

Interruptions

Written By: Skabaard

"Gods, it's beautiful." Kathryn whispered in awe, trying to keep the hesitation from her voice, "But... are you sure you don't have anything that's a little... lighter? I, um, I really... I don't think that I can afford this much right now."

The squat turtle morph sighed as he gestured at the intricate chain of silver that she rubbed between slender fingers. "Miss, I've been a silversmith for a long time. I'm pretty good at it, but if I tried to make something with *less* silver than that, it would fall apart when you tried to put it on." She felt her face heat, and in spite of how hard she tried to hide how flustered she was, he took notice. "Listen. Since you like this piece so much, I can set it aside for a time when your purse isn't so light, hmm? Maybe we could work out payments? Believe me, I want to sell it as much as you want to buy it, but I can't accept any less for it. Quality silver is expensive."

Her fluffy, feline tail flicked anxiously behind her, and she fought the urge to chew on her lip. "I know..." she sighed, swallowing her dejection, "I understand. I shouldn't even be doing this..." Kathryn mulled over her options. If she worked hard, she could make payments, surely. If she waited through the summer, she knew she would make good tips during the harvest festivals that riddled the following season. She could save up enough, and Sage would never be the wiser. "Um... How long can you keep it?"

The smith rubbed at his chin with a thoughtful hum. "If you're willing to put a deposit on it, until the skies burn and the world crumbles around me. If not, then a couple weeks, a month maybe, at least until someone makes me an offer I would be foolish to refuse. My family needs to eat."

Pulling her purse from her pocket, she fished around in it until her sharp blue eyes caught the glint of what little gold she had on her. She then slid the coins across the wooden counter of his stall. "Is this enough?"

He smiled at her and accepted the money with an almost paternal nod. "Yes, miss. I'll take it out of the showcase and keep it somewhere safe. It'll wait for you."

She could already feel the exhilaration of anticipation boiling in her innards, and she couldn't help but break into a huge grin. It took a supreme effort to keep herself from hugging the wrinkled reptile. "Thank you!" she practically squealed. "Listen, I need to get home, but could I come back later and talk about the details? Tomorrow afternoon, maybe?"

He seemed infected by her giddiness, and he smiled back at her. "Of course."

She bounced happily on her padded, digitigrade paws, turning away with a polite curtsy before wading back into the churning mass of people that filtered through the marketplace. Southcliff was a bustling place even during the periods of light traffic, but in the height of the day, it was intimidatingly loud and busy. She was thankful that she stood a couple inches above most other women, and even a handful of men, and she navigated across the cobblestone and down the street, making way for the occasional wagon or enclosed carriage pulled by oxen or horses.

On her way home, Kathryn paused at her favorite bakery to swap a couple thin, silver coins for a sizeable loaf of crusty bread that was still warm from the oven, cradling the parchment-wrapped parcel against her chest to keep it from getting squashed in the throng of people fighting to move to and fro. Eventually, the slim feline managed to work her way onto the

far less crowded back roads, and her pace quickened noticeably, partially due to her excitement. She didn't live too far away from where she worked, or even the market that she frequented, but it was still a fairly brisk walk before she was greeted by the plain wood-and-brick structure.

The front door wasn't locked, and she slipped inside with almost no sound apart from the rustle of her dress around her ankles and the crinkle of parchment in her hands. "Sage?" she called, "I'm home!" She knew she would never get tired of saying that out loud.

There were only two other doors in the room aside from the one through which she had entered, and a smooth, feminine voice returned to her from one of them. "I'm in the kitchen, Darling! I've managed to get the chimney working!"

Following the voice and the smell of something utterly delicious that was wafting through the open doorway, she entered the one other room that wasn't dedicated to her bed. A small fire burned low in the fireplace that connected the kitchen and the living room, and a pot was hanging low in the flames on a sturdy hook. Sage was sitting at the table, legs crossed demurely, and was sipping something steamy from an earthenware cup. "I made a pot of tea, too, by the way."

For someone who had been mucking around in ash and soot for the better part of two days, Sage looked spotless. Rich, red-orange fur covered her from head to toe, smooth and velvety, and was only parted by a broad stripe of milky white that covered her chest and belly. Her arms and legs from the middle joints outward were covered in chocolatey-brown stockings of equally luscious fur, and the whole ensemble was covered with a modest dress that fit her like a glove. There wasn't so much as a smudge or an out-of-place lock of wavy, bright red hair to mar her carefully-maintained perfection. As Kathryn walked over and laid the bread down on the table, the regal vixen rose in a sinuous, graceful motion and set her cup down beside it. "Good afternoon, Darling." Sage crooned as the feline fell into her arms, "Did you enjoy your morning?"

She had to speak past the fox's soft, yielding lips as Sage dragged her head down into a long kiss. "Busy, but I have a few hours before I have to go back in for the evening. I bought some fresh bread to go with whatever you've got simmering. It smells delicious. You look beautiful. I missed you. I-"

Sage silenced her with a gentle gesture. "Easy, Darling. You *did* say we have a few hours, right? No need to hurry through them. Here. Sit. Drink."

Huffing while she was guided into a seat, Kathryn fidgeted as Sage poured her a cup of hot, aromatic liquid. The warmth as much as the flavor was heavenly, and she stretched out her legs, wiggling her toes as she sank further into her chair with a gratified sigh. Sage's eyes glimmered with mirth, and she grumbled weakly. "Yeah. A few hours." Reaching behind herself, she undid the strings of her crisp, white apron and pulled it off to drape it over the back of her seat. "How's your day been so far?"

"Delightfully lazy." Sage purred with a grin, "It was worth getting up so early, even if I did have to let you go far sooner than I would have liked."

Her triangular, catlike ears perked up, but she hid her return smile behind the rim of her cup. "Well you know..." she muttered into her tea, "We could always pick up where we left off."

The vixen laughed. "Oh can we now?" In a single elegant motion, Sage stood, glided across the floor and slid directly into the cat's lap. "It's been quite some time since this morning, Darling. I don't know if I can recall where we were going." Kathryn set aside her cup and wrapped her arms around the fox's curvaceous body, pulling her even more intimately into her, and the lovely vulpine likewise reached around her, toying with a few strands of her snow-white

hair. They kissed again, much more slowly than their greeting, and parted only after a long moment with a wet smack. "Why don't you remind me, my sweet little kitten?"

Sage wriggled closer, pressing the fullness of her bust into Kathryn's notably flatter chest, and the feline felt her splotchy, calico fur threaten to stand on end. "I think I can do that, Sage. I actually think we were right here." She then lifted her thin fingers and laced them into the vixen's fiery mane. "And my hands were right here. And I think you were a little... closer."

Under her guiding hands, Sage shifted, leaning heavily into her and pulling her into a far more heated kiss. The rustle of cloth as they touched one another was steadily overcome by the beating of her heart in her chest, and when she was able to remove them from her lover's hair, her hands roamed along the smooth, trim lines of the fox's back, drifting lower and lower with each passed second. When her claws found the ample curve of Sage's hip, they slid backwards and over the swells of the vixen's perky rump, pulling it deeper into her lap.

The chair creaked as she leaned backward, letting Sage splay herself out over her and dig more hungrily into her mouth. Dainty digits that weren't her own pulled at the laces of her bodice, loosening it ever so slightly with each little tug, and she stifled a throaty moan as the vixen pulled off the restrictive garment and started working on the buttons that lined the front of her simple blouse. While her lover worked, her own fingers rubbed and groped whatever generous curves that decided to present themselves to her, dimpling Sage's supple flesh with tender care and affection.

Her chest was almost halfway bared when there came a series of bold, heavy knocks at their door, at which she jerked and nearly spilled the amorous fox into the floor in her shock. She spluttered and called out for patience as they fought to disentangle themselves from each other, and almost stumbled over Sage, who was growling a string of colorful curses, on her way to the door. Before pulling it open, she hurriedly rebuttoned her shirt and smoothed the fabric of her skirt over her girlish hips, composing herself while Sage flopped back into her chair and fumed into a cup of tea, not even bothering to straighten her dress on her shoulders.

"Yes, yes. I'm sorry for the wait," she breathed, trying to control her breathing as she drew the door inward, "We don't usually get... many... Gods' Golden Blood!"

At her shocked exclamation, the fox in the other room stood and stalked over while she opened and closed her mouth in numb surprise. "You know," mused the bronze-scaled dragoness that leaned casually against the doorframe, "you two have gotten hard to find recently. Why is it that I had to talk to Corvus to find out you had moved in together?"

