

Waiting Game

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Clara stood proudly on the steep, peaked roof of one of the lower towers that rose above the Archmage's complex, overlooking the long, winding path up to its front gate. The cool early spring air filled her lungs as the steady breeze tugged at her wings, begging for her to take to the clear blue skies. She smiled dreamily, reclining back onto the stone shingles, letting the narrow spire of the roof rest between her wings. She spread them, letting the wind fill the pale blue membranes with a series of sharp pops. The lean, powerful muscles in Clara's legs trembled in anticipation; with a single easy motion she could hurl herself into the air, and nothing could stop her.

Instead, Clara relaxed, folding her wings against her back once more. She looked down from her perch and surveyed the Archmage's sprawling home through her glittering emerald eyes. He was down there somewhere, hard at work. A wave of excited energy washed through her, once more urging for her to take the leap. It was all because of him. She had once looked forward only to a bleak, grounded existence, and he had saved her.

She let out a happy, musical laugh and hopped off the roof, letting her wings catch the wind and gliding gracefully to the ground, touching down lightly onto the sinuous path to the huge wooden doors that marked the entrance to the Archmage's complex. With long, slow steps, Clara made her way lazily up the hill, approaching the grand entryway.

Looking up with a smile, the dragoness took in the monumental structure. At first glance, the towering stone walls seemed much like the Archmage himself, tall and brooding, looming over the city of Southcliff. Clara laughed aloud. She supposed that the comparison was a fitting one. The man and his home both had a tendency to be intimidating to the unfamiliar, but also like the Archmage, the building's dreary appearance didn't hold up under a closer look.

Under the right light, the plain, grey stone walls of the Archmage's sanctum seemed to sparkle as if they were studded with thousands of diamonds, and the ornate, sweeping architecture, rather than standing cold and resolute, seemed intended to inspire curiosity, eager to welcome the Archmage's guests. The massive doors, carved with intricate symbols and greetings in more languages than Clara knew swung silently inward on well-tended hinges when the dragoness pushed gently. The Archmage's door didn't even have locks, not that he needed them.

As Clara stepped into the spacious foyer, she shivered, a tingle working its way down her spine. She knew most people would be unable to sense it, but she could feel the masonry of the building practically vibrating with the power that the Archmage had spelled into the huge stones. Moving through the labyrinthine hallways, Clara reveled in the feeling of the energies coursing through the stone around her. It made her feel like he was there, surrounding her. It made her feel warm and safe, and she quivered as a wave of giddy excitement washed through her.

Clara let her acute sense of smell guide her through the labyrinthine hallways of the Archmage's home. He had a particular scent, one Clara's sensitive nose had never smelled anything like before, spicy and enticing, even before his transformation. His smell grew slowly stronger as she climbed higher into the huge structure, and it sent pleasurable tingles up her spine as she pulled it into her lungs.

Passing a tall, wall-length mirror, Clara paused, appraising her appearance; she wanted to look her best for him. The dragoness was beautiful, and she knew it, but the way he looked at her

made her feel like a goddess made flesh. Her reflection's brilliant, crystalline green eyes scrutinized her through the mirror. Scales that gleamed like polished silver covered the majority of her long, lean body, save for a broad strip of glittering white that ran down her front to the tip of her lengthy, muscular tail. Her trim, narrow waist flared out into her wide, plush hips that supported the round muscle of her firm rear. Long and shapely, her legs ended in digitigrade feet, their toes capped with curved, ivory talons that clicked on the floor as she walked.

A match for her thick, luxurious hips, Clara's breasts were large even on her tall frame. Despite their size and apparent weight, they sat high and proud on her chest, Clara's scaly hide only allowing gravity to pull them down enough to give them their alluring teardrop shape and to let them bounce gently as she moved. Her nipples, a pale, wintry blue like the rest of her flesh, capped their sumptuous swells and added a splash of eye-attracting color to her breasts' snowy white scales.

She laid her wickedly clawed hands over her taut midsection and shivered with the memory of his fingers on her scales. The nostrils at the end of her tapering, triangular snout flared in a dreamy sigh, her breath crystallizing into a pale mist that froze a thin sheet of ice to the surface of the mirror. It melted quickly, revealing the long, gracefully curving ivory horns that arched back over Clara's head, accompanied by several smaller pairs that lent her otherwise elegant features a dangerous, predatory appearance.

Her lips pulled away from twin rows of sharp, dagger-like teeth in a fierce, proud grin. Her body practically begged to be touched, caressed, but lurking just beneath her lush, feminine curves lurked the strength of a dragon, ever ready to give challenge to any transgressor. When she moved, dense, tight muscles rippled eagerly against her scales, either promising pleasure, or threatening pain. Raging in her core, Clara could feel an icy torrent throb restlessly. The cold, incalculable power that was her draconic birthright demanded she release it.

Instead, the dragoness shoved aside the desire to let herself go and tore herself away from the mirror. He would think her vain if he caught her admiring her own reflection for hours. Besides, she was wasting time. A lump of nervousness had formed in her throat, and butterflies danced in her stomach. She was unsure how he would react, but she needed to talk to him, and she strode forward purposefully.

She climbed higher and higher into the Archmage's home. She had to be on the top level; she could see the ribbing of the roof as she passed through the occasional ornate room of indeterminate purpose. As she walked, Clara idly wondered why the entire structure was so dizzily arranged, resolving to ask him about it later.

His smell was nearly overwhelming in her nose when she began to hear muffled conversation through a closed door. Clara scowled. Valorie and Dawn had only been gone for a couple hours, and already, the Archmage had begun to receive unwelcome visitors. She was surprised any of them had made it inside with the way they reeked of fear. It was as if they expected him to bite their heads off if they so much as blinked the wrong way. Clara could never see the Archmage doing anything to inspire the kind of terror she could smell on the people that made their way up the hill to his home, but the dragoness thought that a few of them could have used a few extra holes in their skulls.

The conversation drifted away into silence, and Clara stepped to the side to allow the exit of a pair of plainly-dressed humans, a man and a woman. The man had his arm thrown protectively over the shoulder of the woman, and they both stumbled when they laid eyes on Clara's shining body. The dragoness cocked her head and tried not to sneer down at them as they

quickly averted their eyes and hurried down the hallway she had come up, practically scurrying away from her.

She let out a frustrated huff, both to vocalize her disdain and to clear her nose of the bitter tang of fear that had hung over the two like a shroud. She stepped casually over to the door and slipped through the opening, closing it securely behind her. The room she found herself in was one of the few in the Archmage's home that could fully contain the dragons' standing height without their horns threatening the ceiling.

The space was long and rectangular, with one wall dominated by a bank of tall windows that let in the morning sun and overlooked the city of Southcliff. Clara was pleased to note that from the room, she could see the spot on of the roof that she had occupied moments before. He had been watching her. She felt her chest involuntarily puff out with pride as she took in the room's other occupant.

