

Aftermath

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Despite the friendly smiles and occasional warm greetings she received, she couldn't help but feel like a trespasser as she walked through the huge, open gates of the Sanctum Arcanum. The grand, illustrious castle, outshining even the Duke's keep for raw splendor, was clearly meant for more important people than herself. It was meant for heroes, warriors. It looked more akin to the home of a God than any mere mortal. And yet the guards grinned and waved her in, welcoming her even as the white, silver-marbled walls of impregnable stone surrounded her.

Kathryn fidgeted anxiously with herself as she wandered deeper into the enormous, airy entrance hall. People wearing the bright, blue capes of their station were constantly rushing to and fro, and she only tried to stay out of their way as she made her way over to one of the broad, spiral staircases that bordered the room. The second floor was a little calmer, with fewer figures in silvery armor filling the walkway, and she was able to let out a tense breath as she hurried down the open hall, returning the polite waves she got from the Lancers she passed.

When she reached the door she hoped was the right one, she hesitated just short of the closed portal. Maybe she shouldn't have come. Maybe she should have waited for Emma to come to her, to the Chalice or some place on her own time. Maybe she should let the dragoness have her space. Before she could turn back, however, she steeled herself and stepped forward, knocking boldly on the smooth wood. She then waited for a moment, tapping her digitigrade paw lightly on the cool stone underfoot, and knocked again.

When, once again, nothing came of it, she let out a heavy sigh and visibly deflated, shrinking back from the door. She should have known Emma would be out, basking in the sun or soaring through the blue, open skies or knocking the teeth from the head of some thug. She rubbed a hand over her short, feline muzzle as she leaned heavily back against the wall beside the door. She didn't even really know what she was going to say, what she was supposed to say, but after what had happened, she felt like she had to.

"Hey there kitty cat! You lost?"

She jumped at the loud, sudden tones of the sharp, feminine voice that called out to her. A lean shark morph that was a few inches shorter than she was jogged lightly up to her, showing an unsettling number of pointy, triangular teeth in a broad grin that only grew wider as she recovered from her shock. "U-uh... N-no, I was just... Um, could you tell me when Emma will be back in? I need to talk to her."

The piscine woman crossed sinewy arms under her breasts and scoffed. "Yeah, you and everyone else, seems like. Her scaly majesty certainly seems to be the popular one nowadays. You're Katrin, right? Katrina?"

"Kathryn..." she corrected meekly, lowering her eyes to the ground to conceal the blush burning through the fur on her cheeks.

"Pretty sure I recognized you from the Chalice. I remember you now." added the bold shark with an affirmative grunt, "Well, I think she's in now, but the problem is that she's not in this room anymore. You'll want to head up another level. West from the main stairs and on your left. The door's got her name on it."

"Oh. Well... thank you, Miss."

"Mel." blurted the aquatic Lancer, "Just call me Mel." She nodded, standing there for an awkward second, and the shark spoke again, softer and less brashly. "Uh, hey, kitten. I... I'm really sorry for what happened a few weekends ago. Gravis was buying me drinks, and I kept drinking them, and... I'm shifting blame. I drank way too much, and I got... a little more handsy than I normally am. I'm very sorry for the way I treated you. It was shameful, and while I thought it was perfectly alright to just reach out and grab the... goods... at the time, I regret it. I dishonored the Lance and every single one of the people I care about that night, and I almost wish you'd called the guard and had me horsewhipped for my... behavior."

"W-well..." she stammered, "I-I wouldn't-"

"I'm glad you didn't, mind you!" she added quickly, "And Emma... she set me straight *real* quick. I just wanted to... to apologize to the person I actually hurt with my thoughtless actions. So... I'm sorry."

She had to stand there and blink for a minute to process what was happening. "It... It's... I... accept your apology?" Kathryn had already put the embarrassing incident, which had contained a torn skirt and a good number of spilled drinks, far behind her.

To her surprise, the shark heaved a heavy sigh of relief. "Thank you. I really needed that." Suddenly, just as quickly as the bout of sober attention had begun, it ended, and Mel was once more grinning from ear to pointed ear, thick, finned tail waving eagerly behind her. "I've gotta run. Emma's around; that much I know. Thanks again." Giving her a casual salute, the piscine Lancer jogged away, calling over her shoulder as she retreated down the hall, "You really *do* have a perfect ass, though! Grade-A, flawless body! You ever need someone for a party, come find me!"

Kathryn couldn't remember being more awkwardly confused that she was in that moment, and she watched Mel disappear around the gradual bend in the hallway with her eyebrows drawn down into a puzzled "V." She had almost summoned the gumption to start moving again when the shark's head and shoulders popped back into view. "And you tell Emma that if she breaks in that fancy new bed without me, she'll be in so much trouble!"

"O-okay..." she mumbled long after Mel had properly disappeared. Force of habit had her smoothing her skirt over her legs and straightening her plain shirt on her shoulders before she gathered herself once more and started back the way she had originally come, this time taking the staircase up an additional floor. Following the Lancer's directions, she quickly made her way around the huge, circular hallway until she managed to spot a familiar name etched into a tall, sturdy door in brass lettering. Her fuzzy feline tail twitching nervously, she knocked on the door, fidgeting for a moment only to be ignored by what was likely just a vacant room.

She bounced on the pads of her paws, knocking again and waiting for a little longer before eventually trying the handle, finding it unlocked. Swallowing past the lump in her throat, she pushed gently, and the heavy door swung in on silent hinges, permitting her entrance into the room beyond. Kathryn wasn't really sure what possessed her to creep as quietly as possibly into the space, but she did so anyway. It just seemed... almost sacrilegious to just invade what was one of her best friend's most personal of sanctums. Of course, it wasn't enough to stop her, either.

The room was of similar dimensions to the dragon's old one, a spacious rectangle made of silver-streaked marble, and it was the addition of another room connected to it by a broad arch screened with drapes of dark, heavy cloth that really set it apart. Emma's desk was pushed against the far wall, a wall that was mostly a wide window that looked westward out over Southcliff and the plains beyond. The same bookshelf was there, the same table and chairs. All

the room was missing was the addition of a comfortable, oversized bed, which she presumed was what the other room was for.

Each flat surface was cluttered with tiny baubles, some clearly ornate pieces of art while some appeared to be little more than refuse. Hanging on the wall next to a huge, standing mirror was a painting of the dragoness herself, standing in a familiar, self-sure pose, and next to that was a low table where a shard of broken stained glass was resting next to a hand-sized sculpture of a lovely, young woman. Next to the door were several hooks on the wall, and from them hung Emma's rich, silver-inlaid cape and the sturdy bag that accompanied her on most of her adventures. She reached out and ran her fingers along the border between the silvery symbol and the thick cloth, outlining a stylized lance that rested with its point turned skyward.

Kathryn let out a tiny sigh and walked further into the room, letting her fingers trail over the smooth wood of a table, and then a chair, and then the large desk that waited for her at the far end of the space. There looked to be a half-written letter on the desk, given by the unstopped vial of ink and the stained piece of paper. She kept her eyes from it. Waiting for Emma to show up was an entirely different prospect from going through her mail. Instead, she stood *next* to the desk and leaned lightly on the windowsill, running her fingers idly along the lush, green leaves of the pretty, flowering plant that was growing in a pot to the side of the dragon's cluttered work area. She did this for a few minutes, until something intriguing caught her eye.

Lying discarded on the desk was an intricate chain of flawless silver. Upon picking it up, she realized that it must have been argentum. The mirrored material was too light to be real silver. What *was* heavy was the irregular shard of smooth, polished stone that hung from it like a pendant. At least it looked like stone at first. One side was a glossy bronze, marbled with streaks of deep, blood red and pale, icy blue, and the other gleamed in the sunlight streaming in through the windows, a milky, pearlescent white.

She fumbled and practically threw it across the room as a soft, uncertain voice slicing through the deafening silence made her lurch from the window and nearly left her sprawling on the ground. "I'm lucky I didn't wear it with me to Timbergrove. I'd have lost it for sure."

"Emma!" she cried, fighting to stabilize herself, "Gods, when did you come in?! I thought for sure... I.. I-I..."

"I've been here almost all day, Kathryn. I was just in the other room." The dragoness gestured that the dark, sound-muffling curtain that had been drawn away to reveal the room beyond. Emma was leaning against the wall beside it, arms crossed over her chest and black-skinned wings folded against her back. "I thought I heard you come in, but I wasn't sure."

"I-I... I knocked." she stammered.

"Sorry." said the dragon with a shrug, her thick tail waving idly behind her, "I haven't really been paying a whole lot of attention to my surroundings recently. I'm not trying to avoid you or anything, but I needed to... take a little time to figure some things out. My mother's been nothing but confusing and my father's been... understanding, but not as helpful as he wants to be."

Kathryn tangled her fingers into anxious knots, watching as Emma pushed herself off the wall with a wing and strolled forward, stooping to pick up the chunk of her eggshell on the way. The dragoness then hesitantly set the sliver of her childhood back where it had been on her desk with reverent fingers. "Emma..." she said, trying to find the words to voice her concern, "Is everything okay? With you, I mean. Are you alright?"

Emma chuckled at her question, but the scaled woman's mirth carried with it a bitter, acrid undertone. "I'm fine, Kathryn." Frowning curiously at the statement, the dragoness strode

over the window she had been at and rested elbows on the sill. "Maybe that's the problem. I've been through hell and back the past few months. I've been beaten and battered and bruised, but I've made a few friends on the way. I made it out okay, and I'm back where I need to be, where I belong, and there's nothing wrong with me. I'm a perfectly normal dragon coming into her own, and there's nothing wrong with me." She scoffed at the very idea. "Gods... I wish there was something wrong with me. Those things can be fixed. This can't."