Sage gasped, and she struggled to make her jaw work in order to articulate the sudden, nearly violent surge of excited glee that rushed through her veins. "Emma, you're back... You're back!" With a giddy squeal she rushed forward, practically leaping into the tall, statuesque creature's arms. Emma caught her, lifting her paws off of the ground and spinning her around like a child with a happy grin splitting her tapered, draconic snout. "Emma! You were gone so long! It's been months! They said you'd gotten lost, and they spent so long searching, and, and... a-and..." Her voice faltered, and she broke down, tears spilling abruptly down her furry cheeks. "Oh, Emma, I missed you so much!"

Sage stepped out through the door, and the dragon reached out and scooped her off of the ground with similar ease, holding them both to her chest and hugging them tightly. "I know. I know. I'm sorry, but there were a few events that I hadn't really been prepared for. It took me a little longer than I'd have liked to get back home. But I *am* back. I promise." Her pleased smile returned, and she gently lowered them to their paws after taking a long, deep breath of them

both. "There were a few things I had to take care of, but even after I finished with them, it still took me hours to track you down. Is this where you've been hiding yourselves?"

She could hardly stand under the weight of her excitement, and she scrubbed away her momentary tears with the sleeve of her shirt. "Yes, yes! Come in! Please!" Taking the dragoness by the wrist, she dragged Emma and Sage both behind her. The scaly woman pulled her half-spread wings close to her back and allowed herself to be dragged through the doorway. "Gods, I... I just can't believe you're finally back! I was beginning to think I'd never get to see you again! I just... I... When you... Nnh!"

When her words failed her, Sage shouldered the burden of welcoming the dragon more formally into their residence. "Not that we were worried about your well-being, of course." the vixen said past a huge, equally happy grin. "We trust you far too much for that. Our concern was wholly selfish, I assure you.

Emma beamed and chuckled, pulling both furred women into her once again in a firm embrace that lingered for a long minute. "I'm sure... I—on the other hand—missed you entirely because I know that you'd both be lost without me, seeing as how I'm such a grounding influence in your lives that I didn't even warrant a letter saying that you'd moved."

Kathryn froze and slapped her forehead in dumbfounded awe at her own foolishness. "Gods, I should have thought about that! I... I'm sorry! It was just kind of sudden, and I... I just—"

"Oh, hush." crooned the dragoness, leaning down to nuzzle her fondly, silencing her babbling in the process. The fine scales that covered Emma's snout felt smooth and flawless against her fur, and Sage giggled at her. "From what I hear, you've both been busy, much too busy to worry about trivialities like that. Besides, I managed to find you. You were just keeping me on my toes after such an extended vacation. I get it, I get it."

"Yes, that's precisely it. Someone has to, dear, because the gods know that you don't get that kind of exercise every day" said the vixen squished into her with arms that felt as unyielding as iron, "But if I might say so anyway... It's very good to see you again, Emma. Try not to keep us waiting so long next time you decide to wander off, alright?"

Finally, Emma managed to release them. "Alright..." grumbled the dragoness, hanging her head low, chastised but for the playful glimmer in her sparkling, violet irises. "This is some place you've managed to claim." she added, standing straight to give the freshly-decorated living room a more thorough glance.

She peered around, wondering what the dragon was seeing in the rather plain furnishings of their cozy, if unimpressive home. Emma smiled distantly, stalking in a slow circle while her thick, powerful tail swirled in idle circles behind her. Sage came up to the curious feline, sliding beneath her arm and squeezing her close. "It's nothing very special as it is." admitted the vixen, giving Kathryn a small, private smile, "But it's comfortable, and it's ours. If you aren't in any sort of hurry, we were just going to eat. I'm sure we'd be happy for you to be our first house guest. You must have a story or two to tell."

"A couple, maybe, but I'm not going to be the one who eats you out of house and home. I had a big breakfast this morning on account of me not knowing how long it would take me to hunt you down." She shrugged and crossed her arms under her chest, unintentionally exhibiting that she was far more well-endowed than either of the more mammalian women. "Although it wasn't as hard as all that, I suppose. I spotted Kathryn in the marketplace from the air, so I didn't have to worry about checking all up and down the street. Longer hair looks very nice on you, by the way, even if it took me longer than I'd normally admit to recognize you."

Kathryn stared at her feet as her cheeks flushed hotly. Sage laughed and prodded her playfully in the ribs at her shyness. "Doesn't it though?" Blunted, canine claws raked against her scalp and played with threads of pale, errant hairs while she fidgeted under the gaze of both women. "Come on, Darling. If Emma won't accept our hospitality, then we can at least enjoy the very delicious stew I slaved over all morning. Hurry, before your fur catches fire."

The dragon followed them into the other room, grumbling about hospitalities, and Sage ushered her back into her chair and pulled one out for Emma in the process, one which creaked threateningly under her weight. It wasn't as if the dragoness was some bulky horse morph, but she was exceedingly tall, easily six or seven inches taller than Kathryn, who was already tall at six feet. And where the feline was lithe, whip thin, and her vulpine lover was slender and compactly curvy, Emma was broad and powerful, her robust figure completely filling the dark clothing she often wore.

As Sage pulled the lid from the pot hanging over the fire, she refreshed the delectable aroma of herbs and meat and potatoes that already perfumed the entire house, and the dragon's nostrils flared hugely as she sucked in a deep breath. "Wow... that really does smell wonderful."

The vixen shot a sly look over her shoulder. "I know. It's too bad you don't want any."

"Well... I guess a bowl or three wouldn't hurt..."

Sage's shoulders, among other things, bounced in a hearty laugh, and the fox pulled a third bowl from a cupboard on the wall. "You won't regret it. There's tea on the table as well, although I don't have a gallon of honey for you to pour into it."

"Hey, just because I like things sweet doesn't mean I can't handle anything else. If Kathryn's survived drinking your handiwork for this long, I'm sure I'll manage."

The lovely fox's only reply was a dubious, "Mhmm," and the feline only laughed as Sage slid a bowl full of rich, hearty stew in front of her, doing the same for the dragoness next to her.

As all three sat at the humble table, the first moments were spent in relative silence, quiet that was only broken by appreciative purrs and the crunch of the crust of the bread as hunks were torn off of it to be dipped into the flavorful broth. "So..." Kathryn mused after a while, "what exactly kept you away for so long? Some super-secret mission? What happened?"

Emma snorted hard enough to nearly aspirate a spoonful of stew. "What *didn't* happen? You'd think I'd be used to things going south, but fate has certainly developed a knack for outdoing itself."

"That bad?" Sage wondered aloud while pouring a fresh cup of tea for herself.

Letting out an uncharacteristically weary sigh, the dragoness shook her head. "No, not really. It was rough, but things can always be worse. It was certainly an experience, though, as far as things go."

"So... what actually happened?" the feline asked, leaning forward attentively.

When she answered, Emma answered at length, spinning a tale of drama and fire and pain, but also of hope and resolve, a story of a trek across half of Arvandor and then some. The dragoness had certainly been through a lot, and though Kathryn suspected that there were a few pieces of the story that were being left out, it was complete enough to have her sitting on the edge of her seat for the better part of half an hour. The rest of her stew was cold when Emma finished speaking, licking her spoon clean, reclining back in her chair, and patting her stomach with a contented smile.

"Gods' Blood." Kathryn whispered, digesting the story as much as her incredibly satisfying meal, "How did you manage all that?"

"Well, like I said, I knew that you two couldn't get on without me, so I had plenty of motivation to keep walking."

"Please, Emma," Sage interjected, pointing her spoon in a wordless accusation, "try not to downplay your own importance *too* much on our accounts. You might give us superiority complexes, and heavens know that Kathryn doesn't need any more of that."

"Maybe..." the calico muttered, flicking her tail between herself and the fox, "Or maybe you just want to keep all the superiority for yourself. I need as much as I can get if I want to keep up with you."

"You have me there, Darling." Sage surrendered with raised hands, "I'm a sly little fox with my eyes on the prized hen."

"Hold on." Emma said in a pause between breaths, "Who's the superiority, and who's the hen here? I don't want to be the hen. I think Kathryn should be the hen."

"What?!" she snapped, shaking her head, "Why do I have to be the chicken? What if I want to be the fox? Cats can be sly!"