The Archmage himself stood only a few short strides away, leaning lightly on a sturdy wooden table that was occupied by large stacks of loose paper. On the table's surface, several different pens scratched quietly on pieces of parchment, dancing to the tune of some spell, transcribing something for the Archmage, Clara surmised. Instead of the pens or papers that covered the table, the Archmage's attention was instead focused on the apple in his hand, tiny in his broad palm.

"Daryn, what are you doing?" Clara asked after a second of stunned silence.

Clara could see a small smile work its way across the Archmage's profile. 'Lamenting the loss of my molars, mostly.' He said with feigned sadness. With a flick of his wrist he tossed the apple through the air, catching it readily between his shining, alabaster teeth. They snapped closed on the apple, and he chewed awkwardly for a moment before he swallowed the whole thing. "I like the new taste buds, though." he finished with a gentle laugh, "What can I do for you, Clara?"

A host of possibilities coursed through her mind, but she settled on another question. "What are you doing in that thing?"

The Archmage chuckled and pushed himself off of the table, sweeping his eyes up Clara's body to her own. The dragoness felt the full brunt of his attention focus on her, and the air seemed to stiffen with silent tension. Clara reveled in it. The dragon that stood across from her filled the room and made her feel small and delicate by comparison.

The sunlight pouring in through the windows reflected off of his shining golden scales, throwing points of light throughout the room. Backlit as he was, the long onyx horns that ringed his angular, draconian visage gave him a savage silhouette. His sparkling sapphire eyes, bright and intelligent, peered at her down the length of his tapering, draconic snout, sharper and more masculine than Clara's own. The thick, horn-like spines that lined his jaw swept backwards, bordering the stripe of glittering, obsidian scales that colored his front a lustrous, jet black.

His wings were folded closely against his back, their scarlet membranes tinting the light that passed through them a deep, blood red. The dragon's broad frame was thick with cords of powerful muscle, deep slabs flexing eagerly as he shifted his weight from foot to clawed foot. The unimaginable power in his body was evident as he turned to face Clara, his long tail swirling happily through the air behind him.

Somehow, the Archmage had managed to cram his enormous bulk into a heavy, black longcoat that was stretched tightly over his arms and shoulders, desperately trying to conceal his majesty. It even had a second pair of sleeves for his wings. Clara leaned her head to the side, awaiting the Archmage's explanation.

The dragon's deep, booming voice resonated through the room, a low laugh sweeping the tension out of the air as he answered. "Nudity makes people uncomfortable, Clara. This is the least I could do. They're already coming to talk to a dragon that could squash them flat without a second thought. Everyone in Southcliff must know what's happened to me by now. I'm surprised anyone has shown up at all."

Clara huffed, her tail flicking through the air in annoyance. "I don't like it." she snapped.

He laughed again. "I didn't think you would, but I didn't do it for you. Besides, I think the black makes me look mysterious."

The dragoness raised an eyebrow and folded her arms beneath her breasts. "I think it makes you look like you're trying to hide yourself."

With a smile, the Archmage continued, "If I was trying to cover myself, I would have made something to go under the coat. No, I just did this to allay the discomfort of a few innocent visitors." He paused, glancing down at her thoughtfully, "Now, if I could just get you into something..." he mused.

"That's not going to happen." Clara said with a vehement shake of her head. "I'm done hiding myself away."

The dragon shot Clara a wry smile. "That's just it, Clara." He stepped around the table and approached her with slow, easy steps. "Not all clothes are meant to preserve dignity." With delicate gentleness that belied his tremendous strength, he laid his fingers tenderly on Clara's shoulders, tracing the elegant curves of the muscle that lurked under her scales. "They can accentuate and tease. They can bring out the natural beauty of what lay under them, like the frame around a portrait."

Clara had to fight to draw in a breath. His fingers sent electric sensations down her spine, and he loomed over her, his scent filling her lungs. "What... what could possibly make me look better than I already do?" she said shakily.

His smile broadened, showing dozens of teeth as he leaned in close, his snout tantalizingly close to her own. "Better? Nothing." he said privately. "But I've got a few ideas. I think something blue would look fantastic on you." His hands slipped from her shoulders to fall down to her waist, then slid further south, giving Clara's plush hips a loving squeeze. "Besides, if I can get you into something, that means I get to peel it off of you later."

Lifting her head high, Clara bared her throat to the dragon with bold confidence. Accepting the invitation, Daryn leaned lower, until his breath was hot on Clara's neck. He sat motionless for a moment before he lifted his head slowly, catching Clara's jaw, letting it lay along the top of his snout. He let his eyes fall closed, basking in the intimacy of the contact for a long minute before he stirred sluggishly, asking, "What can I do for you, Beautiful?"

Clara's body ached for more of his touch, but she pushed it aside for later. "Nothing, Daryn." she said quietly, "I just wanted to talk."

Her head bouncing atop his own as he chuckled, he pulled back, smiling warmly down at Clara as he said, "I think I can manage that much. What, pray tell, would you want to talk about?"

With a deep, steadying breath, Clara struggled to find a way to approach the topic. Her fingers knotted themselves into a nervous ball, and she saw Daryn's smile slacken with momentary concern. "What's wrong?" he said, worried.

Clara rushed to ease his fears. "Nothing! I... I was just wondering... Um" She fought for a minute to find the words before she spoke up again, with more energy. "Listen. You know I care about you, and that you're the best thing that's ever happened to me, right?" He nodded

cautiously. "Okay, well, it's common practice for mated dragonesses to... um... I-I don't know how to explain it. It just kind of happens naturally." Daryn cocked his head to the side, eyes wide, listening intently, waiting for her to continue.

The dragoness drew strength from Daryn's hands still on her hips and forged onward. "I love you, Daryn. I want to make you happy, to please you in every way possible. When it... when it becomes difficult for me to bring you pleasure, would you object to a surrogate lover?"

Blinking numbly, the dragon opened and closed his mouth several times before speaking. "A surrogate love- What?" he said in shocked confusion. "I... I-I don't understand. What-"

Cutting his babbling off, Clara hurried to explain. "It wouldn't have to be just one! They would only be the most beautiful; I would pick them carefully!" She wrapped her arms around Daryn's shoulders and he fixed her with an unreadable expression. "I was going to try to surprise you, but Valorie said that you might not understand. I would still be there for you to touch and taste, but I don't want you to miss out because of my... disposition."

Daryn's grip tightened on her hips in silent warning. His voice was low and quiet when he spoke. "I would be more worried about what was wrong with you. What's happened, Clara? Why would I need anyone else?"

Clara pulled away briefly in surprise. "Y-you don't know? I thought you would have known."

"Known what?" he replied slowly.

A broad, happy smile split the dragoness's face, her maw dropping open in ecstatic glee. "Our first time, a few days ago, I was so happy, and you were so hot and thick, I thought it was obvious." She squeezed the powerful muscle of his shoulders, "Daryn, I'm with egg. A tiny piece of you took root inside of me. Before long, I'll be huge and gravid with our child, and I won't be able to please you as you deserve. But that doesn't mean I can't still see to your pleasure. I can find a beautiful young woman, or women, strong and sturdy, for you to play with while I watch and fantasize."

