

Birth

Written By: Skabaard

Daryn practically skipped through the wide spacious hallways of his home. If they could have accommodated his wingspan, he probably would have tried to fly. He couldn't remember the last time in his life that he had been this excited. Everything seemed to be going well for once. Rhona had been completely purged of the taint that had taken such deep root in her body that even he couldn't remove it alone. Valorie seemed excited by her success instead of depressed by what she had done. Dawn practically glowed with newfound confidence. And his Clara was soon to give birth to his child.

Despite the corruption that was warping the minds and bodies of people seemingly everywhere, Daryn bounced giddily. He could stop it. He knew people wonderful enough to give lords of demons pause and he could not have been more ecstatic if he tried. He practically vibrated with dizzying energy. He felt like pulling the sun higher in the sky to make this wonderful day last longer.

Instead, he bounded happily into the huge, airy chamber that constituted his new entry hall. Clara was waiting for him, and he was not about to keep her waiting for one unnecessary second. He kept his eye on the open landing sixty feet above him. He bent his legs, and with tremendous strength, he hurled himself into the air. At the apex of his jump, he brought his wings crashing down behind him, air filling the scarlet membranes with a dull booming. He laughed as rocketed upward, catching the railing and swinging himself over to land heavily on black-taloned toes, three floors up.

He took the stairs at a sprint, hauling himself with frantic speed up to where he knew Clara would be waiting for him. The spiral staircase looked like it ended in a flat ceiling, the stairs just stopping on the smooth, white marble. Daryn whispered the command word, and the stone peeled away to admit his bulk to the room above.

With another word, the floor sealed closed once again and Daryn eagerly swept his gaze around the room. Nine-sided like his previous bedroom, this room held no pretenses as to its purpose. No bookshelves cramped its walls, and no desk blocked the view through the windows. In fact, there weren't even any walls to obstruct the view. The roof was supported by a single, nine-sided piece of thick, transparent crystal, giving the room's occupants a three hundred-sixty degree view of the surrounding landscape. The plains to the south and the mountains to the north stretched away into the distance, and the sun was just beginning to set, dipping below the eastern horizon as the sky faded from brilliant reds and oranges to the dusky purple of evening.

Filling the center of the room was an enormous bed, circular and shaped like a shallow, concave bowl sunken into the floor. Of everything in his new home, only the park that was inscribed within the annulus of the structure took more time to construct magically. The smooth stone floor blended seamlessly into the soft, satiny cushion of the bed. In truth, it was just plain stone, only spelled to be as yielding as the finest mattress and softer than the purest silks. It had taken no small amount of effort for Daryn to ensure that the bed would feel soft enough to suit his needs, but still be tough enough to stand up to the wear and tear of dragon scales.

Clara had chosen the bed's color for the evening, a deep, vibrant crimson, the color of Daryn's unscaled skin. The dragoness herself was reclining against the lip of the far side of the bed, her tail flicking lazily through the air, beckoning Daryn to come closer. He stepped

smoothly down into the bowl of the bed, drinking in her appearance as he lowered himself to his knees.

She was stunningly, mind-numbingly beautiful. Scales of polished silver gleamed in the light of the setting sun, contrasting with the glittering scales of snowy white that coated her front from her chin to the end of her thick, muscular tail. Two long, ivory horns arched gracefully over her head, accompanied by several shorter pairs that gave her an elegantly curved silhouette in the fading sunlight. Eyes of twinkling emerald watched him inch closer hungrily, their pupils round and humanlike, for the time being. A tapering, reptilian snout carried her jaw and nostrils away from her cheeks, but the smooth, elegant lines, and shorter, more rounded tip when compared to Daryn's draconic face screamed feminine delicacy.

