

Settling In

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The thick, sturdy oak door leading to the Archmage's sleeping quarters nearly flew from its hinges as Daryn roughly kicked it open, sweeping Clara into the spacious room in his arms. Situated in one of the topmost rooms of the Archmage's complex, the large chamber was high ceilinged and airy, with large windows on three of the walls that let in bright rays of afternoon sunlight. Tall bookshelves lined the other six edges of the nine-sided room, full of books on a plethora of subjects. A simple desk, its surface covered in more books and piles of paper sat in front of the central window, looking out over the city of Southcliff. Contrasting with the size and scope of the room, a small, simple bed was pushed to the side of the space, almost as an afterthought.

In one of the few rooms in his home whose peaked ceilings could fully contain his great height, Daryn straightened his back from the bent position he had been in as he rushed up the stairs to his room. He took a deep breath, his enhanced olfactory organs picking up the barest hints of the smells that permeated his living space: the musty odor of old books, the faint tang of the dust he kicked up as he carried Clara into the room, and, just barely, the scents wafting up to his perch from the city below. Perhaps he had gotten a little homesick; he had missed this place.

A movement against his arms snapped his attention back to reality. He hefted the dragoness higher against him, admiring her features as she, too, swept her eyes around the room. Her features were softer and more delicate than his own, and she had a snout that was slightly shorter and more flat. Below the horns that crowned her head, a pair of crystalline emerald eyes glittered, their pupils contracted into narrow, predatory slits. They suddenly focused on him, and she said in her deep, luxuriant voice, "This whole place smells like you."

The dragon chuckled, his polished golden scales sending points of light scattering across the room. He ran an onyx clawed hand along the curve of Clara's ample rear and down the scales of her thigh as he pressed her weighty breasts more firmly into his chest. "Sorry if I offend." He said in mock embarrassment. "Usually when a lovely lady comes calling I have more time to prepare, but somebody just couldn't wait."

Clara snorted, a puff of fine white mist jetting from her flared nostrils. "Who said I was complaining." Her eyes passed over the room again. "I just hope this room can take both of us. I'm going to start soon; I can feel it." She took several more deep breaths, letting her lungs fill with the Archmage's particular scent. Daryn raised the scaled ridge above his eye and opened his mouth to voice his confusion, but the dragoness abruptly tightened her grip around his waist and shoulders, choking his question into a wheeze.

The answer to his question chose that moment to reveal itself. Clara's body shivered as, with a soft rustling sound, a wave ran over her body from head to tail tip, fine muscles lifting her scales and lowering them. During the peculiar phenomenon, Clara's breathing quickened and she pressed her snout into the cleft of Daryn's shoulder, gulping down huge lungfuls of the dragon's scent. "Gods' Blood, Daryn, I've never smelled anything so enticing in my life. I wish I had another nose. I can't get enough of it." She squeezed again as another wave washed over her. "You have no idea how hard it's been to have you in my nose all the time."

It was Daryn's turn to snort a cloud of thin, grey smoke. "This coming from the most beautiful creature I've ever seen, one who never wears clothes... Do you have any notion as to how hard it is to focus with your body filling my vision when I'm trying to work? I thought I

would never get your wing healed." He hugged her slender body to his chest as she squirmed in his grip. "Now would you quit wriggling and... Oh!"

As if on cue, Clara's body shuddered and she let out a strangled gasp, followed by a pleased moan. Daryn blinked at the odd sensation of the dragoness's body suddenly growing heavier as she clung to him. The swell of her rear filled a bit more of his hand and without thinking he gave the firm muscle an affectionate grope. She cooed and arched her back as her breasts puffed up, pushing their bodies fractionally further apart with their pliant mass. "Oooh," Clara panted into Daryn's shoulder, still gulping in huge breaths, "I forgot how good this feels when you're not fighting it." Her tail, wrapped around Daryn's leg as it was, flexed like some tapering serpent trying to crush the life out of the trapped limb as it inched longer.

Clara threw back her head as she pushed a breath out through her clenched teeth in a hiss of pleasure. Daryn got a close look at the thin, webbed spines that began to slowly push themselves from between the fine scales behind her jaw, below the base of her horns. The delicate fins fluttered through the air as they lengthened. Daryn had to move the hand he had braced in the small of Clara's back as a similar, but larger, icy blue sail sprouted from the dragoness's spine, supported by flexible struts that arced down towards the end of her tail. "Yes!" Clara growled low in her throat, drawing the word into another long hiss as she leaned back down to look Daryn in the eye. "Do you see what you do to me?" she asked, her voice husky with desire, "I can feel the need burn under my scales." She clutched desperately at Daryn as her whole body shook with the force of another wave of growth. "It builds and builds until it feels like I'm going to explode... so I do."

