

A Belated Outing

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The day was an unseasonably warm one, bearing with it the tell-tale signs of the coming spring. Though the nip of chilled air filled her wings, the sun washing down on her from on high filled her with pleasant warmth as she soared out over the patchwork of farms and open plains that surrounded the city of Southcliff. The wind whipped by her as the beat of her own wings sped her along, plastering her dark clothes to her polished, bronze scales.

This day had been long overdue. She'd missed too much, far too much to dare postponing this day for one season more, so she kept her sharp, violet eyes peeled, squinting into the wind while scanning the terrain below, tracing the contours of the rolling hills of Arvador's central plains. Anticipation made her smile when she finally spied a familiar landmark, the orderly rows of trellises lining the span of a large vineyard and directing her towards a nearby field that was dotted with stands of sturdy oaks and maples.

Passing over it, she gave a little twirl mid-air, spreading her wings to check her momentum and drop herself into a long, sweeping spiral that brought her closer and closer to the earth below. The dragoness kept her descent quick and steady, relishing the sound of the air whistling through her curling, ramlike horns, curves of obsidian that bordered her tapered, reptilian visage. The strain of her weight on her wings as they cupped the wind was a familiar, almost intimate one, and was one that she had grown to love. She sometimes thought that she spent too much time on the ground, but she always quickly reminded herself that, although a quick jaunt through the skies was more than pleasant, there were much more interesting things to experience down below with the rest of the world.

The sound of her wings drumming the air caught up with her as she approached the grassy hillside, and the blades of weathered grey-green parted and flattened beneath the draft of her landing. Her talons caught the earth and her legs flexed smoothly with the impact, and she heaved a beatific sigh as she straightened and righted her shirt on her shoulders before folding her wings comfortably against her back. She let her eyes casually sweep over the horizon, but the gentle breeze at this altitude was a much more useful guide, carrying with it a distinct aroma.

Emma followed her nose, stalking up the shallow hill and toward a stand of trees, sometimes wading through grass that rose past her knees. Soon, when spring broke, the place would be awash with flowers, brilliant purples and yellows and reds, but the dying winter brought its own beauty to the landscape, skeletal branches reaching up to the warmth of the sun, rattling in the calm, cool wind. When she passed beneath the rough boughs, she let a claw trail around the bole of a stern oak, caressing the hardy bark while peering between sparse shadows.

She heard voices between the trees: a low murmur, a lighthearted giggle, both warm and feminine, but one light and excited to contrast against the other's placid, demure softness. "You know..." Emma called into the little grove, "It's not safe so far off the beaten path. You never know what sort of hungry predators might be sneaking around."

Perking up at the sound of movement ahead, she grinned at the appearance of a delicate, vulpine muzzle peeking around the trunk of a thick oak to frown theatrically at her. "Well, the little corn snake we spotted in the grass certainly didn't seem too threatening. But it might have just been uninterested in what we brought to appease such desperate beasts. It's a matter of taste, or so I've heard. You wouldn't happen to know anything about that, would you?"

She shrugged, and though the smile that showed her dangerous teeth was hesitant to be overtaken, she managed to pinch it inward into a thoughtful pout. "I can't say without getting a sampling myself." While she pondered the potential, she strolled forward, and Sage slid out from behind her tree. The vixen was clad in a modest, pale blue dress that hid the majority of her shapely body, though as she moved it tended to swirl around her calves. The color warred with the rich, red-orange of her fur, and did so even more viciously against the bright, fiery red of her long, loose tresses. It did, however, draw out the blue in her eyes, making them shimmer coyly as Emma finished closing the distance and pulled her into a fond, confident embrace, one that was returned without hesitation.

She towered over the slim fox morph, having almost a foot on her, and she used the opportunity to dip her nose and run it along the edge of a long, vulpine ear that twitched as she pressed a kiss against its base. Sage smelled strongly of cinnamon today, a scent that compliment her herbal, feminine fragrance very well, and she lingered there for a minute to take several long, deep breaths. The vixen, however, squirmed impatiently and wriggled from her arms. "Well I suppose that we'll just have to give you a taste, hmm?"

Emma crossed her arms over her chest and hummed dubiously. "I don't know... I hope you brought a lot. I'm sort of hungry."

With a roll of her eyes, Sage spun and sashayed away. "You're welcome to it all, dear. We all know how you get."

Struggling to grumble again, she couldn't help but be overwhelmed by her smile while following Sage's bushy, waving tail. "Where is she anyway?"

"I'm here! Right here!" called the other voice, half breathlessly. Emma cocked a scaly eyeridge as another figure partially stumbled into view. This one had a long, willowy body, tall and svelte, and her flicking, feline ears matched her short muzzle. The dragoness had no idea why she seemed so out of breath and... frazzled, but the beginnings of one took form in the back of her mind as the cat fumbled with the buttons on her blouse, trying to correctly align them after what looked like a hasty and botched job.

"Did I interrupt something?" Emma mused as she stepped up and leaned against the curve of a tree.

Sage scoffed and gestured broadly at the air around them. "When don't you, dear? Even when we expect you, you seem to have *impeccable* timing. Although... It may be that I'm simply too easily distracted."

The blush that burned through the fur on Kathryn's cheeks agreed with that sentiment. In spite of its calico coloration, a mess of splotchy orange, black, and white, the rosy pink of embarrassment practically glowed beneath it. Emma couldn't help but laugh, and she prowled over to the flustered feline to wrap her up in her own confident hug. Even being as long-legged and lanky as she was, the dragoness still stood a head taller than her, but that didn't stop her from letting out a sharp huff and answering the embrace with slender arms. "It's good you got here when you did. You weren't kidding about hungry predators."

Emma chuckled, and Sage just gave the calico cat morph a knowing smile. "Come now, Darling, it's hardly my fault. You should know better than to tease me like you do."

Kathryn harrumphed in a way that could only be described as adorable, but then squirmed happily as Emma leaned down to plant a chaste peck on her furry cheek. "I'm glad you could make it, Emma. It's been busy."

As the slim cat pulled gingerly away, Emma sighed. "Don't I know it. It's weird how, just when you think everything is going to get back to normal, something pops up and slaps you in

the face. But... it's been good, for everyone... even if I've had to work to keep in mind that change is good. I'm proud of you Kathryn, and I'm happy for the both of you. I almost hesitated to come today... You know, so you two could share a little more time with each other. *but...* I don't think I'll ever be able to turn down a meal again since Sage discovered how well she can cook."

"That's good then, dear." Sage murmured, padding softly away through the trees, "because if you hadn't shown up you would have had to answer to a couple very upset ladies when we got back."

"Yeah." Kathryn interjected, sliding up next to her. "Sage and I get to have plenty of time with each other. But we don't really get to spend any with you, at least often enough for our tastes."

Emma's tapering tail flicked in exasperation. "That's not... what I meant." she huffed, "But I understand, and I'm glad I could get away from the Sanctum for a little while. After everything that happened, and with what's still happening, the Captain's still not comfortable sending me away on assignment, so I've been doing a whole lot of... domestic work. Local patrols and classes and the like. I don't want to say it's been boring, but..." She shrugged. "It is."

Giving the dragoness an exaggerated pout, Sage beckoned and vanished briefly behind the trunk of an imposing maple. When Emma made her way around it, she smiled at the sight of a large, grey blanket spread out over a grassy opening between old, weathered trees. A woven basket sat in its center, and it seemed to be the source of the enticing aroma that had called to her all the way down the hill. "Good thing then that you took the time to travel all the way out here. We've got just the thing for a nice, relaxing afternoon."

The dragon followed the two mammalian women and claimed a spot on the blanket, plopping down and crossing her legs. "That reminds me," she added, "I brought something to share." They both hummed, intrigued, as she pulled her pack off of her shoulder and flipped it open. From it she pulled a dark, glass bottle, squat and round and sealed with a cork stopper, and she then handed it over.

Kathryn couldn't help but yank the cork from the neck of the bottle and get herself a long whiff of its contents. "Mmmh, cider. I didn't think you liked it."

She shrugged. "It's... not my favorite, but I figured that you did, and I thought that it would go well with what Sage said she was going to make for such an auspicious occasion."

The vixen's long ears twitched at the mellow scent of apples, alcohol, and spices that drifted up from the bottle. "I believe it will, dear. Where did you get it?"

With a grin, she just folded her arms across her chest. "I know people. I was assured that it was of only the best quality."

"Well, it certainly smells like it." Kathryn mumbled, seeming to be on the edge of taking a swig straight from the bottle. "Sage, did we bring those little cups?"

