite of hers.

Her voice was rich and equally musical, and it caught in her throat as he dodged around the girth of her tail and laid gentle hands on her shoulder.

With a jerk, she whirled around to face him, brandishing a towel like a weapon, but as her familiar blue eyes lit upon him, the acidic defensiveness melted from her bearing, and her shoulders relaxed. "Hawk? Wh-what are you doing here? I thought... I thought that you were going to be gone for another couple weeks. Gods, don't scare me like that."

His hands remained where her shoulders had been, and he wiggled his empty fingers. "What? Since when do I need an excuse to come see my muse? I was around, and I couldn't help but take advantage of the opportunity. It's no hassle on my part."

Her expression told him that she saw through his bold lie. "Yeah. Sure." Casually, she finished folding her towel and tossed it aside before leaning idly against the table. "You look like you've been through a hell or two, Hawk."

"And you look as you always do, angel, heavenly." he admitted. That much was certainly not a lie. Even as Kassedie crossed her arms over her chest and frowned at him, she radiated an almost palpable aura of regal dignity whose magnitude was matched by the depths of her stunning beauty. They had met when she had still been human in shape, but she had gladly relinquished that for the coat of dark, garnet scales that glittered in the light of the waning evening sun mingled with the candles that flickered in the polished brass sconce on one wall. Her features were soft and feminine, and her face tapered into the rounded point of a triangular, reptilian snout that matched the rest of her form. A stripe of more vibrant red ran down her front and beneath her dress and apron, and a thicket of short, spiky horns, all of pearlescent ivory, crowned her head.

Her weight drifted from foot to clawed, digitigrade foot as she tapped her toe, but the way her muscled tail twitched behind her, the sincerity of his compliment had struck home. She heaved an enduring sigh, which did the most intriguing of things with her generously-endowed chest, and pushed off the table to take a graceful step in his direction. "You tell that to all the pretty girls, Gavin."

He shrugged innocently. "Not at all. There are some pretty girls that aren't always so pretty."

With a huff, she rolled her eyes and finished closing the distance between them, compressing her shorter frame into his own in a firm embrace that he languidly returned. Her form had give, and was given an extra layer of plush shapeliness by the thin layer of softness that rounded her out. He took advantage of it, squeezing her warmth into his chest, and smiled as her tail snaked its way around his calf to squeeze back. "I missed you anyway." Kassedie added, craning her head upward to push a gentle kiss into his lips.

It only made him smile harder, and it took him a moment to respond. When he did, he regretted having nothing particularly clever to say. "And I you. I just couldn't stay away, I suppose. It looks like you are doing fantastically for yourself. This place sounds like it's booming from the things I've heard from some... customers."

"It is..." the reptilian woman murmured quietly. "Thank you. I couldn't have gotten this far without your help."

He scoffed and parted from her, sweeping an arm out to indicate the whole of the building. "Come now. All I did was some simple enchantments, easy work really. The rest of your success has been entirely your fault, though I'm certain Juniper has contributed a little."

"I guess." she replied hesitantly, "but that wasn't really what I meant. I missed you."

At the sight of her nervously knotting her fingers together, he reached around her in the guise of another hug only to pull from behind her back the bouquet of flashy, yellow tulips he had brought with him. Her eyes lit up, and he surrendered them as her hands brushed over his. "Like I said, Kass. I missed you too. If anything, I've been thinking about you more and more recently.""

Burying her nose into the fragrant blossoms, she eyes him suspiciously, "Only good things, I hope."

"The best, I assure you."

"Good." she said with a sharp nod. The lizard morph didn't seem to be certain what to do with the flowers, so she simply held them against her sizable chest while she eyed him up and down. "Now seriously, Gavin, what's going on? You look awful. Did something happen?"

She kissed him again, as if to loosen his lips, and he capitulated. "It really is nothing, angel. I've just not been sleeping well lately. Weird dreams and all that assorted nonsense. I thought it was high time I took a break, at least for a day or two. I'm staying at the Chalice."

"Bad dreams? What happened? Those don't usually just come up without a reason."

He subconsciously scratched at the back of his hand. "I just learned a lesson about people, I guess. I was up north, in some little village whose name I don't even remember, playing outside what passed as an inn. It was a lovely day, and there was quite the crowd for such a little hamlet. Before I left, one of the women pulled me aside and asked if I did private shows." Kass's tail tightened threateningly around his leg, and he waved her back down with a gesture. "Relax, relax. Nothing like that. If anything she was just wanting to impress a lady-friend of the significant sort. She played the flute, rather well for something that looked homemade." He smiled. "It was adorable, so of course I volunteered my services. I've got a soft spot for young love, I suppose."