She grunted as her spine lengthened, pushing her face closer to Daryn's. "I just have to let it out." Clara panted with rising urgency. "Let thoughts of you fill me until my body screams for your touch." The powerful muscles of her shapely legs twitched eagerly when her lengthening limbs touched the ground, catching her weight as she swept her dragon's legs from underneath him with her tail. Clara's arms slowed him as he fell, depositing him softly on his back and letting herself be pulled down on top of him by his weight.

Grunting more from his building desire than from Clara weight as she fell atop him, he didn't miss a beat, his hands returning instantly to the smooth lines of Clara's swelling curves. "Gods, I could kiss you." he muttered heatedly.

Her lips peeling away from her teeth in an eager grin, Clara responded, "Is that an invitation?" When Daryn opened his mouth to reply, the tapering length of Clara's icy blue tongue spooled out of her mouth and slipped between Daryn's teeth. Daryn made an intrigued sound low in his throat as Clara moved her tongue slowly around his own, trying to coax it to life. The flexing muscle occupying his mouth was cool against his own as he returned Clara's oral attentions, his uncertain movements betraying his inexperience.

Not about to let that slow him down, Daryn pulled Clara's face down to his, his eyes slipping closed as he tried to pull more of the dragoness's tongue into his maw, the raw, shameless intimacy of the act shooting sheets of fire through his veins. He let his awareness collapse into itself, letting the feeling of Clara's tongue undulating inside of his mouth absorb all his attention. He could track the other dragon's growth by the gradual thickening of the slender organ as it writhed alongside his own. Daryn didn't bother to stifle the moan that bubbled up from his chest as he twined his tongue around Clara's, massaging it's swelling girth with as much tender dexterity as the dragon could muster.

Daryn took no small amount of pleasure as Clara's motions grew slow and lazy, letting him set the pace as her tongue followed the movements of his own increasingly confident organ.

As if in contrast to the growing heat that was pulsing through his body, Clara's pale blue flesh grew even colder as she writhed both on top of him and inside of him. He felt a mounting pressure building in his loins, and it rapidly built itself up into a needy throbbing that pulsed almost uncomfortably under his scales.

The dragon voiced a disappointed groan as Clara slowly withdrew her tongue from between Daryn's jaws, leaving a thin strand of their mixed saliva connecting their snouts. She broke it with a casual finger as her face contorted into an almost human pout. "What's the matter," she asked, knowing full well the answer, "feeling a little pent up?" She pushed herself upright, grinding her muscular rear into Daryn's crotch as she gave him a good look at her developing assets. "Something hot and thick getting anxious to see me?" She shuddered with barely contained longing as she slid herself back, dipping low until her face hovered between Daryn's thighs. "No need to be shy. I don't bite... hard."

A desperate whine slipped through Daryn's clenched teeth. "H-how... I can't... Oh Gods, what do I do?"

Eager craving glinted in Clara's hungry eyes, but her voice sobered slightly as she mumbled, "Pay attention then, I'm only going to do this whenever you want." Pushing apart Daryn's thighs, she lightly traced his thick muscles down to the cleft between his legs. His tail twitched impatiently underneath her as Clara delicately placed her clawed fingers on either side of the almost imperceptible line of glittering obsidian scales she knew hid her prize. "It's all about muscle control." said the amorous dragoness, letting her tongue slip from her mouth once more to slide playfully across over Daryn's scales.

Daryn let out an urgent hiss as Clara wormed the tip of her tongue with some difficulty into the tightly clenched slit that hid Daryn's genitals so foolishly from her. She faltered momentarily at the searing heat that roiled just under her lover's skin, but she recovered quickly, and with gentle, circular motions, massaged the tense, delicate muscles that trapped Daryn's member within him.

The monumental pressure that had built in Daryn's loins began to relent under the Clara's tender oral affections as she used her own frigid organ to convince his tight muscles to release their prisoner. The dragon sighed in relief at the sensation of sudden release that washed through him as his muscles relaxed. He grunted as Clara drew her tongue out of him, its job done. The grunt turned into an ardent moan as the slit in his hide opened wide, and the turgid mass of his scarlet skinned member erupted from his loins, slapping heavily against his abdomen as it fell away from Clara's face.

Clara's nostrils flared as she let out a reverent breath. Her hands hovered over the throbbing length of Daryn's flesh as it pulsed with each of the dragon's heartbeats, seeming almost afraid to touch it. The heat it gave off was tremendous, and the beads of fluid that gathered on its tip suffused the room with a spicy, intoxicating aroma that sent a new wave of growth rocking through Clara's still swelling body.