"Yes, yes, Darling. Just hold on a moment before you try to crawl into the bottle." Flipping open the lid of the basket, she rummaged through it, withdrawing a pair of small, stoneware cups that looked to be more for tea than anything harder. Emma leaned forward while the vixen poured a dose into each, being far more interested in the basket's other contents along with the tantalizing smells contained therein. She smelled fruit, thick with cloying sweetness, and it left her mouth watering so much that she had to lick her lips and swallow noisily.

Sage took notice. "The same goes to you, Emma. Just hold on. I'm certain I brought enough to satisfy even your legendary appetite."

"I don't know..." the dragoness muttered, "It smells awfully good."

"I should hope so." retorted the vixen with a flick of her luxurious, red hair over her shoulder. "It's a recipe that Rosemary swears by, and of course it could have only been improved by the generous application of these hands... along with a little cinnamon... and nutmeg... and a few secret ingredients."

Emma squirmed excitedly as, while Kathryn sipped cider, the vixen dove into her basket and dragged out several cloth-wrapped parcels, arranging them neatly on the blanket that shielded them from the chilly earth. Taking her sweet time, as if she was just trying to tease the eager dragon, she carefully unwrapped one of the rectangular packages, slowly, slowly revealing a dark, heavy loaf, one that shone moistly in the light. "It took me hours and hours to get these made up, so at least try to savor a little bit of it, alright?"

Sullenly, Emma grumbled her assent as Sage used a piece of simple cutlery to cut off a thick slice of the rich-smelling cake, handing it, along with the cloth it was wrapped in, to the dragoness. As soon as the fox's delicate hands were at a safe distance, she sunk her sharp teeth into the dense, moist little hunk of the heavens. It was shot through with bits of fruit, some dried, some candied in their own juices, and each was suspended in a morass of sweet, heavy ambrosia that overwhelmed her taste buds and let her only voice her satisfaction in the form of a low, weak moan.

She closed her eyes, shivering and intent on devoting the whole of her awareness to enjoying what occupied her mouth. It was ponderous and decadent, and chewing it was a chore that she relished as her teeth sliced effortlessly into a fresh bite. "Dripping Ichor..." she mumbled, warring briefly with the urge to stuff her mouth full to the point of impropriety.

"Alright, alright..." Sage groaned, "Gods... You've made less lewd noises during sex."

It was an effort just to peel her eyes open against the weight of her bliss. "No... you don't understand... It's so good. How... How did you... Oh my goodness. You have to bring some to the Sanctum some time. You just have to."

Sage's normally demure, calm facade crinkled, showing a hint of reluctant pride, but before she could protest, Kathryn spoke up, nibbling at her own slice. "It is very good, Sage."

"Of course it is..." uttered the vixen with a incensed sniff, "but come now. You've not even had it with Kathryn's addition. Here before you inhale the rest of the loaf."

Sage might not have known how close she was to doing just that, but curiosity stilled her for a moment while the fox pulled a squat jar from the basket and popped the top off with a thumb. Inside was a mess of what looked like whipped butter, but Emma's interest remained piqued as her hostess smeared a generous helping over another slice of cake, quickly replacing the one that had almost completely disappeared into the dragoness's stomach. "Oh, no..." she gasped when it hit her tongue, "that's not fair... What is this?"

The feline smoothed her dark grey skirt over her legs, hiding for a heartbeat behind the rim of her cup. "A little honeyed buttercream. I was afraid it would be too sweet, though, so I added the last of our tart winter apples. Is it sour?"

On the contrary. The combination of the overpowering, spiced sweetness in the cake paired marvelously with the little bit of tart in the cream. That, coupled with the honey, added an almost sensual layer of sinful delight that danced along her tongue. She wanted to hug someone, but that might have distracted her from the task of *really* enjoying the moment, so her tail just coiled up into a tight spiral behind her as her clawed toes happily kneaded the air and her wings shivered ecstatically.

"I'll take that as a no." the feline purred, appearing no less pleased with the fruits of her labors than the dragoness that was so thoroughly enjoying them, if a bit more enthusiastically. "Good. I was a little worried about it."

"Well, you shouldn't have been, Darling." said the vixen, who was finally indulging herself with a taste of her creation. "It's marvelous. And I must admit that it shows we can make quite the team, given the proper... motivation."

Despite the abashed color that stayed on her cheeks, Kathryn giggled and surrendered to the truth of the statement. A round of thanks swept through them all, followed by slow toasts to friends, family, the heavens, and the forgiving weather in turn, if only to let them keep refilling their cups. They swapped pleasantries and stories alike while they worked their way, with the dragoness's lead, of course, through almost two loaves of cake, most of which went to the pseudo-reptilian woman whose appetite continued to demand slice after slice until it, too, was sated.

She couldn't be sure how long it took, but the afternoon was morphing hesitantly into the evening when she finally summoned the courage to stop gorging herself. She was leaning heavily against a sturdy tree, fingers laced fondly together over her stomach, and no matter how hard she tried, she found it resolutely difficult to keep herself from licking the remnants of sticky sweetness from her lips. Sage and Kathryn had, between them, nearly finished the bottle of cider, and they were splayed out on the blanket next to one another, staring up into the sky and occasionally pointing out a shape that they spied in the wispy clouds that drifted by.

It warmed Emma's heart, and she was smiling as when she pushed off the cold, dry bark behind her and prowled across the blanket, dragging her pack behind her by her tail. "I brought some other things I'd like to give you, if you'll let me." she said softly.

Kathryn hummed curiously, and Sage levered herself up onto an elbow. "You didn't have to do anything like that, Emma."

"I know, but it wouldn't really be a gift if I *had* to give it, so..."

Sage finished sitting up, if just to free a hand to wave away the dragoness' hesitation. "Fair enough, but you have to know that you're beginning a war that you cannot possibly win. I simply can't allow myself to be out-gifted. I've a reputation to uphold."

She smiled at the vixen's playful tone, but she remained sober enough to shake her head. "That's alright. No one else has to know, and I don't want anything in return. You've both already given me so much... I just want to give back a little bit of it."

Kathryn lifted a dubious eyebrow. "And what makes you think that we feel any differently? Emma, I thought we-"

The dragon hurried to explain herself. "No, that's not what I mean. It's just that... my friends mean very much to me, but I don't get to be around as often as I'd like. Even so, I carry you with me. You both inspire me so, and no matter how far away I am, you're with me. I want... All I want is to do the same for you. I want to be there for you, even if I can't *be* there for you. I want you to know that no matter how distant I might seem, I'm never too far away to be thinking of you."

She made to dig through her pack, but Sage caught her hand and wrapped it up in a lacework of slim, nimble fingers. "Emma, I'm sure that we... I..." the vixen stammered, hesitating before gripping her more surely and nodding. "I understand."

Releasing a pent-up breath that she hadn't realized she'd been holding in, Emma felt the nervousness she'd been hosting rapidly evaporate. "Thank you. Here, please take this." With her

free hand, she reached into her back, brushing along a familiar silhouette, and withdrew the cloth-wrapped shape just to hand it over to the wide-eyed fox.

With those same slender, lovely fingers, Sage gingerly uncovered the oblong package, sucking in a reverent breath when the plain cloth fell away from what it hid. Resting placidly in her hands was a tight coil of braided wire, a twisted spiral consisting of three different colors and materials. Light gleamed off of two, a pale, pure silver and a darker, more mellow bronze, and it glittered from the other, a brilliant, sparkling blue that would have looked like metallic sapphire if it had been only a few shades deeper. Rather, it was bright and vibrant and drew the eye as it danced with its mates in an intricate mesh of color and luster. "Oh my..." the vixen breathed, awed, "It's beautiful..."

Gently, Emma drew her gift from Sage's fingers, aligning it properly before sliding it forward, over the fox's delicate hand. She pushed the shining bracer onto its recipient's forearm, its satin lining gliding smoothly over velvety, red-orange fur until it came to rest where it was meant to lay. The dragoness couldn't help but smile softly; she'd managed to get it to a perfect fit. "I was afraid that it would be too big, or gaudy..." she admitted, holding Sage's hand while the vixen's other set of fingers wandered over the finely-textured surface, "But I should have known that nothing could make you look anything other than classically splendid."

"I... Emma, I-I..." Sage spluttered, seemingly unable to stop fondling the intricate piece of jewelry that snugly--but not tightly--covered almost the whole of her forearm, "This... I... Gods' Golden Blood, Emma, where did you... How... What... It... It's so light. It looks like it should be so heavy, but I can barely feel it."

"Yeah, I thought about using real silver, but it would have weighed it down, so I switched it out with argentum. Plus it felt appropriate to use dragonsilver with dragonscale."

"Dragonscale? So this... this is..."

Emma nodded. "I meant it when I said I wanted to be there when you need me."

Her eyes didn't seem immediately capable of closing as she stared down at her arm. "I... I didn't know that your scales fell out."

