

Breaking in a Home

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For once, Daryn was the one who had to seek Clara out. If he didn't know better, he would have suspected the dragoness was purposefully avoiding him. In the week since his apprentice had been promoted to wizard, Daryn had seen her only a handful of times, and even then only fleetingly. Daryn huffed a plume of wispy grey smoke as he straightened his knee-length, black longcoat on his shoulders. Certainly he had been busy, but he had been busy before, and Clara's near omnipresence was comforting, nearly as comforting as her mysterious absence was disconcerting.

The broad, grand hallway that ran down the middle of the annulus of his home was dizzying as he stalked down it, occasionally nodding his acknowledgement to some passerby or another. The need for body-shaping had skyrocketed, and Daryn had found his services requested by more people than ever before, despite the normally exorbitant prices he usually requested in exchange. He truly had no use for the money, it served more as a deterrent for every petty demand people requested than anything, and Daryn had always made sure that those who needed his help received it. The problem was that more people than ever needed his help.

People whose bodies had been warped and defiled against their wills by the demon and its corruption had jumped to the top of his list of priorities. He couldn't refuse the pleas of innocent people who had been hurt by something so vile, and Daryn had been very busy over the past few weeks. But, perhaps at the cost of a little bit of sleep here and there he had managed to complete a little side project he had set aside for himself. Now if only he could find that blasted dragon.

Daryn stepped out into the monumental entry hall, with its spiral staircases and fluted columns, and sniffed, testing the air. The presence of so many new visitors had made it frustratingly difficult to pick out familiar scents, especially old ones. He could smell Clara, exotic and alluring, tugging at him even without her attendance, but the scent was hours old, and not helpful, buried under dozens of other smells as it was. He huffed, clearing his nose as he leaned heavily against the wall.

The enormous doors that filled one side of the cavernous, airy room stood open, letting in a broad beam of late-morning light in addition to the occasional visitor. Daryn pushed himself off of the wall when a familiar face strolled in through the opening, leading a pair of followers, a short shark morph and a taller, but stocky dog morph with striking, red-orange fur, possible new recruits. Valorie straightened her rich, blue cape on her shoulders as she spoke softly to her guests. She jerked to a halt as Daryn approached and her followers' eyes looked ready to pop out of their heads at the sight of the dragon.

Daryn smiled, making sure to show plenty of razor-sharp teeth as he casually stepped over. Valorie gave him a crisp bow, the light gleaming off of her argentum armor, and she spoke as she rose. "Archmage." she quipped in greeting. The other two bowed awkwardly, rising only after Valorie did.

Archmage? Definitely new recruits then. "Captain." Daryn responded, "I take it everything goes well? You have a visitor waiting in your office whenever you get a free moment, she was rather anxious to see you." He cocked his head, taking in the nervous pair who seemed anxious to hide behind Valorie. "And who might these two be?"

Valorie stepped aside, gesturing for her guests to step forward, which they did, albeit hesitantly. She pointed first at the petite shark first, then the dog. "This is Maria, and this is Valin. They took a liking to the cape and wondered if they could get ones of their own. I told them that I could get them in to you for a fitting after a few questions and a hell of a lot of training. I hope you don't mind terribly."

"Not at all, not at all." Daryn admitted as he knelt down in front of the pair, giving them a critical eye. They quailed under his gaze, and for a brief second, Daryn regretted his savage appearance. "Who was it?" he asked after a moment of inspection.

Everyone had their motivations, and it was no different with these two. It turned out that Maria's parents had disappeared mysteriously, and Valin's sister had nearly raped someone to death before running off. They wanted to help, and he wished them luck; they would need it. Valorie was taking her new job very seriously, and she and Cera both had very high expectations of their recruits. Daryn had debated the wisdom of essentially creating a paramilitary group answerable to only the Ordo Arcanum, but upon seeing the dedication of its founding members, he knew he had made the right decision. It had, however, been an interesting conversation with the Council. He was certain that it had only been the support of the Duke of Southcliff and a great many of Arvandor's minor nobles that had convinced the Council to allow the Silver Lance to exist.