Her flexible, feline tail drooped as she inched her way over to Emma's side, lifting a hand to rest it on the dragon's sturdy shoulder. "Emma, what are you even talking about? Sage and I are worried about you. What...? Just stop being so cryptic and tell me what I can do to help. Is this about what... happened? At our place?"

Giving her a sidelong glance, the dragoness sighed. "That was just the culmination of a bunch of things, but yes, I suppose it's all sort of coming to a head sooner rather than later. Is Sage okay? Did... Did everything manage to get back to the way it belonged?"

Her grip tightened on Emma's shoulder as her face heated with residual embarrassment. "Y-yes, after a few hours. It lasted through most of a shift at the Chalice, and it made my skirt a little... awkward, but yes. Everything's... back to normal. Sage can even walk straight again. She wanted to come too but... duty called. Now will you tell me what's wrong? Come on, Emma, you can't tell me everything's alright and expect me to believe you. I'm not stupid."

Kathryn was tall and lanky, six feet not counting her triangular, feline ears, but next to the dragon she looked tiny and frail. Emma had more than half a foot on her, and carried a muscular breadth of frame that she couldn't match. However, in that moment, Emma looked small and weak, hunched over with her head hung low. "Everything's changing, Kathryn. I thought it would be fun and exciting, and it was, at first, but now that I've started manifesting... I'm afraid."

"Manifesting?" she crooned as she leaned in closer, throwing a supportive arm across Emma's shoulders.

"Showing signs of magical ability... very obvious signs, like, say, twisting the body of my best friend to suit my lust." Kathryn opened her mouth to object, but Emma forged onward, suddenly energized. "The whole world is supposed to be new and different and exciting after it happens, but I can't... I *can't*... I have so little control over it. I can't be some sorcerer slinging spells. It just... It just happens if I want something badly enough and I let my concentration slip for just a second. It feels like there's so much power just... flowing through me, and now that it's gotten a taste of freedom, I'm afraid that I'll never be able to hold it back again. I'm like an explosion, a bolt of lightning waiting to happen, and I could go off and hurt anyone around me at any second with just a little prod in the wrong direction."

Emma shuddered beneath her arm, and Kathryn stood in the silence for a moment, lips pursed into a tight frown. Eventually, she spoke. "Emma?"

"I can't, Kathryn. I can't let it happen."

"Emma..."

The dragon's normally deep, melodic voice was hoarse with strain. "I'm sorry."

Her own voice dropped to the edge of hearing, a timid whisper. "Emma, look at me." She let her arms drop from the dragoness's shoulders and helped the scaly woman turn from the window to face her. "Do you think you hurt me with what you did?"

Emma appeared to be on the very precipice of tears, her angular, draconic visage scrunched up into a contorted mask of distress. "Kathryn, I just... took you and molded you like a toy. I didn't think twice about it. I don't have any idea how I did what I did. What if it was

permanent? What if I messed up and wound up *really* hurting you? I care about you. Maybe too much for my own good. If I ever did anything to hurt you, I'd die."

She reached up between them to run her fingers along Emma's jaw. "But you've never even come close to hurting me, or Sage, or anyone else. You worry about it all the time, but you've never, *ever* hurt me. Sometimes I'm a little sore, but it's never been any worse than how Sage leaves me in the mornings. What are you so afraid of, Emma? You're the most gentle, kind-hearted woman I know. Even without some crazy dragon-magic, you could snap me like a twig, but you've never even left a bruise. Not once. Not ever. Why are you constantly fretting over this? I don't mind reminding you how tender you can be, but I worry about you, Emma. We all do."

The dragoness hand lifted to hers, holding it to a warm, scaly cheek. "Because it's getting to the point that I *need* the reminder. Dragons weren't meant to be gentle. It takes thought, to remember that it's something soft and fragile between my legs. I have to remember, and if I have to remember, then there's a chance that I'll forget."

"Emma... Having to think about it isn't the same as having to remember. You aren't stupid. If you're trying to tell me that you're worried that you'll forget who you're having sex with, I'm going to call horseshit. Sex is hard work. It's a miracle *anyone* can do it without breaking something at least once. Even if you go all crazy-eyed, I really don't think that you'll misremember that there's someone squishy underneath you."

"That... That's not what I mean."

She tossed her arms in the air in exasperation. "Then what *do* you mean?! I'm trying to understand! I want to help! But you aren't making any sense! What are you so worried about?!"

Emma huffed at her outburst, retreating a step. "You're my friends. I can't hurt you. I won't."

Her voice was rising dangerously. "That's my *point*! You won't! You never have! I don't understand how getting a little weirder is going to change that! What's different about you, Emma?! What do I have to be afraid of?! How could anything you've done be construed as hurting anyone?!"

Emma stepped backwards, but her voice was rigid and defiant. "I took you, Kathryn!" she said with a swipe of a wickedly clawed hand, "I took you and held you down and *made* you what I wanted you to be in that one moment! I disregarded what you were! I found you *lacking*, so I *fixed* you! And I had *no right*! I *changed* you to suit my whim, and I had *no right*! I fight against that sort of scum every day! I see people whose bodies and minds have been warped beyond all hope of recovery *every day*, and now I've learned that I'm no better than the people who do that to them! I may as well have raped you, Kathryn! You! My best friend!"

With a cry of outrage, Kathryn lashed out and brought the flat of her hand across the dragon's cheek hard enough to make her wince. "How *dare* you! What about me?! What about what *I* wanted?! Is that what you think you did?! Is that what you really think of me?! In case you forgot, I *wanted* it! It might have taken me a little by surprise, but did you hear me complaining?! Did you hear me saying "No!" or "Stop!"? *No you didn't*! Would you have stopped if I had?! Don't bother answering, because *yes you fucking would have*! I know because I know you! If I had even resisted a little you would have jumped off of me like I'd caught fire! But I guess that fact doesn't really matter to you, does it?! I guess us mere mortals can't be held responsible for our own decisions! Is that what I really am to you, Emma? Am I just a child, some innocent kitten that can't *want* it just as much as you do? Do you think I'm so *awed* at the prospect of sex with such an illustrious creature that I just lose my ability to make my own

choices? You complain about... *raping* me, but it turns out you don't even care that you didn't! Is that how much you respect me? Because let me tell you something, you arrogant lizard! That...? *That* hurts me!"

Kathryn wanted to hit the dragoness again, but she'd already likely bruised her palm on Emma's sturdy scales. Her friend stood silently across from her, having accepted her tirade with an open, shocked expression and a hand cupped over the cheek she'd struck, and the feline terminated her point with the sharp jab of a finger in the dragon's chest before she turned and stormed away. Fury made her skin crawl and her fur bristle, and she only regretted not being able to slam the heavy door hard enough on her way out. She didn't know whether it was heartbreak or rage that blinded her with tears, but it didn't matter. There was only one hallway, and it would lead her to the one place she most wanted to be: away.

Blindness made her footing treacherous, and she didn't risk walking down the intimidatingly long staircase. Instead she stood at the top of it, leaning hard against the wall as she seethed and wept. Gradually, her wobbling legs gave out, and she slid down the stone to her knees, folding inward on herself. She hadn't made it nearly far enough to suit her anger, but she couldn't make herself stand up any longer. She couldn't claw her way back up the wall only to stumble and roll down the stairs. She felt small and weak. She felt like she was going to vomit. She felt disgusted and discontented, and while tiny, anguished sounds escaped her throat, sharp, biting hurt left tears streaming down her furred cheeks to drip from her jaws and discolor her light, airy blouse.

Kathryn scraped her claws against the wall, wishing both for something fragile to break and for something soft to latch on to, but she was given neither of those things. Instead she was left alone to burble quietly as she slipped off the wall and curled into a tight, pained ball. She felt naked and raw, vulnerable, and she thanked whatever gods that may have been listening that no one happened up the stairs to see her making a mess of herself on the floor. When she heard the telltale clicking of sharp, draconic claws approaching, she only buried her face more firmly into her arms. They stopped nearby, and then there was silence for a long time. "Go away..." she whimpered, "Just... Just go away."

The dragon didn't. She only got closer, dropping low, onto a knee by the sound of it. "I can't."

At the sound of Emma's voice, she stiffened, almost enough to straighten her spine. Her ears perked up just a little from where they were lying flat against her skull. The dragoness's rich, feminine tones were hoarse and cracked. It was almost enough to make her peek over her shoulder. "Why?"

Tentatively, a sturdy, clawed hand touched her, gently cradled her shoulder. "Because my friend is in pain and I don't know what else to do. I want to make it stop, and knowing that I caused it is making it hard to think about anything else. I don't know what to say, Kathryn. I'm sorry doesn't seem like enough. I don't know if I want it to be enough." When, after a brief moment, she didn't rebuff the hand on her, she heard Emma shuffle closer. "Thank you, Kathryn."

She swallowed past the bitter lump in her throat, trying to make it go away. "Why?"

"For reminding me that I'm a stupid, blind fool. I spent so much time and energy worrying about what I *could* do to people that I wasn't seeing what I *was* doing to people, people who are very, very important to me, people I care about more than anything. I want to make an excuse. I want to say that dragons are hoarders by nature. I want to say that I was just so focused

on protecting you and my little "collection" of friends that I got carried away. But it wouldn't be anything but that, an excuse. Can you ever forgive me, Kathryn?"

Past the almost painful tension in her chest, the remnants of her sorrow, she managed a weak, little laugh, one that managed to put her enough at ease to slightly unfold herself from her fetal position. She looked up at Emma, whose face was a wall of anguished distress made of fine, bronze scales, and she laughed again. "Are you being serious? Of course I can forgive you. I'm not some toddler throwing a tantrum, Emma. I just... I'm just a little upset that I had to remind you that friendship goes both ways, that you aren't the only one who can care about someone enough to worry about them." With a sigh, she rolled onto her back and let her arms flop limply to her sides, taking care to take long, calming breaths. "Gods, Emma it's too early in the day for this. I need a drink."