The dragoness shifted, shuffling her wings against her back. "They... don't. But they *do* grow back if they're pulled out. Incidentally, it'll probably turn a blade if you need it to."

As if she didn't know what else to do, Sage laughed. "Emma, I... It's so... I don't know what to say."

Considering the poise with which she always held herself, it was pleasantly refreshing to see the vixen utterly taken aback. Emma gently hushed her, crawling forward on her knees to pull Sage into a full-body hug. "I'd rather you not say anything, actually," she breathed into the fox's ear as her lips grazed a furred cheek. "Just wear it and think of me, alright?"

Letting out a ragged breath, Sage nodded and used her bejeweled arm to scrub away the beginnings of tears. Emma kissed her cheek once more and released her, wriggling over to Kathryn, who looked almost intimidated at the dragoness approach. "I wasn't certain that you would be comfortable with something so big, so I hope you don't mind that yours is a little more modest."

The feline awkwardly squirmed as Emma pressed down against her lithe body, pulling it against her thicker, more powerful frame in a snug embrace. While she fished around in her pack behind the cat's back, she whispered little truths into Kathryn's twitching ear, poking up as it was through her snow white hair. "I owe you more than I can admit to myself, Kat. I wouldn't be who I am without you, and I happen to very much like who I am. I'm proud of who I am, and I'm proud of who you are just the same. You're kind and compassionate and beautiful, and even

though I thought that you couldn't get any cuter than with that lovely, short hair, that perfect, white waterfall you've got pouring down your back makes you look gorgeous and dignified, like a queen. Would you take this?"

Kathryn was practically hyperventilating when Emma pulled from behind the feline her gift and slid into her numb fingers. It was an ornate, delicate comb, with thin, fine teeth of glimmering bronze set into a frame of azure dragonscale. It was as perfect as the dragoness had been able to make it, and she had put almost as much time into seeing that each tooth was the same length and proportion as she had into reshaping and braiding her own scales for the fox's gift. Kathryn barely looked down at the contents of her hands before they closed over it and clutched it to her chest, and Emma gave her a slow squeeze, adding, "You know, I didn't actually consider it while I was making it, but I'm going to be *very* sad if you're about to tell me that you like having short hair more."

The air left the feline's lungs in a breathy laugh, and she shook her head, folding herself almost protectively around her new comb. "It doesn't matter. I can use it on short hair just as well. I... I-I... Thank you, Emma."

The dragon chuckled in reply, resting her chin on Kathryn's head before sliding her snout down and pressing her lips against the feline's forehead. At the same time she swept her arm outward and hooked it around Sage's tapered waist, dragging the vixen into her hug. "You're welcome. I love you, both of you, and I know that shiny trinkets can't really come close to expressing all that, but I hope you like them regardless."

"Nonsense, dear." Sage crooned. "Even if I forgive the fact that this is one of the shiniest trinkets I've ever received, I was destined to like it, if only because you made it, from yourself, for me. And I'm sure that Kathryn feels the same way." Emma felt blunt, canine claws sweeping up her back, prickling at her shirt and tickling at the base of her wing just before gripping her shoulder blade and pulling earnestly at her. She followed the drag of that yearning force and leaned more heavily into the vixen's slight, plush frame, compressing her full bust against another.

Though it was certainly Sage that initiated their kiss, Emma quickly lost track of who was giving and who was receiving. She sighed, almost relieved at the reception of her gifts. Doubt had been gnawing at her, worries that they were too clunky or gaudy. She really had no eye for that sort of craft. It took her so long to collect enough scales, and longer still to shape them into vaguely useful forms. No, she was more than relieved, and as the anxious tension bled from where it had been riding her shoulders, it made room for something entirely more pleasant. Happiness. Glee enough to kink up her tail behind her and leave her clutching at Sage's back with equal strength filled her expansive chest, and she straightened her back enough to withdraw her lips from the fox's, if only to make her pout upwards at her. "Thank you."

"I don't think you're the one who's supposed to be doing the thanking." Kathryn said in a low murmur while practically fondling her new accessory against her chest. Emma just laughed and lowered her arms, releasing them both and dropping away from them, falling lightly down onto the blanket beneath them, arms out and wings spread to her sides. The pale sky was clear and calm through the mesh of barren branches above, and she stretched languidly out, bunching her fingers and wriggling her taloned toes. In the absence of her own uncertainty, she felt delightfully lazy, and she barely moved when she felt Sage and Kathryn both wriggling their way onto the membrane of her outstretched wings to lay down at her sides. In fact, the warmth of their bodies was a wholly pleasant sensation pressing down into the sturdy, leathery hide.

He eyelids drooped, but she could still feel them, their every movement. She felt a spot of cold where Sage's forearm pressed down into her for a moment, and she felt weight shift when the vixen pressed close to her side while rolling over onto her own side, and she hesitantly opened her eyes just to see a narrow, vulpine muzzle, set with its intelligent, blue eyes, inches from her own snout. The fox's head dipped, making it blissfully simple to accept the kiss she was given, and when Sage's lips molded to fit against hers, her hand idly lifted from its resting place to rub down the contours of a slender back.

Canine claws tickled along the line of her jaw. The vixen was heating. Emma could feel it against her even as her friend's breathing and heartbeat quickened. During brief seconds that allowed them to breathe against one another, she heard Sage's voice tremble and sound out light, limpid moans that matched the dance of her fingers over the span of that smooth back. They pulled an intrigued hum from her chest, and when those soft lips met hers once again, she offered her tongue forward, a slender, nimble appendage that was gladly accepted to slowly duel with its clumsier counterpart.

She felt more lazy shifting, and soon thereafter felt another set of lips press against the side of her throat. While Sage occupied her mouth and arm, Kathryn prowled up to her, tracing lines of light, feathery kisses down her neck. When that yielding mouth reached her collar, its kisses spread out, wandering over the muscled mound of her shoulder, heedless of the shirt that shielded polished scales from its advances. Long, dainty fingers grabbed a handful of cloth, drawing it tight on her broad frame, and pulled questioningly, silently pleading.

Pushing her head back, she separated from Sage's probing lips long enough to peer down her snout at both of the sleek, furred women. "Is that how it's going to be? This is hardly fair. I'm outnumbered."

Kathryn giggled and sunk low on her, pushing forward and grinding the length of that long, svelte body against her. The feline was a pleasant, lithe firmness pressed into her, compared to Sage's much more plush, inviting shape, and the dragoness reached around them both, taking hold of each of them and giving a firm squeeze to whatever managed to find its way into her hands. Kathryn squeaked and squirmed, and Sage shivered, letting out a excited purr. "How else are we supposed to get the upper hand, Emma? Besides, I'm sure you'll find a way to outmaneuver us. You're clever like that."

As if insulted by the vixen's shoddy attempt at a pleased vocalization, Kathryn, stimulated by the dragon's hand rubbing tenderly up and down the line of her spine, purred in her own way, the low, rumbling sound swelling in the confines of her dainty chest. The cat hadn't relinquished her grip on Emma's shirt, and she sighed as she surrendered to it. Both women complained wordlessly as she sat halfway up, propped up on her wings, and flicked her tail along the row of buttons that secured the snug garment to her chest. Working herself free, she let Kathryn's steady pull drag the shirt off of her shoulders, and she rolled her arms in their sockets when she was abruptly made bare.

Continuing her patient stroking of the sensually-inclined creatures gyrating against her sides, she simply watched as they took her in. Her breasts, heavy, pendulous things, rode high on her strong chest. The toughness of her scaly hide only allowed them to be pulled into faint teardrops in spite of their generous proportions, and now that she was topless, the vibrant color of the stripe of blue that ran down her chest and belly seemed brilliant and all-encompassing, if only to further highlight the disks of ruddy black that were her perky areola.

For once, Kathryn seemed the less shy of the two. While Sage kissed her now unhidden shoulder, trailing down into the muscular bulk of her arm, Kathryn dove forward to her bust,

lingering only a heartbeat where her bronze outer scales gave way to brilliant, electric blue. A timid hand scooped her up, and she couldn't help but shift forward as she was given a tender squeeze. Over parts of her body that were not meant for flexibility, her hide was shielded with large, overlapping scales, but where softness was needed, they were small and fine, and she sighed beatifically as she squished under the gentle pressure.

Savoring the mound of her steely bicep, Sage groped her way down her arm, digging fearlessly into her muscle with kneading fingers. Emma wasn't certain if it was meant for worship or a massage, but she periodically flexed her well-worked physique, making rigid contours stand out through her tough hide. The vixen kissed her, again and again, hitting her hand before working her way back up her arm, over her shoulder, and back to her mouth. Emma sat up higher, pulling the fox up to her with that single arm, and worked a few fingers against the buttons that secured the dress to those alluring curves.