The dragon had frozen solid at the word egg. He seemed to deflate, the tension melting off of his shoulders as his breath left his lungs in a shaky sigh. "A child..." he whispered reverently. Clara nodded, her green eyes glittering happily. Daryn tried to pull in another breath, but it caught in his throat, and tears gathered in the corners of his eyes. "I... I didn't know. We only... but... Oh Clara."

His trembling legs dropped him heavily to his knees, and he leaned further down to press the side of his face against Clara's slender abdomen, as if listening for proof of his developing child. Clara shuddered, his scales were hot with emotion, and she could feel him heating further as he considered the possible futures. She cooed excitedly as his hands found her hips once more, gripping her desperately as he shook with rising passion.

He looked up at her, a confused expression washing over his face, conflicting with the ardent gleam in his eyes. "Clara... what-nngh! Wh-what's happening? I-Hnnk! Oh, Gods!"

Clara's eyebrows raised in pleasant surprise when, with a soft, rustling sound, a slow, undulating wave washed through Daryn's scales, puffing up before lying flat once more. The dragon wheezed out a quick, short breath, accompanied by a plume of thick, black smoke that washed against the white scales of Clara's belly.

"Oh! Is that all it would have taken?" Clara murmured coyly, "I would have told you yesterday if I had known you hadn't realized." She giggled as he rose unsteadily to his feet to loom once more over her. He blinked rapidly as his brilliant, sapphire blue irises pinched

inwards, leaving his pupils hungry, predatory slits. "That's right!" Clara urged him onward, "Show me the dragon you've been keeping all pent up inside! Don't you dare hold him back!"

With a rumbling, wordless growl, Daryn took a step forward, pushing Clara back until she was pressed against the wall behind her. The dragoness was trapped between the thick stone and Daryn's huge, powerful body, and she loved it. The dragon's trembling fingers on her body ignited her own passions, and she let herself go, feeling her own eyes change to match the shape of her lover's.

Her scales scraped against the stone when Daryn hooked his hands under the curve of her prodigious rear and lifted her to eye-level. He dipped his head low, pushing up at her jaw to bare her neck to him. She lifted her head high once more, and the dragon's mouth dropped open to let the crimson flesh of his sinuous tongue slither between his teeth to lap tenderly against the smooth lines of Clara's throat. The dragon's saliva was hot against the tendons of her neck, and his breath was volcanic as he panted heavily against her throat.

Clara stifled an excited whine and leaned forward, pressing her throat into the dragon's mouth in a gesture of submission. The dragon responded by hoisting Clara higher against the wall and opening his mouth wider, turning his head to fit all of the dragoness's slender neck into his maw. Daryn's razor-sharp teeth pressed gingerly into Clara's throat, and she shuddered. It would be effortless for the dragon to snap his jaws shut, but instead, he traced his tongue slowly up the length of Clara's throbbing artery as it hammered against her scales in time with her fluttering heart.

As the dragon's tongue trailed languorously across Clara's neck, she felt her desires and emotions begin to pile up inside her chest, threatening to overwhelm her. She felt the familiar tightness press against the inside of her scales, like she was going to burst, and she fought the need to let herself go. If she started now, she would impale herself on Daryn's teeth as her body surged inside his mouth; he needed to be first.

The frigid core of inner strength that pulsed in her chest demanded that she let go, and she gritted her teeth in a defiant snarl, determined to let Daryn have his chance. For what seemed like an eternity, the dragon teased at her throat, and she struggled to hold herself back until she was visibly shaking against the wall. Eventually, however, Daryn pulled away, a fire of wild passion burning low in his eyes.

He fixed her with a mischievous grin. "What's wrong?" he said teasingly, "Having trouble containing yourself? Are you getting tight? Can you feel the need throbbing inside of you?" He leaned forward again, pressing her firmly against the wall. "If it's anything like what I'm feeling, you must be dying to let yourself go. If only everyone had the self-control of a wizard."

Clara squeezed out a whine that dropped into a low, needy growl. She tried to push herself off of the wall, but Daryn had her pinned firmly to the cool stone. She writhed against him, trying to turn the tables on the cocky wizard. She would hold him down and ravage him if she had to. She wrapped her tail around his leg, trying to throw him off balance; she tried to pry his arms off of her with her own, all to no avail. The dragon's bulk would not be moved. She thrashed against him, desperate to get the upper hand, but he just pressed forward harder, trapping her against his powerful body.

Her momentary annoyance suddenly flashed to white-hot desire. Never before had she been overpowered. The dragon was going to do as he pleased, no matter what she did. She went limp, her trembling muscles unable to move through the haze of burning need that clouded her vision. But she didn't need to see, she could feel the throbbing heat of the dragon pressed against

her, the huge slabs of the muscles of his chest heaving against her breasts as he inhaled; she could feel the scorching heat of his breath against her throat as he let out each breath.

He leaned in once again, dipping his burning maw close to hers. "You want to see power?" he said in a barely controlled whisper, "I'll show you power. I'll show you power the likes of which no one has ever seen." His voice began to rise in volume. "I'll show you why people truly fear me. I'll show you what happens when I lose control! I'll show you a wizard fueled by dragonfire! I'll show you the Archmage ascendant!" His voice dropped low again, hungry and passionate. "I'll show you why I'll never need anyone but you."

The dragon let himself drop to his knees, and he hoisted Clara up until his eyes were level with the cleft between her shapely thighs. She wanted to scream, but she could only squeeze out a choked grunt when he ran the burning length of his tongue along her hidden slit. She panted as blood flooded her loins and her tense muscles obediently released their charge. The glittering white scales of her crotch were pushed apart to reveal the slowly swelling lips of Clara's icy blue womanhood.

"Long time, no see." Daryn said to the dragoness's engorging clit as it peeked out from under its pale hood. The dragon let out a deep breath, the boiling heat pouring over Clara's exposed flesh, pulling a pleased hiss from between her clenched teeth. "Gods' Blood, that smell." Daryn mumbled, almost to himself. "I could live off of that smell. It makes me... hot... so hot."

As the dragon dipped his nose forward to pull in a deep breath, Clara tried desperately to buck her hips forward, to make contact with the dragon, but Daryn's strong arms held her to the wall. She could hardly think, she wanted him so badly, but she defiantly held herself back, determined to at least not be the first one to start. Instead, she latched onto his horns with desperate fingers, trying to pull his head forward into her. She could have been trying to lift a mountain for all the dragon moved.

Blatantly ignoring the dragoness's attempts, Daryn turned his head to trail his crimson tongue over the lean contours of Clara's muscular thigh. He worked his way up her leg, drawing achingly close to Clara's needy flower before he switched legs to tease her more. Clara's tail thrashed through the air as she let out a long, starving moan, but Daryn only swung his own tail around to pin her length likewise to the wall behind her.