Her body was long, lean and powerful. Tight, dense, muscles covered her frame and lurked just beneath her scales, betraying her overwhelming strength whenever she moved. Her long, lissome legs ended in dainty, digitigrade feet that were capped with sharp, curving claws, capable of tearing rents in even the magically strengthened stone of the Archmage's home. Similar, viciously sharp claws likewise tipped her long, slender fingers, clicking against her thigh as she drummed them patiently. Huge, batlike wings, their membranes a pale, icy blue stretched out behind her, open and inviting, and Daryn crawled eagerly forward into their embrace.

Despite her savage appearance, plush, feminine curves gave her a voluptuous hourglass figure. Thick hips would have made her usually slender waist appear almost waspish. She may have seemed frail, if such a concept were not laughably pathetic in the face of her obvious, devastating power. Large full breasts rose and fell slowly with each of the dragoness's calm, even breaths. Pale blue nipples graced the swells of her alluring bust, and Daryn knew that despite their seeming weightlessness, they were heavy and delightfully soft, maintaining their perfect shape due to the inherent toughness of Clara's scaly hide.

The massive bed was large enough to hold a creature many times his size, and Daryn approached his dragoness languidly. When he came within range of Clara's long, flexible tail, it coiled gratefully around his arm, flexing excitedly, urging him closer. Clara's lips peeled away from her long, wickedly sharp teeth in a hungry, predatory grin as she hissed out a slow, needy breath. Closing the distance, Daryn peeled Clara's tail off of his arm and straddled it as he pulled himself closer to the amorous dragoness. The tapering length of it immediately found his own and wrapped itself almost automatically around its muscular thickness.

He could reach her now, and he laid his hands tenderly on Clara's ankles. He slid himself forward, trailing his glittering onyx claws up the length of Clara's shapely legs as he did so. Her breathing grew less steady as he gingerly traced the lines of the powerful muscles along the inside of Clara's thighs, working his way to the cleft between her legs. He let his exploring fingers get achingly close to the sensitive scales of Clara's crotch before he skipped over them, pulling an excited moan out of the dragoness's throat as he rested his fingers lightly on Clara's round, gravid belly.

The muscles of the dragoness's abdomen fluttered under his fingers as he traced the outline of the egg that sat in Clara, waiting to be laid. She had said it would be soon. He couldn't wait. He dipped his head low to press his lips against Clara's pregnant form. The dragoness reached up and stroked the side of his face, exploring the wicked spikes that jutted from his jaw.

Daryn smiled and looked up at her. She was breathing more heavily now, and her scent filled his nostrils. She didn't have to say anything to tell him how much she wanted this. He reached forward and cupped Clara's chest in his palms, rubbing her tender buds as they bloomed against him. She moaned. Her pregnancy had made the dragoness sublimely sensitive, and Daryn

had grown used to exploiting that fact. He lifted himself up over her, careful not to put too much weight on her belly, but making sure that she could feel the heat that burned for her under his scales. It always felt like that, the scorching, needy heat that burned at his inhibitions, begging him to let go. Each time, it felt better, more insistent, but he had only set himself loose once, and he had had to rebuild his house afterwards.

Clara clutched at his back, pulling him further down. He shifted to the side, letting himself stretch out next to her. She shifted her wing to free it from beneath him and likewise rolled onto her side to face him. Her mouth dropped open, and the dragoness's pale blue tongue roiled in her maw, inviting Daryn further into her embrace. He accepted, and his own tongue spooled out of his mouth to join Clara's between her teeth. Clara's slender organ was cold against his own as they writhed against each other, but Daryn's burning heat quickly countered the dragoness's frigidity.

He closed his eyes. Daryn lost himself in the kiss as he basked in the intimacy of the dragoness's body pressed against his own and their mouths connected by a sensitive, wriggling cord of blood and muscle. The dragoness whined softly into his mouth when he crushed her chest to his with his thick, powerful arms. He could almost hear Clara's heartbeat send blood thundering through her veins, but it was drowned out by the cacophony of his own heart as it filled his body with fires of raging passion.