"Because, Darling," answered Sage with a gesture at her, "Chicken tastes much better than fox, and you're far too succulent to be anything else."

"She's got a point, Kat." Emma agreed, "You're delicious, sweet like honey."

"It's not like I'm the only one..." she huffed with an exaggerated pout, "Besides, Sage has much more meat on her. I'm all bones and fur."

"A fair point." admitted the dragoness with a sage nod, "What say you, oh luscious one?"

The vixen hummed and stroked a nonexistent beard, deep in thought. "I would say that less is more, of course. I'd rather have a single slice of roast pork from the duke's prized pig than an entire side of bogboar."

Emma scoffed. "That just shows that you've never actually eaten bogboar. It looks gross, but gods, does it taste good. As long as you scrape off all the slime and pus, of course."

Sage grimaced, and Kathryn and the dragoness both giggled for a brief moment. She finished her bowl while the fox struggled to find something to say in response, and when those efforts failed, she laughed again and stood, collecting their empty cups and bowls to put them aside to be washed later. "I really am glad you're back in Southcliff, Emma, and I hope you can come over more often. We should have a house-party sometime! We can get Hawk and my sister in here, a cake, a few bottles of wine, really make an evening of it. Sage's been teaching me to dance..."

"She's even learning, too. Miraculous, I know. She might even be functional by the harvest."

Kathryn scowled at the vixen and whipped the tip of her slender tail across Sage's nose, making her eyes cross and pulling a demure sneeze from her chest as her soft fur tickled at sensitive sinuses. She then directed her attention toward the dragoness, wondering at the lack of an instant, snarky comment, and hesitated. Emma's eyes looked at nothing in particular, and her nostrils flared with each breath, like she was smelling for something miniscule in the air.

"Emma? Emma, is everything alright?" There was something off with her normally expressive, amethyst orbs. Her pupils were huge, vast circles, and as a few seconds passed, they gradually drew inward, pinching in the middle until they were little but narrow, vertical slits. "Emma? What's wrong?"

As if finally hearing her voice, or perhaps the concern it carried, the dragoness snapped back to reality, shaking her head and clearing her throat loudly. When Emma looked up, her eyes

were back to their normal state, bright and aware. "S-sorry... I just got lost in thought there for a second. Wh-what were you saying?"

"Emma, dear," Sage said, worried, "is everything okay? You looked a little... empty there for a moment."

"Nnh... Y-yes, I'm fine. I'm sorry. I just needed to focus for a little bit." She hesitated, and Kathryn stepped forward. "I... I should go."

As the dragoness rose, Sage rose with her. "What's wrong, dear? What's going on? Are you okay?"

"N-nothing, nothing. I'm alright. I just... I need to clear my nose. This whole place smells like you both and it's... very strong."

The vixen shot Kathryn a troubled look, and the cat strode over, following the dragoness over to the door. "I... I'm sorry. I just—"

"No." Emma said sharply. "It's not your fault. It's just me and this stupid nose. Ever since... Gods, give me a minute; I just need to breathe something else for a second or two."

Kathryn and Sage followed the dragon from their home, who staggered almost clumsily out into the open, gasping in the fresh air. Emma was tense, and she huffed short, heavy breaths through her nose to rid her sinuses of whatever offensive scents were inherent to their home.

"Gods, you should have just said something, Emma. We could have opened a window or something. Just tell us next time."

Rather than giving them a verbal answer, the dragoness simply shook her head. It seemed she was breathing easier now, and Sage laid a hand on her shoulder. "Come now, dear. I know your nose is far stronger than either of ours, but that doesn't mean you need to torture yourself for us. If something smells off, just say something. Was it... was it the soup? Too much rosemary?"

Emma laughed and straightened, thrusting her chest out and dragging a huge breath in through her nose. "Oh please. It wasn't the soup, Sage, and it wasn't torture. Gods' Golden Blood, you two by yourselves are bad enough, but when you're together in such a cramped space, it's like having sex with my nose. Damnit, you smell so good, I could just... Mmph." She stretched her arms high over her head and arched her back, sticking her nose as high as she could while sweeping her huge, expansive wings out to either side. "Holy hells, it's bad enough with random passers-by, but with people I actually *care* about it... goes so much deeper. I need to get used to it, but it's so hard sometimes." Looking back down, she took in both women. "Sorry about this. I need to be more careful than usual."

Kathryn's relief was so explosive she actually laughed in spite of herself. "Gods, Emma, don't scare us like that. I thought you were going to be sick or something."

Slowly, the smile returned to the dragon's alluringly feminine features. "No, not sick—just hungry for a little more than soup, which I have to say was as good as you threatened it would be. I'm going to have to start eating here instead of the Sanctum's kitchens."

Sage relaxed and laughed with the feline next to her. "Well, Emma, if you're still hungry, I was just about to suggest we break for something sweet for dessert. I've had my eye on it all day, but I'll share her with you if you ask nicely enough."

The dragoness stiffened and looked between them. Kathryn just leaned into Sage's plush hip, smiling with what she hoped was boundless confidence, but was more likely to just be fervent excitement. They *had* been interrupted, after all, and though she had pushed it to the back of her mind, she was still plenty worked up. "If you're offering what I hope you are," Emma said

with a conflicted expression, "I shouldn't. I just got back a few days ago, and it might not be... I might... Dripping Ichor, you don't know what you're asking for."

"Why don't you enlighten us, then, hmm?" Sage mewled with a suggestive sway of her hips. "What will our favorite creature from the depths of myth and legend do with such a feast?"

Kathryn wished she had that power. Sage seemed to be able to just turn on her magnetic allure. Every movement of her shapely body was hauntingly graceful, but calculated, and pulled the eye long each sweeping curve. Her voice dripped with an unspoken plea, and her half-lidded eyes begged for it. What "it" was was left to her target's imagination. Just as the vixen had that ability, Emma seemed to be able to effortlessly resist it, and the dragoness rested a hand on her hip, her tail flicking between her black-skinned wings. "If I go back in there with you two, I don't know if I'll be able to leave until I've savaged you both to the brink of unconsciousness and made a tremendous mess in the process."

She stepped forward, taking the dragoness's hand into hers. "What are friends for? What sort of hostesses could we call ourselves if we didn't take care of our guest's needs? I'm sure Sage agrees." The vixen nodded matter-of-factly. "See? Why don't you come back inside? I don't have to be back at the Chalice for a while yet, and the more the merrier, right?"

Emma's jaw worked as she considered the offer. "If you treat all your guests so well, you'll be awfully popular."

Stepping forward to stand next to the occupied feline, Sage took the dragon's other hand. "Invitations are very exclusive, dear. We don't accept every vagrant on the street. We have discerning tastes, as I'm sure you understand."

She could practically see Emma's resolve cracking under peer pressure. "Listen..." she breathed, her voice coming out as a strained whisper, "I've been changing recently. I don't know what will happen. I could go insane, lose my mind and tear your home apart. I... I-"

"You've threatened something worse every time, dear, but you haven't yet. My darling little kitten and I are fully aware that you could snap us in half without even trying, but we know you better than that."

"Yeah." Kathryn added, "If you just leave, we're going to go back in there and savage each other to the brink of unconsciousness anyway. We'd probably be doing that right now if you hadn't shown up, so if you aren't in any hurry... I think we could make room for another." Her hand slid up Emma's arm to stroke the sturdy line of her bicep. "We trust you."

The dragoness looked down at them and let out a shaky breath. Those same thick, sinewy arms looped around them both in turn, and Emma lifted them off of the ground like they were toys. "I wish I had the words to express how much that means to me."

She wriggled happily, working an arm free and running her claws along the curve of Emma's curling, ramlike horns. Since she was at such a convenient height, she also took the opportunity to plant a chaste kiss on the end of the dragon's snout. "You don't have to. You'll never have to."

The sturdy arm around her crushed her inward, pulling her snugly against Emma's and Sage's body alike. "I love you two, and I... I really, seriously missed you, more than I thought was possible. I don't deserve either of you."

Kathryn idly kicked her dangling legs. "I guess that's too bad, because you're stuck with us... forever and ever."

After a moment of squishing Kathryn and Sage into the surprisingly plush softness of her chest, Emma bounced in a slow chuckle. "That's my lot in life, it seems. Doomed to an eternity of living with your scent in my nose." Inclining her head, she slid her snout between them, gently

nuzzling them each for a tender moment before taking a series of deep, steady breaths along the fur of their throats. "There could be worse tortures, though. I could be forced to smell you without being able to do anything about it."