Daryn's crimson flesh bent ponderously under its own weight as it slowly stiffened, rising off of the onyx scales of the dragon's belly. It surged thicker as it arced up to meet Clara's trembling fingers. Its girth tapered slightly towards its tip before it flared out into an elongated head. A series of thick, fleshy ridges ran across the top of it, from tip to its thick base, giving it a segmented appearance.

As its surface pressed against Clara's palms, her fingers tried hopelessly to close around its girth. The dragoness grinned like a starving man presented with a king's banquet. Daryn looked down the length of his body at the dragoness, who, for the time being, had seemed to

forget about everything but the draconian length in her hands. The dragon couldn't blame her, he too was shocked at his own size, the thing was longer than his forearm and thicker than his wrist, and still gained volume as it stiffened. He wondered for a split second what Clara intended to do with it, because he wasn't fully sure he wouldn't split her in half if she tried to take its girth.

As if in rebellion against his silent doubt, Clara urged Daryn's scarlet flesh onward with slowly pumping fingers, backing her head away from it as it approached her, giving it all the room it seemed to desire as it swelled into proud hardness. Swiping the beads of liquid that had accumulated on the tip of Daryn's titanic member with a nonchalant finger, she slid the moistened digit between her ivory teeth with exaggerated slowness. Her finger was slick with her saliva as she pulled it from her maw with just as much care.

Clara's breathing suddenly became quick and urgent. "Just what I needed." she panted fervently. Her breath caught in her throat, and her whole body stiffened as if straining against some invisible force. "H-hold on, Daryn... Nngh!" she groaned through her tension, "It's about to get rough."

His tail twined almost reflexively around Clara's as Daryn grinned widely, beckoning the dragoness with a finger. "Bring it on, Beautiful." he whispered in draconic.

She nodded eagerly, and with a release of energy that Daryn could feel as it filled the room, Clara's entire body jerked powerfully and her breath left her in a high pitched moan that bordered on a pleasure scream. Clara's hands shot to her expansive breasts as her body seemed to explode. Accompanied by an audible popping sound as tendons strained to keep up with her bones, her slender frame shot up nearly another foot in height in the span of a split second. Her breasts gorged themselves on the energy that coursed through Clara's form, pressing ambitiously into her waiting hands as they gained mass, the dragoness's tough hide giving them all the support they needed while they heaved in time with Clara's deep breaths.

With dexterous fingers, the dragoness shamelessly ravaged the stiff, pale blue flesh of the tender buds that capped her breasts. "I wish you would join me." she growled low in her chest, her usually melodious voice deep and coarse with raw need. Her tongue slithered between her teeth as it dove down to encircle a nipple that thickened as much with desire as from its growth. Her figure shook with passion as her expanding bust pushed her fingers apart with soft, pliant flesh that bulged between her slender, claw-tipped digits.

Her tail spasmed and thickened prodigiously, coiling around the dragon's own as it writhed in ecstasy. Not to be outdone by her luscious breasts, the curve of her hips bowed further outward as they swelled thicker, pushing her a further few inches into the air as the smooth muscle of her sumptuous ass surged under her scales.

Every breath left her lungs in an excited moan as she goaded herself into an ardent fervor. Occasionally, Clara would fiercely clench her teeth and hiss out a labored grunt. With every breath, the dragoness's entire body would throb visibly and pulse larger, and Daryn began to worry in the tiny corner of his mind not awe of the spectacle before him. Clara had long since surpassed the size of her draconian lover, and was rapidly beginning to fill the available space in the room. Already her outstretched wings could almost touch the opposite walls, and even resting on her knees as she was, her elegant horns threatened to scrape against the ceiling as she tossed her head through the air.

As the tips of her horns began to brush the bare timbers of the peaked roof, Clara let out an excited, energetic laugh. She hunched over Daryn's supine form, the ceiling creaking ominously as her shoulders pressed against it. She bent lower, crushing her soft, full breasts into Daryn's chest as she laid the lean length of her abdomen against his, trapping his steel-hard

member between them. "You've given me so much more," she rumbled privately to the dragon imprisoned beneath her, "but I will wait for you."

Daryn felt a tremor work its way through Clara's body, each individual muscle quaking with primal desire as she went through one last shuddering spurt of growth that left the dragoness panting furiously atop her lover. Slowly, almost cautiously, Daryn raised his hands, laying his fingers lightly on the succulent swells of Clara's hips. Clara eyed him silently with a look that Daryn had seen on her face the night before. Gone from her demeanor was any hint of playfulness. What glinted now in her piercing emerald eyes was something primeval, an ancient hunger that only dragons could comprehend. She was the huntress and he her prey, trapped and helpless before her strength and majesty.