Contrary to the need that had her panting against him, Clara moved languorously, her scales rasping softly against his as she melted into his chest. Moving almost of its own accord, Daryn's tail found Clara's and twined itself lovingly around her length, mirroring the motions of his tongue as it wrestled with Clara's between her teeth. His nostrils flared around a heavy, volcanically hot breath that washed over Clara's snout; this was what he lived for. As much as Daryn enjoyed making the dragoness squeal in euphoric bliss, nothing made him feel more fulfilled than this, reveling in the presence of she who he loved more than life itself.

He could lay there for an eternity and not grow tired of her scales against his own. Her body pressed against him was his paradise. The calm confidence with which she caressed the muscles of his back was rapture. His hands roamed over her body and she responded, pressing herself into his fingers whenever they paused to knead her smooth scales. He yearned for time to stop, to give him a chance to experience Clara as he so desperately desired. It always ended too soon for his liking. The world could crumble to dust around him, and he wouldn't notice so long as Clara was there to distract him.

A stroke of luck, then, that she was not as patient as he. A shudder worked its way through the dragoness's body, and the feeling of something cool and wet against his chest pulled Daryn from his reverie. His eyes slid open as he slid himself lazily from Clara's mouth. The dragoness's glittering emerald eyes bored hungrily into his own as she panted, her maw still hanging open. Her pupils were still round and dilated from both her need and the deepening darkness of the oncoming night. He was surprised Clara had managed to hold herself off this long.

Daryn smiled and let his gaze drop to confirm his suspicions. Clara's huge bust heaved heavily atop her billowing lungs, tiny droplets of white liquid dripping from the tips of her puffy, painfully hard nipples. Clara's hand snaked placidly between them and cupped the swell of one of her swollen breasts, hefting it invitingly. Daryn grinned in answer and gently pushed Clara over onto her back once more. He heaved himself up and over her chest, resting his weight on an elbow as he leaned down over her leaking breasts.

Clara's hands meandered over her plush chest, tenderly massaging her sensitive white scales. She froze when he laid a hand over hers and squeezed gently. A thin stream of dragon milk trickled from her chest to the sound of Clara's ardent moan. Daryn lapped it up eagerly, being sure to let his tongue linger on the dragoness's thick, engorged teat. His horn-studded eyebrows rose, intrigued at the unique flavor. With great care, he opened his mouth, letting Clara's aching bud slip between his teeth. He let his thin lips fall closed around the dragoness's flesh, sealing her throbbing nipple within his mouth. He traced his tongue in short, slow circles around Clara's icy blue skin as he applied gentle, teasing suction, kneading the soft curve of the dragoness's chest from the outside as he pulled her milk from her body.

As if a dam had burst, a torrent of ice-cold fluid gushed into his waiting mouth and he drank it down greedily. The frigid liquid was thick and creamy, but its sweetness surprised Daryn. The milk that streamed into him tasted as if it had been laced with honey, and it had a faint, fruity aroma that reminded Daryn of tangy citrus, rather than ordinary milk. He shrugged internally; he hadn't really known what to expect, but it was delicious.

Daryn could feel Clara squeezing herself under his fingers, urging herself to provide everything that he could desire. His smile at her earnest desire threatened to break the seal he had with her breast, so he pressed himself down, determined to drain her dry. The flavorful liquid he swallowed filled him with an excited energy, and he worked Clara's nipple with his tongue, making the dragoness writhe beneath him. His free hand went to Clara's heavy, gravid stomach to lovingly trace the outline of the egg that strained at Clara's taut belly.

The flow from the dragoness began to slacken, and he gingerly drew one last spurt from her nipple, careful not to strain Clara with any undue force. He pulled away slowly, Clara slipping from his mouth with a wet pop. He slid his hand to her other breast, silently assuring her that he wasn't done as he leaned upward so that he could press his thin lips to hers in an awkward draconic kiss. He daintily let the milk in his mouth pour into hers, giving the dragoness a taste of herself. Clara arched her back with a pleased hum as she shifted, giving him a better angle at which to access her other needy bud. Her tongue slithered briefly into his maw to run along his slender organ as he pulled back down to get at her neglected globe.