"That's much more like it, dear." Sage purred with a throaty hum while running a hand along the length of Emma's jaw, guiding her into a slow, rocking kiss. Kathryn watched, stealing some when the vixen had to breathe and spending the rest of her time savoring the small, fine scales that graced the reptilian woman's fearsome visage with her tongue. With a resigned sigh, the dragoness took slow steps toward their house, flicking open the door with a swipe of her tail and sweeping inside with a flourish, closing it with the same nonchalant motion.

Emma looked at the humble abode once more, and did so with a seemingly new appreciation of the simple space. "I hope you have a sturdy bed."

"We paid well for it. It will hold up, dear."

"We'll see, Sage. I take it it's through here?"

"We can walk, you know."

"Of course." Emma said, peering down, almost wistfully, at the suspended feline, "I just don't think I can let you go just yet. Give me a minute." With a few more lightly bouncing steps, the dragoness stooped through the door, pulling her wings in behind her before folding them tightly against her back once more. Their bed was by far the most expensive thing in the building, oversized and very comfortable-looking, and with the addition of the three women, the room looked almost cramped, particularly because the dragon stood a head taller than even Kathryn.

Emma took another deep breath and smiled as she sauntered forward, giving Sage and the trapped feline one more hug before bending at the waist to lay them both on the plush surface of their expansive mattress. "This whole place smells so much like you," she muttered

"I couldn't imagine why..." retorted Sage while Kathryn wriggled deeper into the bed. Before she could make it too far, though, the vixen turned and pounced on her, trapping her under the weight of bountiful curves and soft, velvety fur. "Now, Darling... where were we?"

"We were in the kitchen," she said with what she hoped was an eager grin, but had to admit to herself that she probably looked far more desperate.

Sage picked up on it, arching her back, squishing their breasts together and nipping playfully at her twitching ears. "Let's just skip to the good part, then. I don't know how much longer I can wait after being so *rudely* interrupted," she snapped with a sly smirk over her shoulder at the intrigued dragoness.

Emma's nimble tail snaked up behind her, and she stepped around as the tip of it whipped across the buttons that held her snug shirt to her body. "Sorry about that. Don't let me hold you up any longer. I'll just... watch. I might have to step in though."

"Join in whenever you're ready dear." Sage mewled, wiggling her broad rump through the air at the dragon, "Kat and I can be very accommodating." After the gentle prod, she turned back to the skinny feline beneath her, and Kathryn nearly gasped at the desire that was burning plainly in her deep, blue eyes. "And impatient... a little impatient."

Her vision was shrouded by the vixen long, fiery hair as Sage clutched her shoulders and pushed her head into the mattress with the weight of a firm, heated kiss. Those fingers worked inward, once more finding the buttons of her blouse and fumbling for only a split-second before slipping them surreptitiously from their holes. Her own hands lifted as she writhed helplessly, working into her foxy lover's hair and bracing them together with what strength her lissome arms

possessed. She was wearing nothing beneath the paltry layer of fabric, and the cloth rustled against her fur as Sage pulled open her shirt and bared her meager feminine endowments.

Whereas the majority of her body was covered in a sleek layer of fur that was a splotchy, calico mess, her chest and belly were a pale, creamy white, decorated with twin disks of ruddy pink where her nipples poked up from her perky curves. Sage laughed into her mouth as she explored it with her tongue and helped her work her arms out of her sleeves. The motion pulled her hands from the object of her desire, and when they returned, they made up for lost time, finding the buttons that fastened the fox's flowing dress to her opulent figure.

It took a moment of ardent panting and clumsy fidgeting, but she eventually managed to do it, and she pulled open the dress from the back, letting Sage pushed herself out of it like a split cocoon. The vixen, unlike her, was busty enough to warrant something to support the ample globes of soft, inviting flesh that hung from her chest, and the dark, gauzy material of her bra teased Kathryn with a canyon of cleavage and the hint of a pair of silhouettes that were her lover's erect teats. After another breathless minute, Sage managed to work her way almost entirely out of her dress, finally kicking it off of her feet and letting herself splay back out over the happily pinned feline.

The vulpine woman's fur was soft and almost glossy, like fine satin, and its brilliant red-orange glinted in the light save for where it paled over the curves of a bountiful chest and a slim, trim abdomen. Hopelessly, Kathryn's hands were pulled downward by some alien force, perhaps her own building desire, and she closed her hands over the flared swells of Sage's perfect, toned rump. As they did, they slipped under the vixen's modest underwear, and she squeezed. Her lover giggled into her ear, breathing heavily and hotly into the sensitive organ while making her twitch and shiver. "I'm glad you wear skirts, Darling... They're much easier to take off when one's in a hurry."

As if to punctuate the point, Sage reached between them, and with practiced, ease, quickly and efficiently jerked her plain, utilitarian skirt down the humble flare of her waspish waist and lean hips. She helped as she could, rocking her pelvis from side to side and dragging her clothes, panties and all, down the lines of her lean legs until she could flick them off and into the floor, forgotten. At what rapidly rose to attention between them, the vixen giggled again, and she felt a hand slither once more between their bellies to rub thoughtfully across the throbbing shaft of her hardening, mismatched sex. "And how would my little tiger like his attentions this afternoon, Darling? Hmm?"

She tried to hide the way her cheeks burned through the patches of white on her cheeks, but she was certain that Sage could see what a mess she was. "I... I don't think we have much of a preference today."

Instead of words, the fox answered her with a toothy grin and a longer, more languid stroke along her meaty, pink shaft, her fingers catching on the soft, fleshy spines that crowned her bestial glans. Her feline tool twitched and ached, and a meek moan slipped between her teeth as her own fingers tensed on Sage's pliant, callipygian backside. With a few lazy pumps of her arm, Sage expertly brought her to readiness, leaving her masculine equipment spasming frantically, straining at the slender digits that pleased it, at least as best it could. She sometimes despaired at the stereotypical nature of her body. She was long-bodied like a cat, slender and flexible like a cat, and... unimpressive between her legs.

Sage, however, treated her like a goddess anyway, despite the paltry five inches with which her loins were graced. Those worshipful hands rubbed along the underside of her throbbing maleness, dipping down to tenderly fondle her furred sac before stealing even lower,

stroking along the moistening lips of her hidden womanhood. "I'm not sure if I say this as often as I should, Darling," murmured the lascivious fox morph, "but you are incredibly beautiful."

She swallowed noisily as her throat constricted in sheepish pride. "Sage..."

"Shh..." the vixen breathed softly, "Just let me compliment you, you lovely, lovely cat, with your sexy, little body and those huge, bright eyes. Let me enjoy you."

A fingertip teased against the entrance of her swollen, blossomed flower, and she arched her back with a long, shuddering sigh. "Nnh... I love you, Sage."

"I know, Darling."

She managed a smile, but then squeaked in surprise when she felt something strong and flexible push between them and wrap nimbly around her pulsing tool. When she saw Emma's grinning face pop up over the curve of Sage's shoulder, bounded by her curling horns, she relaxed, at least as much as she could as the dragoness's tail pumped lazily along her taut flesh. "You're both adorable."

Sage sunk low on her, pressing the full length of that luscious body against her, and growled possessively. "About time you caught on, dear. Come here."

The frame of their bed creaked slightly as the dragoness levered her full weight onto the mattress. Emma was as naked as she got, unclothed and with nothing but her coat of metallic, bronze scales, parted by the stripe of blue along her underbelly, to remain wrapped over her dense, muscular frame. "Where do you want me?" she hissed between clenched teeth as she approached, maneuvering herself such that her tail could continue its idle stroking.

Before Kathryn could say that anywhere would have been wonderful, Sage did it for her, laughing and rolling off of her chest to stretch herself out next to her. Emma's scaly eyeridge lifted quizzically, but it seemed that the sight of them both splayed out and mostly bare was enough to silence any questions. Approaching from the foot of the bed, the dragoness crawled up enough for the breadth of her powerful frame to shadow them both. She leaned downward with a gentle smile, sliding her snout between their faces and pushing a kiss against them in turn. A thick, scaly thigh pressed up between the feline's legs, and she could feel it flexing against her proud, little cock as it stood up from her loins.