Had Daryn not been so desperately aroused, he may have been afraid, but, seemly intent on allaying any of his potential fears, Clara reached back, plucking Daryn's hands from her hips with her own, twining her fingers through his. As if to remind him what he would soon get, she ground her crotch against the underside of his furiously throbbing cock. She pushed herself partially off of Daryn's chest, not enough to once again threaten the ceiling, but enough to expose the stiff blue nipples that capped her voluptuous breasts. She placed Daryn's hands under them so they hung heavily into his hands, filling them beyond capacity. Taking the hint, Daryn began to knead the supple flesh, marveling at how delightfully soft they were as Clara's breaths made them heave in his fingers.

Clara slid herself backward, pulling a moan from Daryn's throat as she dragged the glittering white scales of her torso along his trapped member. Her ass jutted proudly into the air behind her as she dipped her chest low, slipping the tip of the dragon's cock into the valley of her cleavage. The thickly scaled ridges above Daryn's eyes rose as his interest was piqued, but Clara paid his reaction no mind. She let Daryn's tapering head just begin to peek out from between the tops of her breasts before snaking her tongue out to once again collect the beads of clear fluid that had gathered there.

She made a pleased sound in her throat and began to slide up and down, slowly pumping Daryn between her breasts. With long, slow strokes, she worked Daryn's girth until it oozed a thick stream of clear liquid that filled the lungs of both dragons with a heady, aromatic scent. Not about to be the only one to receive attention, Daryn carefully slipped his tail through the coils that had it contained. Clara slowed but didn't stop, considering Daryn's motions with a suspicion glance. Bending his tail back on itself, Daryn slipped the tip of the agile appendage between the dragoness and himself, playing lightly along the sensitive base of Clara's thick, muscular tail.

An encouraging coo bubbled through Clara's teeth when Daryn gently probed the scales that hid the dragoness's womanhood. Clara twitched, and Daryn sighed with approval as he felt the dragoness open herself to him, the frigid folds of her engorging flower practically dripping with slick lubricant. Daryn teased an ardent moan out of Clara as he slipped the first few inches of his tail inside her. It was cold... glacially, bitterly cold, but instead of numbness or the aching pain of overexposure, the tip of the dragon's tail began to tingle with an enticing pins-and-needles sensation.

Letting Daryn tease her for a few moments, Clara worked to cover her prize with a coat of the thick slime that Daryn had been trickling into a growing puddle that soaked the scales of his abdomen. The dragoness was not gentle, and Daryn retaliated by sliding nearly a foot of his tail into her without warning. The dragon's smooth scales, made slick with the stream of feminine juices that were running from Clara's needy womanhood, slipped easily between her

lower lips, and Clara's breath caught in her throat, her hands faltering momentarily on the burning girth of the dragon's throbbing flesh.

Daryn tried to look apologetic despite his wide, toothy grin, and he pulled slowly out of Clara's folds, wriggling the whole way. The sound that rattled in Clara's lungs Daryn couldn't decide was a moan or growl, but it hardly mattered. Foreplay long since over, the dragoness rose up, towering over Daryn, filling the room with her bulk. Standing on her toes for the first time, and still bent nearly in half to avoid destroying the roof, Clara looked down at the dragon, who felt small for the first time since his miraculous transformation. The sunlight filtering in through the windows was tinted blue as it passed through the membranes of Clara's broad wings and the floor on which Daryn lay shook as she took a small step forward, positioning herself over the dragon's eager flesh as it jutted proudly from Daryn's loins. No longer did Daryn doubt Clara's ability to fit him, and with the look Clara had fixed him with, he only hoped to make it through the dragoness's tender affections without a broken bone.

She crouched, placing a steadying hand on Daryn's chest as she slowly lowered herself down until she hovered only a few, tantalizing inches over the object that absorbed her attention. Both dragons hissed fiercely through clenched teeth when Clara made contact, their sexual fluids mixing for the first time. Daryn fought not to buck his hips and spear Clara on his length, shaking with the effort it required. It didn't feel at cold as he had expected. Clara eased herself lower until his head slipped inside of her. With jolts of mind-numbing pleasure that rocked up and down Daryn's spine, he felt the walls of Clara's womanhood gleefully massaging what little of his full length she had managed to take inside of her so far.

Clara slapped a hand down on the floor next to Daryn's head, claws tearing through the rug and slicing deeply into the stone floor as she balled her fingers into a fist. Her powerful thighs shook with the strain of keeping her suspended over the dragon's body; the burning heat now pulsing through her womanhood with the dragon's heartbeat demanded that she let herself drop, harpooning her trembling pussy onto Daryn's magnificent member. She took a knee, letting herself slide incrementally further down the dragon's length. Her tail spasmed through the air as the first of the thick, fleshy ridges that lined the dragon's member slipped into her.