Kassiedie snorted. "Young love and long legs."

Gavin nodded. "And bright eyes, and happy smiles, and those lustrous red scales." He hummed thoughtfully. "Or maybe I just get confused."

She eyed her feet for a moment, and the tip of her tail idly toyed with the leg of his trousers. "Maybe. What happened with the leggy blond that gave you nightmares?"

It was his turn to scoff. "I'll have you know her hair was actually black. And her friend's was white. And they made quite the cute couple."

Her nostrils flared in feigned frustration. "You won't even let me pretend to be jealous, will you?"

"Nope." he said matter-of-factly, "Besides, they gave me reason to avoid them in the future."

"What actually happened?" asked Kass with a touch of genuine concern in her voice while she drifted gracefully away and settled her colorful bouquet in a ceramic jar.

"I don't know." he answered with a shrug of his shoulders, "We were halfway through a song when she just collapsed. It looked like a seizure or something."

"God's Blood, was she alright?"

"Eventually..." he grumbled while rubbing at his hand, "I tried to help her, but she just ended up biting me and growling like some wild animal for a minute. She didn't seem particularly inclined to let go, either, at least until her friend pulled her off of me. There was a lot of blood."

Spinning around, the scaly red woman practically leapt to his side and grabbed at his arm. "What?! They did what?! Oh gods, are you okay?"

"Yes, yes." added Gavin, waving her down and soothing her worry with a hand cupping the small of her back. "I'm not the best with healing, but I was able to clean it up alright. If anything, I feel better than ever. I just haven't been sleeping very well since then. It's bizarre. When I go to sleep I keep reliving that moment again and again like it was something traumatic, but really, I've had a whole lot worse done to me." she shifted uneasily against him, and he hugged her with soothing affection. "Bah, listen to me whine. I'm just tired and cranky. I sound like an old man. I'm much more interested in what's been going on with you."

Kassiedie huffed a sharp sigh and held herself near to his chest. She didn't seem close to satisfied, but she pushed it aside to peer up at him and lift a hand to toy with his sandy, blond hair. "Everything here's been wonderful... and busy as hells. This place has been running me ragged, but you know what? I'm so happy I don't care. I feel like I'm succeeding. I even had to hire a couple people to take care of things while June and I are busy with clients." she relaxed and managed to squeeze out a breathy laugh. "It's surprising what people are willing to pay for a massage and a bath."

He chuckled along with her. "I'm sure the loveliness of their attendants isn't hurting anything."

"I guess... Maybe *you* should be the jealous one." She didn't even let the jab hang in the air before dismissing it and rising up on the balls of her feet to kiss him. "Maybe you aren't the only tired, cranky one. Even after these months, I'm still getting used to this."

Gavin presumed she was talking about her scales and not what she had been doing most of her adult life. "Sounds like *you* could use a massage, hmm?"

"Is that an offer?" she purred. "I think it'd be best if you left the technical stuff to the experts, but you know what? I wouldn't say no to a backrub. You've got those magic hands."

He wiggled his thin, nimble digits before her while he stalked around her, sliding them up along her shoulders. "Naturally." Gavin murmured as he rubbed his thumbs in small circles over her shoulder blades. Kass let out a beatific sigh and leaned back into him, not even bothering to guide him toward the specifically designed table only a couple steps away. "Tell me, angel. What's been happening with you lately? Are you adjusting alright? You're tense."

"I'm just tired." she grumbled, though the tension that lay across her slim shoulders told a different tale. "I wouldn't give away these scales for anything, but they came with a whole bunch of other things. I'm still a woman, and this particular time of the month is giving me troubles... I'm sore and cramped up and all sorts of grumpy. I'm sorry if I snap at you. I don't mean it."

Her last word stretched itself out into a long, pleased groan as he worked over her shoulders, and he smiled down at her. With her sharp-toothed snout, he could lose a finger if she actually snapped at him. "Sure you do, but if you do, I'll probably deserve it." She snorted, and gently, Gavin ushered her forward to the table before her. Leaning over, Kassiedie rested her hands on the plush surface and arched her back in a long, languid stretch that looked almost feline, particularly with the way her scaly tail curled in on itself before it looped behind his back and pulled him toward her. "There you go." he added, "You just need to relax. I'll be around for a few more days. We should make this weekend a long one."