He stood. Valorie was a busy woman now, and he let her get back to her self-imposed duties. But not before inquiring as to Clara's whereabouts. The equine's armor rattled against itself as she shrugged, but she said that Limata had been clinging to the dragoness recently. Daryn nodded, bidding Valorie and her followers a farewell and stood, watching them walk away.

He really should have guessed the little dragonet would have her nose buried somewhere it likely wasn't welcome. He was glad that Limata and Clara had gotten along, considering the rocky start to their relationship, and he focused in on his mental connection to his familiar, letting it guide him as he took the stairs up to the third floor. The creature that was, perhaps, his oldest friend, was constantly planning some sort of mischief, but always had people's best interests at heart.

As Daryn got closer, he could feel her. The rushing torrent of raw, primal power that coursed beneath her scales bent the world around her, and if it hadn't been drowned out by the spells woven into the stone walls of his home, he could sense her from miles away. He approached a door, and he could suddenly smell her as he pushed it open.

The door swing inward and a streak of red lightning collided with his face. He staggered backward with a surprised grunt. He had, of course, seen it coming. Daryn could pinpoint the location of his familiar out to a distance of nearly a mile, and he could feel the tense excitement she felt just before she pounced. But he flailed his arms theatrically for her benefit regardless. He couldn't fool her but a bloom of warm affection poured across their link as the dragonet climbed up onto his long, draconian snout.

The housecat-sized creature's scales shone bright, iridescent red, and delicate, draconian wings fluttered on its back as it peered at Daryn through crystalline blue eyes. Her voice, light and musical, sounded in Daryn's thoughts. "I was beginning to wonder when you would arrive, Master." She nuzzled her long, reptilian snout against his cheek, her tiny horns scraping against his scales. "The Silver One needs you and I could not stay with her for much longer. I found another question to ask of the horse. You need to take care of her."

A tendril of concern wormed its way into Daryn's mind, and Limata nodded knowingly. "Thank you, Limata." Daryn whispered to her, "I will do so at once." Without another word, the dragonet leapt off of Daryn's snout and winged her way down the hall. Daryn watched her for a moment before he turned, stepping through the door.

The room was spacious but unadorned. This far up, most of the rooms were bare, waiting to be given a purpose. When Daryn had rebuilt the Sanctum Arcanum, he took into account the potential for future growth, and many rooms in the upper floors would eventually be turned into offices or workrooms, perhaps even bedrooms, with how set Valorie was on turning his home into a barracks for the Silver Lance.

He took a few steps into the open space, letting the door shut behind him. The sunlight lancing in through the large windows on the inside wall gleamed off of the silver-streaked marble that made up the walls of the building. The light likewise scintillated off of the scales of the dragoness that was leaning heavily against one of the walls, her fingers laced together nervously in front of her.

Her beauty was breathtaking, but Daryn was too worried to ogle. She glanced up at him, her expression unreadable. "H-hello, Daryn."

She sounded... hurt. Her usually deep, melodic voice was shaky and weak. She was still wearing the dress he had made for her, the glittering blue sapphire dust clinging to her shapely body like a cerulean sheath. "Clara," said Daryn, trying to keep obvious concern from his voice, "what's wrong?"

She waved a clawed hand, dismissing his unease. "Nothing, nothing. I just... don't much like crowds. That's all. What can I do for you?"

Daryn raised a suspicious eyebrow. "You don't have to do anything for me, Clara. And eight people hardly a crowd makes. Why are you up here in this empty room all alone?"

Clara sniffed indignantly. "If I wanted to be alone I'd be on the roof, or in the sky. No, I've done enough being alone for a few centuries."

His clawed toes clicked on the stone of the floor as Daryn walked casually to the window, looking out over the park that occupied the central ring of his home. He could see Valorie standing in the middle of a loose circle of onlookers, gesturing wildly as she explained something or another. "I know you have," he said glumly. "And I'm sorry it took me so long to admit to myself that I cared so deeply for you." He turned towards her, and she eyed him cautiously, body tense. "But the fact that you are here, rather than somewhere others would be reluctant to follow, means that you've been waiting for someone to find you, despite how hard you've been trying to avoid me."