She couldn't do it. She knew she couldn't outlast him. She was lost in a raging storm of desire, barely able to pull in a ragged, panting breath, and he sat beneath her, pinning her to the wall, content to only stoke the flames of her need even higher. She couldn't do it, and when he teased his tongue along the sensitive scales at the base of her tail she lost control.

The wave of blinding energy within her crested, and for an endless instant, she sat at the edge of reality, looking down at Daryn's gaping maw, his tongue outstretched and running gently along her body. Then she exploded. That first, exultant release of power always stunned her, and this time was no different. With a wordless, euphoric cry, her entire body surged larger. Her tail thickened and inched longer; her breasts swelled proudly outwards, but most tantalizingly, her ballooning rear pushed her slightly further off of the wall, creeping her throbbing pussy towards Daryn's waiting mouth.

Through the haze of bliss assaulting her mind, Clara managed to gasp the words, "Alright, Calidus, you win! Now fuck me! Hold me down and fuck me! Oh Gods, Calidus, FUCK ME!"

She couldn't make out his words as he replied. She could feel his hands on her scales. She could feel his snout approaching her impatient womanhood; that was all that mattered. His breath

was impossibly hot on her slick lips; she was oozing freely, and her body surged again when she felt his tongue prod experimentally at her needy hole.

He stopped abruptly and she looked down to see what the matter was. Past her swelling breasts, the dragon's tongue was pressed against her throbbing entrance, and he stared ahead, eyes glazed over. Absentmindedly, his tongue snaked back into his mouth, carrying with it a few beads of her lubricating moisture. He licked his lips, letting out a dreamy, thoughtful hum, and then started to tremble.

The hands he had on Clara's hips, supporting her weight, abruptly clamped down on her growing curves, and his entire body tensed powerfully. Clara leaned over, resting her weight on Daryn's horns; she wanted to see this. Her gradually increasing weight rested easily on his arms as if she were made of air. Clara momentarily forgot her own rapturous bliss and stared eagerly down at her lover, waiting for his changes to begin.

"Can you taste it, Calidus?" Clara whined, her voice shaking with lust. "Can you taste how much I need you? Can you smell it on my scales?" She shook against him, squirming through the air as another trembling wave of growth wracked her body. "Can you feel it? Can you feel me getting heavier? I can get so big for you, Calidus. I can give you so much to play with! My love for you burns inside me like a glacial inferno! I just have to let it consume me!" She wrapped her legs around his chest as she spasmed against him. The shapely length of her legs flexed desperately as they tried to draw the dragon back to her. She could feel her words escaping her as she grew larger, lost in the blizzard of her desire. "Hear it in my voice, Calidus! See it in my eyes! I love you! I can feel it in the egg growing inside of me!"

Clara was nearly the size of the dragon that supported her, but her lover's impressive musculature still held them apart. She felt movement, and she let out an excited whine as Calidus stirred beneath her. His breathing grew rapid and shallow, as if he was hyperventilating, and he blinked slowly as his eyes refocused on her. "Yes!" she cried, "Set yourself free! Show me how strong you are!"

The dragon's hands dropped from Clara's hips, but she kept herself suspended from his chest and horns as he stood to his full height. Clara had to bend low to avoid the high ceilings. This brought her eyes close to his, and the hungry slits of his pupils latched onto her own. His eyes practically glowed with pent up energy, and Clara's legs were spread apart as the dragon pulled in a tremendous breath. His horns were jerked from her claws as he threw his head back, dropping his mouth open wide. Clara just managed to catch herself on his shoulder before she slid off of him. She tightened her legs around his chest just as he let out a deafening roar.

The sheer volume of the dragon's outcry startled Clara, and she recoiled backwards. His hands caught her thighs without so much as a look, and she was returned to her former position, her engorged womanhood on display before him. As the air left his lungs, the temperature in the room skyrocketed, and the concussion of it sent loose paper scattering through the room.

A surge of giddy excitement poured through Clara's body when she felt her legs being pushed apart as the dragon's chest barreled outward. She could feel her fins and sail begin to push themselves from her body, the delicate, sensitive membranes tingling from the vibrations of the roar that still echoed through the room, rattling the windows in their panes and shuddering through the thick stone walls. Calidus's body grew quickly, and Clara delighted in the sensation of her fingers being forced apart by the thickening muscles of his shoulders. The sheer, primal energy packed into the dragon's voice excited Clara to new heights, which sped her own growth, but she was quickly dwarfed by the Archmage's frame.

As the roar died away, Clara's could pick up the soft popping of the dragon's tendons as his bones lengthened. He stretched taller and wider, his broadening chest pushing her legs open. Huge cords of muscle bulged and rippled under his scales, not to be left behind. A faint cracking accompanied his horns forcing themselves further from his skull, and his snout grew broader and longer as his head enlarged. His thrashing tail rapidly grew longer, powerful muscles slamming it into the sturdy table, sending it flying down the length of the room to crumple against the wall, his writing forgotten.

Clara laughed out loud when the contemptuously concealing fabric the covered the Archmage's form began to give way under the onslaught of his growth. A loud tearing sound filled the room as scales, shining like polished gold, ripped their way free from the offensive garment. It shredded first around his shoulders as they widened, the gaping rents spreading down the length of his arms as he flexed his expanding muscles. The shredded cloth fell away from his growing body in ragged strips, leaving his mighty frame bare to Clara's roving eyes.

Similar to Clara's, a pair of long, flexible fins sprouted from the sides of his face, behind his jaws, their webbing a bright, scarlet red. Starting from the base of his skull and running down in a rippling wave, a long row of similar spines pushed themselves from his back. A thin sail of crimson membrane filled in the intervening space, matching the delicate skin of his wings.

Seeming to gradually remember his purpose through the power coursing through his body, he returned his attention to Clara's dripping pussy. He once more let his thickening tongue spool from his mouth to play along the scales surrounding his prize. Clara growled impatiently, she had had enough of his teasing. Understanding her intent, Calidus speared his tongue mercilessly into Clara's waiting depths.

Clara let out a muffled cry and convulsed against Calidus as the sudden penetration brought with it a new surge of growth. His tongue was like a streamer of liquid fire that undulated within her, slowly stretching her wider and wider as it increased in size. She felt herself clenching around the spreading girth of his muscular organ, and he seemed intent on scooping as much of her slick fluids from her as he could. He pushed her higher, letting her running lubricants stream down his tongue and into his greedy mouth.

As if it directly fueled his expansion, each drop of the clear liquid that passed between his teeth brought on a sweeping surge of growth. He grunted wordlessly as he swelled larger and larger. Clara found it difficult to focus with his tongue slowly filling her as it was, but her back pressing against the cold stone of the ceiling brought her back to reality.

Calidus was already titanic, far surpassing the smaller dragoness in size, and as his stretching body filled the available space in the room, he let himself drop to his knees to allow for more growth. Clara watched him in alarmed awe. He was getting so big so fast. Even with his ravenous tongue making her squeal with pleasure, he was quickly outstripping her. Already, he cupped her in a single hand, the other tearing long strips of stone from the walls in ecstasy. Before long, she once more threatened the ceiling.