The dragoness scrubbed the tears from her scaly cheeks and sniffled heavily. "I'm sorry, Kathryn. I'm so sorry."

With a shaky hand, she did the same to her own feline features, succeeding in only matting her fur with unwelcome moisture. Giving up, she let out a heavy breath that puffed out her cheeks. "I know, Emma, but it's okay. I'll stick with you even if you *are* a big, dumb idiot."

Unsteady arms wrapped around her, and Emma bundled her up and cradled the feline against her chest. The dragoness rested the weight of her head against Kathryn's shoulder, trembling weakly, and she let one arm loop languidly around the scaly woman's broad back while the other drifted up to wipe away a few fresh tears before they could trickle down the contours of those brazen cheeks. When the dragon's voice came again, it was muffled by the fabric of her shirt. "I don't deserve to have people like you in my life."

Timidity crept through her veins, bringing color to her cheeks as she shifted slightly against Emma's body. "Emma?" Eyes like faceted amethysts glittered wetly up at her, and she trailed her fingers around the curve of one of the dragon's curling, ramlike horns. "Stop it. Will you just stop berating and beating yourself up over everything? Would you just stop being so hard on yourself, for me, even if it's just for today? I mean... if you can manage it without your ego collapsing in on itself under its own weight."

Those huge, sad eyes closed, and Emma nodded slowly while holding her firmly against herself. She felt the dragoness quiver when she leaned forward, just enough to chastely press her lips against an exposed cheek. A moment long enough for her to tell the passage of time by the movement of the shadows cast in the sunlight streaming through the huge, broad window passed, and for its duration she rested in the dragon's arms and tenderly ran her claws through the crown of short, spiky horns that replaced any hair the reptilian woman would have had. Eventually, she recovered enough to control her breathing, but only after leaking her own supply of silent tears into Kathryn's shirt.

"Better?" She murmured wistfully.

Emma's anxiously shuffled her wings, agitating the air around them, and then sucked in a sharp, bracing breath through clenched teeth. "Barely."

Her shoulders bounced in a weak chuckle. "That's a start."

"Yeah..." admitted the dragoness in a shaky tone. "Yeah, I guess it is. Gods... I wish people pointing out the fact that you're an idiot didn't have to be so shaming."

"It's alright," replied Kathryn, "Your secret's safe with me. I won't tell a soul. Except Sage. I'm telling her everything, *especially* the part where you were just crying into my shoulder like a little baby."

Emma made a more normal sound, a long, dread-filled groan. "W-what? You were crying too!"

She grinned and flicked the tip of her tail across the dragon's snout, making vibrant purple eyes cross in surprise. "Of course I was, but I'm just an innocent little kitten, right? People expect me to cry, not the big, noble dragon who makes a point to be all grim and stoic. Remember, if this was a story, I would be the helpless maiden and you would be the heroic savior who kisses all of my problems away."

Barking a wry, sour laugh, the dragoness slowly stood up, hauling Kathryn upwards as well and holding her precisely like her heroic savior would, an arm bracing her shoulders with the other behind her knees. All she needed now was a pretty dress. "I wish things could be that simple, Kathryn. Now I'll never hear the end of it."

"At least until we all go grey and senile."

Emma's expression turned somber again for a brief heartbeat, but it was quickly replaced with a warm, reinvigorated smile, one full of easy confidence. It was a look that seemed wholly suited for the dragoness's bearing, and she couldn't help but grin back. "Thank you for coming to see me, Kathryn. It seems embarrassingly stereotypical now that I've done it, a dragon brooding in the dark, alone."

Kathryn brushed a few strands of snowy white hair out of her face. She was a mess. "Just remember that you're only ever alone if you want to be. I know that, at the very least, Sage and I will always be there when you need us. And I'm sure that a popular girl like you has a few others that she can rely on."

Answering her silently, the dragoness just pulled her close against herself and nuzzled tenderly against her cheek while turning and taking a few casual steps back the way she came. Emma retraced her path all the way back to her quarters, backing through the door and only pausing in the homey space for a moment before she turned toward the cloth-covered archway. Pushing the hanging screen aside with a wing, the dragon swept her into the second room, and her ears quirked quizzically upward at the unfamiliar furnishings, or, rather, the lack thereof. "Is that where you sleep now?" she murmured in an interrogative hum.

"Yeah," answered the gentle voice attached to the arms hooked beneath her. "It's more comfortable than it looks, and it's much more convenient now."

She accepted the explanation with a bemused, "Huh..." Very nearly filling the expansive space was, rather than a frame with a mattress and linens and all the usual accoutrements of comfort, there was a broad, shallow depression sunk into the very stone of the floor, like an enormous, gently-sloping bowl that was lined with pillows and cushions of many sizes. The airy, nearly empty space was filled with light that poured in through a wall-spanning window on one side of the room, but even the afternoon sun didn't seem to be enough, and half of the room was tinted with faint, moody shadow.

It only took the dragoness a few steps to approach the circular bowl, and she dropped into a lazy crouch, laying Kathryn down on a thick, padded cushion that was long and bigger than her body. The feline reclined against the edge of the depression and stretched out her lean, lanky body, lifting her arms high into the air over her head. It really did feel rather nice. "This isn't so bad..." she said in a languorous mumble.

"It takes a little getting used to, but I like it," replied the dragon while sliding lazily into place next to her. "I was getting a little too close to breaking my old bed for comfort."

She laced her hands over her stomach, smoothing her shirt down in the process. "It might have lasted you longer if you weren't so rough with it, you know."

Emma laughed, a rich, healthy sound that filled the cat morph with giddiness, and leaned her head back against the floor, resting on the curves of her horns. "Maybe, but think of all the fun I would have missed out on. It would have been a shame." Kathryn nodded her agreement and stared up at the marbled ceiling for a time before the dragoness spoke again. "You know, after I got back from all that terribleness, the first thing I smelled was you and Sage on my bedding. It had been raining hard, and it seemed like everything in the world had been rinsed clean, but even after months, you and she stuck around. It reminded me of all the things I'd missed." She closed her eyes and pulled in a heavy breath, letting it out in a calm, controlled sigh. "I missed you."

Kathryn rolled over onto her side to face the dragon next to her. She remembered the night very well. She'd been late for work the following morning, though it had been very well worth it. "Well here we are again. If you want, I can get Sage and we can strip naked and rub ourselves all over these pillows. Only if you'd like that, that is."

The scaly woman next to her smiled, but didn't otherwise move, even to open her eyes. "That wouldn't be so bad, as long as I can watch. Maybe sometime soon."

She wriggled closer to the dragoness, throwing a willowy arm around Emma's chest and hugging her close. "I can manage that." She whispered. "I'm sure Sage will be eager to, at least when she's done laughing at your silliness."

Emma huffed sharply. "Gods only know how long that will take."

"She'll run out of breath after a while. At least then you won't have to hear it."

"Somehow that doesn't make me feel any better."

"Well, it's just what you get."

"Yeah. I suppose so. Just tell her to be gentle. I've got a fragile psyche."

Kathryn scoffed, but cut it short in favor of a girlish giggle. "Well, you can't be *entirely* invulnerable. Here I was beginning to think you thought yourself some goddess. It's good to know you have at least *one* weakness, and even better that you know what it is."

With a sigh, Emma shifted closer against her. "Let's just say it's been a recent realization."

Her tail twitched happily behind her. "Deal." Emma wiggled a little to get her weight off of her wings, and she let one be pushed beneath her. If her weight on the tough, leathery membrane was uncomfortable to the dragon, she was given no evidence of it, and she only laid there, her body pressing into the firmness of a broad, well-muscled frame. Her draconic friend's pose was deeply relaxed, arms limp to the sides and head resting gently backwards, and it exposed the small, fine scales the lined her throat. Kathryn reached upward along the span of that body and trailed a claw down it, along the line where Emma's bronze dorsal and ventral scales gave way to the stripe of brilliant, electric blue that covered her front from just under her chin to the tip of her idly waving tail.

Emma shifted a bit, and she felt the beginnings of a vocalization rumble beneath the scales under her fingertips, but it quickly faltered. The dragon almost seemed to be asleep, and she took the opportunity to get a little closer, to press her slim figure more firmly into that of the other woman while she cupped the whole of her hand over the dragoness's throat. She didn't rightly know what it was about necks that so enticed the dragoness, but at the contact, Emma released a heavy breath and tilted her head further back, pushing upward into Kathryn's palm.

She felt tendons quiver and a heart tangibly pulse in an artery, and she pushed herself up a bit to let her lips dip inward to kiss the smooth scales. She lingered there, and she felt Emma let out a low, intrigued hum. The dragon reached out to her without even opening an eye and slid a

hand underneath her, only to lift her upward and deposit her securely atop and expansive chest. Kathryn cooed lightly and worked herself into a comfortable position, one that let her lips continue to play along the lines of the dragoness's throat while pressing her modest bust into the other woman's much heftier assets. She wound up straddling Emma's waist, which suited her perfectly fine, with her skirt riding high on her thighs and her back arched playfully. "Rather forward, don't you think?" she said, muffling her voice with a series of soft, fast kisses.

Emma's voice vibrated beneath her lips. "You're free to leave whenever you like. I just thought you'd be more comfortable up there."

"I suppose you were right." she admitted with a laugh and a coy smirk. She felt she was getting better at this, at teasing without blushing furiously, although her skin was certainly heated. The tears that had left the fur of her cheeks stiff with dried salt seemed so distant from where she was sitting, and she let herself relax, melting against Emma's plush chest and doing little but simply resting her short, feline muzzle against the dragoness's exposed neck. Emma held her there, a hand bracing against the back of her thigh while the other wandered slowly up and down her back, caressing her through her shirt.