She began to protest, but he cut her off with a frustrated flick of his tail. He sighed, sagging against the wall, and opened his arms beckoning an explanation. "Well here I am, Beautiful. What's bothering you? Tell me, please."

"It's nothing. It's stupid." She folded her arms over her chest, seeming to shrink in on herself. "I know it's stupid. Valorie told me it's stupid; Dawn told me it's stupid. Even Limata was laughing at me."

It seemed that everyone knew of Clara's unrest but he, and that irked Daryn somewhat. He forced himself to take a deep breath. "I promise I won't laugh, Clara. What's got you so nervous? Why won't you tell me? What did I do?"

"You didn't do anything! That's not it! It's ridiculous, and I didn't want to bother you with my misgivings. But I can't stop thinking about it. It hurts, Daryn. It hurts so badly, knowing what I did to you, and I just don't know what to do about it."

Tears changed everything. Daryn's heart sank and he practically jumped off of the wall, rushing to Clara's side, taking her hands in his. "Clara, what are you talking about?"

She sobbed, and Daryn reached up to wipe away her tears as soon as they sprang from her eyes, as if they would mar the fine scales of her cheeks. "Daryn, I can't forget that I raped you that night. I can't. I've tried. I forced myself on you like a blind animal. You treated me like a friend. You trusted me. You did more for me than I can imagine and I betrayed you for it, all because I couldn't... "keep it in my pants..." as it were."

"You have got to be kidding me..." Daryn stood close and laid a comforting hand on Clara's shoulder. "Clara listen, I've already-"

"I know!" Clara interrupted, "I know you knew what was going on, that I didn't bend your mind to mine like the demon you almost died fighting, but that's not the point! The point is that I didn't know that, but I did it anyway. I was so... lost in my need that I couldn't make myself care enough about you to realize what I was doing to you. I knew what I was doing! Part of me was so determined to lay with you that I could no longer care whether or not you wanted to. Gods' blood, Daryn, this! This is why dragons have a bad name! This is why there are songs of lusty dragons and kidnapped princesses! I loved you, damnit, even if I was unable to put the word to it at the time, and I wanted you so badly, it was ice-cold in my chest. Your smell, the way you smiled at me when you listened to me bellyache, I loved it all. But you were so tiny and fragile, and I knew that you were different, special. I didn't want... us... to be just one more bawdy song you hear in taverns!"

She grew silent, speaking in a bare whisper. "I really didn't. I didn't want to do that to you. I swear I didn't. But I guess I didn't want it badly enough, because you stuck in my nose, and I was so happy to have the sky back, and I got so... so cold. I could feel it as I lost myself to my lust. I could feel the spell I cast over you bubble up from within me even as I started to grow for you. I fought it, as hard as I could. It hurt worse than anything I had ever experienced, except for when I lost my wing and tried to heal it. But even under that, the agony of containing myself, I could feel the rush of power you brought out in me, more than I had ever felt before. My thoughts clouded over. I grew feral, and descended into something needy and bestial."

"I tried to save you from me, Daryn. But then you walked in, and you were so damn... understanding, despite how I was hurting you. It made me want you even more, and I hated myself for it. You weren't scared, I could smell it on you, and I just lost it. The huge, vicious beast, the mindless animal that lurks in every dragon tore its way to the surface and raped you. It was all I could do to remember to be gentle. I really... really didn't want to be."

"And then after all that, you still came to my rescue. You hunted me down and fought for me. And how do I repay you? With this..." she hesitated, laying her hand gingerly on his shoulder. "I could have just healed you; I know I could have. I had the power, but something else happened. And while I don't know how I did it, I'm still the one who did it to you, because of my own draconic greed..."