With a grunt of frustration, Calidus let his back fall to the ground, shaking the floor with his weight. Clara stretched her body out along his snout, clutching at his horns for stability as he reamed her with his scalding tongue. "Calidus..." she panted, barely able to squeeze the words through her ardent moans, "Y-you've got to slow down. I can't keep up with you. You're g-going to make me- Oh Gods!"

He only growled, opening his maw wide and pushing her partway inside it so he could cram more of himself within her. The dragon had easily doubled in size, and if anything, looked only to be growing faster as he drank deeply of his lover. Clara couldn't even breathe to scream

as his tongue raked her sensitive walls, driving her toward an inevitable, if early, orgasm. "Calidus stop!" she screeched, "Too fast!"

He exhaled in answer, the heat emanating from his gaping mouth delightful against Clara's soaked pussy. The dragon's tongue was nearly as thick as her wrist now, and he viciously pounded it in and out of the trapped dragoness. Clara could feel her tail brushing against something scaldingly hot and impossibly hard, but she couldn't summon the muscle control necessary to so much as give the dragon's member a loving stroke, which seemed to suit him just fine.

Clara couldn't take any more, lightning bolts of searing pleasure tore up and down her spine, and she opened her mouth to let out a high-pitched, keening scream as she came hard around the dragon's tongue. His mouth abruptly closed around Clara's womanhood, his lips forming a careful seal as her pussy clamped down around the girth of his tongue. Her orgasm was long and wet, thick rivulets of girlcum trickling down into the dragon's throat as he mined her depths.

She came down with great reluctance from her orgasmic high, Calidus breaking the seal with her loins with a wet pop. She couldn't think any more, her body was like one giant nerve, screaming constantly in ecstasy. She heard Calidus utter a pleased sigh, then tense up, his growth slowing to a sudden stop. He deposited her gently on the great plateau of his chest, and Clara could feel his gargantuan muscles straining against an invisible barrier. He twitched under her violently with a tense grunt, but nothing happened. He wrapped one hand around Clara's waist as far as it would go and braced the other against the wall next to him. He flexed his entire body, his spine bowing upward under the silent strain.

With a sudden release of tension, Calidus jerked. The sudden motion shocked Clara back to awareness in time to feel his entire body surge underneath her once more. If she thought he had grown quickly before, Clara had no way to quantify it now. In the space of a few seconds, the arm he had on the wall slid up to press his hand against the ceiling. His chest spread out below her like an ocean of rippling, black-scaled muscle. She turned around to gaze longingly at the huge mass of the dragon's throbbing, scarlet member, thick fleshy ridges giving it a segmented appearance. The massive draconian tool must have been the length of her leg, and as he pulsed larger under her, she watched it swell.

Not caring for her temporary distraction, Calidus lifted her easily into the air once more in a single hand. The free space in the room was rapidly decreasing, but the dragon seemed unconcerned with his shrinking prison. Instead he returned his tongue to Clara's pussy, pulling a ragged gasp from her throat as he harpooned himself into her once more.

Clara wanted desperately to scream as his tongue, thicker than her arm and much longer, snaked sinuously against the satiny skin of her inner walls. The dragon's bulk gained mass impossibly fast, his tongue marking his progress as it stretched her lips wider and wider around its flexible girth. Clara could still feel herself swelling larger, but she seemed static compared to the explosive growth of her lover. Calidus soon found his shoulders pressed against opposite walls.

He acted quickly, pulling himself out of Clara and flipping so that his broad back was pressed against the smooth stone ceiling. Clara was trapped underneath him; her vision was filled with the wide expanse of his chest. She raised her hands, luxuriating in the feeling of her fingers being forced apart by his still growing musculature.

The dragon had to twist, letting his shoulders fill as much space as was available to them. He laughed, a deep, booming sound that sent euphoric shockwaves through Clara's body. His

thickening frame began to press against the massive stone blocks that made up the Archmage's home. Clara gasped. She could feel the magic imbued into the stones fighting the inevitable. The structure was built by the most powerful wizard in the world, but what was that strength compared to that of a dragon?

The air thickened with the sheer amount of energy filling the air. The containment spell the Archmage had put into place struggling against its prisoner. Calidus let his head fall low to inspect his own prisoner, crystalline blue eyes taking in Clara's trapped form. He smiled, his expression excited and hungry for more, and winked.

The dragon gathered his titanic arms underneath himself, framing Clara's comparatively tiny body with solid walls of dense, corded muscle. He let himself swell as much as he possible could without crushing the dragoness flat underneath him. Clara thought she would cum again just from the enormous slabs of his chest pressing her into the floor. When he finally flexed, she almost did.

With a guttural roar of challenge, Calidus pushed himself up, pitting his tremendous bulk, a force of nature, against the might of his pitiful human body. The spell fought back to the very limits of its strength, until it could fight no more against the inexorable rise of the trapped dragon. The spell snapped with a sudden, incredible release of residual power that sent a tremendous concussion rocketing through Southcliff. The building trembled around them and the stones that had so foolishly sought to contain the dragon's unstoppable bulk crumbled and collapsed inward. Shielding Clara from the massive falling stones with his own body, Calidus forced himself up to his knees, pushing away the stones of the ceiling and throwing his head back with another triumphant, bellowing roar that rolled like thunder over the sprawling structure.

Clara writhed in blind ecstasy at the thunderous sound of the dragon's voice. Rubble from the shattered room clattered around her, and Calidus reached down with reverent care and plucked her from the floor. She trembled at his touch. His powerful fingers completely encircled her slender waist, and he reclined against the ruined wall as he raised her idly to his mouth once again.

His breathing was deep and heavy as he let his tongue slip through his teeth to tease at Clara's drenched loins. The tapering tip of his long, muscular tongue was still thicker than her arm, and it thickened dramatically as he slid more and more of it into her. Clara could feel him still growing, but it was happening more slowly, almost luxuriantly.

Calidus worked slowly to pull Clara's second orgasm from her, but she was already so worked up, she couldn't resist for very long. Soon, Clara was screaming his name to the heavens as he pumped his tongue in and out of her. Her claws struck sparks against the scales of his fingers as she flailed in mindless rapture. He didn't give her time to recover before he picked up the tempo, determination fueling his movements.

Time and time again, Clara cried out in exultant release, her trembling walls wringing her lover's tongue with quick, rippling contractions. Clara had screamed herself hoarse, and she gibbered wordlessly as she listened to the increasingly urgent breaths of her lover. She could feel each heavy exhalation fire a blast of volcanic air over her loins, but her blissed-out mind couldn't comprehend what was coming until he pulled one last spine-bending release out of her.