As, with each freed button, the fabric loosened across the vixen's frame, her nostrils flared as the tantalizing scent of herbs, flowers, and unfiltered femininity wormed their way into her nose from both directions. She could tell that Sage had bathed more recently. The fox smelled fresher, yet like a garden, scented soap and fertile, loamy soil mingled. Kathryn still bore the scents of her toils. Alcohol, smoke from a hearth, faint sweat, each of which was layered over what she always was, sweet, sweeter than the lingering taste of cake and honey that clung to Sage's lips. They were each terribly unique, and they bored into her nose and gladly hazed her mind, leaving her happily devoted to the kiss in which she was locked, trapped and almost helpless as her feline lover pawed at her expansive chest.

She huffed sharply and triumphantly as she freed the last of Sage's buttons from its hole. All too eagerly she began the torturously slow process of peeling the cloth from the shapely body that took shelter from her advances beneath it. With that single hand she worked the stubborn garment off of the vixen's shoulders, freeing a pair of perfectly-proportioned, creamy-white breasts, and pushed it down her waist, over the curves of her plump hips. Finally, with a little help from a wiggle of lissome legs, she was able to toss the miraculously undamaged dress to the side and cradle the soft form that had been hiding from her against her side, letting it compress suggestively against the hardness of her powerful body.

Impatiently, Kathryn was already using an idle hand to tug at her own buttons, and she broke her kiss with Sage to redirect her attention where it was needed. The plain blouse was almost an insult to the beautiful form it so snugly concealed, and flutters of aggression almost left it a pile of tattered rags to her claws before she made herself reconsider her plan of attack. She pulled the feline's arms from her chest for the moment, freeing them up to allow her to work the shirt that stood in her way down off of them. Emma grinned hungrily. Sage had intentionally been without a bra, but Kathryn simply didn't require one. The cat's pert, palmable breasts sat perfectly without any aid, and almost before she could throw away the blouse that had covered them, she cupped a hand over one, rubbing over its modest curve.

Kathryn shivered, blushing clearly and furiously as heated skin shone pink through the white patches of her fur. She felt a perky little nipple stiffen against her palm, driving her smile broader. Emma released Sage, who followed her arm over and gave the feline a meek kiss as her hands took up the feline's delightful chest, rubbing and grinding, and eventually leaving her breasts to wander down the length of her slim, trim waist. Perhaps she was the one who was growing impatient, because she licked her lips as she tucked unrelenting fingers under the fabric of Kathryn's skirt and began to pull it down over her waspish thighs.

Excitement trembled along her fingers as she discarded the skirt with its fallen brethren. Two sets of thin underwear were all that stood between any of them. Sage's were closely molded to the curves of a rounded, toned butt, and Kathryn's strained, taut over the feline woman's masculine addition. Emma licked her lips again, eyes prancing over the pair of mostly-nude bodies before her. Kathryn wiggled under the weight of the amorous vixen who, perhaps thinking herself spurned by the dragoness, was busied with the feline's lips and chest, fingers stroking eagerly along sleek contours. That suited her just fine, because their little kitten seemed perfectly accommodating.

Emma slid forward, pulling her wings once more against her back as she drew up alongside Sage's body. Kathryn tensed and hissed as careful, vulpine fingers caressed her perky bust and excited lips meandered over her own. The dragoness cupped a palm lightly over the feline's crotch, felt her bulge slowly throb with rising energy, and almost shyly peeled away the insignificant cloth, dragging it down her thighs until lean legs could kick it away. Kat's mixed sexes were clearly pleased with their lot in life, her feline phallus pulsing with vitality as the dainty cleft below its associated, fuzzy sac glistened with the beginnings of lusty moisture. She rested her hand over it all, felt the fleshy barbs that ringed that half-bestial tool raking lightly at her scaly palm as her friend shivered and panted into Sage's mouth. She then slid her hand upward, over the outline of that lean belly, and pushed it up to greet those delicious little breasts.

As she wrapped her confident digits over a white-furred boob, she leaned to the side, hooking her claws under the top of Sage's tight panties. She relished the process of sliding them down past the swell of that smooth rump, even going so far as to dip her head down and plant a kiss along its upper curves, near the base of a quickly wagging tail. The vixen gave her an eager moan that was tinged with an equally urgent growl, and she dropped the remaining piece of clothing around her knees as she raked a fearless hand over a long, plush hip to give the mound of a firm cheek a stern grope. Emma lavished attention over the fox's backside while trailing her lips up her back, taking longing breaths of the warm air that rested just above the surface of that velvety, red fur.

While Sage attended to Kathryn, she rose up on her knees and folded herself down against the vixen's back, letting the weight of her body squish her heavy breasts into her foxy lover's supple form. A fluffy, vulpine tail flicked happily between her legs, and she let her hot breaths wash over the back of Sage's neck as she slid her hands down and forward, looping them around the fox's tapered waist, rubbing her smooth belly. Long, pointed ears quivered against her snout as she gave each sensitive organ a playful nuzzle, and she spread her lips, letting her razored teeth prick over their edges while she snaked her hands upwards, scooping up the vixen's luscious bust.

When she gave Sage a stealthy, little squeeze, she grinned at the languid tremor that worked its way up the frisky creature's spine. Emma tucked her nose into the groove where her lover's neck met her shoulder, taking a deep breath as she massaged the swells of soft, pliant flesh. It was becoming a familiar sensation, the sluggish waves of pressure that undulated through her body, straining ever so briefly at her at each apex. It followed the beat of her heart, steady but building, and she slid her eyes shut as one of her hands slipped from its plush mount to glide down the vixen's body. She trailed a fingertip past Sage's navel diving lower and lower until her scaly, probing hand could slip between thick, womanly thighs.

Her vulpine lover's fiery locks tickled her nose as she pressed kiss after kiss into the nape of her neck, and she luxuriated in the sensation of Sage's whole body tensing when her finely-scaled digit pushed up against hot, yielding flesh. The vixen's daintiest of places, lush and moist,

returned her affections with pulsing heat. The firm nub of a little clit made itself felt as she ground her finger up and down between prim, pert netherlips, and she managed to distract the fox enough to pull her from Kathryn's mouth in order to voice a throaty moan when she curled the digit onto itself and eased it against a throbbing entrance.

Lips freed, for the moment, from their obligation to Sage's, Kathryn's expression slowly shifted, turning sly and teasing. "You two should have some fun with each other." she mused, lifting her back from the blanket to give the vixen a peck on the cheek before wriggling out from underneath her. "I need to take care of something."

Sage whined when the cat slipped out of reach, but moaned more firmly when Emma bore down with more of her weight, shoving her into the softness of their makeshift bedding while hands lavished attention on her deliciously sensitive contours, reaching around from behind. "What could you possibly have to distract you?" the vixen managed to splutter, her voice quivering as the finger probing its way deeper into her taut, feminine passage worked around within her.

"Oh... an unfinished job." Kathryn murmured. The dragoness perked up at the sound of the feline's voice coming faintly from behind, and she peered over her shoulder, momentarily matching that playful, blue-eyed gaze. The cat was behind her close, and a slim hand fell to her thick, agitated tail, pushing it aside to allow for an easy approach. Emma's eyebrow rose curiously, but she stayed where she was with the vixen pinned beneath her, and watched. That same delicate hand slid up the girth of her tail and briefly up her spine before switching directions and dropping down over the hard outline of her big, muscular butt. Kathryn gave her an affectionate rubbing, little cock standing proud and hard as she groped the firm curves.

Emma couldn't help but give a slight wiggle of her backside as the lithe calico's hands slipped around over her hips and pulled on the fabric of her trousers, dragging them down. Grinning, she bent her tail, letting it be drawn from its sleeve as the cat made her fully nude, finally baring the last member of their party to each of them. Kathryn kneeling there behind her, hands on her, scraping claws over her scales while the full length of her slim body was on display left her heated and hungry, and she made sure to pass the feeling along through her hands on the fox borne down under her powerful bulk. Sage squirmed and moaned against her, helpless, delightfully so.

When her clothing was discarded and Kathryn's hands were free to fully explore her lower half, she gave herself over for the moment, pushing her upper body down against Sage while lifting her tail high, exposing herself as best she could to the amorous feline. She kept the pinned vixen writhing and practically steaming with lust, but she did no more, waiting for Kat to give her a little push in the right direction. The light touch of those fragile fingers was almost infuriating, but she basked in their worship regardless, hissing as they wandered in across her inner thighs and the root of her tail.

Kathryn knew her better than most, and certainly knew just what she needed to do. When fingertips grazed over her crotch, working just so against her, she shivered gratuitously, feeling a sharp, internal pressure bloom beneath her scales with each loving stroke. Clenching her teeth however, she resisted it at first, letting it build, pulsing and so, so hot within her. The cat licked her lips, leaning inward and devoting ever more to the worship of that scaly cleft between Emma's thighs, and all the while Sage was trapped under her breasts, gasping and quivering with the dragoness's finger--and then fingers--plumbing her depths for just a moment longer.