Daryn held Clara as she sniffled in a very undragonlike manner, trying to digest what he had just heard. He wasn't entirely sure how he was supposed to respond, so he let Clara stew in her tears for a moment. Clara so rarely let Daryn see her doubts or insecurities, and she needed to know that he would always be there. "Clara?" he murmured after a long minute, "Would you take a walk with me?"

She looked up at him, blinking her confusion. "I... What...? Y-yes."

"Thank you, Clara." He stepped away, holding out his arm for her to take. She hesitantly laced her long, slender limb through his own, and he started to walk, the dragoness trailing along

beside him. He swept her out of the room and strolled down the barren hallway. There was blissful silence, but for the sound of their claws rasping on the bare stone floors. In the more high-traffic areas of his home had cloth accents and rich, colorful rugs, but here, the two dragons were surrounded by high, airy ceilings and walls of the beautiful, silver-veined marble that made up the structure of the Sanctum.

Clara's tail brushed fleetingly against his own as he walked and he gently returned the gesture, welcoming more without a word. She twined her flexible appendage around his own, stroking him fondly, and he begged her to draw confidence from the contact. There was little chance for someone to run across the pair this far up in his home. There may have only been three floors in the Sanctum Arcanum, but they were huge and cavernous, and they were alone for a long time in relative silence.

"Daryn... are... a-are you angry with me?"

At that, Daryn chuckled in spite of himself. "Oh, Clara. I don't think I have it in me to be truly angry with you. No, I'm just thinking. In all honesty, I'm confused. I'm surprised that you chose this of all things to worry about. I would have latched on to how you threatened to eat me when we first met."

"I'm not joking, Daryn."

"You weren't then, either. But you're right, and I'm sorry. Humor is where I run and hide when I can't think of anything to say, and I'm not sure if there's even anything for me to say that would ease your concerns. I'm sorry."

"Don't be, Daryn. If anything, I'm the one who should--"

Daryn latched onto her shoulder in a sudden iron grip, cutting her off. "Please, don't apologize to me. Please." He slowed to a halt, unclenching his fingers in a jerky motion. "I... Clara, would you care for some fresh air? It's getting... rather stuffy in here." She nodded slowly, and he sighed his relief, wrapping his arms around her. She started to voice her confusion when Daryn muttered a short, prepared phrase beneath his breath, and she tensed as the world abruptly jumped beneath them. A split second of weightlessness later, and the ground settled into solidity beneath their feet.

Clara staggered, and she fell into Daryn's arms. She wriggled, and he set her upright as he cast his eyes around him. Spring had rapidly bloomed into summer, and most of the snow had long since melted and run down the mountain, but the lay of the land was familiar enough. He heard Clara gasp, and he looked down at the gaping dragoness as she too spun in a slow circle before she peered back up at him. "I must admit," he muttered to her with a smile, "You know how to find a view."

Snow-capped peaks towered over them, ringing a broad, sweeping view of the foothills of the Ordis Mountains that stretched away to the south, eventually mellowing into gentle, rolling hills and plains. Daryn imagined that, somewhere far in the distance, he could see the shining towers of Southcliff, but he was hundreds of miles from his home.

Clara's reluctant voice roused him from his admiration. "It took me quite some time to find it, but yes. This view was all that kept me alive for a long time."

"Then I owe it a debt that I can never repay." He turned toward her, fighting his own butterflies. She was so hauntingly beautiful, and she meant more to him that she apparently realized, and he wanted desperately to make her happy. "I'm glad you like it, because it's yours."

She cocked her head. "Wh-what?"

"It's yours." He pointed above them. "These three mountains. The one we're standing on, the taller, rockier one to the left, and the one to the right, from their peaks to their roots, all of them."

"Daryn, you can't... you can't just buy mountains! How..."

"Of course you can't buy mountains. But when a dragon, who also happens to be the Archmage, and one of the most powerful wizards in the world, requests a few mountains, people tend not to argue. You'd be surprised how many favors people have managed to owe me over the course of a century. So while I don't have a deed for you, these mountains are as yours as they're possible to be."

"Daryn, why...?"