Fighting to keep his eyes from rolling back into his head, Daryn focused on the pendulous orbs of Clara's breasts as they hung over him, shaking with Clara's passion. He raised his hands to their lush curves, letting them fill his fingers as he squeezed and groped mercilessly. Clara uttered another wordless moan and slid further down, taking another several ridges into her as she dropped to both knees. The vicelike tightness of Clara's inner walls ravaged Daryn's sensitive flesh as powerful muscles contracted rhythmically around him. The polar chill that Daryn had mentally prepared himself for did not show itself, and the temperature of Clara's folds as she stretched around more and more of his girth was cool and inviting, begging to be warmed. The dragon's nostrils flared around a deep breath; he would gladly be her furnace.

Clara's body tensed as shaking muscles lowered her further, the dragoness stifling a prolonged groan as she felt herself stretch wider around the burning heat of Daryn manhood. "What's wrong?" Daryn said through a choked grunt of his own. "Still too big? It's-Nngh... Y-you're own fault. You made me like this. O-oh Gods!"

Her eyes narrowing dangerously, Clara let herself drop, Daryn sliding roughly into her until only a couple inches were left exposed to the air. Daryn's breath left him in a whine as the dragoness growled and let her weight drag her down until the crotches of the two dragons met, Clara's muscles relaxing reluctantly to allow Daryn's full length entrance to her needy passage.

A purr rumbled in Clara's chest, her eyes sliding closed as she took a moment to adjust to the searing heat that was impaled within her. Daryn could hardly breathe. Every time he managed to summon the focus required to pull in a ragged breath, Clara's silky walls rippled around him, and the air rushed out of his lungs in a passionate moan.

The hand on Daryn's chest grew heavier as Clara leaned more of her weight on it, holding Daryn down as she pushed herself slowly upward, baring a third of Daryn's draconian package to the light with an inhaled hiss. The dragoness shivered as the hot, fleshy ridges rising from the back of Daryn's cock scraped against her entrance, threatening to rob her of her muscle control. Her arm twitched, and her breath left her chest in a barely controlled sigh that resonated with her ecstasy as she bore down on Daryn's crotch, hiling him within her once more.

Breathing in time with her movements, Clara began to push herself slowly up and down, hovering tantalizingly before beginning the return trip downward to mash the pale blue lips of her quivering womanhood against the smooth scales between Daryn's legs. The dragon's tail thrashed energetically through the air, slapping heavily on the floor as his muscles spasmed uncontrollably. He wanted to do something, anything, but he could hardly think straight, and the electric bolts of agonizing pleasure that rocked through his core shook his concentration.

Clara's body dwarfed his own, casting a shadow that hid him from the sunlight pouring in through the windows behind the dragoness as she rose and fell above him. Daryn could see her lean muscles flex and ripple under her scales as she increased the tempo of her movements. Her breathing grew more and more excited as she bounced atop Daryn's pinned frame, each time pulling further up before slamming down again with brutal force. Gritting his teeth in a ferocious snarl, Daryn slipped his fingers as far around Clara's slim waist as they would go and squeezed his eyes shut tight.

He didn't need his eyes. He was nearing the limits of his endurance, and from the way Clara was fluttering around his girth, she was too. Time seemed to slow to a crawl, and Daryn relished the feeling of Clara's powerful muscles growing taut under his fingers as they worked to lift her bulk off of him. He could feel the strength in her body as she brought herself back down, cords of muscle bulging, tensing as she filled herself over and over again with the dragon's blisteringly hot flesh, which throbbed urgently inside of her, combating the crushing pressure of her trembling walls.

As Daryn was forcefully plunged into Clara's depths, he realized that the dragoness no longer felt cold. Instead, gentle warmth radiated from her core, warmth that grew more intense each time the dragons' crotches met. His effect on the dragoness energized him, and he knew that the time for passive observation was over. The next time Clara raised herself off of him, he bent his knees, bracing himself against the floor in preparation. When the dragoness began the trip down, Daryn bucked his hips upward with as much force as he dared, pounding into her and sending a tremor quaking through her body.

Clara's fingers tightened on Daryn's chest, but she muffled a pleased whine before she growled in warning. Not about to back down though, the dragon took the opportunity presented by the brief pause to slide his hands down the swell of Clara's wide hips, hooking his clawed fingers under the luscious cheeks of the dragoness's magnificent ass for leverage.