She hunched over Sage before pushing upward and off of her, letting a shaky grunt offer a split second of warning. She lurched upright on her knees, feeling that mind-numbing pressure

surge forth from within her. The subtle line of disconnected scales that meshed over her crotch split, shoved apart by something monstrous, and with a wet *schlick*, inch after inch after inch of colossal, ebony flesh jutted from her loins. Dark hide already shone with slick moisture, and as boiling blood flooded between her legs, it drew taut, tightening as it strained over the rapidly inflating organ.

Sage stared with lust-hazed eyes over her shoulder at the onyx monolith that pulsed above her, but Kathryn reacted much faster. The feline pressed up behind the dragoness, twining arms around her sturdy body and wrapping hands firmly around the base of her twitching cock, cinching tight. Emma hissed as she pulsed heavily, stretching, swelling with heat and need, pushing apart those insubstantial fingers. Additional inches stretched from her crotch, compiling upon one another until more than two feet of ponderous member swayed with little gyrations of her hips as Kathryn's own tool quivered against her back. Even still, she heaved within the ring of those fingers, gaining thickness until the fleshy ridges that lined the top of her draconic tool stood thickly, tapering to her slightly pointed glans, which angled threateningly downward toward the vixen over whom she loomed.

Kathryn gave her a fierce squeeze around her root, fondling her first flaring ridge of steely dragonflesh, and she shivered, her tail coiling snugly around the feline's thigh, drawing her close. Beneath her towering masculinity lurked something equally hungry, and her sable netherlips, freed from the prison of her scales, were infuriated by their proximity to her catlike lover's little barbed member and their inability to do anything about it. Harsh, biting need felt practically solid in her veins, and each beat of her heart was strong and urgent, pushing it through her body, tightening her physique with an all too pleasant tension. Unable to reach much higher, Kat gave her broad shoulder a kiss and with a roll of her hips dragged that hot bar of feline cock up and down against the base of her tail, teasing.

She hissed again, mingling it with a low growl as she twisted her head around, accepting a more meaningful kiss on her lips as she lowered her snout to join with Kathryn's. Emma reached around, closed her hand over the cat's lean butt, rubbed it eagerly, played with the base of her lover's own slender, flitting tail, and then pulled sharply on it, forcing Kathryn against her more strongly. She adjusted her stance, spreading her legs a little to give the small, delicate woman access to her nethers, and with her guidance, she felt herself ease apart, taking the first few inches of her lover's aching member.

At even that modest penetration, her own hulking hermaphroditic maleness responded aggressively, bulging with a fresh tide of pleasure and desire and spurting a thick gob of translucent precum across Sage's back in the process. Kathryn's hands were still wrapped around her, and as the cat gifted her with stiff little thrusts, she stroked over the first third of her immense, ridged shaft, soft fingers catching in the fleshy grooves and leaving her growling steadily and eagerly, heaving short, tense breaths.

Her womanly passage fluttered and massaged its timid intruder, accepting and pleading for more. One of her hands latched onto her chest, giving her an attentive groping while the other stayed mounted onto Sage's back, keeping the vixen down, beneath her, prostrate before her. Huge blue eyes stared up over the line of a slim shoulder, watching Kathryn quickly and harshly rutting into her, leaving her shaking with each firm impact of lithe, feline thighs against her powerful backside. One of the fox's hands was buried deeply between her legs, and the frantically motion of those flawless fingers left her squirming and gasping at the display.

Emma allowed it to continue. Sage's time was coming, and they both knew it. Each time she rolled her hips, grinding herself back against and around Kathryn's delicious package, one

that throbbed with increasing urgency within her, the motion brought her titanic cock low, pushing it down against the vixen's back, leaving long smears of slimy pre to soak into that gorgeous fur. The heat of her flesh must have been scorching the poor fox, but Sage did nothing but gaze up at her flawlessness, eyes heavily lidded from the weight of her lust and her self-ministrations.

Kat railed against the firm strength of her body, working herself against the sturdy dragoness. Her head rolled back on her shoulders. It was delicious, and she licked her lips as the strength of her desire pulled her eyes closed. The little grunts and increasingly high pitched cries that the cat issued were like a symphony, something beautiful, something to be savored. And savor it she did. She arched her back, spreading her wings out to the side, and exulted in the sexuality of the blinding sensation pouring into her. The scent of sex, precum and sweat and musk, was thick in the air, sweet and heavy. Her bulging cock felt like it could pop at any moment, and as seconds piled up onto one another, that feeling grew and spread into the rest of her body. She huffed out short, terse breaths that bounced with the pounding beat of her feline lover's pelvis against her generous rump.

She felt Sage quaking beneath her, whining, slurring pleas that she would answer in good time. Her heaving cock was stroked and worshiped with fervor equal to the force shown to her rippling womanhood, and she clenched her teeth, contorting each successive lungful of air into a forcedly slow, purring hiss. Needling bliss scintillated across her skin, manifesting in webs of pale, violet sparks that danced between her scales with growing regularity. Her prominent musculature grew taut beneath her tough, metallic hide, and her clawed fingers ravished her chest, pinching mercilessly at her puffy, ebon nipples. She dared not stop.

Kathryn, panting wildly, finally shivered and thrust forward with enough force to budge the dragoness, who groaned, immensely pleased, as she felt gobs of warm, thick seed spurting in irregular, roiling jets into her. The feline tried with all her meager might to force as much of her spiny cock into the dragon as she could, and Emma worked with her, leaning forward and pushing her hips back, lining herself up and allowing herself to be humped with mindless force, taken and filled. She stiffened as she accepted what her catlike lover would give her, clenching around her modest intruder and drawing forth as much sweet, lusty fluids that she could, delighting in the feeling of it pouring into her in frequent, but weakening bursts of welcome, rapturous heat.

Far too soon for her liking, Kathryn, gasping, pulled away, sliding free of her well-used passage to drool between her legs. The groaning feline leaned heavily against her back, shaking with the aftershocks of her release, and she smiled dotingly, moving her tail up to brace her fatigued lover, caressing up a slender back. "Come on, Emma..." she wheezed, hands still playing along the engorged contours of her enormous member, "You've had that look in your eyes since you pulled off her dress. Look at her. Why don't you show her what you showed me? Don't hold back."

She gave the cat a sardonic grin. As if she needed permission... Kathryn returned her smile and peeled herself from her back, flopping limply backward to pant wherever she lay. Emma returned her attention to the fox held sternly to the blanket, still furiously masturbating to the sight of her proud, unrelentingly sexual body. She felt like she glowed. The warmth Kat had poured into her certainly helped, and she leaned down, deeply, to once more push her nose against the line of Sage's throat. Pulling in a long breath, she hardly felt relaxed. Her whole body pulsed with need, avaricious lust for more, more of the bliss that seemed her birthright, and as

she contemplated the vixen's helpless desire for her, she felt something slide into place within her. It felt *right*.

In her core, the very center of her body, the knot of burning potential that was her draconic strength, what made her what and who she was, strained greedily at its confines. It fed on the swirling maelstrom of emotions and desires, sparking and building up within her, and she smiled hungrily, letting out a strained, breathy hiss. "Emma..." Sage grunted as the hand on her pressed downward just a little more forcefully, "Your eyes..."

With a heavy, possessive growl, she hooked her hands under Sage's hips and lifted, hauling the fox's lower half off of the ground. Careful to support her lover's weight, she leveled the vixen's crotch with her eyes, with long, shapely legs sticking up in the air and the rest of her hanging nearly upside down. Her cock trembled before the suspended woman's face, but she didn't have the time to reconcile with herself this sudden change of position before Emma, in a sudden hurry, pushed her snout against Sage's slick cleft, letting fragrant, feminine slime smear over her fine scales while she rammed her tongue past the meaningless barrier of the fox's throbbing entrance.

Sage contorted onto herself, the line between shock and bliss blurring for a moment, but Emma held her there and spooled inch after inch of her sinuous oral organ into her lover's drenched slit regardless. The dragoness shivered and groaned. She could live off of that taste alone, the taste of pure, liquid need. She practically drank it down, letting it drool over her snout as she gorged her senses of taste and smell on the vixen's lust. Her cock stiffened, straining under the force of its own gluttonous want, and the fox could only watch it bulge as she simply latched her hands onto the dragon's hips and held on for dear life.