"I needed some raw materials... Where do you think I got that sapphire? I also found a ton or two of silver, which I have plans for. But really I wanted to give you something a bit more meaningful than a dress." She looked down at the cobalt evening gown that draped her body and swished her tail nervously. "Clara, if I had the means I would give you the world. And while I'm not going to give up trying, I felt you needed a progress report of sorts." He offered her his hand, and she took it, still staring around her in awe. As they walked up a rough, rocky path, he prayed silently to the gods that she would appreciate what he had done.

After a few minutes of tense silence, a rocky crevice came into view around the side of the mountain. It was centered in a broad, stony plateau that ran out in a sheer cliff that fell nearly a thousand feet, and while it looked different when it wasn't coated in a thick blanket of snow, it was still recognizable as Clara's former mountain home. Daryn swallowed heavily, slowing to a stop just outside the rough-looking cave.

He stammered, not bothering to hide his nervousness, "Clara, I don't want to bring up painful memories, but you need this place. You lived here in isolation for years and years, dreaming of these skies, and I wanted to give you a place to call your own, fit for a creature of your magnificence. I'm working on getting a gate up between here and the Sanctum in Southcliff, so that whenever you need to see this view, you can. A building, no matter its opulence, is no place for a dragon to make her home."

Her tail had found his, and her svelte body was pressed in close to his. "You can certainly feel it," he continued, gaining confidence as her hands clasped his own, "I'm sorry it took so long, but it's... complex beyond anything I've ever attempted before. I know that this place was still very much under construction when we were last here, and if you'd rather continue with your claws and scales, believe me, I understand. I can dispel it easily enough, and I'm sure the resulting light show would be... impressive, with how much energy is sitting in this rock."

A cool breeze was beginning to pick up, and it tugged at Daryn's wings as it swept down the mountain. Clara shifted against him. "What will it do?"

"Whatever you want it to. All you have to do is stand right there, touch this keystone here, and picture what you want. Really bring it to life in your mind. The spell will take care of the rest."

She pulled away and looked up at him, her eyes suddenly bright with excitement. "Really? Just like that?"

Daryn nodded. "Up to the whole mountain. Hollow it out, tear it down, build a mansion if you want to... whatever you want. It's yours to do with as you please."

Clara surprised him with a happy smile as she pushed away from him, prancing over to the area he had indicated. The gauzy curtain hanging from the underside of her tail floated through the air as she spun to face him, taking a slow knee to place her hand confidently on a

large, flat stone engraved with the draconic runes of Clara's name. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

There was a frightening amount of energy bound into the mountain around them, and Daryn could feel it pulse as Clara set the spell in motion. It welled up and exploded outwards, lacing through the rock in an instant. Clara felt it too, because she shuddered as the air tightened with tremendous potential. There was a second of stillness, and the dragoness looked up at him with a giddy grin. The air pressed in on them, straining as if the universe was being wrung like a wet cloth. And then, with a crack that Daryn could feel in his chest, it sprang loose.

The ground lurched beneath his feet, jerking upward suddenly. It was unexpected, and he yelped as his feet leapt out from under him. He hit the ground as the mountain rattled underneath him. He hadn't foreseen Clara making such drastic adjustments, but he laughed anyway as the air was filled with the groaning of tortured rock. He could feel the stones beneath him reshaping, grinding and smoothing. Clara's bright, emerald eyes suddenly filled his vision as the dragoness dove on top of him, giggling manically as the mountain screeched its torment.

Clara was saying something, but he couldn't make it out. His confusion resolved itself when she pressed herself down on him and ran her tongue along the spines lining his jaw. He was suddenly acutely aware of her fingers around his horns and the way she was grinding her chest against his. He assumed that meant she liked it. Good.

The world writhed around them for what seemed like forever, but it couldn't have been more than a few minutes. Eventually, silence fell, echoing endlessly off of the surrounding mountains. Clara panted, her chest heaving. She shook with excitement. "Come find me, big boy." she whispered down to him. Then she hurled herself off of him, floating through the air on her wings before she shot toward her home.