"Oh, I would love that." the lizard morph moaned into her forearms as she rested her head in them. "But for now just... just don't stop. Ooh..."

As if he needed any further reason to keep his hands on her flawless figure. "With pleasure, my dear." he crooned gently as he bent over her, putting a little of his weight into his ministrations. Kass certainly seemed to appreciate it, and she pushed back against his hands as a languorous sigh whispered through her sharp teeth. As he worked to chase away the tensions of

her day, one of her hands drifted sluggishly behind her back and began to slowly undo the knotted strings that held her apron against her.

"You're pretty good..." she admitted, a hint of playfulness in her tone, "but even you should know that any good massage has to be skin-on-skin." Her dexterous fingers reached high on her back, interfering with his for a moment while she found the row of buttons that held the unassuming cloth of her dress to her body. She actually managed to free one from its hole before he could brush her hands away and take up the task himself. While it could, and while one of his hands worked to free her, the other slipped beneath the loosening fabric to toy with the sea of dark, glittering garnet that slowly bared itself to him.

He reached up, teasing the dress off of her shoulders, and marveled at the luster of her scales. "It must take forever to keep yourself so polished."

She didn't bother lifting her head from her cushion. "Are you saying I'm high maintenance?"

Gavin laughed, and then leaned deeply over her to push a warm kiss into the back of her neck. She shivered. "No..." he mused, "I'm saying that I appreciate and admire how much effort you put into taking care of yourself." Her dress glided smoothly down the scales of her arms, and he struggled—just for a moment—to get the garment down past the expansiveness of her hefty bust. Peeling the fabric downward, he slid it off of her until her entire torso was free, minus how her bra struggled to contain what sat high on her chest.

Kass's tail whipped happily against the inside of his calf as it twined around his leg and squeezed him firmly. Her scaly hide was perfectly smooth under his fingers, and as they pressed downward he eased away her tensions. "What, did you get tired?" she huffed sharply, "You're going to miss half of me at this rate." Reaching back down her luscious figure, she dug her claws into her dress and rocked her broad hips from side to side, working it further down herself until it could pool on the floor around her ankles. Considering her hesitance to stop the lazy, rolling motions, she knew full well how it dragged her plump backside over his crotch.

He pushed a breathy laugh from his lungs as he grabbed her sides and dug his thumbs into either side of her spine. She tensed, and he felt her taut muscle bunching beneath his fingers. Gavin gently rubbed her, and she wriggled weakly as she relaxed with a trembling sigh. "Feeling better?"

When the lizard peered back at him over her shoulder, her eyes were bright but half-lidded. "You're not fair, you know that?"

Though it pained him to leave her perfection, he lifted his hand from her back to lay it over his heart. "You wound me, fair lady. Whatever do you mean?"

Kassie rolled her eyes. "Oh Gods, you're incorrigible." He was about to agree when she shifted abruptly, pushing herself up and pressing herself back against his chest. His hands went instinctively around her waist and held her to him. "Possessive, are we? Or do you just want to give me a belly rub too?"

"I'll rub you wherever you want me to." he admitted as Kass turned her head and craned her neck to allow another brief kiss to pass between them.

She giggled, reaching back to gently rake her short, sharp claws along his thigh as she kicked aside her dress. "As long as you promise to be gentle."

"Always."

As she pulled him forward a step with her tail, he wondered if she could feel how his trousers were beginning to tighten over his crotch. He suspected she could, particularly since she seemed hesitant to stop slowly rocking her curvaceous backside against him, but it was hard to

tell. Her bright blue eyes always seemed to have the same sparkle of mirth, even when she was tired from a long day. He got a better look at those same eyes when Kassiedie turned to face him and leaned back against the massage table. A low smile played across her lips as his hands danced lazily across her back, and she finally peeled her tail from his leg to lift it up and poke it through the hole in the center of the oddly-shaped bed. "Let me just make myself comfortable." He helped her up onto his impromptu workstation, where she lay on her back and stretched herself out, arms up above her head before the shapely limbs dropped to her sides. "I know a half-naked woman is a rare sight for you, but you know what to do now, I hope?"

Gavin laid a hand on her stomach and ran the other along the line of her delicate, reptilian jaw. "I might, but I wouldn't object to a little guidance if you find it necessary." She glowered at him, but eventually her smile came back, and she folded her arms beneath her chest to force her heavy breasts up onto the front of her torso, deepening the already impressive canyon of her cleavage. He simply smiled back and commenced the rubbing of her bright red abdomen. He felt her breathe for a moment, working his fingers in slow circles and reacquainting himself with her succulent shape. The lizard's belly was just barely convex, just soft enough to really beg for a good grip, and she wriggled timidly beneath his deft ministrations.