"Hey Kat?"

The dragon's voice after a handful of wordless, affectionate minutes roused her partially from her relaxation. "Hmm?"

Emma anxiously licked her thin, draconic lips with a fleshy, black tongue, eyes bright and curious. "Can I show you something?"

"Show me what?"

Sitting up, Emma pushed her half upright as well. "Something important. My parents say practice is crucial if I'm to keep myself reined in around my friends, and I need to push myself to get used to the strain. This place is as safe for it as any, my father made sure, and I trust you." A sheepish smile flickered over her features as Kathryn slid off her legs to sit down before her. "Besides... you'd see it before long anyway. I figure this is a good chance to get the shock of it out of the way."

With a quizzical quirk of her eyebrow, the feline crossed her arms beneath her bust. "Emma, what are you talking about?"

The dragoness reached out to her, a slow grin gradually showing more and more razor-sharp teeth, and clutched at her shoulder. "Can I show you? You deserve to see it. I want you to see me like only a lover can, Kathryn. I... I need to share this with you."

There was a desperate glint growing in the depths of her scaly friend's rich, violet irises, but Kathryn rolled her eyes at it. "Emma, you're doing the cryptic thing again. Just-"

Emma leaned forward towards her, silencing her with a tightening grip on her shoulder. "Please, Kathryn. It's hard to explain. Let me show you. Please."

"Alright, alright." she relented, raising her hands in feigned surrender, "You don't have to beg. Gods, it just sounds wrong coming from you. What do you want to show me? What do you want me to do?"

The dragoness's shoulders slumped like she'd just takes the weight of the world off of them, but they quickly straightened up once more. "Nothing. I don't want you to do anything but lay here with me and relax. Just relax and enjoy yourself, okay? Let me... let me take care of everything."

While Emma fidgeted anxiously, Kathryn did as she was requested to with a lighthearted shrug. She slid off of the dragon's lap and flopped down onto the plush cushions that lined the peculiar pit-bed and let herself roll down the gentle slope until she was supine in its very center,

her hair a disheveled mess around her face, one that she carefully pushed back out of the way of her vision. The dragoness on the rim above her watched her antics with a low laugh and dropped to hands and knees to prowl toward her, leathery wings half-outstretched. She beckoned the scaly creature forward with a crooked finger, and giggled when the predator pounced, landing with surprising lightness atop her, sinewy, muscular arms bordering her shoulders.

A hand whose fingers were capped with wicked, scything talons brushed tenderly along her cheek on its way around to the nape of her neck, and it lifted her with timid strength. The dragon dipped low, pressed down on her with a larger fraction of her weight, and kissed her boldly on the mouth. The fur along her spine bristled, and she huffed at the firm, sensual contact that dimpled her supple, pursed lips. It lingered there, the kiss, and it gradually deepened as Emma slowly worked her over. As she was pushed backwards, her lips parted to allow the entrance of the dragoness's slender, sinuous tongue between them, and her own oral organ was immediately engaged in a warm, wet dance. She surrendered quickly, having no chance of outmaneuvering the flexible serpent that invaded her mouth, and she let herself get absorbed in the light, smacking sounds of their lips shifting against one another, and in the warm weight pressing down against her body.

Emma's other hand glided upward along her skirt, over the outline of her long, lean leg and around her hip. She writhed as it wandered over her tapered waist and up her torso until it could meander over the meager swells of her breasts. While giving voice to a low, pleased hum in the back of her throat, the dragoness gave Kathryn a little squeeze, leaving her wriggling all the more eagerly as courageous digits rolled over her pert, little curves. Sharp claws snagged in her blouse, but never quite came to the point of tearing it open. Instead, it just left lines of tingling euphoria beneath her fur, effervescence that heated the blood in her arteries and quickened the beating of her heart in her chest.

Before she could whine for more, however, Emma seemed to grow dissatisfied with the barrier of her shirt; the fingers forestalled their digital worship of her willowy curves to drift up to her throat, where the first of the buttons that lined her front gave way with shockingly little resistance. After several more were plucked from their holes, that hand surreptitiously wormed its way under her blouse to softly fondle her furry breasts, occasionally pausing to free another of the simple buttons from its place. Her fur was a dizzying, splotchy mess of black, white, and orange, the trademark of her calico coloration, but on her underbelly it was a creamy white expanse of lean contours that was broken only by the little, pink nubs of her nipples, which excitedly erected into the dragoness's palm.

With one of her own hands, Kathryn energetically kneaded the soft cushion on which she lay, while the other was cupped over the small of Emma's back, holding the dragon against her. She was savored with tantalizing slowness. Finely-scaled, bronze fingers caressed each and every contour of her body, smoothing down ruffled fur and tickling over sensitive areas regularly enough to keep her squirming and breathing heavily. After what seemed like an hour of increasingly ardent fondling, there were no more buttons to secure her concealing shirt to her body, and the dragoness pulled up and away to peek down between them, licking her lips while the feline panted beneath her.

Both of the dragoness's hands slipped under the collar of her shirt and over her shoulders, and she lifted her torso from the cushions only long enough for Emma to simply push her shirt the rest of the way off of her arms, freeing her spindly limbs from their sleeves only so they could return to their ordained spots on the scaly figure above her. A long, throaty sigh, which was nearly, *very* nearly a limpid moan, filtered through her throat as her preoccupied lover slid

down her body, wings beating slowly enough to make a light breeze that wafted through her hair, and she tensed as thin, draconic lips locked around an eager, engorged nipple.

She lazily bit her lower lip and let out a muffled, "Mmph..." when daggerlike teeth that could have punctured steel tickled her eager flesh and that same long, dexterous tongue whirled around her pebbly areola. With gentle suction and a tongue like a lash of lustful, slimy heat, each of her smallish breasts were fervently tended to with long, rocking kisses and cautious gropes. She closed her eyes and let her head fall back against the softness beneath her while she slid her hand up past the bases of Emma's wings and curled her fingers over the back of the dragon's neck. Her bronze-and-blue attendant answered that by floating her own hand down over her belly, and Kathryn gasped when it pushed down over her skirt to cup around her crotch.

Excitement had already partially stiffened the feline's mixed, hermaphroditic sexes, and as Emma gently rubbed her, a meek moan escaped her slender chest. Her tail batted ecstatically against the dragoness's side and arm, and she let out another muffled sound of pleasure when the other scaly hand began the simple process of pulling her skirt down her thin, girlish thighs. Sliding further down her body, the dragon left her breasts aching deliciously and her nipples slicked with saliva while tossing away the simple, obstructing garment. Emma touched her again, this time laying a palm fully over the bulge her shy, twitching cock was making in her underwear. Slowly, fingers closed, and with gentleness that surprised her, her plain panties were pulled down her wriggling legs to join her skirt off to the side.

Her swollen, feline cock, adorned with its soft, fleshy spines, sprang up from her loins as it was freed, and the dragon cupped its underside to stroke her taut flesh with idle motions. "Having you big enough to really fill me up was nice." Emma admitted, her voice sounding almost deafening when compared to the low, muted sounds of Kathryn's occasional moans, "But I like you better this way, the perfect size to actually do something with."

Her cheeks flushed hotter even as she clutched at the cushions to either side and thrust out her chest with an involuntary arch of her back. "But I'm so little..."

Emma scoffed. "And what would you do with a two-foot dick, slap people with it? Trust me; I can speak from experience. It's not all it's made out to be. It always gets in the way, and it's hell finding people who can take even a little of it. It's more like a big, fleshy ornament than anything. You can't do much with a big one that you can't do with a little one, plus you get to actually use the little ones for sex, so you're winning out. Now relax and let me enjoy you. I just need a little taste to get started, okay? You're smell's already so heavy."

She huffed and surrendered, cupping her hands around her breasts and trying not to wiggle too much as Emma dipped her head lower, to her crotch. One scaly set of fingers glided coyly over the weight of her little, fuzzy sac on the way to her heated netherlips, and the other wrapped further around her petite, animalistic masculinity, giving it a series of long, languorous pumps that left her rigid flesh spasming in her lover's teasing grip. When she was left doing little else but grinding her thighs together over the hand nestled between her legs, the dragoness finally dipped low enough to give her throbbing maleness a light, almost virginal kiss directly atop its engorged glans.

She whimpered, and Emma responded by parting lips and letting the sable length of her tapered tongue slither between them and along the feline's turgid member. It felt hot and wet against her tight, aching skin, and it gave her a long, salacious lick. "Gods..." hissed the dragon. "That's so good. You're so good. A little more, just a little." The tongue returned to her loins, savoring each inch of her while coiling around her cock like a constricting serpent and

undulating down its whole length, flexing around her like a makeshift tunnel for her to thrust into, which she did with numb, stuttering jerks of her waspish hips.

A sturdy hand on her belly stilled her, and Kathryn whined eagerly as Emma took her between her draconic lips, enveloping her in the warm, moist maw that so easily held her pulsing length. She threw her head back with a long, strained groan as her taut, masculine flesh was cradled with a supple tongue and held against the dragon's palate, all the while being suckled on and caressed by an oral appendage that stroked and rippled around her. Something about possessing a tongue as long as most people's arms that was also capable of prehensile dexterity made the dragoness uniquely qualified to put it to use between her legs, and she egged it on as best she could with a voice that quivered with barely-restrained desire. "Emma!"

When the creature spreading her thighs slowed, she cursed her shortsightedness only to promptly let out a stiff moan as the dragoness released a throaty, interrogative hum that vibrated around her trapped member. Pulling away, Emma drifted back and up, sliding free of her with a long, lewd slurping sound. "Yes, Kathryn?" murmured the scaly woman in a low, husky tone.

She reached down herself to let her palm cup over a bronze cheek. "Thank you."