As certain as she was that she could just sit like that and enjoy the rest of eternity, her body made its other needs abundantly clear, along with the fact that time was growing short. Ensuring that the vixen was as prepared as she could be, Emma pulled her head back, sliding two feet of sinuous tongue from her lover's innards, to Sage's melodious moaning, and carefully returned the delicate fox to the ground, face down and ass up, bare and exposed and helpless. Her steely masculinity, longer than her tongue and much less flexible, she ground forward, down between those plush thighs, and her thick ridges rolled over silken flesh, rubbing and scraping until its owner was whining once more.

Sage snapped her legs together around Emma's adamant hardness, but they couldn't hope to encapsulate its enormity. She throbbed hugely against sleek fur, threatening, and she continued to let her lover's soaked nethers baste the length of her heaving, bestial cock while she rolled her lips with slow undulations. Only when she was well and truly slicked with Sage's hot lubricants, which took only a moment of her precious remaining time, she pushed the fox away, down, while she pulled her pelvis back, sliding every foot of her behemoth erection free only to bear forward once more, this time angling upward and shoving her tapered, but ludicrously proportioned organ against the core of the fox's sex, her hot, drooling entrance.

Her assault on those plumped, slimed gates was slow, steady, and inexorable. Hands hooked over the breadth of Sage's luscious hips, she pulled the fox back onto her while rolling herself forward with long, circulating motions. Her strength was greater than any the vixen could hope to possess, and when her arms demanded surrender, surrender her lover did. Yielding to her, the outermost reaches of Sage's deceptively spacious womanhood stretched, and then stretched some more, taking her swollen, pointed crown while her lover writhed and moaned, slurring desperate cries for, not mercy, but more.

Just that little bit was enough to nearly break her focus. It was growing more and more difficult to contain her own blooming enthusiasm. The pounding drumbeat that was her heart sympathized with the increasingly violent throbbing roiling through her veins, giving it strength, fueling its urgency. Her arms trembled and her eyes squinted closed as what felt like the beginnings of a migraine developed within her skull, one that lacked discomfort, but instead relegated itself to throbbing against the inside of her head with greater and greater insistence, warning her even as it demanded something from her. Freedom.

Emma's lips peeled back from her teeth in a determine snarl as she pulled again, as smoothly as she did unrelentingly. Sage squealed as a few more inches invaded her, grinding in to stretch her obscenely. Every fold and crevice of the vixen's velvet tunnel gave way to her, gripping her with strength that begged her to cease her onslaught while simultaneously fighting to drag her deeper with rhythmic, rippling pulsations. The dragoness didn't even have to hazard a guess as to which eventuality the fox really desired. The truth was evident in the tone of her strained, mewling voice as it begged her for more, for anything and everything but an end.

Sage deserved so much, everything, and while the vicelike tightness of her lover's body slowly, agonizingly enveloped inch after successive inch, Emma spared a hand, sliding it forward to brush fingers over a furry cheek. She could feel the vixen's heartbeat fluttering at a fevered pace, feel her breathing as more and more of her form was devoted to taking that column of scorching steel. She felt confined in more ways than one. Sage felt small and delicate, and so, almost unbearably tight, far more so than usual. Emma smiled, drawing her hand back down and underneath the fox's plush, dainty body, she felt the bulge her cock left in her lover's trim belly, felt it pushing forward. She was a growing girl, after all, but Sage had yet to see anything.

Freeing a shaky sigh from her chest, she rocked her hips in small circles, grinding herself around in the vixen's wringing, feminine tunnel, easing more and more of her tremendous length inward. Each time one of her thick ridges cleared the strained circumference of Sage's spasming entrance, the fox gave a meek moan-tinged yelp and closed her dainty hands, balling up the blanket beneath her in tight fists as she shuddered and stretched with increasing hesitation. The frail little creature was built to take truly monstrous members, but it seemed that Emma had surpassed that limit. She still had at least a quarter of her stony cock free of her lover's loins, but she paused, uncertain of whether or not her friend could take any more.

Still, she was nearly drooling on herself, awash in the sensations trembling around her immensity. Her spine tingled ominously, but the pulsations pounding through her sturdy form, drilling into her skull in wordless demands did precisely that, demand. She needed, and that need, that blissful desire, boiled up from her toes, filtering through the storm that raged in her chest, and tickled along her on the way to her hand. Following outside of her body, a wave of skittering sparks crackled over her scales, up her spine and over her shoulder, down her arm in a tide of coruscating violet-white.

Garish light spilled from her scaly form, flashing between the trees as her untethered power closed in around her fingers. She stared down at her hand, watching sparks spiderweb between her powerful digits, and knew instinctively what she needed to do. With a low, crooning purr, she lowered her head and hand, shifting back, grinding an inch of her inhuman cock free just to wiggle her hips and press it back in, butting up against Sage's terminus. Already she could feel herself pushing at her vulpine lover's organs, straining and throbbing. It seemed like it had been so recently that the vixen could handle everything she had, but she had changed. She was thicker, more virile. Her girth would simply not be contained by something so... frail, no matter how plush and pliant.

Sage's voice almost surprised her when it proved still capable of forming rational speech. "Damnit, Emma! Just do it! Gods, I need it! Please!" That velvety tone was strained and slurred, and she hissed down at the fox wrapped around her trembling dragonhood. She slid her hand, burning with the manifestation of her overwhelming potential, up the vixen's back, leaving fur standing on end as it slithered down and further down, cupping over the distended bulge her prideful flesh made in her lover's belly. Violent sparks leapt from her fingertips and palm as she ardently rubbed her friend's stomach, connecting them, and as her strength passed between them, she felt Sage jerk, fur bristling, a heartbeat before letting out a long, ecstatic wail.

Delirious, burbling cries devolved into harsh, bestial grunts as the vixen collapsed, devoting everything she had to the beginning of her orgasm. Her wobbling arms folded, dumping her face into the blanket as her back arched and convulsed, and it seemed like the only thing that kept her lower body supported was the rigidity of the swollen monolith harpooned into her depths. Emma hissed as the tight, confining folds of her lover's overstuffed passage likewise imploded under the strain of her release, falling inward, clenching with desperate strength as her body struggled, warred with its own elasticity as it fought to drag the dragoness deeper despite there being nowhere else for her thick, onyx cock to go.

At least until that changed. Sage spasmed and groaned, trapped in her own rapture as Emma's flaring power coursed through her tender, delicate body. Emma's enormous, ridged member was swallowed and massaged with wave after wave of fast, rippling contractions, and she curled her free hand over a thick, savory hip, giving it a gentle, experimental pull. There was a split second of resistance, as of Sage's body rejecting the mere possibility of taking any more. It wasn't possible, not without grave injury. It couldn't happen. In the next heartbeat though, the fox's supple form bowed to the dragoness's power, that which cried out for release, raging with primal violence within the confines of Emma's chest.

Sage's limp moans hitched, rising in pitch when Emma pulled her backwards, growling and grinding a fresh couple inches between the red-hot lips of the vixen's awestruck womanhood. Her body defied reality and reason, and with the aid of the dragoness's limitless strength accepted what it demanded to have so fervently. Emma leaned back, thrusting her hips forward and rolling her head lazily on her shoulders, parting her lips to release a long, gratified moan. Her hand felt her lover's body momentarily strain before giving way, distending around her girth until the bulge in the fox's stomach was a dully pulsing protrusion in the shape of the flaring head of her sanity-breaking cock.

She put the lusty creature's newfound flexibility to good use, rocking forward and back again and again, each time giving Sage a little more of her monstrous member, cramming it between her legs, bowing out her gut, stretching skin and fur over it. Emma felt organs shift and harmlessly give ground as she took what space she needed from the vixen's curvaceous figure. She pulled her lover back until the curves of the fox's ample ass compressed against her crotch and she sat buried to the hilt in Sage's overwhelmed, feminine passage. It wrung at her, a velvet sleeve, her own personal love-vice, and though she had surpassed anything even remotely related to the bounds of rationality, she still felt those dire, rippling convulsions stroking her, suckling at her, begging for more.

She sat there for a moment of sublime contentment, eager to just bask in her accomplishment, uncaring of how her body's dull throbbing gained a fevered pitch, unconcerned with the lightshow that was her own power flickering between the trees, even heedless of the way her muscled physique tightened under her scales, drawing with it an ominous creaking of her tendons as she flexed her entire body against itself. She could count the ridges that lined the

first third of her prideful, draconic tool, see veins pulsing through the fur that was taut over it. Sage, her friend, her lover, was little more than a raw nerve, writhing in the euphoria of its own existence as the mere throbbing of the monster buried in her sparked every shred of rational thought into an inferno of blazing ecstasy. It was what the vixen lusted for.