He could feel the knotted muscles that were the cause of Kass's discomfort, and he worked into them, loosening them with tender pressures. As he rubbed, he crooned a slow, lilting song of comfort and relaxation in a language very few people knew. He liked the sound of it, and as he chanted the alien rhymes, he laced a thin flow of magic into each stanza. The spell filtered through him, tingling down his arms and oozing into the scaled woman's strained body, doing for her what the song pleaded for, banishing stress and ushering in waves of contented euphoria. "Oh... Gods, that feels nice..." Kassiedie hissed.

Some knots resisted more than others, and he spent more time where more was needed. He was far from a powerful spellcaster. He'd dropped out of the Academy. Lighting a candle took focus, but folding spells around the songs he'd grown up with just felt natural, and so he continued to quietly sing. Her tail, from where it dangled beneath her through its hole, lifted sluggishly back to his leg and stroked him up and down, favoring his thighs. Her toes wiggled fitfully, and her breathing deepened, but didn't slow. If anything, it grew a little faster, and she reached down to touch his hand with hers. "Hawk?"

Gavin dared not end his spell unfinished, but he acknowledged her with a slow inclination of his head. Kass's hand slid up his arm to shyly grip him, and she arched her back as he pressed down on her, gliding his fingers up and around her sides. "Oh..." the reptilian woman said in a low, breathy moan, "T-take... take off your shirt."

He cocked an eyebrow, but pulled a hand off of her nonetheless to undo the row of buttons that fastened his vest to his chest. As he moved, she guided him, sometimes with words, sometimes with gentle prods of her clawed fingers, to where she seemed to most need his attentions. After tossing his vest aside, he went through the same procedure with his snug shirt, leaving him bare from the waist up. Kass licked her lips, and her fingers snapped to his own body like they were magnetized.

By her pleading words, his thin, dexterous digits snaked across the front of her body, and she explored him in turn. The differences between them were stark and numerous, and for more reasons than just him being an unmorphed human. He was thin and tall, hard and compact in contrast to her soft, smooth plushness. Her small, ivory claws roamed along the contours between his firm, wiry muscles, and Kassiedie pouted as he leaned over her. Her breath left her

expansive chest as he kissed her, and he let his song drift into a low, musical hum as he enjoyed her yielding mouth.

As he tasted her, he noted something different about her. He could smell her, more than just the aroma of the scented oils and soaps she worked with. He breathed in more of her than he'd ever before noticed. Kassiedie smelled of muted flowers with hints of rich earthiness and a touch of raw femininity. "You smell nice today."

"I've been experimenting." she hissed, fighting to speak past his lips, "Strawberries, new oil."

He shook his head and pushed more firmly into her, lifting her tapered snout and kissing along the side of her neck. "No. Past that. It's you."

Sharp claws prickled against his back as she clutched at him. "I'll take a bath later, just... Just go lower."

Forgoing trying to explain himself, he just slid the hand that was still idling over her abdomen further downward. Kassiedie's breath shivered in her chest. The further his fingers trekked, the warmer her scales grew, and he realized with a little chagrin that he was doing a terrible job. If anything, she was getting more wound up, but the iron in her voice barred him from slowing too much. "Is this the way you want to do this?" he whispered.

In answer, one of her hands reached down the length of her body and grabbed his wrist. Force that carried demand and desperation pulled at him, and he relented, allowing his fingers to be pulled the rest of the way down, until his fingertips rode up the lizard's engorged mound and over the lust-parted lips of Kassiedie's blossomed flower. Her sex pulsed hotly, and the moisture Gavin felt on his confident digits the beginnings of slick, feminine moisture, and the hand on him held his there until it was certain that he had gotten her silent message.

"Alright, angel." he mumbled while her claws went back to roaming over his bare torso, "I suppose that all of you deserves a little attention." Kass gave him a coy, matter-of-fact nod and flashed her teeth in a weary, but happy, smile. The expression faltered when he withdrew his hand from the intersection of her legs, but he banished her concerns when he pushed the tips of his fingers into her swollen, heated mons. She tensed, letting out a stiff groan as he worked over her enflamed sex from without. The scaled flesh yielded to him, and he was careful not to press too firmly. She, however, seemed perfectly willing to put up with whatever he could give her, so much so that her tail stroked his legs while her own fingers dug into his back in time with his deft ministrations, urging more from him when she could.