Emma chuckled and took her both her hands by the wrists. "Don't tell me what for. It'll ruin the mystery." Then the dragon pulled her arms further down her body and curled her fingers around the spiraling, onyx lengths of her horns, making sure she had a good grip before releasing her and parting lips to display the undulating, sable flesh of that long, slick tongue. "Go ahead; use me. It's only fair, right?"

With her heart hammering inside her throat, she pulled experimentally, forcing out a shaky breath as Emma's head dropped according to her wishes. She pressed gingerly against the dragoness's lips, felt them slid apart around her, and with only a second's hesitation, she plunged her cock into her scaled lover's waiting maw. Once more, heat and slow, undulating suction surrounded her. A whiplike tongue cushioned her and held her against the roof of the dragon's mouth, flicked over her tight, lustful tool like a whip of rippling pleasure. Kathryn's head rolled back, and she groaned noisily before she could roll her hips backwards and slide the majority of her spiny length from its wet, silken prison.

She must have held herself there for a moment too long, because Emma huffed impatiently before she had the chance to push her meek masculinity back where it seemed to belong. Her fingers tightened their grip when the dragoness moaned lewdly, humming and rocking her head back and forth with Kathryn's pulling hands. She then pulled mostly free again, fleeing from her lover's lashlike tongue only long enough to miss it before thrusting herself home once again, raking her fleshy spines against that sinuous appendage, clenching her teeth at the way it moved with her, caressing her with each undulation of her hips.

Despite the way she took the dragoness's face and began to roughly fuck it, the little grunts that filtered through her chest could only be described as "cute." Emma's hands were on her, one fondling her taut, little sac while the other pushed between her slicked netherlips and teased cautiously at her aching womanhood. When a thick, sturdy finger penetrated her, she arched her spine, throwing her head back and letting out an endless, squeaky moan as she lost control over her lust. She came into her lover's hot, sucking mouth, fired a few ropes of sticky seed as her mismatched equipment pulsed erratically. The dragon's throat wicked away her creamy jizz as quickly as she could deposit it, and she was spent far sooner than she liked.

After a few more laps of that merciless tongue, Emma pulled away from her, licking lazily at her throbbing cock as it drooled the rest of her meager virility in unsteady spurts. "Sweet as always, Kat. Delicious. My regards to the chef."

She swallowed hard as she panted, dropping her head back to the cushions under her. "Blame Sage. She's been keeping me full of sweets. She says I'm best after steeping overnight."

Emma laughed and gave her one last, good, long, lick. "She *does* have good taste. I trust her judgement. I'll have to stop by for breakfast some time. Do you think she'd share?"

She made herself lift her head again, if just to cock a quizzical eyebrow at the dragoness. "She's a giving soul." Kathryn admitted after a second of thought, "I'm sure she'd be willing to part with a little bit, especially if you're willing to compensate her for her sacrifice. In fact, I... Emma? Are you okay?"

The statuesque creature huddled over her exposed crotch hunched over onto herself, shuddering spastically for a brief second. "Yes..." Emma hiss, her voice dropping into a low, bubbling growl. "I'm... perfect..." She looked up at the supine cat morph, and Kathryn shifted nervously at the sight of the dragoness's pupils drawing inward, narrowing to thin, bestial slits. "But I need you to imagine something for me."

Kathryn wriggled deeper into the cushion underneath her as the dragon prowled back up over her, shadowing her with the breadth of a deep, sturdy chest and the expanse of dark, quivering wings. "O-okay..."

Emma dipped low, pressing heavy, shirt-clad breasts into her, and kissed her firmly, giving her a long, playful taste of herself. She really was sweet, and salty, and shamelessly tasty, not at all bitter. It left her skin burning fiercely and her tongue cleaning the remnants of it off of her lips. "I need you to imagine an orgasm," Emma continued, rich voice low in her throat, "the biggest, most catastrophically powerful one you can. Now imagine yourself on the very edge of it; imagine the promise of all that mind-numbing bliss. But now imagine that you can't have it. No matter how hard you try, you can't quite get there. You push and push yourself, but no matter how hard you try, that rapture never gets any closer. But it does get stronger; it gets bigger, and brighter, always throbbing in the back of your mind, teasing you, begging you to find a way to set it free, *demanding!*"

The dragoness paused for a moment, closing her slitted eyes and letting another dire, wracking shudder work its way through her body. She huffed, and a web of scintillating sparks crackled over her scales, meshing between her horns before dissipating into the air. It made Kathryn's splotchy fur stand on end. "E-Emma?"

A hand gently cupped over her shoulder and the temporary softening of the dragon's expression stilled her. Emma kissed her again, and then opened her eyes to gaze fondly down at her. "Imagine that for me, edging yourself for fifty years. Imagine that sensation growing and growing and growing without stopping, never stopping. Imagine an explosion in your chest, always contained, stifled, suffocated, dying to just be free, even if it costs you your body, your sanity. Can you imagine what it would be like to finally feel that release?"

With a hesitant set of fingers, she reached up to caress the length of the dragoness's jaw. "Tell me."

Emma laughed, and despite the gravelly strain in her voice, the mirthful vocalization sounded exactly that, happy. "I'll show you, Kathryn. I'll show you how you make me feel, how all of you make me feel." She dipped low again for another kiss, but this one was clumsy and unfocused, and the dragon quickly jerked away from the feline beneath her as tension etched itself into her body. The dragoness gritted razored teeth, arching her back and spreading her shivering wings to their fullest. "Watch. Me. Bloom." she grunted hoarsely, "For you, Kathryn."

Words shuddered and died in Emma's throat, replaced by little more than terse groans. More violet sparks snapped between the dragon's crown of jagged spikes, arcing between them

with tinny pops, and Kathryn pulled her hand away, holding her breath without really meaning to. Thin nostrils flared hugely around deep, heaving breaths, and each left that heavy, scaly chest with sharp, tense sounds. The dragoness's voice very nearly drown them out, but the cat morph's sensitive ears managed to single them out, catch the odd, little noises.

Emma's eyes were winced tightly shut now, but hers stood wide open when she saw what was happening. With a quiet rustling that sounded like wind-driven leaves in a forest canopy, the dragoness's scales were shifting against one another. Like a bird's ruffling plumage, they would lift up and settle back down with a soft, almost continuous noise. It was almost musical, and Kathryn lifted up a hand once more to feel the fine, delicate scales of the dragon's cheek quivering under her palm.

For a moment there was silence save for Emma's shallow panting. The dragon's scales settled, and in an almost sympathetic reaction, Kathryn's fur bristled. With one last stroke along a scaly cheek she let her hand drop to her side and opened her arms, beckoning what was to come, whatever it was. When the dragoness jerked and threw back her head to let out a coarse, strangled cry, she recoiled only slightly, shrinking back only a little from the creature that loomed over her, writhing and moaning.

She had the perfect vantage to watch in awe as the dragon's arms and legs, powerful, well-muscled limbs, bulged under phantom strain, like Emma had just taken the weight of the world across her shoulders. A terse, heavy grunt was all that escaped the scaly woman's throat, one which shook with dire tension. Kathryn's ears twitched at the little, simple sounds that could only barely be heard over the sound of the dragoness's fevered panting. She heard the tell-tale creak of overstressed fabric, the snapping of threads and the groan of seams that were fighting to remain whole. "Emma?!" she squeaked. She could see it happening. Across the body of the creature that shivered above her, plain, black cloth was drawing tight, stretching as the frame within it began to grow, slowly at first.

One after the other, the buttons that lined the dragoness's back were ripped from their holes by the breadth of a spreading chest. Emma's long, ardent moan was choked into a breathy hiss through fiercely clenched teeth. Trembling, one of the hands that was supporting her lifted from the cushions and trailed a long, irregular line down the trapped feline's body, stopping occasionally to ball into a tight fist, each time surging larger in slow, heaving spurts that grew in intensity. With each, the dragon would shake and groan, and on occasion, a mesh of whitish-violet sparks would dance over polished, brazen scales and between dark, curving horns.

Emma's breasts rose and fell with frantic insistence, and with each breath the burgeoning dragon took, they would swell further outward, matching the voluptuous proportions that she deserved. With each quivering expansion, more and more stress was put upon the stubborn fabric that fought to cover her. With each wave of delirious tension, threads would shriek and snap, and when her torso finally ripped free of its buttons, it was only a matter of time before the rest of the utilitarian garment would be lost.

Kathryn could hear the dragon's tail whipping through the air, inching longer and longer with building excitement. Little, rattling groans drowned out the sounds of Emma's lengthening, thickening arms tearing the sleeves from her shirt a moment before the steely bulk of her muscle ripped them open over her tight, balled biceps. A broadening, clawed hand continued to caress her, covering an increasingly large spread of her fur, and the cat morph was left shivering, staring wide-eyed and reaching out to touch whatever patch of scales she could.

As long, powerful legs exploded from the dragoness's trousers, the expanse of her blooming breasts finally put more pressure on the remains of her shirt than it could handle. With

the staccato snaps of the last defenders of Emma's modesty failing in their duty, the tattered leftovers of cloth simply fell free from her chest, and Kathryn had to bat it away before it could obscure her view of the dragon's exposed front. Breasts, far larger than her own even when they weren't swelling with intense, feminine potency, swung pendulously from her scaly lover's torso, and she reached up, running her hand along one of the growing curves, feeling the softness beneath vibrant, cerulean scales. The color contrasted with the sable flesh of her puffy nipples, and she rubbed her palm over one of the firm nubs, gawking at the odd sensation of it swelling against her as the whole dragon grew.