He gave her other milk-bloated mammary the same treatment, drinking deeply from her until he could pull no more from the dragoness without causing her discomfort. He let Clara fall from his mouth and licked her milk-slicked skin clean until it shone wetly with only his saliva. He rubbed the leavings of his meal idly into her marginally diminished breast and lifted his head until his cheek rested against hers.

Abruptly, Clara tensed, a short spasm shaking her against him. She pulled in a slow, hissing breath and fixed Daryn with a look of warning. He watched as she blinked rapidly several times, smiling slowly when her crystalline, emerald irises pinched inward, narrowing her pupils to predatory slits. About time. Daryn started to lift himself off of the dragoness when she caught his arm in a steely grip.

In her current state, Daryn could easily overpower her, but he let her guide his hand down to the swell of her pregnant belly. His eyebrows rose, and she nodded. "It's time." she whispered through urgent breaths.

Daryn's hammering heart leapt up into his throat. "What... what do you need me to do?" he murmured, as if afraid to make too much noise.

He backed away slightly as she shifted, splaying her wings out around the rim of the bowl. Her tail flicked excitedly as she spread her shapely legs wide. "You don't need to do anything." She gestured down the length of her body with a short nod of her tapering snout. "But

I would appreciate it if you would let your tongue live up to the reputation it's worked so hard to earn."

With a grin, Daryn leaned in to run his tongue along the elegant line of her jaw before he slid himself deeper into the bed to approach her from the right angle. He crawled slowly up the length of her twitching tail, holding it down under his bulk as he pushed his head into the cleft between Clara's powerful thighs. The dragoness's gravidity rose up above him, and this close, Daryn could see Clara's abdominals flexing in slow, insistent contractions around the oblong shape that filled her midsection.

It was beautiful. Clara's tail undulated beneath him, urging him closer, and he scooted the rest of the way along its length until he had to lean his head back to avoid touching the fine scales of the dragoness's loins with the end of his snout. "This is so wonderful, Clara, but how..." he hesitated, "It's so big. Is this going to hurt you?"

"Like this?" Clara mused softly, "It probably would... But have you already forgotten everything you know about dragons, Calidus? I am not some soft human woman, trapped beneath her own child. Our egg is large, and our hatchling will be big and strong, just like its parents, but as large and heavy as it has grown, I can be larger." She reached down around her belly to trace her fingers along one of his horns as she said impatiently, "Now if you don't get started down there, I am going to do it myself."

Her fingers tightened around the girth of one of his longest horns as another spasm wracked her body and Daryn wasted no more time. He cupped his hands under Clara's hips, lifting her slightly off of the ground and resting her weight in his palms to give him leverage as he leaned his head down to press the end of his snout against the barely discernable patch of fine, white scales that hid his prize. He ran his tongue slowly but roughly against Clara's invisible slit and the dragoness jerked under his ministrations with a euphoric moan that was choked off into a high-pitched whine.

He tilted his head forward to watch the result of his encouraging act. Pulsing in time with Clara frantic heartbeat, the pale, icy blue lips of the dragoness's womanhood bloomed outward, exposing the needy petals of her delicate-looking feminine flower. Daryn's earlier teasing had obviously gotten Clara excited, because her lower lips shone wetly and the entrance to her tight, visibly throbbing passage practically drooled a thick, slow stream of heady, fragrant lubricant. Daryn smiled and leaned back down into the frigid treasure that awaited him.

Clutching his hands onto the firm muscle of Clara's rear that filled his fingers, he made sure to move slowly at first. Daryn let his tongue spool languidly through his teeth to hang patiently in the scant few inches of free space between his open mouth and Clara's aching pussy. He emptied his maw of his tongue, letting the full length of his organ writhe dexterously in the air, foot after foot of it dripping scalding saliva. Daryn ensured that each drop of the burning fluid that left his mouth landed squarely on the entrance to the dragoness's vagina, making Clara jump at the sheer temperature difference.