Emma heard a sound, a meek, light sound, and she turned her head only to see Kathryn leaning back against the trunk of a great tree, hands firmly seated between her slim legs, furiously masturbating, each hand devoted to a separate half of her mixed sexes. The dragoness gave the cat a predatory grin, cradling Sage's body with a trembling arm, bracing it, and dragged her hips backwards with haunting slowness. The enormous, convex bulge in the vixen's belly receded as she bared inch after inch of her slicked member. She leaned deeply over, planted a slavering kiss on her lover's cheek, the nape of her neck, the base of an ear held flat against her skull, and when she could barely see the impression of that titanic cock through the fox's stomach, Emma clenched her teeth with a shuddering growl, and thrust herself forward, defying all resistance in the name of slamming her loins against the plush mass of Sage's rounded ass.

Sage squealed and contorted at the vicious motion. Supported as she was by the stiffness of her impossible intruder, her hands snuck under her, roamed over the unrelenting... *thing* distorting her body with its magnitude. Emma could feel it, her little hands caressing her through the furry sleeve that hid her, and she heard the vixen whimper a single word, "More..."

Mirth was, for a moment, enough to overpower the nearly explosive pressure in her body. She laughed, at least as best as she was able while taking short, fevered breaths, and ended the sounds with more longing kisses across the slim expanse of Sage's back. More... The very concept was as amusing as it was inevitable. There was always more, so much more, and her wings twitched and her tail shivered as she pulled back once again to give the vixen below her a much more tempered, languid thrust.

She tested her lover's body, straining and stretching it over her time and time again, slowly. She gave Kathryn a show, exhibiting the profile of that distended belly as it stretched outward, plastering it to pulsing flesh and throbbing veins, and while she did so, she fondly nuzzled her lover's back with the tip of her snout. She reached down and around, rubbed Sage's soft, yielding belly, plump breasts that bounced with each limpid thrust, and cupped her palm over the vixen's exposed throat. She felt her lover's moans burbling before they were released, felt sloppy uneven breaths give birth to the most genuine, mewling sounds of bliss she could have imagined. And then she smiled and stopped trying to forestall what had been bound to happen since she first filled her nose with the fox's intoxicating scent.

Freed from her own tenuous restraint, the tempest that roiled in her chest and gorged on her own thought-erasing desire exploded outward and consumed her. Her frame snapped taut, and she tossed her head back, mouth open in a guttural cry that only barely made it out of her tense throat. It began as a harsh, thunderous growl that dropped low, deepening as her ribcage shuddered and expanded to contain it. A rumbling chorus of shifting bone filled the clearing in short order, summoned by her sturdy frame as it surged outward in a dire attempt to channel its own rampant power.

With a dull *thud*, her tail slapped heavily against the ground, and she could feel it slide outward over the blanket as it grew longer in twitching spurts. Her generous breasts plumped outward into her vision, blooming on a spreading chest as thick, sinewy arms flexed and thickened, reaching to embrace more of the soft, furred form that shrank against her. Sage's weight was already supported almost wholly by the tension that lined the dragoness's titanic organ, but she took more of it into her hands, bracing the little fox as she was lifted off of her

hands and knees by Emma's blooming stature. Her legs pushed her higher as they elongated, her own knees digging ruts into the soft, grassy soil through the blanket that cushioned them, and her wings snapped outward, filling with hollow booms as the shadow they cast stretched out over the clearing.

Her voice was a constant, trilling moan, but it hesitated in a curiously pleased hum as she watched her hands growing with the rest of her, spreading out to hide increasing splashes of lovely, fire-orange fur. She hissed out each short, heavy breath, keeping Sage mounted to her loins, holding her there at her root while she tested the limits of her improved body. The dragoness's monumental cock kept its ludicrous proportion, which as Emma surged taller in spurts of inches at a time bulged forth with fresh flesh every thumping heartbeat. The vixen was trapped, suspended from her crotch by something that shuddered, twitched, and pulsed larger with insistence to stun her into fits of spastic squeals. The pale, cream-colored fur of her belly and the skin beneath it stretched and stretched outward over a thick, cylindrical mass. The magic that held her together shifted at her organs making room as it was needed and using her body to do it.

Emma felt each blissful pulsation flood her body, tearing her apart and remaking her greater, stronger. Draconic vitality flooded her veins and poured outward from her core, filling her and overfilling her as her joints creaked and tendons stretched. What held her rapt attention far more vigorously, however, was the sensation of her vulpine lover being deformed by the monster that filled that inadequate body. She could have never imagined such impossible tightness. It wrung at her even as she forced her cock to remain within the confines of the vixen's form. She watched the fur-draped outline of her tapered crown strain outward, turning the demure fox into little more than a living, yielding sleeve of flesh and heat for her to use, to experience, an experience she shared as she shivered and lowered her head to press her lips against the nape of Sage's neck.

Slender arms looped low around her shrouded girth as Sage hugged her distended stomach, gasping in a mixture of shock and ecstasy. Emma could see spurts of viscous precum frothing from her tip, pooling beneath the vixen's skin, blurring the outline of her monstrous tool with each ounce that spilled from her heaving body. Her sheer bulk left no room for anything else, however, as her swelling cock squeezed it from Sage's distorted passage in a continuous trickle as it lubed her up on its way down her length.

Emma's skin tingled, the space just behind her jaws and below her lowermost set of horns, and as she took hold of the fox's hips, grinding herself around in her lover's enspelled body, the fine, brazen scales split, releasing from beneath them a series of slim, delicate spines. Between them was pulled a dainty membrane of thin, black hide, and her new fins waved through the air as she began to piston herself, slowly, lazily, into her lover's overwhelmed tunnel. A similar sensation prickled along the line of her spine, and she only gave a brief shiver as a much more sizable series of flexible, needlelike spines forced its way from her surging body. All along the middle of her back, from the base of her skull to the terminus of her thrashing tail, a webbed sail of spurs and flesh grew from her, a primal, instinctive display of vulnerability and intimacy.

The new growths caught the air and waved as she shuddered and spread out to fill the clearing, hauling Sage higher and higher off the ground. The strong, scaly hands seated around the fox's waist could almost encircle her, or would if her circumference hadn't been given over to that of the reality-breaking cock lodged into her. The vixen's slick, feminine entrance was little more than a strained, screaming hole, a circle of silk that was always on the border of agony and

bliss, constantly stretching and stretching as the dragoness used her with increasingly confident roughness. She was caught in orgasm, and had been since that first greedy, complete thrust into her, and as her body was slowly dwarfed by what deformed it she could process less and less until that firestorm of release, constant and mind-numbing, was all she could comprehend.

Emma licked her lips, long black tongue playing over twin rows of daggerlike teeth as she rutted Sage higher into the air. She bounced her hopelessly undersized lover on her titanic cock, feeling that silken vice still gripping her, stroking her even as she filled it to its extreme time and time again. When the vixen was able to pull in a complete breath, it came out a wet, strained gurgle full of incomprehensible pleas. And yet, all the fox did was rub her ballooning gut, caressing Emma as the dragoness fucked her out of shape and out of her mind.

As Emma's proportions bloomed to the point that her draconic tool was the length of the vixen's full, beautiful body, Sage looked less gravid with cock and more like a parody, little more than a fleshy fuck-sleeve that writhed on an obsidian harpoon thicker than the trees that surrounded them. The dragon had more than doubled in size and showed no sign of slowing. The rocking motion of those scaly hips only grew fiercer as Emma's expression grew more determined and the sound of her grating grunts grew deeper and more urgent.

She was a monster, an engine of destruction, of teeth and storms, and the tiny thing filled with her pride loved her. She felt diminutive hands on her thigh and looked down. Kathryn. Another who loved her, shared so much with her. The feline's eyes were wide and awed, but full of delight, puny, barbed masculinity stiff and at attention. The cat attended to herself with a hand while the other rested on her leg, fingers spreading as the bulk of an enormous, muscled thigh swelled beneath them. She threw her head back and groaned, sparks slicing over her scales as her gleeful desire grew, thundered at the inside of her hide and forced her larger, more powerful.

She was unperturbed as spindly, skeletal branches clawed at her face. She just closed her eyes as her head prodded up into the naked canopy. She felt Kathryn stepping back, making room for her as she inflated Sage's perfect little body with gushes of scalding precum. The popping of bones as they lengthened to carry her power mirrored the crackling of her horns as they swelled with her skull, keeping up with her. Her teeth were sabers, sharp and uniform, an army in their own right. Her flexing claws were scythes, deadly, but gentle around her lover's misshapen figure. Sage was practically all cock now, huge and appearing almost segmented as the passage of her massive ridges shook the vixen's entire body. Still, the glint of light off of braided scales caught her eye, the light glimmering off of a forearm that clutched at her inhuman dragonhood.