She twitched violently as he finally slid his massive tongue out of her abused passage. She felt like a child's doll, tiny and helpless in his strong hand. His thumb casually traced itself around her breast as he lowered her. She watched numbly as the seemingly endless expanse of his chest dropped away into the ridges and valleys of his abdomen. Suddenly, her vision was

filled with a massive, scarlet obelisk. The sheer size of the dragon's twitching member shocked Clara into a semblance of consciousness. It had to be twice as long as she was tall, and far wider than her shoulders. She reached out her hand, eager to run her hand along a throbbing vein thicker than her wrist, but Calidus pulled her away.

A needy growl rumbled in his chest, resonant enough to rattle chips of stone on the floor. He held her motionless in front of his crotch. He seemed tense to Clara, as if he were holding something back, but his intent didn't dawn on her until the dragon laid a hand along the top of his towering, steel-hard flesh, angling it down toward her.

The dragon tensed briefly, uttering a grunt that dropped into a long, low hiss of pleasure. Clara writhed against his fingers, trying to escape her fate when the dragon's huge member swelled, his urethra dilating to a diameter Clara could fit her arm in with the first rope of his boiling seed. It struck her in the chest, splattering wetly against her before dripping down onto his fingers. Clara let out an ecstatic squeal at the burning heat of the pearlescent fluid as she was coated in a thick, oozing layer of the dragon's jizz.

The dragon released a torrent powerful enough to drown Clara in a lake of his scalding cum. Jet after jet impacted her, soaking her again and again. The dragon made sure not to miss a single shot, and the pond that was forming beneath the dripping dragoness was deep enough for her to float in by the time the flow had slowed to a dribble.

Calidus still oozed a thick stream of pearly white fluid down the length of his tremendous draconic tool, but he paid it no mind. Clara couldn't see past the coat of scorching goo that hid her eyes. She couldn't smell anything but the dense, heady aroma of the dragon's seed. The taste of it was on her tongue; she had swallowed not a small amount of it over the course of her baptism. She felt Calidus move her, hefting her upward, and after she had wiped what she could from her eyes, she found herself staring into the massive saucers of the dragon's brilliant blue irises.

A thoughtful hum rumbled in his chest, and he appraised the soaked dragoness. His maw split wide open, and he casually tossed Clara into the depths of his mouth, his teeth snapping shut behind her. She was suddenly cloaked in darkness. She lay along the very familiar length of the dragon's tongue, and she felt it writhe to life. Calidus began the process of licking her clean, his tongue tossing her around his mouth, unconcerned with the dragoness's horns and claws. She was no threat to him. The rough surface scraped her clean as it polished her metallic scales.

The air Clara breathed was hot and arid, contesting with the sheen of the dragon's saliva that coated her body. She latched on, wrapping her arms and legs around the thick muscle that writhed against her, and its motions slowed in response. Clara gasped deep, calming breaths, fighting to regain her thoughts after her ordeal. The thing supporting her weight felt like living fire, and Clara let her head fall, using its pliant mass as a heated pillow.

With a start, Clara realized where she was. She fit snugly in the dragon's mouth; teeth larger than her horns surrounded her completely. She reached her wings up, pressing experimentally against the hard surface of the dragon's palate. He responded with a pleased hum that rumbled up from his throat as he coiled the tip of his tongue lovingly around her tail.

Clara shuddered. Never before had she been in so dangerous a place yet felt so utterly safe. The broiling heat that surrounded her worked its way into her body, mingling with the frigid energy of her core, and she felt herself melt into her soft bedding. She stretched herself out languidly, sighing softly when she began to recede to her original size. Her sail worked its way back into her body with an electric tingling sensation. Her fins departed next, and before long,

the dragon's now cavernous mouth sheltered her as she lazily caressed his tongue with an idle hand.

She could feel the thunderous beating of the dragon's massive heart and hear the hurricane force winds his long, slow breaths caused as they roared into his lungs. "I... I don't know what to say." she muttered to him, unsure if he could even hear her, "Do I taste good?"

Evidently he understood her, because at the question he lifted his tongue, squishing her against the roof of his mouth. He scoured the scales of her front, and she let out a squeal of happiness. She couldn't put words to her emotions. She was completely surrounded by the hot, overwhelming strength of her lover. He could easily overpower her with his tongue alone, but he let her fight back, wrestling his sinuous organ into submission before it twirled around her, pinning her once again against his mouth. She was glad his slick saliva coated her scales so she couldn't tell her tears apart from what already soaked her. She had never been so ecstatically happy in her life. She knew he loved her, that he would do anything for her. He had already risked his life to save hers, but this was different.

He lowered her back down to be her bedding when she ran her own tongue adoringly against his. Of course he loved her. The way he looked at her screamed it to her. He had gotten so big, so overwhelmingly enormous just for her... because of her. He had gotten off on pleasuring her. Her screams of rapture had brought out his own. He had made a point of not letting her touch him, as much as she had wanted to. She had been a blind fool to think he would act like any other dragon. He felt more strongly than anyone else Clara had ever met. As far as she was concerned, Calidus had earned his name.

"I... I-I'd like to look at you." she said meekly.

In response, his tongue moved under her, pushing her towards the front of his mouth, his teeth splitting apart to allow her exit. She slipped out, pausing briefly to survey Southcliff as it stretched out before her, framed by the dragon's saber-like fangs. With practiced agility, she scaled his mountainous frame until she found herself sitting atop his snout, looking along its length into his twinkling sapphire eyes.

Scarlet-skinned fins fluttered gently in the breeze as the dragon towered over the rubble of the wing of his shattered home. He reclined easily against the ruined walls, the floors underneath him having collapsed under his weight until he sat on the exposed heartstone of the hill beneath him. His legs stretched out below him, thighs the thickness of Southcliff's main thoroughfares digging massive troughs in the fresh, spring green of the hillside. The impossible diameter of his tail was draped heavily over the remaining roof of the Archmage's complex. It would take no effort for the dragon to bring the weight crashing down, annihilating the rest of his home in a titanic display of brute force. His broad wings lay spread out behind him, half open, wide enough to cast a dense, crimson shadow over the remains of the rooms that lay in pieces around them.

Calidus filled the crater he had made as if it was a throne made for him by the Gods themselves. He lounged nonchalantly, staring down at the tiny dragon occupying his snout with a look filled with more emotion than Clara could comprehend. Not since she was a hatchling had Clara felt so absolutely powerless, and she looked back up into his eyes with a reverent passion the lesser races reserved only for the Gods.

As if reading her thoughts, he smiled, but waited for her to break the silence. "I love you Daryn." she finally managed to whisper, "I'm sorry I was being so foolish. I should have known better."

For the first time, Calidus spoke, his voice magnificent and deep enough to split mountains. "I understand why you thought as you did, Clara. I hope, though, that I've proven my point."

Clara could feel the air vibrate in her chest with the raw power in the dragon's voice. She had to take a moment to organize her thoughts after they were scattered by Calidus's words. "Y-yes." she stammered, "When will you relax? I want so badly to wrap my arms around you, and half of Southcliff can see you."