Only a few seconds passed before Clara squeezed out a warning growl. She was not going to tolerate much more teasing. Daryn suppressed a chuckle and teased tenderly at the throbbing hole that so desperately demanded to be penetrated. Clara's growl pinched off into a long moan as Daryn fed inch after inch of his tongue into Clara's womanhood. He blinked at the shockingly cold temperature, but forged on, confident in the ability for the fire that raged at his core to tame the dragoness's bitterly frigid depths.

Clara's inner walls were trembling around his slender length with no rhyme or reason, but Daryn could feel something building within the dragoness. Clara was egging herself onward, her

hands ravaging her breasts and Daryn felt her muscles fighting each other as she tried time and time again to buck her hips upward, eager to shove her crotch into his face. In contrast to her frantic energy, he moved slowly, languorously, as he probed ever deeper into the shockingly tight depths of the dragoness's passage. He forced his tongue to double back on itself after he had crammed more than a foot of its length into Clara's quaking body. He fought back against the crushing force of Clara's muscular walls trying to wring the blood out of his tongue, stretching her when her clenching muscles periodically relaxed.

She suddenly tensed, her entire body locking up as if she struggled against a great weight. Daryn couldn't feel it physically, but he sensed the tremendous amount of energy that began to pour through Clara's body as she relaxed just as abruptly. What he could feel was the entrancing sensation of her firm, round ass pushing his fingers apart as it swelled against his hands. She rapidly gained mass in stuttering bursts, her tail surging thicker underneath him as it pushed him further off of the ground. Her thighs slapped together on his broad shoulders, their powerful muscles trying to meet despite his body as they bulged under the silver scales of her legs.

Despite how her womanhood stretched larger around his tongue, the vicelike pressure only grew stronger as she clamped down on him. Daryn didn't have to look up to know that her breasts would be ballooning on her chest. She always savored that part the most. Her pale blue tongue would be lolling out of her mouth as she viciously ravaged her nipples while they throbbed larger in her fingers. The muscle in her arms would swell and press urgently into her scales a split second before the rest of her could catch up. Her shoulders would broaden to support the heavy mass of her growing torso as her entire body lengthened, pulsating with overwhelming strength.

Before long, his biceps alone could no longer support the dragoness's growing weight and he had to lower her back to the floor. Luckily, the unyielding muscle of her rounded ass kept her loins in contact with his tongue, and he let his excitement power his motions. His maw met her lips as he managed to push his entire length into her steadily expanding body. He savagely raked his tongue against the velvety walls of her womanhood. The intoxicating aroma of the fluid that was getting smeared across his snout filled his lungs as he gulped down huge breaths. The flavor of her need coated his taste buds and fought for his attention. All the while, the walls of her thighs rose up around him as she quickly surpassed his size, dwarfing him in her desire.

If this was a dragoness in labor, Daryn understood why Clara had never seemed stressed or worried. She had carried her growing egg for nearly two months, and not once had she seemed the least bit uncomfortable. Feeling her expand around him, he wondered if her sluggishness had been just an act, a show put on by Clara for his benefit. Unsurprisingly, the egg that had filled Clara's abdomen was not mirroring her growth. Instead, the bulge of her gravid belly appeared to recede as she swelled around its oblong mass.

The dragoness's panting filled his hearing, punctuated periodically by ardent moans as Daryn writhed his tongue wildly within her. He pulled out only marginally to give himself the slack he needed to rub the tip of his snout against the hard nub of her clit as it peeked out from under its hood, the thickness of his thumb.

Clara liked that, and she briefly froze, her entire body flexing powerfully underneath him. Her tail spasmed, threatening to throw him into the air as easily as he could toss a pebble. Daryn hesitated, uncertain if he should continue, but that decision was removed from his consideration as the dragoness reached down to latch both hands onto his horns. Daryn only had time to gasp in alarm as Clara used her newfound leverage to shove him face-first into her womanhood.