A brazen hand slid up Sage's side, grabbed a handful of the cloth of the vixen's bra, and pulled it off, almost tearing it before remembering its place and more carefully removing it. While she worked, her tail slithered between the vulpine woman's legs and gave her humble underwear the same treatment, finally removing the last barrier of clothing that remained among all three of them. A hard, sinewy arm looped around Kathryn's waist and pulled her sideways, squishing her into Sage, who giggled and wriggled against her. "Gods, what did I do to deserve you two?"

The fox rolled onto her side, and flicked her bushy tail over the dragon's nose. "You know full well what you did, dear. Now hurry up and get to it, before a lady's forced to take matters into her own ha-Mmph!"

Before Sage could get the last syllable past her lips, they were forcefully locked together with the dragon's thin, scaly equivalents. She tensed and squeaked, but as Emma's hand slid beneath her, pushing past the curve of her butt and to the small of her back, she let out a more natural moan. One of the vixen's arms went up to clutch at her assailant's back, but the other slipped to the side, curling around the inside of Kathryn's thigh to grip her leg with impassioned strength. The cat felt far from neglected, however, as Emma's fingers smoothly stroked the fur of her trim, tapered waist before raking sharp, wicked claws carefully up her body to take a pert, perky breast and give it a fond squeeze.

Kathryn shuddered and breathed out a slow sigh as she pushed her chest into those unyielding fingers. Emma's tail found her once more, flicking playfully around her fuzzy sac and against the firmness of her spiny, feline tool as it poked up from her loins like a little monument to her arousal. The sounds passing between Sage and the amorous dragoness atop her grew louder and more wet, and she couldn't help but reach down the length of her body, entangling her arm with the dragon's, only to push her puny masculinity into her fingers with a long roll of her hips.

She jumped and huffed when Sage reached over and slapped away her hand only to immediately replace it with her own. With slow, languorous movements, the vixen, without so much as opening her eyes, pumped her delicate digits along her length, forcing away the dragoness's tail in the process. Emma complained wordlessly with a snort that made a short, whitish-violet spark arc between her nostrils, but got over it quickly, resolving not to fight over the feline's crotch when there was apparently so much for them all to enjoy.

Teeth like little knives rustled through Sage's fur as Emma gave the side of her neck a few playful, harmless nibbles, and Kathryn lifted her head to allow the same to be done to her. The dragon's breath was hot on her throat, and she whimpered as even more of the lusty creature's attentions fell to her. The hand on her chest groped her firmly, and the end of that long, sinuous tail glided over her body, savoring her shape while its owner's nose was tucked against her collarbone. "Kathryn..." said the dragoness, voice low with audible need, "Can I have you, for just a little bit?"

She tried to do what the vixen would have done, to act smooth and suave, and answered with a little smile. "Only if you save some for Sage." She wasn't certain she pulled it off, considering the way the dragon looked at her.

Emma seemed to stare through her, and the predatory way her violet irises sparkled in the light was almost unnerving. "Dragons are notoriously bad at sharing, but I'll try, for you two."

Sage scoffed and shoved upward against the hard, feminine bulk of the dragoness's body. Emma grumbled and retreated, rising up to her knees to loom over both women, giving them a chance to half-push themselves from the bedding. "A bold promise, dear." crooned the vixen as she rose up, pressing herself suggestively against their draconic friend's sturdy form. "But every relationship is about what each can give the other, not what can be taken. If we're sharing, don't you think you should do the same and grace us with a little something to enjoy?"

The dragon's thin nostrils flared around a heavy breath as Kathryn and the fox both rounded on Emma, pressing forward and twining arms around her well-formed frame. They pushed, but the dragoness didn't so much as budge. Rather, she pushed back into them, holding them both close and speaking in a growl low enough to be on the verge of threatening. "That would be only fair, I suppose."

It proved to be quite the chore to get even closer to the dragoness, but Kathryn managed it. She spread her legs and worked her way forward, letting the bulk of Emma's thigh slide between hers. It made the fur of her sac rub against smooth, sturdy scales, and eventually slid the shaft of her spiny tool along the sweeping curve of a broad hip. The feline felt the larger woman shiver as her own leg pressed into the delicate scales between those powerful thighs, but the dragon's attention was mostly absorbed by Sage's efforts to occupy more and more of her mouth in a series of firm, fast kisses.

One of her hands clutched at Emma's back to hold her to the supple softness of the dragoness's generous chest, but the other drifted lower, much lower. It joined her leg where it rested anxiously between her scaled lover's legs. It took a little blind searching, but after a brief

moment she managed to find what she was looking for, the barely-perceptible irregularity in the strip of brilliant blue that swept down the dragon's otherwise bronze-scaled body. She and Sage both wanted what it hid, and her clawed fingertips rubbed up and down, pressing firmly without fear of being too rough.

Still, it didn't seem to be enough to the amorous dragon. She separated from Sage's lips long enough to growl for more, and Kathryn felt the muscular thickness of Emma's tail wrap around her, squeezing her and pulling her forward until she was squished into the heavy, plush mass of big, scaly boobs. A low, strained grunt escaped the expanse of the dragoness's chest, and she felt her hand suddenly forced up and away by the almost scalding heat of the column of turgid, sable flesh that thrust itself from Emma's loins. She gasped as its taut, pre-slicked hide slid through her fingers, and she wriggled, attempting to push herself away just to get a glimpse of what throbbed between her and Sage.

She failed even as she tried. Emma's arms were like steel, and she was trapped where she was, able only to feel as the dragon's finally-exposed cock pulsed and hardened as blood rushed into it. Panting gasps seethed between the sharp teeth that were bared before her, and those glittering, amethyst eyes were winced tightly shut. "I... I c-cant... Oh G-Gods... I can't take it."

In spite of the way Emma appeared incapable of sensing her surroundings, when Kathryn wiggled her way up enough to kiss her, her lips pursed desirously, molding themselves to the feline's own. "Of course you can." she whispered as Sage giggled and dropped her unpinned hands to the dragoness's tight, lusty flesh. "You can take anything you want with something so... massive. Oh, what I wouldn't do to have something like this for a few hours."

Her teasing tone faltered when the dragon's head felt back down, eyes open, bright and fierce. "Would you?" Emma said quickly, staring hard down at her. Her voice was low and coarse, raw with the need that throbbed between them. The hard, sinewy arm around Kathryn loosened for only a moment, barely enough time for her to register the ability to move once more, before it was robbed from her again. The hand attached to that arm pushed, gently but forcefully, and she once more found herself with her back on the bedding beneath her.

Rocking her hips, Emma swayed forward, straddling Kathryn's legs and looming over her with the girthy, black behemoth between her legs hovering threateningly before her. The vixen beside them hungrily licked her lips and bent down, wrapping fingers and lips alike around the dragoness's massive, hermaphroditic masculinity. The trapped feline watched it twitch in her lover's hands and it swelled obscenely under Sage's tender affections. It had to have been more than two feet long, and it defied any attempt to encircle it with anything less than two full sets of fingers. Its dorsal half was ribbed with thick, fleshy ridges, and they, coupled with Emma's huge, slightly tapered crown promised untellable pleasure to anyone capable of handling it.

As she was orally worshiped, the dragon hissed and shivered, but the full brunt of her attention fell onto Kathryn, who whimpered at the very clear reminder that she was far from well-hung. It was far from a mournful sound; she just couldn't find any other way in that moment to vocalize her excitement. For a moment, Emma savored the fervent fox's attentions, but as her eyes drifted closed with exaggerated laziness, she tensed, flexing her powerful musculature against itself as if she were struggling against a great weight. Slowly, she leaned down, and the feline gasped at the sensation of the burning underside of the dragoness's bestial flesh pressing heavily down into hers, burying it in a pulsing, masculine blanket. Sage only cooed happily, glad for the chance to please them both at the same time, and Kathryn felt slim, eager fingers playing over her trapped member.

And then she froze as Emma's eyes opened inches from hers. The dragon kissed her softly on the mouth, enjoying the lushness of her lips, while they were both idly pleased, but what startled her was the way her scaly lover's pupils pinched tightly inward, drawing down into narrow, predatory slits. "E-Emma? Are you oka-mmph!"

The dragoness cut her off with another, firmer kiss, and a strong, clawed hand cupped under her neck, holding her up as her fur threatened to stand on end. "So good..." Emma breathed, "Everything is so... good... Your scent, your taste, this whole place..." She shuddered, and a series of sharp, violet sparks popped over her bare scales, between her horns, and even between her parted teeth as she let out a harsh, shaky breath. "I could just... burst, but..." She hesitated, blinking slowly and squirming for a few heartbeats, terminating her sentence in a long hiss. "I can't... Not here. N-nuh-huh-Hnngh! Y-yes..."