Clara started to move, but Daryn acted first. The muscles in his thick arms bulging with the effort of lifting Clara's weight, the dragon pulled himself nearly completely free of Clara's folds before slamming back in with brutal strength. Clara gasped at the sudden, unexpected movement, and her arms shook traitorously, threatening to drop her on top of her draconian lover. Before Clara could retaliate, Daryn speared her again on his blistering length, this time

drawing a high-pitched yelp from between the dragoness's teeth. Daryn quickly gained momentum, and a few mighty thrusts later, Clara's strength finally faltered, her wobbling arms dropping her weight onto Daryn's body.

The dragon shifted his hips to get a better angle as the soft mass of Clara's breasts filled his vision. Already on the edge, Daryn didn't wait long to let the tempo of his pistoning hips build to a frenzied pitch. Moving slowly, and seemingly surrendered to the dragon beneath her, Clara arched her back, lifting the weight of her torso off of Daryn's chest to allow him to move more freely. Clara rested her bulk on her forearms, leaving the weighty globes of her bust pressed into him as Daryn's tongue sneaked from between his teeth to toy with Clara's aching nipples.

Clara contorted herself further, drawing back until the soft mass of her chest rested just under Daryn's chin, allowing him to once more see the light of day. The dragoness then twisted her neck to rest the tip of her snout against Daryn's shoulder, teeth clenched tightly around nearly constant, shuddering moans. Each forceful impact shook Clara's body, bouncing her lightly along the length of Daryn's frame, accompanied by a likewise potent cascade of euphoric bliss that crashed through each dragon's mind.

Her mouth dropping open and her tongue lolling limply out between her teeth, Clara's breathing grew even more frenzied, the air leaving her lungs in a series of short, ragged pants. Each breath released a thin cloud of fine, white mist that crystallized on the golden scales of Daryn's shoulder in a thin coat of ice. Faced with the igneous heat that poured from Daryn's body, the ice melted instantly, but was soon replaced with a fresh layer as Clara's gasps grew increasingly frantic.

Daryn was so close it almost hurt. In a few seconds, nothing in the universe could stop him from giving into rapture. He just hoped that Clara was as close as her urgently fluttering muscles proclaimed. Breaking the silence for the first time since giving into the hunger that had swallowed her, Clara spoke, her voice rough with overwhelming desire and thunderously commanding.

"Fuck me!" the dragoness practically shouted in draconic. "Ram me like a trapped animal! Show me how strong you are! How much you want me!" She straightened her back, again burying Daryn underneath her huge form. "You did this to me, Calidus! Made me so big and beautiful! Now fuck me! Show me the fire that burns inside you! Show me the dragon you've always been!" Her legs scrabbled furiously on the floor, her thick, ivory claws tearing deep ruts in the smooth stone in her passion. "Fuck me! Fuck me raw until I can't move! Fuck me full of eggs! Gods' Blood, Calidus, just fuck me! FuckmefuckmefuckmeFUCKME! AUGH!"

Clara's body convulsed as the first wave of her orgasm crashed into her. She threw herself upright, her longest horns slicing two long gouges in the ceiling until she thudded to a stop, her shoulders pressed against the thick timbers supporting the roof. The wood creaked ominously as Clara flexed, sinking her claws deep into the thick wooden beams for support as she came hard atop her lover. She sucked in a huge breath through tightly clenched teeth, and then her jaw dropped open to emit a high-pitched scream that sent tiny cracks shooting through the windows. Her wail gradually deepened, growing in intensity until a deafening roar shook the room around the two dragons, peeling flakes of stone from the walls and rattling the glass of the windows in their panes, finally shattering them.

The trapped dragon grunted as Clara's walls suddenly clenched painfully tight around him, then spasmed rhythmically, as if trying desperately to milk his draconian tool. This sent

Daryn over the edge, and he felt his viciously throbbing member thicken with the first load of his scorching seed as he erupted inside Clara.

The dragoness nearly choked on her tongue when she felt Daryn's volcanic heat begin to pour into her, piling overwhelming sensations atop those already storming through her body. Her roar abruptly ceased, and she threw her head back, slamming her horns cleanly through the ceiling above her. The silence lasted for only a moment before Daryn let out a cry of his own, a deep resonant roar that vibrated in his chest as he arched his back, trying to reach himself even deeper into Clara while he pressed her against the ceiling.

Daryn fired rope after thick, searing rope into the dragoness that writhed atop him, every blast of virile seed making Clara tense powerfully, each of the draconic woman's sinewy muscles rippling against her scales in time with the orgasmic contractions that rocked her body. Her claws tore huge splinters of wood from the ceiling beams as they clenched and relaxed and she gnashed her teeth wildly as her horns cut thick rents in the roof, letting in the bright afternoon sun.