He laughed, a sound that shook the dragoness to the core. "Now you worry about what people can see." He shifted, the corners of his mouth staying turned up in a sly smile. "If you want it that badly, you're just going to have to come to me."

"Y-you mean..." Clara gasped, "There's more?"

"Clara..." he rumbled, "You can't possibly think I'm done. I am no ordinary dragon. I'm the Archmage, arguably the most powerful wizard alive. The only limits I know are the depths of my emotions, and I have never felt anything as strongly as the love I feel for you." His voice dipped even lower, sounding like two mountains grinding against each other with thunderous strength. "My love for you would dwarf this city, this country! The continent would crack underneath me! I could split the planet with the power that burns in me, if I could just find a way to make it a tribute to you!" His eyes narrowed. "Maybe one day I'll bring us to the plane of air, give me the room I would need to stretch out. But for now, I have enough pent up energy to maintain this size for a long, long time before I grow tired and have to return. No, Clara, I am not done with you; I am only just beginning!"

He heaved a deep breath, a tremendous cloud of inky black smoke billowing from his nostrils before he continued. "You told me the other day... when... when we conceived... You told me you had so much more." He blinked slowly. "Show me, Clara. Show me that huge, throbbing dragoness you promised me! Match me! Surpass me! I will give you whatever you need! Together, we will grind this place into dust! We will give the people something to fear! To worship! When Dawn and Valorie return, it will be to a city that has witnessed the true meaning of power! Join me, you beautiful creature! Join me, and we will redefine strength!"

Clara writhed, lost in a fantasy, hardly listening to the dragon's words. She could see it; she needed it. She could see herself on top of him, towering over everything with him, filled beyond all imagining. She nodded vigorously. With a wordless cry she begged him to give her what he promised. She gasped as she felt a gateway open within her and a seething, overwhelming cascade of energy poured into her tiny frame. She screamed as she immediately reacted. It felt like him; he filled her and surrounded her with incredible, unimaginable power. She pounded her fist against his snout as her body abruptly exploded outward with a violent energy that swept away all of Clara's thoughts and inhibitions. Over a second that seemed to stretch on forever, her body doubled in size, gaining mass at an ever-increasing rate.

The Archmage leaned backwards against the shattered wall, powdering more of the massive stones under his bulk as he felt the dragoness quickly grow heavier as she screamed and thrashed on his snout. He fed her from the seemingly bottomless well of power that raged in his core in a thin trickle, careful not to overload her. Her delirious, rhapsodic outcries were music to his ears, figuratively, at least, and he felt himself hardening in impatient sympathy. He wasn't sure whether or not she came on top of him as she grew, but it hardly mattered. In this state, his stamina felt nearly endless, so hers would be too.

Her lengthening spine eventually pressed her snout against the scales between his eyes, and he stared at her in amusement. She latched onto his horns like a drowning man onto

driftwood, and her eyes rolled back in her head as he increased the flow of energy into her increasingly sturdy frame. He let his head bend downward under the weight of her blooming body. Her legs dangled from his snout, flailing wildly with her tail until they could find purchase on the scales of his shoulders.

Clara used her newfound leverage to crawl upward, twining her lengthening arms around his horns and pressing the budding orbs of her breasts into his face. He let slip a thick knot of energy in repayment for her teasing and she convulsed, her body abruptly surging with frenzied force atop him as she let out a keening, inhuman wail of blissful elation.

He shook his head gently, dislodging Clara and letting her slide down onto his torso. His mountainous chest still dwarfed her, but she was quickly making up for lost time. She spread her arms wide, trying in vain to encircle his thick neck, but her fingers couldn't quite yet make contact behind him. She thrashed atop him, gnashing her teeth and tossing her head from side to side, humping desperately against his body as she scraped her still exposed womanhood against his scales.

His chest rose and fell suddenly, bouncing Clara up and down as he chuckled. He raised his monolithic arms to lay his hands on Clara's bulging form. Immediately, her tail wrapped around one of his claw-tipped digits, trying to choke the life out of it as it spasmed. He let his hands blanket her until her growing body pushed his fingers far enough apart for him to catch glimpses of shining silver. Her voice was growing deeper and deeper as her chest grew more and more cavernous, and her ecstatic screams quickly grew fierce and primal. Still, he didn't let her stop.

Clara rapidly grew large enough for the dragon's fingers to play gently along individual parts of her body. He trailed a massive, black claw along the fluttering muscle of her thigh, exulting with her in her surging strength. She could feel his hands on her, his fingers scraping playfully over her sensitive scales. Her own frantic desire added additional impetus to her growth, and she crushed herself into him. She reached up, pouring her tongue from her mouth to slather a thin sheen of her saliva across a thick tendon in his neck.

He leaned down as she surged upward to meet him, giving her access to the rest of his glittering black throat. She could see her own reflection glinting in the onyx scales before her. The energy Calidus poured into her swept away any hint of resistance she may have had. She had never felt so powerful, so wanted. She had never been this big, and her borrowed strength didn't slacken for even a split second.

She pulled away slightly, only enough to look down and watch her own body stretching away beneath her. Her breasts were huge and full, their nipples as hard as pale blue diamonds. She flexed her arms, pushing against the dragon's immovable neck, watching with awe as the muscle in her arms bulged to unthinkable dimensions before her lengthening bones and ligaments returned her to her slender proportions.

Each surge of growth pulsed to the beat of her hammering heart. She couldn't feel anything but the devastating power that roared into her body, shoving aside all thought, and the dragon's hands, warm and tender on her body, encouraging her onward. She leaned back into his fingers, letting her hold her up as she threw her head back and released a savage, ardent roar. She could hear her voice deepen further as the air left her lungs, and it trailed away as she leaned forward to gaze hungrily into the dragon's eyes.

Her lover reached out with his tongue, running it up the front of her body, across the lean lines of her abdomen, between the swelling curves of her soft, inviting breasts, and up along the underside of her snout. Her own icy blue tongue drifted out to run along his, inviting the tip of it

into her mouth to play. He accepted, and let his tongue be pulled between her teeth to wriggle sinuously against her own.

His tongue was hot and wet, and it filled her mouth. She coiled herself around it as she leaned forward to cram more of the familiar length inside of her. Her mouth grew more spacious as she did so, but Calidus's thick, muscular organ was still far too large. She suddenly felt her feet touch down on his thighs. If she stretched she could touch his snout with her own, and quickly, she didn't have to stretch. Her tail whipped excitedly through the air behind her, but she froze as she felt it brush up against the dragon's thick tool, jutting proudly from his loins.

She pulled his tongue from her mouth, and peered over her shoulder with a mewling purr of promised pleasure. It was still far too large, but she rapidly approached the realm of possibility. Until that time, though, she coiled her tail around it as much as she could, delighting in the feeling of it throbbing against her as she stroked it lazily with her gradually lengthening appendage.