She snapped her arm back down when, seemingly at her touch, Emma slammed her huge fist back down next to her with a muffled *thud*, wincing her eyes tightly shut. Kathryn whimpered, an apology half-formed on her lips, when something else took her breath away. Arching her back, the dragoness lifted her head to the ceiling, letting out a long, musical cry. From behind her jaws, near to the lowermost of her horns, several long, thin spines pushed upward from between her scales, taking with them a fleshy webbing of dark, ebony hide, giving her a set of ornate, delicate fins that bordered her angular, draconic visage.

That didn't seem to be all that was coming, because as the dragon above her continued to spread across her field of view, seeming to grow even faster now that the restraints of clothing were gone, more slender, tapering growths lanced up from her scales, this time beginning at the base of her skull and following her spine down to the end of her tail. They too were accompanied by a dark, fleshy membrane that matched the hue of her leathery wings, one that waved in the breeze that the two massive limbs created as they eagerly agitated the air around her, like a long, continuous sail that spanned her full length.

Emma seemed to have found her voice, and the deepening, increasingly forceful vocalizations continued to rumble from her broadening chest as it expanded above the pinned feline. Kathryn was bordered on all sides by huge, convulsing limbs, ones that shuddered larger each time they thought to relax. The dragon's arms were like trees that she could watch grow, muscles and tendons flexing wildly under thick, overlapping scales. Eyes still pinched closed, lost in the ecstasy of growth, the dragoness didn't see how her increasingly upright stance combined with her immense bulk was beginning to fill what space the room had. Already her wings were pinned in by opposite walls, forced inward as she contorted and cascaded outward.

When her spiraling horns collided with the ceiling with a dull *crack*, Emma hesitated, blinking upward, as if just remembering where she was. As a manic grin crossed her tapered snout, she dipped her head, letting her surging growth press her shoulders against the stone above her, let it bend her over. The low, thunderous laugh that came from the chest that heaved with desperate breaths shook the room and was full of giddy glee. Kathryn couldn't reconcile what she was seeing with anything she knew. The dragoness looming over her must have been more than twenty feet tall, still squirming and bulging and *growing*...

Emma pushed a foot beneath herself, straining against the rock, talons digging grooves into the marble. Sinewy muscle flexed dangerously as the dragoness tested herself, daring the stone to surrender to her, and Kathryn almost couldn't believe it when it didn't. The scaly behemoth didn't seem fazed by this, only moaning and shaking and tensing again and again as quivering spasms of lust-fueled growth racked her immense frame. Her dark, outstretched wings cradled nearly the entirety of the room, blocking much of the light from the window. Eventually, she let herself fall back onto her rump with force enough to shake the floor, leaning heavily against the wall, touching herself, feeling herself grow, and even then, her head began to

approach the ceiling. Clawed hands cupped her tremendous breasts, grinding scaly palms into her swollen teats, and she panted wildly all the while.

When the torrential expansion began to slow, Kathryn pushed herself up onto her elbows, watching in awe. Once more, just as Emma's swelling body halted its growth, she tensed explosively, and a long, shuddering growl rumbled through the air. As the feline sat up, watching the dragon fight against—or with—something, Emma finished her impossible transformation, lurching another foot up the wall as one last mind-numbing pulsation of growth surged through the immensity of her titanic frame, pushing her outward. It forced the dragoness's head back, and Kathryn slapped her hands over her ears as it ripped a vicious, trembling roar from that scaled throat, one that the helpless cat morph could feel vibrate through her whole body for a long, breathless minute.

When the primal, vicious noise finally fell away into low, gravelly panting, Kathryn let her eyes open a slit, peeking around her, expecting only ruination. She lay in the shallow, plushly-lined depression surrounded by the shreds of Emma's uniform, and she forced her eyes open further, pushing herself half-upright to look at the dragoness that now easily filled half of the room. Sitting upright against one of the intricately marbled walls, Emma was in the process of inspecting her freshly altered body, hefting the weight of her proud bust and reaching out before her in a stretch that was almost lazy compared to the vigor of the previous moments. Wings fidgeted, trying to find a comfortable place to rest, but there was no way the dragon would be able to fold them behind her, so they lay against the adjacent walls, nearly covering them completely in a blanket of black.

She swallowed heavily as she stood up in the midst of what she had thought had been a painfully oversized bed. At the motion, Emma acknowledged her presence once more with an intense stare and a broad grin that displayed teeth that looked more like narrow daggers. "E-Emma...?" Kathryn uttered in a reverent whisper. At the mention of her name, the dragoness huffed and shifted, pushing herself off of the wall with a huge, powerful arm. The scaly titan moved far faster than she had expected, and she tumbled backwards, back to the cushions below, as the dragon prostrated herself before her, dropping to her hands and knees and finally finding the free space to fold her wings together between her back and the claw-marked ceiling.

Emma prowled forward, slinking almost on her belly, low enough for her weighty breasts to drag on the stone of the floor, scales rasping against the smooth surface, and she only stopped when her head could come to rest over where Kathryn had fallen, slitted eyes peering curiously down at the awed feline. "Emma..." the cat morph breathed again. That gigantic, horned head nodded slowly and dipped low to her, low enough that the hot gusts of Emma's breathing ruffled her fur and hair. Cautiously, she reached up and let her fingers play over the tip of the dragon's snout, feeling the enlarged, but familiar contours. "Emma."

The dragoness turned her head into her probing hands, and she reached back to run her palm over the taut webbing of one of her fins, making it quiver at her touch. Emma hummed appreciatively, pushing down into her, encouraging her claws to tenderly scratch what must have been sublimely sensitive flesh. "Is..." she started uncertainly, "Is this what you were so worried about. Were you afraid that you'd hurt one of us like this?"

Emma let out a derisive snort at the use of the word "afraid", but she eventually nodded sheepishly. She pulled away, sitting partially upright, on her knees with her backside resting on her calves, and reached down to the undersized feline. A hand that could almost wrap completely around her admittedly lithe waist did so, and Kathryn squeaked in surprise as she was hauled off the ground with a single arm before being cradled in the other hand, its palm forming a more

than ample seat. She was lifted up to Emma's face, and before she could speak again, the dragoness nuzzled her fondly, longingly, lips that covered teeth which could snap her in half pursing to clumsily kiss her where they could.

She giggled at the tickling sensations of scales against her belly and rested her hands atop Emma's tapered snout, rubbing between flaring nostrils. "Well I was right underneath you, and here I am, little, flimsy me." Huge, violet eyes slid open from their worship to consider her, and she smiled warmly. "I don't care how much you want me to, Emma. I'm not going to be afraid of you. You may as well get used to it."

The dragoness withdrew for a heartbeat, shuffling wings anxiously, before she nodded slowly and pulled Kathryn into a tight hug, one which pressed her into Emma's enormously-endowed chest. She sank bodily into the dragon's plush, scaly cleavage, a sea of blue broken by perky disks of black, and she squirmed and giggled as she returned the embrace, wriggling up enough to throw her arms around the colossal dragon's neck, hanging on as she felt herself being swallowed by cushiony boob.

Emma's arms surrounded her, pressing her in, and instead of claustrophobia, she felt relaxing, contented security. She felt the dragoness's heartbeat close against her, just under the scales against which she was held, and calming warmth oozed into her nude, furry body. She kissed the side of her monstrous lover's neck, right where bronze scales turned blue, and she held her lips there while fingers thicker than her arms caressed her slender back. "You're my friend Emma, and I'm not going to be afraid of you. Not ever."

Gently, Emma crooned down at her, a low percussive hum that trembled through her body, and she felt herself being drawn up out of the dragoness's cavernous cleavage to hang suspended once more before that enormous, delighted face. In a show of unexpected hesitation, the lips that pinched pensively together before her, drifted haltingly forward to press against her willowy abdomen. One of the hands that supported her then dropped lower, tickling down her legs before making its way back upward along the inside of the slender limb, making the fur on the back of her neck prickle.

She sighed softly when a huge finger pushed up between her thighs, carefully cradling her hermaphroditic endowments. The dragon's scaly eyeridge quirked quizzically upward. "Don't look at me like that." Kathryn huffed, pinching her legs together around Emma's caressing digit, whether to try to shield herself or to keep it there she didn't know. "You'd be rock hard too, what with all the grunting and moaning and your big, sexy body all on display. What, did you think that just because you're... twenty-five... thirty feet tall that I wouldn't like what I see? Come on, Emma; how long have you known me?"

Kathryn's wouldn't have believed that such a dangerously toothy grin could have been so lascivious, but it was. The dragoness smiled at her, eyelids drooping heavily, and pulled away from her belly, keeping a hand between her legs, gently rubbing. She was lowered to the ground, deposited on the edge of the padded depression, and Emma lifted her tail into the air, flopping down onto her prodigious rump to spread her legs, extending them to surround the outmatched feline. It left on display the cleft between the titaness's powerfully-muscled thighs, and with a coy gesture, the dragon beckoned her forward.

The gears in Kathryn's mind nearly ground to a halt at the concept of what those loins now hid. A low, worshipful, "Gods' Golden Blood..." issued from between her parted lips as she stepped cautiously forward. "I hadn't even thought about... I-I... Sweet Merciful Mother... Emma?"

The dragon only nodded down at her while continuing to motion her forward with a hand. The other stayed cupped under a massive breast, squeezing and rolling a thick nipple between eager fingers. Kathryn padded quietly onward until she was close enough to extend a trembling palm to press it against the firm muscle of Emma's abdomen. "Sh-should I?" With a continued grin, the dragoness nodded down at her, and she went to work. She kissed the giantess's belly, feeling it move with her lover's deep, even breaths, and then worked her lips downward, toward the intersection of those columnesque thighs.

When the dragon was a more reasonable size, the slight irregularity in the coat of brilliant blue scales that ran between her legs was almost invisible. On her current scale, however, Kathryn had no trouble finding it and applying to it both her hands and her lips. She scratched her claws up and down the clear mark where the rows of enlarged, shield-shaped scales didn't quite line up, unafraid of using too much force, and Emma reacted with a low, pleased groan, shifting to recline backward against the wall, gladly pinning her wings behind her and increasing the force with which she tended to her massive chest.