His voice vibrating in his skull, the dragon roared until his lungs were empty, and only then did the torrential flow issuing from his vigorously throbbing member begin to abate, still spurting fitfully into the molten reservoir he had pumped into Clara's womb. The strength left Daryn's muscles and he collapsed back onto the floor, his head supported by his horns as they dug into the smooth stone. He gulped down huge amounts of air as he panted, his eyes bleary and unfocused.

As Clara's walls began to relax, they suddenly clenched painfully tight, pulling a shocked gasp from Daryn as his member felt like it was caught in a vice. Using the timbers of the roof for support, Clara lifted herself off of Daryn, rising up until the dragon's scarlet-skinned cock was freed to ooze a stream of pearlescent jizz down its slowly softening length. Satisfied that none of the boiling liquid that roasted her insides had escaped, the dragoness disentangled herself from the ceiling beams and lowered her body to lie next to her insensate lover.

A low purr rumbled in Clara's expansive chest as she pulled Daryn's body into hers, enveloping him tenderly in her bulk. Without thinking, her tail coiled lovingly around the dragon's own, and Clara shielded them both from the sun with a wing thrown over the two of them like a translucent blue blanket. The dragoness swept a finger along the underside of Daryn's crimson member, taking with it the clear slime of their mixed fluids and the thick, pearly white goo of Daryn's seed. She slid the dripping digit between her teeth, cleaning it with her tongue before murmuring a pleased hum.

Daryn's awareness gradually returned to reality, and he felt Clara's hand move possessively to his stomach as he shifted. He returned an innocent growl and flipped over on his side to face Clara as she fixed him with a half-lidded, satisfied look. He pulled himself closer to the dragoness, burying himself in her cleavage as he pressed his body against hers. Her purring rumbled in his head as it increased in volume and Clara twitched as he slid his hands adoringly over the scales covering the dragoness's curves.

"Clara..." he mumbled, his voice muffled by mounds of delightfully soft breastflesh. Before he could finish the statement, the dragoness cradled Daryn head in her hand and snaked an arm underneath him. With a contented sigh, Clara rolled over on top of him, shadowing him again with her huge frame. She wriggled herself down Daryn's body, pressing the weighty mass of her bust into the dragons chest as she leaned down to run her tongue along the short spikes that lined Daryn's jaw.

His tongue snaked out to rub its slick surface tenderly against hers in gentle invitation, his red on her blue. Daryn could taste himself on her as she slipped her tongue between his teeth, her thick, sinuous organ filling his mouth. Its cool length undulated placidly alongside Daryn's tongue, and Clara seemed to relax further as her breathing became even and tranquil. Daryn could feel Clara's purring through her tongue, and he raised his head in sudden alarm when Clara's breath caught in her throat and she jerked lightly over him.

The hand Clara had under Daryn gave the fine muscles at the base of his wings a comforting squeeze, and she pulled her tongue from his mouth to look at him down the length of her snout, flashing him a warm smile. She twitched again, letting out a languid moan as she shuddered and began to gradually shrink. Daryn held onto her, keeping her eyes level with his as she grew lighter on top of him. As she approached a more normal size, the delicate blue fins that had sprouted from her head reluctantly receded, pulling back into her body along with the graceful sail that ran down her back.

After returning to her original proportions, Clara let herself melt into Daryn's broad physique, luxuriating in the steady heat that rose from his scales, complimenting the warmth that radiated from her core. She idly traced the tightly overlapping scales over Daryn's powerful chest with an ivory claw. Finally larger than his lover once again, Daryn wrapped his arms around the dragoness, hugging her tightly to his body as she wriggled happily against him.

It was a few moments later before Daryn actually dragged his attention from the dragoness that purred lazily on top of him. He surveyed the room with a critical eye and a groan. Sunlight streamed in through the shattered windows and a half-dozen gaping holes in the roof. Several of the ceiling beams were torn to shreds and the floor around them was a ragged mess of cracks and gouges, to say nothing of the rug, which was a tattered mess.

With a dejected sigh, Daryn muttered, "I know I probably needed to rethink the decorations, but you have absolutely destroyed my bedroom."

Clara slowly stirred, pushing herself up to sit, straddling Daryn's thighs. "But it was so, so worth it," she murmured indulgently. "You just need a more... sturdy room for us to play in next time." She gave him a wry smile. "I thought wizards were supposed to be ready for anything."

With a surprised yelp, Clara tumbled sideways off of Daryn's body as he twisted his hips. He rose to a stand, glancing down at Clara as she squirmed on the ruined remains of the rug. Daryn raised his hands, gesturing to the room as a whole as he muttered a brief phrase under his breath. He let out a slow breath as the room around them shuddered to life. With a soft popping, the floor beneath the two dragons rippled gently, the deep ruts cut into its surfaces slowly filling in. There was a gentle tinkling sound as the shards of glass from the shattered windows pulled themselves from the floor, flying leisurely up to their places in their frames, gradually recombining until the windows were left whole. A loud cracking issued from the ceiling while the sagging timbers straightened and the holes in the roof melted closed.