That abrupt change in mood was enough to give him whiplash, but he staggered to his feet regardless, peering at how the landscape had changed. He gasped at what he saw. The rocky mountainside gradually gave way to a broad, smooth path that led into the mountain. What once was a plain, narrow crack in the rocks was now a lofty, imposing archway that gaped like the mouth of a slumbering titan, leading into a smooth, vast tunnel. The arch was incorporated into an enormous, elegant gatehouse, accompanied by spiraling columns and towering spires. It looked like a tremendous castle had risen up from the mountain, but got caught halfway in solid stone.

That too was unexpected. Daryn hadn't figured Clara for one who appreciated classic architecture. The air was full of dust kicked up by the process, and he snorted to clear his nose as he stepped carefully through the arch into the wide passage. The sturdy granite had been polished to an almost mirror shine, and reflected the sun's light deeper into the structure through the gently sloping hallway. It dove into the mountain, taking Daryn with it. He shivered. There was still magic trembling through the rock and the natural gleam of the outside sun was gradually supplemented with a gentle glow that emanated from the air above.

The hallway terminated in a tremendous, circular room studded with similarly grandiose portals. Occupying the chamber's center was an exquisite fountain that sprayed water into a shallow pool. The air in the room was frigid against Daryn's scales, and he dipped a clawed toe experimentally into the water. It too was harsh and icy. Only a faint, subtle spell kept it liquid. Light trickled down to him from an intricate, crystalline chandelier that was lit from within by a light so pale blue it was almost white. It was also likely made of ice, but Daryn wasn't about to go up and check.

He turned a slow circle, admiring the way grooves in the walls caught and reflected the light. Subtle differences set the doorways apart from each other, but Daryn had no idea which one the dragoness might have gone down. Luckily for him, then, that his sense of smell was as good as it was. He sauntered casually around the room, stopping to test the air in every passage for Clara's particular scent until he found the one he wanted. This hallway took him deeper into the mountain, the clicking of his claws echoing quietly off of the perfectly smooth walls.

It was bitterly cold, but extremes of temperature no longer bothered Daryn, and as he turned an abrupt corner, the passage he was in suddenly opened up into another perfectly circular room. It was huge and cavernous, like an enormous dome enclosing a bubble of wintry air. Occupying the center of the enormous empty space was a shallow, gently sloping bowl.

"You found me." Clara murmured, her voice rich and musical. The dragoness was lying on her stomach against the far edge of the bowl, resting her head on her arms over the bowl's lip. Her wings were splayed out to her sides, the icy blue membranes catching the matching light that filtered down on them from another sophisticated crystalline fixture that hung far above at the chamber's apex.

"Something tells me that you didn't put all that much effort into hiding. Thank you for that; I'd rather explore this place with you." He smiled as she wiggled her tail at him, beckoning him forward. She turned her head to watch him as his feet carried him obediently around the smooth depression, a lazy smile gracing her elegant features. She remained silent, shifting her wing as he stepped over to her.

He loomed over her for a moment, appreciating her perfection until her tail, apparently growing impatient, tugged at his leg, urging him closer. He chuckled as he took a knee next to her, throwing his other leg over her to straddle Clara's waist. "Oh..." she sighed, "You're so warm." With a hum, he nodded his agreement, not bothering to note that, with as cold as the room was, ice would seem hot. She cooed again as he took her bare shoulders in his hands, kneading the tension out of them.

Clara let out a heavy breath as she melted into the stone beneath her. "You know," muttered Daryn softly, "I really like this dress on you, but it's not customary to wear them for so long."

The dragoness wriggled as Daryn moved his hands down, tracing the delicate muscles of her outstretched wings. She bounced underneath him as she laughed lightly. "What's wrong, Daryn? Is it finally getting in your way? What are you going to do about it, hmm?"

"I don't know." Daryn responded wryly, "I'll have to think about it."

"Take your time. You're... very good with your fingers."