Her body snapped brittle branches from the trees that surrounded her, and Kathryn scurried for safety, slipping between her legs and into the shadow of her bloated cock. She shielded Sage in the same breath, leaning over, pressing her immense bust into the vixen's back, practically pushing Sage between them as her breasts squished around her ebony colossus. Even then, she didn't, couldn't relent. She bucked her massive hips in a fast, hammering rhythm that matched the magnitude of her lust. Sage took it all, eyes rolled back, unseeing, as she moaned and squealed and came and came around her. There was nothing else in the fox's world. It was a universe of pleasure, of cock and cum and relentless, pounding euphoria. Her whole body throbbed over the dragoness's inhuman endowment, and even as Emma's shuddering growth slowed, pushing her to more than thirty feet tall, with more than double the vixen's height in rich, masculine flesh alone, she couldn't have hoped to prepare herself for what was to come last.

Emma felt it approaching unstopably, and she crashed headlong into it, flying wildly off the ledge of her monstrous desire as her own titanic orgasm overwhelmed what was left of her

thinking mind. Seeking a foundation in reality, her tail snaked out behind her, coiling itself around the bole of an ancient oak, but as her whole body tensed, flexed and surged its last, her spasming musculature drew the loops of scaly strength inward. The tree creaked and screamed, wood turning to powder as it almost exploded from the force to which it was subject. Bursting free of an opening in the low canopy, Emma threw her head back, jerked her hips forward, and gave herself over to her reward for such patience.

She roared as she came, and the sound of her tremendous voice alone was enough to shake the wooded area around her, sending twigs tumbling from above. Electric fire raged in her throat, and as she released, arcs of jagged, violet lightning exploded from between her jaws to set the sky alight with the strength of her rapture. She felt Sage draw tight down around her as she swelled with the beginnings of the coming tide, and as she erupted, her world went white with bliss.

Gallons of boiling cum burst forth from her flaring crown, and it was visible as a sudden distension in the already heinously stretched skin that covered the whole of her immense cock. It strained outward in a long jet before Sage's surface tensions brought her furred hide snapping back to place, sealed close to that geysering member with a knot of burning jizz quivering at its apex. It was joined by another and another, each mingling with the last as she truly gave the vixen something around which to warp.

Sage bloated, but was far too overfilled to accept much more of anything, and as Emma's bulging cumvein delivered load upon load to her vulpine lover, her excess outlined that same stretched, throbbing path back the way it had come, spilling from between the vixen's spread legs in a fountain of pearlescent white. Ropey, head-sized globules of potent, draconic seed splashed to the ground between the dragoness's knees, splattering up onto Kathryn's unsuspecting body as Emma's everlasting, sublime ecstasy poured between Sage and her in gouts of viscous virility.

She roared and growled and throbbed and ached for what seemed to her to be an eternity. And though she would never truly be empty, she was, after a time, satisfied, and she felt her pulsing output subside into a mere trickle that poured from Sage expanded depths in a slimy river. She raked claws down the side of her face, gasping, blinking numbly at the trees around her, and ran fingers over the webbing of a tender fin. She knelt in a pool of her own creation, having filled the little depression in which she and her lovers had indulged themselves with a lake of her own lusty fluids. She could feel the heat radiating up from it on her legs and loins alike, and she sighed as she trailed a palm up the top of her ribbed cock, feeling it deflate within its furred prison. Sage shivered, her pliant passage still fluttering as best as it was able around the dragon's tool, and Emma took mercy, carefully drawing the vixen off of her before she was worked into another erection.

Foot after foot after foot slid from between the fox's spasming legs, and every inch freed a sea of cum that rained down in milky sheets, but her belly gradually receded as she emptied with a little help from the dragon who supported her limp body. When Emma was free to droop low under her own ponderous weight, the vixen looked almost normal, albeit hugely gravid with a womb full of seed. Her blue eyes were still hazed, but she looked around sluggishly, bewildered and twitching. Dipping her great, horned head, the dragoness pressed her nose down into a slow kiss, molding her lips over her foxy lover's belly. The faintest pressures squeezed a stream of slimy cum from her gaping womanhood, making her writhe and moan and clutch at the end of her snout, but she didn't let up, pressing gently until Sage had returned, at least for the most part, to her normal, fragile proportions.

With the flexing of powerful, internal muscles, Emma pulled her oversized equipment back into her body, sealing herself away for another day, and then sank down onto her haunches, tail waving happily behind her as she carefully smothered Sage in wave after wave of clumsy, enormous kisses. The fox slowly stirred, life oozing back into her numbed limbs, and she lifted shaky arms loosely grip the tip of the dragoness's nose, fingers clasping at sturdy, enlarged scales. Her breath ruffled that sleek, miraculously clean fur, save for where it was plastered to her skin with a layer of slick fluids, between her legs and down the insides of her thighs.

The dragon was all too keen to help keep her tiny lover clean. Her tongue, easily as thick as Sage's arm, slipped free and slithered down that trembling body, between those dangling legs. She licked the vixen clean with long, languid strokes that savored the flavor of her own lust, and she was sure to treat the delicate creature's tender, well-used flesh with the utmost of affectionate care as she replaced drying cum with slick saliva. While she worked, she reached down, between her legs to where Kathryn was taking refuge, and dragged the feline out into the light to give her the same treatment, cleaning up a miniscule portion of the mess that she made.

Miraculous though it may have been, she could taste the cat's own release on the pale fur of her belly, and it brought a smile to her lips as her tongue meandered, taking its time on each lovely contour. She held the two women together and against her, bracing them, and the way Sage's arms blindly sought out the familiar solidity of the feline next to her. They kissed awkwardly, and she pulled her serpentine oral organ back into her maw, heaving a pleased, fulfilled sigh as she settled back, simply plopping down into her own whitish sea.

She hoisted the weightless little forms in her arms a little higher, squeezing them gently into her scaly breasts and sliding her snout against them, letting a low purr swell upward in her chest. Kathryn was grinning like a lunatic, and even Sage seemed to be getting a handle on her out-of-control breathing. Contented, she leaned lazily backward, splintering nearby branches as she rested against the bole of an oak that groaned ominously as she reclined lightly into it. It held though, and she spent a few minutes enjoying the feel of the wind drifting over the hide of her fins as the other two squirmed in her arms. She idly ran a claw along the line of one of the thin, flexible spines. Having a little extra bare skin to simply touch felt nice. It was so sensitive, and she pulled in a long hiss through her purr as she rubbed a knuckle behind her jaw.

A light tickling pulled her attention downward again, and she smiled fondly at Kathryn, who was prodding at a patch of scales on her arm. There were a few missing, a hole in her otherwise impregnable defenses, the spot what which she had taken the bronze for her gifts. "Did it hurt?" the feline wondered up at her while Sage was still blinking up at the sky.

She chuckled, rolling her heavy shoulders in a casual shrug. It's not like they were intended to come out, but what was a little pain? Kathryn responded by laying a hand over the irregular breach in her scales, clutching the comb that had come from it against her chest. "Thank you, Emma."

She simply laughed again and squeezed her arms a little more firmly into her, squishing her tiny lovers against her breasts, the cushion of which pulled little more than a wheeze from the two women as she gently drew them further up her body, nestling them both to either side of her throat. The rumble of her purrs vibrated through their bodies, and her tail curled happily around the tree behind her, blanketing rough bark in a coil of bronze and blue scales. Her chest felt tight under the volume of her joy, and as it peaked, she shuddered as the well of strength in her core stretched her outward, adding a handful of inches to her already titanic frame.

If Kathryn or Sage noticed the arms holding them gaining mass or the throat they were pressed into thickening incrementally, they didn't say anything, though the recovering vixen

finally opened her mouth to let out a slow, expansive sigh, one that was coarse and shaky. "Emma..." she croaked, "Wh-what... How... My... What?"

A rich laugh bubbled up in her lungs, and Kathryn wriggled over to snuggle up against the flustered vixen. She cradled them both close, shielding their soft, naked forms from the cool breeze. Just the little knots of warmth against her scales that were the two cherished women were enough to leave her relaxed, and the relative peace of her surroundings after such a maelstrom of violent activity left her leaning further and further back, slowly bending the hale oak behind her to a more and more threatening degree. It began to splinter under her weight, and she grumbled wordlessly as she reached back, hooking an arm around it before twisting with all of her unrelenting strength.

The tree shrieked and shattered, tumbling to the side as she ripped it from the ground and grunted with the effort of tossing its sundered corpse to the roots of its brothers. She then filled the vacated space with her body, letting herself slump backwards until her sail was folded comfortably beneath her. Emma kept Kathryn and Sage against her, squeezed intimately into her chest, and she draped her half-spread wings over herself, shading them from the sinking sun while trapping them against the warmth of her enormous body. Her eyes drooped heavily, but her purr continued, and as she finally let fatigue drag her down, she savored their tiny weights atop her, smiling lazily as they luxuriated in one another's arms within the protection of her own.