Clara squealed a muffled, wordless cry as she pushed Daryn's face inside her. He gurgled through the veritable stream of clear, viscous lubricant that poured from Clara's pulsing passage. He flailed weakly, trying to push himself free from his predicament, but he may as well have been struggling against the strength of a needy goddess. Clara's arms drew him inexorably forward, stretching herself wide around his tapering snout. The short, savagely pointed spikes that lined his jaws seemed to only stimulate her further, and she mewled excitedly as his scales scraped against her walls. Daryn had heard the term face-fucking before, but for some reason, he doubted this was what people had meant.

He wasn't sure what was going to happen first, drowning or suffocation. He gasped in a thankful breath as Clara tore his snout violently from her depths, barely giving him time to recover before she shoved him back into place, deeper than before as she bloomed larger around him. Her euphoric moans rumbled deep in her chest. The sight of Clara's icy blue pussy filled his vision, and Daryn consigned himself to his fate, trusting Clara not to let him drown in her lusty secretions. He instead focused on forcing as much pleasure to quake through her tremendous body as he could.

He stopped fighting and moved with the unstoppable pull of Clara's overwhelming strength. He tried to crawl deeper into his lover, twisting his head side to side like an auger, fiercely scraping the rough edges of his face against the yielding but impenetrable walls of Clara's womanhood as they tried to crush his skull. She had overpowered him before. She had held him down and fucked him for endless hours, but this was a new experience for Daryn. He had to close his eyes as they slipped into Clara's depths. He could hear her heartbeat through her wildly fluttering walls. He wondered briefly if he was supposed to climb up there and pull her egg from her manually.

She was growing so fast, overwhelmed by mind-numbing bliss. Daryn had to guess that the room was rapidly filling with amorous dragoness. Her tail alone must have been as big around as his chest as it slapped heavily on the ground, flailing with each wave of growth that rocked through her body. She desperately humped against his head, slowly starting to shove even his horns into her body. Daryn renewed his struggling; his horns would act like barbs if she managed to get their tips into her. His fighting seemed feeble compared to her power, and his wriggling seemed only to excite her further.

She easily countered his efforts, but her movements slowed, her muscles growing tight. She was nearing the limits of her endurance. Even her growth seemed to abate as she teetered on the precipice of release. Her hands on his horns held him motionless, he could no more move than he could breathe, but he was struck with an idea. He reached up above him, latching onto what he found when his hand brushed against it. He tightened his fingers as he gripped her tremendously-sized clit and twisted hard. She jerked, yanking his face from her and froze.

Daryn panted heavily, blinking to clear his eyes of the thick liquid that was plastered over the golden scales of his head. His horns creaked painfully, as if threatening to break from the death-grip Clara had on them. She sat motionless, her mouth hanging open, staring at nothing. Her entire body was locked up, each muscle standing stiffly against her scaly hide, putting her titanic strength on display. Daryn could barely see the tiny displacement the egg made in her stomach, so large had the dragoness grown. Her body filled the bed, and she had to fold her wings to prevent them from reaching all the way across the space. Were she standing, Clara would have had to bend almost double to avoid destroying the ceiling.

His hand still on her enormous clit, Daryn stoked it lovingly with a single finger, giving Clara the impetus she needed to complete her orgasm. The dragoness shuddered back to life,

transferring her hands to Daryn's shoulders as she arched her back and screamed. It would have been high-pitched and keening if she hadn't been so gigantic. Instead it gurgled in her throat before shaking the room around them as she wailed her release. Her legs thrashed around him, but Daryn didn't even notice the pain of the dragoness's claws digging agonizingly into his shoulders, he was so transfixed by the sight of the comparatively tiny bump in Clara's abdomen moving.