Just when it seemed that she would start complaining, he let his hand wander down an inch, finding lush tenderness to rub in small circles. While he worked, he made sure to stay leaned deeply over her, nearly pressing his chest into the full roundness that was hers. Kassiedie kissed at him, his jaws, his cheeks, sometimes even his lips, as she held his head to hers and toyed with his messy hair. He heard her hiss his name when his deft fingers found the outer folds of her steaming womanhood, and he felt her throb around him as he slid a finger along the length of her fleshy lips.

One of her hands rustled softly over the curve of her generous bust, groping her through the flimsy fabric of her bra, and he closed his free hand over it, keeping it there and giving her his own little feel. Kass moaned, writhing helplessly as he felt her, one hand on her chest while the other found her plump clit and idly stroked it through its concealing hood, encouraging it to peek out as blood rushed into her loins through her thundering veins. "Just remember to be gentle." she managed to breathe shakily, "I'm tender."

Her breathing hitched as he dug a little more firmly into her, just enough to spread her and probe against her leaking entrance with the end of a finger. "I couldn't do anything else, angel, not with you just lying there with that look in your eyes." He teased her further, and she let her head roll back, pouting at the ceiling as he once more lowered his lips to the side of her neck. He felt through his mouth the way her pulse hammered in her arteries and the way her throaty moans vibrated in through her vocal chords, and he made sure that the scaly beauty was at her most ready before he pushed not one, but two fingers into her.

Her hands tightened on him, clutching at his back and arm as he eased his practiced digits deeper into her depths. The heat of her supple, feminine passage was intense, and he felt her sex flex and ripple around him as she clenched under the gentle force of penetration. He held her there, his fingers resting within her, for a moment, listening to her breathe and savoring the way her hefty breasts heaved against him through their confining garment. "You have a knack for growing more and more beautiful each time I see you, Kassiedie." he sighed, finally succumbing to the pull of her claws on his skin and beginning to languidly pump his fingers in and out of her in a slow, easy rhythm.

If she had the air in her lungs to reply, she didn't put forth the effort required. Rather, the chesty lizard morph simply moaned huskily into his ear, the pitch of the weak outcry rising and falling in time with the motions of his arm. Her tapered snout rested on his head as he carefully held her down against the fluttering of her muscles, and her slender tongue slipped free to run dotingly across his cheek, the closest she could come to a kiss in her current position. He laughed. "I must admit, angel, I've found myself thinking about you increasingly often of late. The few nights that I've been able to sleep peacefully have been filled with you, sometimes just your silhouette, sometimes more, much more." He sucked in a huge breath of her, letting her scent tickle against his sinuses and musing at the abrupt acuteness of some of his senses. "I may not have missed you solely for the simple pleasure of your company."

"I'm... I'm s-sorry." she whimpered, managing to coordinate her limbs enough to pull him down against her. "I can't... I'm just... You have terrible timing, Hawk."

He shook his head and made a low, rattling groan work its way between her suddenly clenched teeth with a few long, grinding rolls of his wrist. "Don't misunderstand me, milady. I'm not making a demand, or even a request. I'm just being honest with you. You're lovely enough to haunt my dreams, at least the pleasant ones."

A sharp "Hnngh!" escaped Kassiedie's chest, and the sound was accompanied by a wracking quiver that crawled down her spine, terminating in a series of powerful, wringing contractions around his fingers. He lifted quizzical eyebrows at her and opened his mouth to question if everything was alright, but was cut off by another terse vocalization that hissed past sharp, clenched teeth. "Oh... Gods' Golden Blood, don't stop!" the reptilian woman cried out, "Damn your hands *and* your timing, Gavin! Nngh!"

Suddenly, Kass's shapely form snapped taut, arms and legs going utterly rigid, and she let out a hard, strained cry that mirrored the way her yielding inner folds clamped down on his fingers like a vice. Her head, unlike the rest of her, lolled in orgasmic bliss, and a plentiful gush of wet, feminine lubricants soaked his palm, pushed out by undulating pulsations of her fluttering tunnel. Gavin followed his orders, picking up both the force and pace of his nimble ministrations, leaving her moaning breathlessly as her body shuddered and came wetly around him. Her tail coiled tightly around his thigh, matching the frantic grip of her hands on his shoulders, and she crushed him against her in a delirious embrace that squished her breasts against his face.