The scales beneath her palms burned with heat that came from deep within the enormous creature, and Kathryn worked to ease more and more out, grinning in spite of herself. It was always a wonder, watching Emma emerge, knowing that she or her friends were the catalyst of that arousal, but on such a grand scale, it was more than exciting, and she found herself hissing excitedly, "Come on, Emma. You can't hold back on me now. Let me see it. I have to see it."

As seconds passed, the dragoness's breathing grew deeper and more forceful, and the pitch of her wordless vocalizations dropped even lower into her cavernous chest. She moaned and squirmed, though she never moved far enough to put her crotch out of Kathryn's reach, and when the breath caught in Emma's throat, the feline knew she had won. Before she could celebrate, however, an enormous hand reached down and shoved her bodily aside, pinning her against the steely muscle of a thigh far thicker than she was before she could be bowled over by what erupted with explosive vigor from the dragon's loins.

Unleashing a heavy, blissful groan, Emma spread her legs even further, as wide as the room would allow, as foot after foot of glossy, onyx monolith was disgorged from her body. Kathryn's eyes opened wide at the sheer magnitude of it, and the heat that roiled off of its pre-slicked flesh washed over her and stole away her breath. The alien cock was longer than she was tall by a significant margin, and though it tapered gently toward its immense, flaring crown, it was still far girthier than anything she had ever imagined. Thick, fleshy ridges that lined its dorsal side gave it an unsettling, segmented appearance, and she watched it sluggishly twitch and heave, rising upward under its own dire tension as blood continued to inflate it. "Dripping Ichor, Emma. I know I can't normally take you, but this is ridiculous."

The dragoness let out a cross between a chuckle and a heavy moan, and the hand that held her pinned against the bulky thigh behind her gently released her, allowing her to creep forward. She brushed a hand against the burning flesh, rolling her fingertips over the crest of one of the dragon's meaty ridges. Emma tensed and hissed, and the swollen, titanic tool before the awestruck feline heaved and strained, jerking further upward and spurting a quart of sticky, translucent precum several feet to splatter over the floor. Kathryn tore her hand away, gawking, but then laughed at the spectacle. "Still sensitive, huh?"

In answer she was ushered back a few steps as Emma slid down the wall, letting herself approach a more horizontal position and letting her towering cock arc further upward into the air. It exposed its taut underside, and Kathryn pressed herself against it, feeling it strain and stretch and grow. The dragoness always came out half-hard, but when there was so much even a little

extra flesh went a long way. It defied her attempts to wrap her arms around it, but she tried anyway, pumping them up and down over one of the larger ridges. Her ears flicked and folded back at the dull grinding sound of Emma's clawed hand scratching four long ruts into the wall next to her before that sound could be buried by a shuddering, half-growling groan.

With each beat of the dragon's mighty heart, the sable hide that pulsed against her body tightened further, inflated from within by a cataract of lust-heated blood. She was certain that if she held on, the strength of that colossal erection would simply haul her pawed feet off of the floor as it drifted upwards, but she released it a little at a time, letting it slide against her, through her grip. She could feel its thick, distended cumvein surge briefly with each pint of pre that was released to dribble down its length or arc gracefully through the air to land on the ground with a *wet slap*.

She tasted it with her tongue, lapping her rough, feline organ up and down the line of a vein that had to have been thicker than her wrist. When it reached an almost full vertical, she thrust herself forward, grinding her shameless erection against it, feeling it throb against her with enough power to push her back again. "Oh Gods, Emma." she mumbled into it, smearing her lips with rivulets of draconic precum, "If Sage were here she'd be in tears. This is so amazing. This is so *hot*! Nghh!"

Kathryn felt Emma shift again, and she let out a mournful moan as that divine masculinity was torn from her arms as it fell away from her, toward the dragoness's prodigious chest. It didn't quite make it, being stopped by its steely firmness, but it stayed there, out of reach, as it dripped a veritable river of slippery lubricants over the mountainous breasts that rose and fell excitedly beneath it. If she wanted to, the scaly behemoth could just part her lips, take it up between them, but she didn't. She looked down at the feline with a slowly spreading smile. "Where do you want me?" she said in answer to her lover's wordless question.

Another knowing smile left her stepping back again, around the dish of Emma's pit-bed as the dragoness slid the rest of the way down the wall to lay supine before her. She got a better sense of scale as the immense creature's body stretched far enough across the room that her legs were forced to bend to fit within it, and she left her mouth agape at what the dragon gestured towards, nestled deeper between her thighs. "Dripping Ichor..." She breathed drifting forward again. Her lover's womanhood, bordered by fleshy, ebony netherlips, was a more than impressive sight, oozing its own copious fluids to slick the scales that surrounded it.

Emma worked her tail to the side with a little effort, allowing her access, and she shook her head as she considered her lover's sleek flesh. "Emma... I know you're sensitive and everything, but I can't..." She looked down at her unimpressive, little cock, still throbbing furiously at the prospect. "It would be like throwing a sausage down a well." She wasn't sure if the dragoness could see her extend two fingers past the wall of visibly aching meat that was the enormous monolith that separated them. "Not one of the big ones either. A little sausage... down a *big* well. I guess I could... use my leg? How would I...? Could I maybe-"

With a gruff huff, Emma reached down between them and simply picked her up and slid the bulk of a thick, powerful tail beneath her, letting her straddle it as she set her back down. Kathryn squeaked as the hand then moved to her back and simply pushed her forcefully forward, into the dragoness's crotch. Her next meek squeal was muffled by soft, yielding flesh as her full torso was pushed against, and partially between, glistening lips. It left her face smooshed not-at-all-subtly against the engorged nub that was the dragon's quivering clit, and she finally got the idea. "Oh..." she mumbled as Emma's hand left her alone. "I guess that works too..."

Her gigantic lover sighed as Kathryn settled herself and made herself comfortable on her scaly mount. She could feel the heat pouring from all the blood-filled flesh, but she returned much of her focus on the bulbous button that peeked at her from beneath its protective hood. The thing was easily the size of her balled fist, and she reached out to it, letting her fingers play over the contours of it, carefully. Emma's tail flicked, making its girthy base quiver beneath her, and the moan that accompanied it begged her to continue.

She could do that, and she was determined to do so with gusto. She leaned inward just enough to give the round organ a gentle kiss, and then let her tongue slide out to give it a simple lick, letting the roughness of her oral appendage rake experimentally over it. It shrank back beneath the protection of its hood like it was a scared animal as Emma's entire body tensed dangerously, but the groan that issued forth was far from one of discomfort. She cooed softly, petting the sable hood with her hands as she encouraged it to come back out to play. She'd never been given such an intimate view of another woman's nethers on such a scale, and she was almost able to ignore the titanic, quivering cock that throbbed above her, devoting herself wholly to the very nexus of her lover's pleasure. "Alright, Emma. Hold onto something sturdy."

The dragoness lifted her head enough to peer around the arc of her cock, slitted eyes huge and eager, and she reached to either side with both arms, bracing them against the wall with strength that dug her claws deeply into the enchanted stone. Prepared, Kathryn then wriggled herself closer to her enormous, scaly lover's sex, letting those lips give almost her whole front a full-body kiss, as she reached out with her own to give the same to the swollen, black pearl of ecstasy. She kept her tongue in her mouth this time, just letting the contact linger for a moment before she dragged her lips around in small circles, giving the dragon a clitoral massage with pursed lips.

She hummed, adding just a little extra gentle stimulation as she reached down her body, using one hand to tease at the clenching entrance to Emma's drooling womanhood. With the other, she reached upward, tracing a line down the base of the dragoness's heaving cock and down into her slit to run along her enormous clit's fleshy hood, giving it its own light caresses. As seconds passed and the dragon's heartbeat pulsed against her, she increased the force behind her ministrations, and she got an equal response from the immense creature beneath her, who began to slowly writhe back and forth, keeping her hands clenched tensely into the walls. Tremendously deep, rumbling moans filled the air, a nearly continuous encouragement to Kathryn's movements, and she smiled around her kiss.

Cautiously, she let her tongue snake between her lips again, and she let it roll up the oblong curve in a long, lapping lick. Emma's back arched, and the pitch of her voice rose a little, becoming tense with strain, and Kathryn terminated the motion with a sharp flick of her oral appendage that made the dragoness jerk suddenly and let out a choked, bugling cry. Her locus of her lover's sex retreated meekly beneath its hood, almost completely hiding itself, but she followed it, kissing what she could while rubbing it though its fleshy prison with force enough to make her growing ardor felt. She purred sweet nothings, scooping a palmful of slick lubrication from the hole that throbbed against her belly and smeared some over the engorged organ.

With another long, more pleased moan, Emma relaxed enough for her aching clit to venture forth once more, and Kathryn pressed herself forward, rubbing her meager breasts against it, letting her nipples trace lines over its taut surface. Feminine fluids matted further into the fur of her chest, but the way the breath caught in her lover's throat and the way the full-body shiver worked its way through her immense frame encouraged the dedicated feline not to stop. What was sex without a little mess here and there, after all? "Your clit's bigger than my breasts,

Emma. How's that do it for you? I know you've got a thing for being the biggest. Can you feel them, my little nipples just scraping and loving?"

The way the dragon hissed made her answer seem almost like a long, breathy "Yes...", so she continued, murmuring soothing encouragements to the throbbing nub of pure, electric pleasure. "That huge dick's nothing compared to you, isn't it? All that showboating isn't anything compared to a little sensitivity, isn't it? Why don't we take the chance to remind her how nice it is sometimes to be the one getting fucked, hmm?" While she whispered, she punctuated each questioning sentence with a warm, wet kiss and a longing lick over a trembling curve or along the edge of the tumid organ's slicked sleeve. Each left Emma gasping, sounding like a gale as wings quivered beneath her.