It traveled almost lazily, Clara's spasming muscles urging onward along its path until it dipped out of sight, leaving Clara's waist lean and svelte once more, not that the dragoness could notice, so busy was she with screaming her release. A fresh wave of slick lubricant spurted from Clara's womanhood, clearing the way for what was coming, and Daryn tweaked Clara's clit excitedly, wracking the dragoness with more euphoric screaming. The Archmage forgotten, Clara's hands shot to her enormous breasts, each large enough for Daryn to wrap his arms around, leaving the gleeful dragon free to position himself accordingly.

He slid closer, holding his arms out, waiting with strained patience. Then it came. Clara's screams dropped into a thunderous, bellowing roar that Daryn was sure could be heard throughout Southcliff, and her lower lips spread around something hard and round. Almost casually, a large, oblong egg briefly stretched the dragoness wide around it before it was pushed out of Clara's body, falling heavily into Daryn's waiting arms, followed by a cascade of oozing liquid. Clara's roar died off, and she collapsed into the bed, panting. Daryn's breath caught in his throat, frozen by the sight of the thing that sat placidly in his arms.

Shining wetly with the fluid that coated its smooth, hard surface, it gleamed like polished metal in the pale golden magelight that Daryn summoned so he could inspect it. It was heavier than it looked, and it was veined with a rainbow of colors, the most prominent of which were pale blue and deep red, in homage to its parents, Daryn suspected. Despite where it had come from, it was warm against his hands, and Daryn clutched it to his chest desperately, too overwhelmed to speak.

He silently crawled up next to the dragoness, who lay still, breathing heavily. Clara looked over and smiled. She reached over and plucked him easily from the bed, lifting him over her to deposit him lightly in the steep valley of her bountiful cleavage. Clara's soft, pliant breasts bounded him on both sides as they heaved against him with her deep, slowly calming breaths.

Daryn didn't bother to choke back the tears that dripped from the corners of his eyes as he rested the egg against Clara's chest and caressed it lovingly. The dragoness raised her arms, wrapping them together around her immense bust, pinching Daryn between them. He could help but let out an uncharacteristic giggle at his predicament, trapped between delightfully yielding walls of smooth, white scales.

He felt the tension within him break, and he managed to say through a chuckle, "Next time, give me some warning before you try to suffocate me, I can make it a lot easier for you."

A slender, silver-scaled finger the thickness of his wrist dipped down to brush a knuckle against his still-dripping jawline. "I'm sorry." Clara's voice rumbled around him, deep from her increased size, but still smooth and feminine, "I may have gotten a little carried away there at the end. I just wasn't prepared for how good it felt, to have you squirming inside me, deeper and deeper while I bloomed around you." Her finger left his face to trace the tip of her claw with impossible delicacy along the contour of the egg that sat on her chest. "Bronze... Our child will be a feisty one."

"More so than you?" Daryn asked incredulously as he wriggled further up Clara's chest, freeing his trapped arm to let it tenderly massage Clara's titanic breast. "Gods help me."

With her unoccupied hand, she reached into her cleavage and lifted him into the air once more. He let his arms and legs dangle pitifully, pouting at his sudden inability to reach Clara's tantalizing curves. The dragoness laughed and squeezed her arms together around her bust, squishing her breasts against each other as she let Daryn drop gently down. His bulk bounced softly as he landed back onto her and he splayed out his limbs to embrace the mountainous, if pliant, flesh that rose and fell with Clara's laughter.

As hard as Daryn had tried to make his magically constructed bed as comfortable as possible, nothing could ever compare to the yielding softness of the dragoness's chest as he relaxed leisurely with Clara's hand on his back. He forced down the desire to wrap his fingers around the wrist-thick nipple that rose up next to him and ravage it for all it was worth. Instead, he calmly rested his head against Clara's bust and looked over at her to watch the dragoness tenderly stroke the egg that sat nestled in the canyon between her breasts.