"I'm good with quite a few things, but I'm glad you appreciate them." His fingers clutched her smooth, slender back, massaging what gleaming silver scales that weren't hidden by the sheet of sapphire that covered the rest of her. He sighed heavily, a plume of inky black smoke signaling his discontent. "Clara... please tell me what I can do. What can I say?"

Clara responded by raising her wings above her head so she could roll over onto her back and look up at him with a small smile. "I already told you Daryn. I know it's silly of me to blame myself for something outside of my control. I just can't stop myself from wondering how I could have done things differently. I wish I had told you what was happening instead of trying so desperately to hide it. But I didn't, and what happened happened. You don't have to worry about that, though. I promise it won't happen again."

Daryn saw the saw the flaw in that line of thinking, and tried to speak gently. "So you're still going to cover it up then, secret it away somewhere I can't find it? Clara, why are you so desperate to hide yourself from me?"

The dragoness recoiled as if she had been struck, shrinking against the stone. "What? No, I... T-that's not what... I don't... Daryn, I just don't-"

He squeezed her shoulders until her stammering slowed to a stop. "I know, Clara. I know you don't want to hurt me again like you did that night. And I won't lie to you. It did hurt. I've never seen an impulse spike that strong, and resisting it tore at my mind like a six-inch nail being driven into my skull. But that agony is nothing compared to the misery of seeing you afraid of yourself, of what makes you a dragon. That primordial strength that sits in your core, waiting to be called upon, you potential mesmerizes me. No good can come from chaining it, keeping it pent up inside of you." She blinked up at him, and his breath caught in his throat with a sudden realization. "Good Gods..." he whispered, "I did this to you. You're doing this to yourself for me..."

"Of course." said the dragoness, "I told you, I just want-"

"No!" Daryn shouted, bringing his fist down on the stone with enough force to crack it. He felt anger boil up inside him, burning at his inhibitions, anger at his own blind stupidity. "No more! Can't you see what you're doing to yourself? You're holding yourself back for me, and it's stunting you, keeping you small and weak! Gods' Blood, how could I have been so foolish?!"

She writhed between his legs, eyes wide with worry. "Daryn, what do you mean? I... Calm down; you're getting so hot. You've got to relax!"

A growl rumbled like thunder in his chest. "I knew something was wrong, but I was too stupid to see it! That night in the cave, you were so tiny because you were fighting yourself so, so hard. Just a day later you nearly outgrew my bedroom. Every time we made love, you got a little bigger, and I thought it was natural, but it wasn't. It was just you growing more comfortable. You should have been able to smash that hilltop flat with me that day, but I had to force you to my size, feed the dragon inside you until you couldn't possibly hold it down." The fire abruptly left him and he sagged, holding his head in his hands. "I can feel it Clara... inside of you. It's like a vast, empty void, just waiting for you to fill it. But you always stop yourself before it can happen."

He reached down, taking twin handfuls of the sparkling coat that covered Clara's chest. "I should have never forced you into this... thing! Never again!" Clara gasped as he pulled upward, sinking his claws in and tearing open the dress to Clara's throat. He hissed a short phrase, undoing the spell that held the sapphire powder together, and it immediately disintegrated, sloughing off of her scales like water. Clara returned his hiss with a low, breathy one of her own as her fingers gripped his thighs and her tail coiled around his.

"Clara..." he intoned, relaxing slightly, "I know you worry about doing me any harm, but you don't need to. You subconsciously cast that spell on me because you were worried that I wouldn't, or couldn't feel about you the way you felt about me." He reached down to brush his claws along her jaw to caress her cheek. She nuzzled affectionately into his palm, and he traced his hand up to scratch delicately at the fine scales at the base of her long, ivory horns. "I can, and I do, Clara. I love you. I want you. I want all of you. If you want to do something for me, will you let yourself go for me? Will you give me everything you have? I'm not afraid of you, Clara, and you shouldn't be either." He hesitated, and Clara's tail gently urged him to continue. "I may be a hypocrite because I can't be the dragon you want me to be, but that doesn't mean you can't

be the dragon you deserve to be. Please, Clara. If you won't do it for yourself, will you do it for me?"