With repeated cracking sounds, the dragoness's shaking hands scraped flakes of ornate marble from the walls as they balled into disastrously tight fists. Emma's voice could almost be considered high-pitched, had it not still been low enough to shake the room with the depth of its passion. Kathryn laughed and stroked and rubbed, working her claws against flesh where she could while running her sandpaper tongue over skin too tough to think it anything more than utter bliss. She could almost hear the blood roaring through the lustful organs exposed to her, and she could look up, seeing the utterly magnificent cock that pulsed with increasingly urgent force bulging, growing thicker and thicker in preparation.

She relented to her caution, throwing her all into her lover's pleasure, and likewise throwing her all into the center of Emma's sex. She ravished the turgid bud of desire with lips and tongue and hands, grinding herself forward, rubbing her body against it while it shrank back in silent, sexual tension. The dragoness's womanhood gushed against her, and she took the excess lube and used it to chase down the object of her desire, following it under its hood and showing it what bliss felt like as strain carved itself into the scaly titan's rock hard physique.

Emma's teeth gnashed around shuddering moans that were choked into terse grunts with increasing frequency. The hoarse vocalization became more and more desperate even as their volume swelled with the heights of her passion, her rapturous ecstasy, and with one last, wracking convulsion, Kathryn felt her lover's fortitude fail her, release all that dammed up bliss in the form of an orgasm more monstrous that she could comprehend. With a thundering roar, Emma bucked once, twice, nearly throwing the feline from her suddenly precarious perch, but she held on to what she could before spasming muscle folded the dragon partially in on herself.

The quaking cock above her surged obscenely as it erupted with volcanic fury, unleashing a gout of scalding cum to splatter against the wall behind the dragoness. As it did, a fresh tide of girly spunk washed against her from Emma's shuddering womanhood. Again and again the muscle lining her lover's statuesque physique tensed and flexed, and with each ominous contraction more and more seething liquid lust was projected outward, the majority hurtling through the breadth of the dragon's bulging cock and streaming cleanly over her body before impacting the wall with what could only be described as a messy *thud*.

Emma shivered and roared, her legs bending and flexing in the throes of her agonizing bliss, and her tail battered the floor with its overwhelming strength, adding to the cacophony with a heavy drumbeat. She weakly humped the air, her geysering tool spraying erratic ropes of pearlescent seed across half of the room and plastering the dragoness's lustrous scales with a thick, sticky layer of the manifestation of her greedy lust. It struck the creature's face, making her recoil before popping back up to catch it between her parted lips, and the sheer excessiveness of it all only seemed to spur her on, making her cum harder and harder still. She screamed as best

she could, threatening the windows in their sills as they rattled loudly with the power of her voice.

Virile, ropey streamers of boiling white, gallons upon gallons of jizz, an ocean of it, spewed and splattered itself over the dragon's upper half, the ceiling, the walls, everything, until it dripped and drizzled from every surface in a musky rain. And even then, Emma's still-twitching cock drooled lesser and lesser spurts of the stuff until it was left trickling a stream of it down between her mammoth, cum-soaked tits. Only then did the dragoness's voice finally die away, being replaced with wild, uneven panting that left those same breasts heaving up and down in desperation. Kathryn could only blink, marveling at the cataclysm and watching as Emma pried her hands from the gouges they had dug into the walls to reach, shaking and twitching, down toward where she sat, stunned.

When they lighted on her, massive fingers holding her with unexpected gentleness, Emma seemed to calm, and her head fell back for the outer curve of her horns to collide noisily against the floor with a gross *splash*. They then curled around Kathryn's body, lifting carefully, until they could more fully support her. She was then given a bird's eye view as she was hauled up over the sagging arc of Emma's torrid member to hover over the dragon's face. At the sight, she couldn't manage to suppress a laugh. The scaly colossus was plastered from the chest up with an almost solid coat of thick, gooey white, and she pulled a hand away from the feline to scrape enough of it away from her face and eyes to manage to see what she held in her hands. When those huge disks of midnight-slitted violet looked up at her, almost in their own shock, Kathryn smiled and waved. "Am I good or what?"

Emma laughed richly while still catching her breath. And then Kathryn grabbed onto the fingers wrapped around her when she was lowered unexpectedly. Those eyes drifted closed again, and the hand working to clean the majority of those scales finished with most of its owner's intimidating, scaly features. The suspended feline squeaked as a thumb slid up her body to rub over her breasts with affectionate attention, and her eyes nearly bulged from her skull when her lover's long snout pushed up between her legs. "Wh-whoa there! Easy!"

Emma's eyes slid open a notch to peer knowingly at her, and a heartbeat later, the dark expanse of the dragon's toothy maw was exposed to her as thin, draconic lips parted slightly. It was cavernously black, and she caught movement just before an equally dark, slick serpent of a tongue slithered up from the depths below her to curl sinuously around her leg. She shuddered as more and more and more slipped into the light and worked its way blindly over her body, tasting her, and she bit down around a moan as it found its way between her lean thighs. "O-oh... Gods, Emma."

All the rubbing and grinding and licking and raw, primal sexuality of the whole experience had gotten her close, so, achingly close. With impossible dexterity, the slender tip of a tongue that was longer than her body flicked along her little, steel-hard cock, and she jerked against the hands that held her. Like a slimy, sable tentacle, Emma's muscular oral appendage coiled around one of her thighs, holding it still and using it as a brace to further explore her loins. Its slick surface ground up against her flushed netherlips, cradling her fuzzy testes and tracing the length of her spiny tool, and before she could even moan again, it double back on itself and abruptly harpooned up into her feminine passage, forcing into her heated depths.

She arched her back nearly to the point of breaking and threw her head back, choking out a coarse grunt at the sudden penetration. Emma's tongue was everywhere, sliding and caressing the whole of her sexes, but it did so with agonizing slowness, working her up even more,

refusing to just finish her with the brutality she felt she needed. "E-Emma! P-please! Gods' Blood, please! That's not f-f-fair!"

The dragon below her just hummed thoughtfully, like a predator who was simply contemplating the fate of its prey, but with an abrupt jerk, that all changed. Emma's eyes fluttered and her body tensed and shivered, and before Kathryn's disbelieving eyes, her monstrous, scaled lover began to... recede. It was fast and with little of the ceremony that bringing it forth had required. The dragoness just shuddered and moaned and shrank away, slowly but surely. Accompanying the shrinking of the seemingly endless organ that was devoted to her pleasure, the pace of the ministrations between her legs suddenly doubled, as if the dragoness was entering a race against herself.

As the delicate-looking fins withdrew back into her jaws, Emma shifted her grip in preparation, hooking both hands beneath Kathryn's arms while the feline squirmed and squealed with euphoric passion. The sensation of those strong fingers dwindling against her was odd and disconcerting, but the dragon seemed to pay it little mind, only freeing her leg from the grip of that serpentine tongue as more and more of it appeared to pull back between the jaws that normally held it. The sound of resetting tendons crackling and popping seemed off-putting to the still-suspended cat morph, but she couldn't bring herself to care too much over the blinding sensations that her retreating lover sent shooting up and down her spine.

Mindless thrusting up into her lush, womanly passage made her shudder and moan, and a loop of tongue coiling around her cock and pumping up and down with fierce intent was enough to raise her voice into a long, wailing moan as she finally found her neglected release. She cried out, eyes tightly shut as she felt the hands under the crooks of her arms returning to a more normal proportion. She gasped frantically as her knees touched the ground, as hot wetness surrounded them, and she breathlessly looked down to see Emma's grinning face between her legs as her usually timid masculinity covered it once again in a few, wholly inadequate streamers of her own translucent, white cum, mingling a drop of hers in with the sea that surrounded them.

As she came down from her ecstatic high, Emma's tongue slipped back between her lips, and Kathryn fell backwards until decidedly smaller, but still fearlessly strong hands could catch her and hold her upright. "Sorry." Emma said, shocking the feline with the sound of her normal, if still deeply feminine voice speaking actual words, "I just had to show my thanks a little. You okay, Kitten?"

She sat, straddling Emma's throat, and looked dazedly around at the inches of jizz that covered the floor like a murky, white blanket. "F-fuck..." she croaked, swallowing hard. She needed a drink, a big one.

Emma chuckled low in her throat and grinned toothily up along the length of her lean, willowy body, one whose fur was matted with a mix of the most unholy of messes. "Is that a good fuck, or a bad fuck? Kat?"

"Holy... fuck..." she breathed, still releasing the tension she'd been holding within her in little dribbles from her spiny crown, ones which Emma gladly lapped up before they could lose themselves in the sea that surrounded them. She shivered. "Is... Is this what it's going to be like from now on?"

"Not every time, no." Emma replied softly. "This... really takes it out of me. I'm so tired." Kathryn got another view of the dragoness's gaping maw as it split in an exaggerated yawn. "And hungry. Did... did you like it? Was it good... or fun... for you?"

"Gods..." she sighed. She was feeling rather spent as well. "You sure know how to show a girl a good time, don't you?"

Emma's uncertain smile gained strength. "Haven't I always?"

She slumped back into the hands that held her. "I guess so." Then she once more looked around her. Emma's bed was becoming a lake as the cum that covered the walls, floor, and ceiling lazily drained into it. "Now that you're feeling talkative again, will you answer me something?"

Emma cocked her head to one side, considering her. "Sorry... When I get like that, words seem so... insufficient. Anything, Kat."

She put her hands on her hips and thrust out her slight chest, letting the cockiest smile she could manage crawl across her feline muzzle. "Am I good or what?"