Her reaction to his devoted labors seemed to stretch on for minutes, and though it was likely only a handful of seconds, that was a practical eternity of her writhing and grunting and spasming against him, her breathing fast and irregular. Finally, he felt something change, and in a manner he didn't expect. As he pushed his fingers as deeply into her tight, rippling passage as they would go, he felt something firm and alien but up against their tips. Shocked, he gave ground as his hand was pushed out of Kass's shuddering womanhood from within, and he managed to fight her desperate grip enough to look down her body, just in time to see her pulsing entrance stretch obscenely around what was escaping her loins.

As if it had been planned, his hand was sitting numbly in the perfect location to catch the elongated sphere of slimy, pearlescent white that slid from her body. Kassiedie squealed and moaned, writhing in the heights of bliss as another of the eggs showed itself a split second before joining its brother in Gavin's palm. Her tongue hung limply out of her mouth as she gasped and whined, eyes unfocused on the world around her, and her hand shot between her legs, vigorously grinding against her eager, turgid clit, taking over where his stunned hands had given up. With one last ululating cry, she jerked and pushed a third egg from herself before promptly flopping back against the table, panting wildly.

He didn't really know what to do at that point, so he gently laid his burden aside and saw to Kass's well-being. She accepted his hands into her own, and even managed to kiss him, as firmly as clumsily, when he bent to check on her. "Nnh... Gods, that doesn't usually feel so... good."

His eyes flicked to the splattered mess that was her inner thighs before bouncing back up to her half-lidded eyes, dim with fatigue. "Are... are you alright? Wh-what... Are you okay?"

She managed a tired laugh. "Yes... yes, I'm fine... I just needed to... get rid of some extra weight. I... I thought they were going to come tomorrow, though." He tried to pull away, but she held him where he was, putting more effort into a longer, more steady kiss. "Damn things pick the worst times, plus I make so many..." Kass struggled, and he helped her sit up, letting her lean heavily against him. Reaching over, she casually gathered up her clutch and eyed them critically. Each was fat and oblong, slightly larger than a chicken's and with soft, leathery shells that were bone-white and slimy with her leavings. "At least it was only three this time. Although... I wouldn't have minded a few more. Dripping Ichor..." she added, recovering slowly from her ordeal.

Snatching a clean towel from the stack that was next to her, she cleaned them off before doing the same to herself, tutting at the mess she'd made. "Are... are they... what-" he stammered.

She smirked coyly at his confusion. "No... It's not like they're going to hatch or anything. I'm not that lizardy. If I'd been messing around with a customer or something, there would have only been one, and it would have been a whole lot bigger." She wriggled over to the edge of the table on which she'd been laying and drew him close to her with a more energized smile. "But now that that's over with, I don't have to worry about it for another month." Her voice softened, and her fingers fondly stroked his cheek. "Thank you for helping me, Hawk. It's not usually quite so... pleasant. I'm sorry if I got a little carried away there at the end."

The tension left his shoulders, and he chuckled with her. "I... I'm just glad you're okay. Although I'd have not minded a little warning. I could have made it even more pleasant for you with a little time to prepare."

The sparkle came back to her eyes, and she glanced down at the eggs in her hand, hefting their weight. "Well I guess you'll have to be here next time then, won't you?"

"I might have to make a habit of it, yes."

Her toothy grin grew more affectionate as she took them both in, each half naked, and she looked up at him as she pulled him between her legs. "I'm already feeling much better thanks to you. Maybe you and I can retire to someplace more private? I feel the need to repay you." His lips parted to allow him to protest, but she shushed him with a flick of her tail. "Come now, Gavin. I insist. My place is close and comfortable, and will be cheaper than a room at the Chalice. Maybe while we're there, I can help you relieve some tension of your own, hmm?"

At the smoky look that suddenly dominated her expression, he was suddenly, *acutely* aware that his erection still strained at his pants. "A private session?" he mused as her fingers wandered below his waistline and danced along the insides of his thighs. "What sort of fool would I be to refuse such an offer?"

She didn't even seem to mind that she was clad in only a bra that struggled to contain the expansiveness of her chest, and she hopped to her feet, shaky and uncertain for only a moment before she leaned suggestively into him. "A stupid one, no doubt. Now come on. Help me back into my apron, at least, and we'll get out of here. I'm suddenly starving." She sashayed away, not giving him time to respond before snickering and returning to collect her unanticipated clutch of eggs. "How would you fancy an omelet? They're the best when they're fresh."