Clara huffed when the rug beneath her suddenly writhed, the rents torn in its surface sealed themselves, and Daryn looked down his body, humming thoughtfully as he considered the slick fluid that coated his scales. With another word, he swiped his hands down the length of his body, the scales passing under his fingers coming out the other side sparkling and clean. After he had cleaned his body until it glittered in the afternoon sun, he stood for a moment, finally looking down again at Clara, offering the dragoness his hand as he gave her a sly wink. "Ready enough," he said mirthfully.

Accepting the proffered limb, she let Daryn haul her to her feet. "Show off..." Clara mumbled under her breath, swatting him playfully with her tail.

Daryn took the opportunity to wrap his tail around her own as he responded. "Only for you." He pulled her to him, pressing her body to his own, smearing their mess over his scales once again.

Clara raised a suspicious eyebrow. "For some reason I doubt that very much."

He raised a hand to his forehead in exaggerated dismay. "You wound me, dear lady. I assure you, I am nothing if not professional" With a casual wave, Daryn swiped their scales clean, and then started for the exit, pulling the still skeptical Clara along behind him. "Come on, Dawn mentioned that she needed to tell us something. I have been away from my day job for a few weeks, after all."

As if suddenly remembering something, he stopped, turning to face Clara once more. "Calidus..." he said thoughtfully, "What did you mean by that?"

Clara looked at him with confusion. "It's your name." she said, as if the answer had been obvious. "A proper, draconic name, suitable for a dragon of your..." she paused, her face taking on a dreamy quality, "magnitude."

Said dragon hummed in consideration. "Calidus... Calidus..." A tingle ran down Daryn spine as the meaning of the word washed over him. "Fiery... Passionate. I-is that how you see me?"

"Daryn." Clara said earnestly, taking the Archmage's hands in her own. "That's how everyone with eyes sees you. I've known you for years, and you have never shown yourself to be anything else. You are kind, compassionate, and you walk the path you set for yourself with a determination I have seen in no other." She looked up at him. "The real question is how it took me this long to see you for who you really are." She leaned against him affectionately, resting her head on his chest. "I'm... very glad we found each other on that mountain, Daryn, and I'm sorry it took me this long to realize I needed you in my life."

Daryn returned her embrace, saying, "We'll call it even if you forgive me for not seeing that I was being an idiot earlier. I promise it won't happen again."

Pulling back, Clara snorted. "Don't make a girl a promise if you know you can't keep it. But don't worry; I'll be here to slap some sense into you when you need it." She stepped back, looking down before continuing. "You should put that thing away before you poke someone's eye out, you know."

The dragon looked down, realizing that his scarlet-skinned member still hung heavily from his loins. "I... Um, I'm not sure how. New muscles and all that."

Clara sighed. "Here, let me help you." She leaned down, saying, "I've done the rest of the hard work today anyway." Daryn opened his mouth to protest, but the words were choked off by a shocked gasp as Clara blew a jet of frigid air over Daryn's sensitive skin. The Archmage twitched and delicate muscles reflexively pulled Daryn's draconian organ back into his body.

"Gods' blood, Clara," Daryn said through shaky breaths, "give a guy some warning before you freeze his dick off!"

The dragoness rose with a smirk, shrugging her shoulders as she casually said, "Hey, it worked, didn't it? Now quit complaining. The girl, Dawn, said she needed to talk to you." Daryn grumbled and headed down the stairs with Clara in tow. "By the way," the dragoness said, her voice echoing off the stone walls of the staircase around them, "don't think I'm not going to sit you down and discuss your propensity for surrounding yourself with beautiful women when I get the chance."

Daryn nearly stumbled on the bottom step, "Who? Dawn?" he asked incredulously. He thought for a moment. "I... suppose she is quite lovely, but she's my apprentice, Clara. I've know that young woman since before she was born. She's a close friend, and I care about her, but not like that." He gave an amused chuckle as he stepped down into the hallway that stretched out before them. "Besides, I'm not really her type, and as far as I'm aware she's already got someone to occupy her mind, a client from... oh, a year or so back... who, now that I think about it, is also fairly attractive." He shot Clara an intrigued look. "Maybe you're right. Maybe I do have a tendency to attract gorgeous women."

Clara rolled her eyes and groaned noisily. Daryn smiled and took her hand. "Come on." he said excitedly, "The weight of the world, as always, is surely about to drop onto someone's shoulders, and I know from experience that no one should have to bear it alone."