Clara let out a soft, bugling cry, utterly inhuman, but Daryn could hear the way it vibrated with pure, crystalline adoration. He smiled and turned his head, taking in the sight of the dragoness's body stretching out before him. She more than filled the bed. If she were to stretch out her legs, she could press her toes against the far wall, and her tail would crawl up the wall and along the ceiling. Daryn made a mental note to expand the area of the bed. It seemed like Clara had gotten larger each time they had used it.

Not that Daryn was about to start complaining. He watched the lean muscles of Clara's once more tight and slender abdomen flex as she breathed, making him rise and fall slowly atop her. She stirred, her arms pushing her up to a sit, and Daryn rolled off of her chest, landing in her lap on his back. He laughed as she rose up to tower over him. Her breasts, huge and heavy, filled his vision as they hovered over him tantalizingly out of reach. The dragoness carefully laid the egg that was in her hands a safe distance to the side near a window, as if to give it a pristine view of the lands that stretched out beyond Southcliff. Clara then craned her head past her breasts to peer down at Daryn.

She grinned widely down at him, showing Daryn an uncomfortable number of razor-sharp fangs. Clara hissed a long breath in through clenched teeth and Daryn felt the muscles of her thighs tremble beneath him. The dragoness slapped a palm heavily down onto his chest and pressed downward, forcing him between her legs to the surface of the bed below. She pushed him away from her as she leaned forward, eventually sliding him up to recline into the gentle curve of the bowl that was filled with increasingly amorous dragoness. Daryn raised a curious eyebrow as she shifted, keeping a hand pinning him to the bed while she pushed herself to her hands and knees to loom ominously over him.

Her voice rumbled around him, soft but with an undertone of restrained passion. "Don't think I've forgotten about you." He shook his head dramatically to assure her that he would never do such a thing, and her fingers tightened on his chest as she leaned down. The tip of her snout stopped a scant few inches before his own, and her jaw dropped open to let her tongue, long and thick, swipe over his face, cleaning it of her dried leavings. He smiled, spluttering theatrically as he raised his hands to grip the dragoness's slick appendage, using it to scrub his scales clean until they shined with a slick layer of Clara's cool saliva.

She huffed and ran her tongue along his jaw once more before she pulled it back between her teeth. She then dipped lower, pressing the soft curves of her tremendous bust into his lower body. Daryn could feel Clara's voice vibrate through her chest as she murmured urgently to him. "I would just lay back and tell you to do what you wanted, but you would never think of

yourself." She pushed herself lower, dipping her head down to release a frigid breath against Daryn's scales.

Daryn smirked; she was probably right about that. Why would he pleasure himself when he could pleasure her? As if reading his thoughts, she turned her head to stare at him with one enormous, emerald eye, and blinked slowly. She heaved a sudden, heavy breath and tensed. Her eye rolled back partway into her skull as she shuddered. Having been suspiciously absent during her laying, fine, delicate fins, their membranes wintry blue, like her wings, pushed themselves from the sides of her face, fluttering gently through the air as Clara's breathing quickened.

He couldn't see it, pinned as he was, but Daryn could hear Clara's scales rasping against one another as the long, graceful sail sprouted from her spine, trailing from the base of her skull to the tip of her tail. She wriggled against him as she shuddered again, her eye refocusing slowly onto his face. "You clearly can't be held responsible for your enjoyment, Calidus, but I won't let you forget yourself." She squeezed her breasts together around him, grinding their smooth scales into his body as she massaged him hungrily. "So here is what is going to happen." she said with quite, but forceful passion, "I'm going to hold you down right where you are and fuck you senseless with this big, sexy body you've given me. You are going to scream yourself hoarse and I am going to squeeze your seed from your body until I have enough to bathe in... Every. Last. Drop. I am going to crush you underneath me until you pass out from sheer bliss. Then, tomorrow, we are going to save the world and make it safe for our child to grow up in. When we get back, I am going to get so... so big for you, Calidus, and I will ravage you again and again until you will have to fly to get anywhere, because you won't be able to walk anymore. Do you understand me?"

Daryn grinned excitedly and nodded. Sounded like as good a plan as any.