The ardent creature atop her felt huge and heavy, and a shaky, clawed hand grabbed the bedding next to her head, balling it up in a tight fist that looked to be able to crush stone to dust with how the tendons stood out from the dragon's forearm. "Emma? What's wrong?" she panted.

Her only answer was a low, rumbling laugh and a simple, repeated affirmative that, over the course of a few seconds, fell even deeper into Emma's broad chest. The feline shuddered as the twin of the hand that clutched frantically at the blanket next to her stroked across her cheek, leaving lines of electric effervescence on her skin. "What you wouldn't do..." mused the dragon, seemingly to herself as she stared hard down between where she was she was born down into Kathryn, "You don't have to do anything... kitten. Let me. I... I can."

She didn't know whether to be excited or worried when Emma slunk down her body, her thick tail swaying languidly through the air above them. Sage struggled to chase after the dragon's thick, ridged tool and found it too difficult, deciding instead to switch to the oral worship of Kathryn's much less impressive, spiny member. The vixen's lips were joined by the dragon's, and the focus of their attentions writhed weakly under the building ardor of their tender, yet energetic ministrations. She just wished she had enough for both of them to enjoy the way they seemed to be eager to do. Emma's long, nimble tongue seemed capable of hiding her whole throbbing masculinity in a fleshy sleeve, only leaving enough for Sage to lick and taste in brief, slick windows.

Her own hands clenched the bedding as an intense, tingling sensation prickled over the fur around her crotch. She whined meekly as the dragoness pushed Sage aside and away from the intersection of her legs and centered herself over Kathryn's loins, taking all the feline had for herself. "I... I n-need..." Emma growled anxiously, "I-I need... I w-want... I want... *more... yes...*" It seemed each breath was punctuated with an increasingly ardent hiss that continued for longer and longer, as if words were coming with more and more difficulty to the almost unresponsive dragon.

Kathryn stiffened and mewled fiercely as the Emma dropped her head, letting the fullness of the cat's spiny shaft slide into her angular, reptilian maw. A dexterous, fleshy tongue whirled around her, savoring her every meager contour, and when the dragoness lifted her head, she shone with an even layer of slimy saliva. The tingling between her legs centered in her hermaphroditic masculinity and increased in strength, growing a little disconcerting as she peered down her long, lean body. "E-Emma...?" she panted, "Emma, what's happening? What's wrong?"

Those wild, slitted eyes flicked briefly up to her face, and the dragon grinned, showing twin rows of viciously pointed teeth. It was the smile of a predator that had cornered its prey, and it made her feel nervous despite the pleasure that resonated within her loins from whatever was

brewing beneath Emma's lips. "Nnh... I want to... to give you... more..." answered the dragoness in a low rumble, "It will feel... good... yes..." After her broken speech, the dragoness opened her mouth and let the full length of her sinuous tongue spill out to run in quick, lashing circles around Kathryn's eager member. Sage righted herself from being pushed away, took in the panorama, and tried to worm her way back between the feline and her scaly assailant. Emma hissed and would have none of it.

The vixen squeaked when, acting almost as if it had a mind of its own, the dragon's thick, muscular tail looped around her waist and pulled, hoisting her nearly completely into the air only to flop her down onto the mattress next to Kathryn. Sage looked puzzled for only a moment, her fiery hair a disheveled mess around her alluring features, and then her eyes abruptly defocused, the air leaving her lungs in a sharp, surprised moan as Emma's prehensile appendage wriggled between the fox's legs only to harpoon itself forward, burying itself deeply into the vulpine woman's excited femininity. Suddenly shaky arms wrapped around Kathryn and pulled her close into Sage's ample chest. The feisty fox morph abruptly forgot everything as the girthy tail writhing between her legs began to pump itself in and out with wild abandon. She only retained enough presence of mind to give the feline a wet, clumsy kiss that jerked up and down with the thrusting that parted her thighs.

Kathryn very much wanted to divert at least a little of her attention to the vixen beside her, a hand to touch those bouncing breasts or a tongue to toy with the one that ran over her lips, but she failed. She couldn't tear her eyes from the dragon that straddled her legs and bent down to run the line of an angular jaw along her twitching maleness. Emma's toothy maw opened again, letting hot, unsteady breaths wash out over the feline's spiny tool, breaths that continued to shorten and grow ever more fervent. She tensed and managed to find Sage with an unstable hand when the first bright, hot spark snapped between the dragoness's teeth with a sharp, tinny pop. It was followed by more, and the thin threads of power crackled and multiplied until her scaly lover's mouth and throat was filled with a harsh, coruscating web of raw energy.

Had her legs not been trapped between Emma's thighs, she could have wriggled backward, away from the scintillating light show. She was more comfortable with magic than most, sure, but seeing something so unnatural still made her stomach turn flips in her gut. She couldn't however, and despite her lustful zeal, she still whimpered nervously when the dragon dipped her head and exhaled in a shockingly steady breath. The mesh of violet light distended with the scaly woman's gentle sigh, ballooning outwards until it touched the tapered glans of her spiny, catlike phallus, which popped it like a soap bubble made of electrical spiderwebs.

In spite of the relative calm of the luminous display, at the first, timid contact between her engorged flesh and the manifestation of the dragoness's power, a jolt of spastic energy coursed through her body like a bolt of true, pure lightning that left her back bent and her mouth open in a silent, euphoric squeal. It seared along her nerves, leaving icy, tingling ecstasy in its wake as it pulsed through her lanky figure, beginning at her crotch, rushing out to her extremities, curling her fingers and toes, and then pulling back from where it had come. Her mixed sexes were hit hardest with the stunning shock of it, and the effervescent pleasure that had been prickling along her flesh was abruptly amplified ten-thousand-fold. It was like sex, a hundred hundred nights worth of long, breathless passion had been condensed down into a single instant before being shot through her body like an arrow from a bow.

With a hoarse cry, she came, catapulted off of the pinnacle of her bliss like she had been punted from it by an angry god. Her spasming cock fired a long, ropy spurt of her seed over the underside of the dragon's jaw, following it up with another and another as her wiry, insignificant

musculature trembled against itself, leaving her thrashing weakly between Emma's bracing thighs. She came and came, feeling her feminine passage clench frantically around nothing as her body ejected her lust from her loins in the form of streamers of thick, sticky ejaculate.

Kathryn couldn't remember the last time she'd had such a forceful orgasm, and it seemed endless with the way mind-numbing sensations ripped up and down her spine. Even when she had emptied herself, it didn't end. Her feline masculinity continued to twitch and throb, and the tension behind her loins only continued to grow. The pressure of her lust-heated blood forced more and more into her crotch, and her cock darkened even further, taking on an almost purple hue as it strained against its meager proportions. Veins began to stand out along its length, pulsing in time with her thundering heartbeat, and she stared with ecstasy-hazed eyes down her body at the unnatural display. "Wh-what... what?!"

Her breathless, anxious query was cut off in a terse, "Hnngh!" as she felt the stress in her body, which had been building like a looming thunderstorm, find its release through the contents of her loins. It felt like an entire, fresh orgasm, one that scattered her confused thoughts under a wave of piercing rapture, but there was no fresh deluge of pearlescent seed to come boiling up from her spiny tool. Instead, her release found a much more visceral way to manifest, one that left her wailing in ecstasy and clawing wildly at the bedding beneath her.

The dragoness grinned like a maniac as she watched Kathryn's half-bestial member suddenly surge outward. The feline humped the air as best she could, and with each shaky thrust, the glans of that bloating cock reached a little higher. It grew outward in trembling, bulging spurts, increasing in girth while thickening veins pulsated to the time of her pounding heart. "Yes..." Emma hiss-growled, watching her catlike-lover's loins inch outward toward her parted lips. "Feel it. Feel what it's like. Such power, straining and fighting for more every second, always."