She felt huge and powerful, but she was still a child compared to his slowly stirring bulk. She wanted to destroy something, to show him what she could do. Her trembling hand shot out, sinking her claws deeply into the floor of one of the exposed levels and with ferocious strength, tore it free of the ruined structure. She stood tall, stretching to her full height, actually able to look straight into his eyes. She raised the heavy granite slab high above them, and with a victorious cry, she brought it crashing down into the unrelenting muscle of the dragon's titanic arm.

He laughed as the stone crumbled against his scales. He leaned forward almost gingerly and cupped his hands behind Clara's shoulders. He pulled her close, holding her to his chest as she raged against him. He sent his tongue out to lap gently against the delicate membrane of the fins that had once more sprouted to grace her features. She trembled at the contact, and she flexed involuntarily, pulverizing the stone remaining in her fingers to dust.

The prison of Calidus's arms grew slowly tighter as she filled out. Her entire body ached. He was so hot against her scales. She thrashed in his arms; her expanding frame gradually stretched longer, pushing her head above his own. He smiled up at her and loosened his grip to give Clara the room she needed. She responded by forcing herself against him and raking her claws down his back, careful to squeeze her thickening tail around the dragon's burning flesh. The ballooning dragoness couldn't stop herself from shaking as pure power crashed through her.

Clara's wings boomed open behind her as she tensed with a particularly overwhelming clump of clump energy that Calidus fed into her. Her lithe, powerful body rushed outwards, and the dragon's arms were suddenly forced apart by her voluptuous frame. She would have screamed, were she capable of making such a high-pitched sound, instead the air left her lungs in a vigorous, trembling roar. The dragoness clamped her hands on her lover's shoulders and shoved. Calidus let himself be pushed backward and he toppled over with a gleeful smile, shattering the building beneath him as Clara bore him down under her.

Calidus would stay where he lay, and Clara took the opportunity to outstretch her arms to scour the crumbling ruins surrounding the two dragons. Flakes of stone flew from the parts of the structure that was still standing, and Clara let out a joyous cry as more of the once imposing building collapsed in on itself. She pulled in a deep breath, letting the power that throbbed inside her crystallize in her lungs.

With a cry of untamed aggression, Clara released the built-up energy in a vicious plume of dense white mist that shot from her gaping maw to impact violently upon the base of a stubborn wall. The stone shrieked its protest at the sudden, furious temperature change, cracking

and losing its integrity, sending another dozen rooms falling in on themselves as their foundations were flash-frozen with such force that the tortured stones practically exploded.

"YES!" Clara bellowed at the dragon beneath her, the source of the changes wracking her body, the object of her wanton desire. "MORE! I will grind mountains to dust under my vastness! No dragon can hope to compare to my magnificence!" She slammed her fist into the ground next to Calidus's head, shattering errant blocks of granite like they were made of chalk. "My breath will leave the people of this world in frozen awe, nothing but insects before my power! My wings!" She roared as she raised her head to the heavens and her wings stretched wide over her, casting a pale blue shadow over the entire hillside. "My wings will block out the sun! They will wander aimlessly in my shadow with nothing to do but look up at my body and cry out for the mercy of a GOD!"

Clara was locked in a vicious frenzy, thrashing in the throes of her passion. Each trembling breath brought her closer to the scale of her lover, and just as she began to voice another ecstatic outcry, Daryn let the power within him rise and fall in a tremendous swell, and then pushed the entire rush of burning energy into his lover's body.

She froze with her mouth open, twitching with unrestrained, bestial lust as her entire body tensed powerfully, the dragoness's statuesque musculature standing out against her scales in sharp contrast, as if she was trying to lift a mountain onto her shoulders. Calidus cut the flow into Clara just as his last flood of blinding energy took its toll on Clara's body. She stared blankly ahead as the power that washed over her consciousness wiped away all thought but the promise of unimaginable pleasure as it built in her core before exploding outward.

The dragoness remained frozen and silent. The only sounds that echoed across the ruins was the heavy breathing of both of the dragons and the sudden, explosive popping that emanated from Clara's body as she surged outwards one last time. She grew huge and heavy on the dragon's body, pushing his hands apart as she swelled relentlessly to her final size. She ended nearly the size of her lover, so, achingly close to being able to stretch to his full length.

The energy Calidus had forced into her no longer threatened to blow her apart, instead content to rage inside her, a frigid, mind-numbing blizzard of love and desire that demanded she hold down the dragon pinned underneath her and ravage him to within an inch of consciousness. She couldn't focus her mind on anything else, but Calidus seemed to have other plans as he shifted under her.

He latched his hands onto Clara's wrists, and she dully tried to pull herself free, to no avail. His fingers tightened on her, and in one, impossibly graceful, fluid motion, he rolled. The world spun around Clara until she found herself pinned against the rubble of the Archmage's fractured home. She gnashed her teeth and growled defiantly as she resisted, instincts demanding she remain dominant, but his weight on her would not be budged.

He released a long, slow breath directly onto her chest. She arched her back against it in euphoric bliss. The air that left his lungs was so incredibly hot, it tempered her wild desire into a razor's edge of raw, primal need and left the stones around her glowing red with residual heat. Her resistance became sluggish, her thrashing turning into an inviting writhing that sought to rub her exposed womanhood against any part of his body she could reach.

"Mine." he said in a tight, controlled voice, still powerful enough to rattle chips of stone on the ground as it vibrated the hill under him. "There is no creature that can call itself your equal. And you! Are! MINE!" He snapped his fangs together in fierce emphasis as he leaned down forcing her head back with his snout and letting his maw hang open to rest his teeth against

Clara's throat. Clara felt his tongue hot on her neck, and he let it lay there, resting atop her pulsing artery as it thundered along with the beating of her mighty heart.

She saw his wings reach out behind him to cut off the sun, leaving them both covered in crimson shadow. The air filled the membranes with a series of hollow, resounding booms and he shifted his titanic weight, keeping her arms pinned to the ground above her. She almost screamed in shock when the dragon experimentally prodded the sweltering heat of his burning flesh against the icy lips of her womanhood.

Without ceremony, Calidus began to work his scorching manhood into her. She choked on a moan that froze in her throat at the sudden feeling of overwhelming fullness and volcanic heat. He had to bear down on her further with his weight to keep her pinned beneath him, not because she was fighting back, but because she could no longer hope to control her body as it trembled against him. He was so huge, so long and thick that Clara thought for a moment that Calidus wasn't going to fit, but with a defiant growl, he managed to push his entire length into her.

He began to move atop her, and his voice echoed in her mind as she fought to stop herself from impaling the tender flesh of her throat on his vicious fangs. She knew deep down that he would never let that happen, but the potential danger and very real dominance lent his amorous motions a deeper meaning than just slow thrusting. She was his.

She was his. She let Calidus's calm certainty in that statement wash through her. She was his. This man, who loved her more than life itself and had been willing to die for her, this man had her pinned against the broken remains of his longtime home, sacrificed on the altar of their bodies just to prove a point. She was his, not because he had taken her, but because she had given herself to him, just as he had given himself to her. She was his, he was hers, and it was going to be a long, long day.