Kathryn moaned and shot her hands toward her crotch, but before her clawed fingers could close around her expanding flesh, Emma caught them and jerked them to the side, pinning them to the bed. Struggling halfheartedly, she let out a desperate whine as she watched the ruddy silhouette of her familiar maleness quiver and grow, leaking a steady stream of whitish cum as her loins throbbed angrily. Inch after inch poured from her crotch, thickening as it went to maintain its girthy proportions. With it, a tight, pinching sensation that was almost painful with its intensity centered in the depths of her meager testes, and her fuzzy sac abruptly stretched taut as her pulsing nuts churned and swelled in their hanging prison.

When her barbed crown poked up against Emma's chest, it didn't cease its growth, and as her engorging shaft bent uncomfortably, she slid between Emma's heavy breasts, flesh grinding against smooth scales. The dragoness laughed, voice deep and excited, when Kathryn jerked again, twisting and straining against the immovable hands that kept her from violently masturbating. The pressure in her cock refused to let up, building and building and stretching it outwards, and the bulk of her ballooning gonads pushed against her thighs, spreading her legs with rotund organs that enlarged past the size of eggs and into the range of fruit.

She had easily doubled in length, and with each breath the feline took, her heaving equipment jutted further and further from the intersection of her shaking legs. She felt huge and hard and heavy, and when she felt something else take root and mingle with the energy that was shifting her external sex from one size to another, her eyes nearly rolled out of her head in numb shock. With a sudden, strained bulge, she surged in girth, forcefully enough to squirt a streamer of milky jizz up along her skinny abdomen. She saw her shape change. The soft, feline spines that ringed her glans and poked up from her shaft began to sink into her fleshy masculinity as if

they were being swallowed up. As what had marked her loins for so long vanished, her thick crown tapered and elongated somewhat, thinning to a rounded point that seemed intended to be wormed into the tightest of passages.

As her wide, frantic eyes raked the length of her morphing cock, she spluttered and squealed. "Emma! Wh-what's happening?! What did you do?!" She received no concrete answer from the dragoness that straddled her, but Emma hummed thoughtfully nonetheless. The scaly beauty shifted, rising up to loom above her and letting her blossoming member stick straight up against the drag of its own weight. At least until the dragon's own peculiar tool could press against it, bearing it down again as their flesh ground lewdly into one another. At the sight, she gasped as she realized what was going on.

Emma's inhuman, onyx monolith was more than two feet long, and Kathryn's own began to rival it as she contorted and bulged bigger and harder with each heartbeat. It was lined along its upper side by thick, meaty ridges that gave it an almost, segmented appearance, features that, as seconds passed, began to appear on the feline's mutating masculinity. A hand lifted from hers, leaving it numb and confused as the dragoness gripped her with powerful, taloned fingers, holding their massive shafts to one another and giving them both a few firm strokes along their increasingly similar cocks.

Gradually, Kathryn's skin darkened, going from almost purple to a deep, almost-black hue that shone with her own fluids. She finished her absurd expansion when she had a quivering pillar of sable meat that rivaled the overendowed dragon's for size and almost perfectly mirrored its exotic shape. Her balls must have been the size of ripe melons, struggling to be contained by the tight confines of her once undersized pouch. They rested heavily between her legs, deformed under their own weight and throbbing with the promise of a truly catastrophic release. "Delicious..." Emma's voice shuddered in the depths of her chest. The statuesque, scaly creature then rose up onto her haunches, working forward until the excited folds of her exposed womanhood threatened the outermost inches of Kathryn's cock with penetration.

When the dragon lowered herself onto her steely, altered tool, it was slow but devoid of any hesitation. Kathryn squirmed helplessly as she felt herself steadily enveloped into her scaly lover's impossibly tight, silken tunnel. She felt Emma *stretch* around her, and heard the low, musical cry of bliss as the dragoness sank down wholly onto her until the muscular curves of that toned, scaly ass were resting on the feline's crotch and the entirety of her new masculinity was hilted within the ebony-fleshed flower that had swallowed her whole. During the process, she had felt the alien, irregular texture of the unnaturally pliant passage that rippled around her.

In spite of how often she and Emma had done the deed, either passionately or wildly, she'd never been big enough to really feel it before, but as the dragon's butt writhed into her while its owner rolled her hips, she felt it, and gasped at the sensation of stunning, overwhelming *completeness* she felt. The velvety love-vice that wrung at her felt like it had been tailor made for her new masculinity. The large, prominent ridges that had grown to rib her cock were cradled in pockets of silken, inner flesh that molded themselves to fit them perfectly. She was truly, wholly enclosed, and the fullness of her expanded length was milked with slow, rippling contractions that Emma's body gave her of its own accord.

Kathryn felt the dragon's rapid heartbeat around her cock as well as in the weight of the onyx monolith that now rested against her front, nestled between her breasts. Her scaly mountee rolled her hips in languid, rocking motions, her mouth open and her tongue lolling limply between her teeth while her own draconic tool gave the channel between the feline's meager curves slow thrusts. The movement ground her firmly trapped member around inside Emma's

slick, drooling passage, and the weight of the dragoness on her was unforgivingly physical. As the euphoria of her loins' transformation subsided to something more normal, she still felt like she was just on the edge of another orgasm, this one so much more violent than the last.

When Emma shifted, she gasped. The dragon, with her arms and a loop of her muscular tail, lifted Sage, whose presence next to her she had all but forgotten during the crucible of her ordeal, only to let the insensate vixen flop, face down and breathing raggedly, atop her chest, pinching the rock-hard cock that rested heavily against her abdomen between them. In order to line herself up with the slick slit that the fox's spread legs presented to her, the scaled woman pushed Sage forward, sliding that sleekly-contoured body roughly over Kathryn, leaving the cat morph's face buried in the valley of her vulpine lover's expansive cleavage. She couldn't bring herself to mind in her current state, and she only moaned loudly when the dragon moved above her, taking some of her weight and pulling gently but unceasingly on the legs of the woman stretched out on her.

Kathryn felt the groan vibrate in Sage's slim chest when the dragoness began to spread her feminine folds and fill her with inches, and then more inches, of burning dragonflesh. She knew the vixen was capable of taking some obscene penetration, but even her writhing, vulpine lover seemed to be overstretched, whining weakly, and Emma stopped before she could cram more than two-thirds of her throbbing dragonhood into the fox. The woman laying atop her clutched at her, holding for dear life, and moaned her name, *her* name, not the dragon's, and craned her neck down enough to kiss her.

Her skin tingled threateningly, and she reached down, curling her fingers over Sage's upturned butt, gripping it gratefully as she returned the intimate meeting of their lips. She pulled, and Emma laughed as she slid the vixen up and a few inches off of the dragoness's searing cock. Hers pulsed fitfully, trapped where it was, and the scaly woman's clenching tunnel squeezed at her thankfully as she undulated her body, giving the dragon a weak, little thrust as she pushed the fox back down, filling her once again with a tense grunt. The motion filled her throat with Sage's sharp mewl, but she didn't break their kiss. She held on.

And then, over the course of a heartbeat, she arched her back with almost enough force to dislodge Sage from her perch atop her. The dragoness's tail wriggled between her legs, lifting and sliding up under the mass of her huge, swollen testes, and abruptly jerked up into her drooling womanhood. The sensations assaulting her mind were already almost too much for her sanity to handle, and the sudden, vigorous penetration nearly drove her over the edge. Her head fell back, and Sage had to chase after her retreating lips while Emma leaned forward and ran gentle, worshipful hands over their bodies. "Perfect..." rumbled the dragon's coarse, guttural voice.

The scaly woman who connected them closed her wild, slitted eyes and spent a few seconds settling into her position between them, caressing the contours of their bodies. Then she wrapped her fingers around Sage's slender waist, grabbing on and holding her there. And only then did she move. She lifted her weight from Kathryn's crotch, slipping herself a few inches off of her mount. The trapped feline felt her new, fleshy contours slip free of their resting places within Emma's body, catching and grinding along each one in turn and sending blinding spikes of bliss sparking up along her spine. She squeaked, her voice eventually getting lost in her rapture, and she felt the dragoness rock forward with her new freedom, pushing herself into Sage's cradled form, bouncing the vixen forward and sliding free only to buck herself back in.

Using the momentum attained from the fox pushing back against her, Emma let herself drop, slapping her backside down onto the feline's loins, filling herself once again and leaving

Kathryn contorting weakly beneath her. The moment was only savored for a heartbeat before Emma repeated the complicated motion, giving both women connected to her a good, firm thrust. And then she did it again, and again, each time building in energy and eagerness. While bouncing atop her, the dragon's tail bunched and wriggled, likewise pistoning into her hidden slit with each unrelenting jolt of movement.

Her toes curled inward on her paws as Sage's jerky voice moaned directly into her ear. Her hands found her foxy lover's hips, and she helped the dragoness, though it likely wasn't needed, with the task of grinding the entirety of the vixen's body down into hers, plush breasts bouncing against her and parted lips kissing along her when they could. Her own voice was just as full of wanton desire, an anxious tone that pleaded for the very bliss that was sent rocketing through her wiry frame. Her modified, draconic phallus pulsed with furious sensation, drooling an almost continuous stream of slick precum into the depths of Emma's feminine folds, and her own stuffed womanhood quivered threateningly around the scaly appendage crammed into it over and over again.

The dragoness fucked her and Sage both, joined them together in a vicious arc that was made a circle during the brief moments that the fox's bouncing allowed for them to meet in clumsy kisses. The vixen's blunt claws raked along her arms and shoulders, sometimes struggling between them to give her outmatched breasts some tender attention, and all the while, that voice made only the most enticing of sounds, meek little whimpers that contained her name, Emma's name, pleas for more from them both. There were hoarse whispers that escalated to throaty cries when the dragon picked up the pace of her heated passions, and words and sentences that fell apart under the onslaught of their bliss.

Her own voice quavered as an unstoppable pressure once more began to build beneath her trembling loins, a knot of almost solid tension that throbbed with the growing fury of her ecstasy. The wet slaps of shamelessly enormous equipment being slammed into hot, sucking holes was music to her ears, almost as delectable as the coarse groans that bounced off the walls of her bedroom, particularly when they shuddered and hitched with shaky breaths. Everything was amplified, each sensation, each sound, even the scent of the heady fluids that were no doubt being splattered out over her bedding by each fleshy meeting. It was all bigger and more overwhelming, and she unleashed a high-pitched, girlish scream when she felt the dam holding back her release shatter like a pane of glass.

Flexing ferociously, her arms held the fox tightly to her as she came harder than any memory her broken mind could dredge from her recent past. Were it not for the weight of Sage and Emma both weighing her down, her spine would have arched nearly to the point of breaking. Instead, it simply strained violently upward as she emptied herself into her scaly lover's depths with as much vigorous strength as her body could muster. She didn't simply cum. When her engorged gonads pulled up tight against her crotch, she *erupted* with what seemed like enough force to catapult the dragoness's body from her perch. As it was, Emma gasped as her tight, inhuman innards were suddenly filled with the tide of fiery, feline spunk that coursed upward through the girth of Kathryn's bulging cock.

As if she had sparked a chain reaction, the dragon savagely thrust her hips forward, pushing into Sage as she, too, reached the limits of her shaking endurance. The cat morph that was buried beneath her two bedmates grunted and spasmed when the fluttering tunnel wrapped around her steely flesh collapsed down on her with the strength of a rockslide and rippled along her length with hungry, undulating pulsations. Sage's voice joined hers after a heartbeat, and within a moment, all three of them were experiencing a brutal shared orgasm that spilled from

one to the other and back again as each movement sparked fresh waves of burning rapture, each which would then tear through their unprepared bodies and minds.

Kathryn's loins emptied themselves until her hot cum had nowhere to go and spurted messily out of the dragon's miraculously undersized womanhood and matted into the slicked fur of her crotch. Sage experience the same thing, and even more of a mess was smeared over the feline's body from the vixen's own overfilled form. She gasped and groaned and felt the tail thrust so fearlessly into her push deeper again and again, sparking even greater fires of bliss only for them to rage through her pulsating flesh and leave her limp and numbed when she had, at last, fired her final ropy streamer of pearlescent fluids deeply into Emma's body.

When she was done, though, the dragon still didn't give up. She rocked her hips and continued her mindless rutting until the last dregs of pleasure had been mined from both of the furred women connected to her, until neither of them had anything left to surrender from their sensual figures. It left Emma panting and staring wild-eyed down at them both, as if to demand an answer as to why the cumming had stopped, at least in any great amounts. Kathryn could still feel herself throbbing even as her sated masculinity deflated inside its velvet-walled prison, oozing a stream of jizz even in the end. Sage shifted sluggishly, moaning at the strain of making her voraciously pleased body do anything but bask in its own accomplishment. The movement brought her slow, lazy lips down to the cat's, and without the dragoness's jerky thrusting to separate them, they kissed for a long, breathless moment while they regained control of their lungs.

She clenched her teeth when Emma rose, separating from them both with a veritable chorus of lewd, sucking noises, and she looked up past the vixen's fatigued face, concern pulling her eyebrows down at what she saw. The statuesque dragon stood on their mattress, hands lifted and clutching her horns, her features frozen in a shocked, agape expression. "Emma...?" she panted and slurred, still breathing heavily from her exertions, "Emma, what-"

"Oh Gods..." Emma cut her off, "I... What... I'm so sorry! I never meant... I should have..." The dragoness's eyes had returned to normal from their peculiar appearance, and her pupils were huge, iris-swallowing circles from the depth of her distraught startlement. She backed away, hopping down off the bed, and approached the door, her tail and wings quivering nervously behind her. It almost looked like she was on the verge of tears. "What did I do to you...?"

It was a difficult task, lifting her head enough to get a peek at her nethers over Sage's limp, slowly stirring figure, but she could easily enough make out the silhouette of her turgid, modified masculinity. "Something pleasantly unexpected, I guess. Will it... will it go away? I have to go to work tonight. Emma?"

The dragon's eyes flicked from hers to her overcrowded loins. "I-I... I think so... I don't know what's happening. I shouldn't have stayed." Emma took another step back, her wings and tail each quivering anxiously behind her. "I need to leave. It's not... I'm not safe. Gods, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry..."

Without another word, the dragoness turned and bolted from the room. Both of the women still on the bed fought to sit up, and Kathryn called after her. "W-wait! Emma, just... What the hells are you talking about?! Stop!" The only answer she received was the shuffling of broad, leathery wings that came from outside as the retreating dragon threw herself into the air and flew away. The feline rolled out of bed and onto shaky paws as she staggered over to the window only to watch her friend's shadow shrink into the sky and take off for the center of the city. "What...?" she added quietly in befuddlement, "What do you mean you're not safe?"

Resting a hand on the windowsill, she peered down her thin, wiry body at the half-engorged member dangling lazily in front of her. It would have looked impressive on a horse twice her size, and she had to shift her stance to give her heavy sac somewhere to rest between her thighs. She prodded the spongy flesh with a fingertip, and squeezed the wood beneath her other hand in response. It was still tender, and she looked back up into the clouds, wondering what was going on. She wasn't new to magic's effects on her equipment—even if she'd never gotten so big under the effects of a potion or two—but the dragoness had acted like it was the end of the world. The memory of the stark, thought-erasing sensations that had exploded through her body was bright and fresh in her mind, but as it faded over a few thoughtful seconds, her lips pulled down into a concerned frown. Emma had spoken frequently about magic, but she'd never expected anything so vigorous. "Sage... do you think she's okay? She looked worried."

She listened to the vixen stagger off of the bed and to her own pawed feet. "I... I don't know, Darling. I missed part of that exchange, on account of not being able to feel my toes. Gods above that was good. Why? Are you okay? Did she actually-"

She cut Sage off. "No, of course not."

"Then don't fret about it, Darling." came the vixen's voice close behind her. A dainty hand cupped over her shoulder and gave her a soothing squeeze. "She's a big girl who can take care of herself. We'll just have to go visit her sometime and make sure everything stays alright, alright?"

"Y-yes, I suppose so."

"Good. Now turn around for me." She did, and Sage immediately pressed forward, pushing her back against the windowsill. Carefully, the fox lowered herself, sliding her fur down along Kathryn's body until she was left kneeling before the anxious feline. "I hope you weren't planning on letting my little tiger go back to normal without giving me at least a taste." A warm, wet tongue lapped up against her sagging crown, and she felt her legs tremble as her swollen cock lurched upward to smack the vixen's chin. Before parting her lips and engulfing the head of her alien-looking tool, Sage smiled up at her, blue eyes twinkling. "We've still got much of our afternoon, Darling, and do you know what is simply a travesty?"

Her fingers gripped the sill behind her with enough force to make the wood creak as she dug her claws into it. "Wh-what?"

A slender hand cupped her humongous testes, kneading them tenderly and leaving her squirming all over again. "I can already almost feel my toes."