"That's just it, Daryn." Clara said, her voice heavy with emotion, "I don't want a dragon. I want you." She smiled slowly, pushing herself up onto her elbows so she could get her wings beneath her to keep her up while she twined her arms around his neck. "Anything else is just a bonus." She pulled him down, and her lips met his in a deep kiss. Daryn's nostrils flared, wafting a thin grey smoke over Clara's draconic snout, and the dragoness inhaled deeply, moaning into Daryn's mouth.

Daryn hooked his fingers behind Clara's neck while his other clutched at her shoulder, holding her close. It was awkward, meeting with lips not designed for kissing, but Clara's arms tightened nonetheless, pulling him into her. Clara's tail flexed, threatening to strangle his own as she dug hungrily into his mouth. She forced his lips apart, slipping her tongue between his teeth to join his. Her long, muscular tongue was cool against his own, and Clara continued to push herself forward, forcing him back and back until their roles had been reversed, and Daryn was on his back with the dragoness straddling his waist, mining his mouth with hers. His hands were on the scales of her hips, and he kneaded the delightfully yielding flesh with strong fingers, to Clara's apparent delight.

She was panting when she pulled away, and the icy blue membranes of her wings had flushed darker with ardor. "I hope you're ready for this, Daryn. This will get rough. When dragons rise, kingdoms burn."

"And mountains tremble, 'ere peace returns." Daryn finished with a lascivious grin, "It's your mountain to tremble as much as you please, Beautiful."

Clara closed her eyes and let out a long, slow breath, laying her hands on top of Daryn's over her hips. She sat back, resting her weight on Daryn's stomach. Her finger tightened on his, and he could feel the bloom of energy ignite inside the dragoness, finally unleashed. "Help me, Calidus..." she breathed, "Touch me... before I get too big to feel you. Please... hurry."

"Shh..." Daryn soothed, groping her as he shifted his hands up to her waist, "Let me worry about you feeling me. You just sit back and I'll take care of you." She huffed a short laugh and opened her eyes to fix him with a hungry gaze. Her pupils had pinched inward, having narrowed to predatory, reptilian slits. She shifted, lifting her leg to press her knee into Daryn's chest as she reached down and sunk her claws into Daryn's coat. She hauled upward, holding him down with her knee and tearing the thick, black cloth to shreds, baring his chest to her roving fingers.

He helped her, tearing his own coat off as she threw herself down, burying her nose between his neck and shoulder, breathing deeply. He hooked his hand under her plush rear, hauling her up him so he could snake his other hand between her legs, running his claws along the sensitive scales of her inner thigh. Her tail twitched as she moaned into his throat. "Come on, Clara." he egged her on, "Give me more to work with. Come on!"

She whined, her tongue lapping at a tendon in his neck as her fingers fondled his shoulders. Her body was getting tense, her movement growing sharp and jerky. Daryn could feel the torrent of raw, unstoppable power that coursed beneath the dragoness's scales, building brighter and brighter until he had to pull back his awareness to dull the burning sensation in his mind. He laughed and sank his fingers into the firm muscle of Clara's luscious butt and hauled, rolling the dragoness off of him and onto her back. He rolled with her, shoving her up until she was reclined against the rim of the bowl in which they lay.

It left his face hovering over her spread legs, and he looked up at her with an impish grin. Clara stared at him, panting, eyes wide and hopeful. Daryn chuckled and dipped his head down, laying his hands delicately on Clara's thighs and pushing them further apart. He could smell Clara's excitement, the dense, heady aroma sending electric tingles up his spine as he traced his tongue along the lustrous white scales surrounding her hidden slit. She tensed, grunting as she opened to his tender ministrations, blood pooling in her crotch, pushing the glistening lips of her wintry blue womanhood out and open.

"Yes!" moaned the dragoness eagerly, "Do it! Hurry!"

Daryn squeezed her thighs until she stopped begging, waiting for her lips to engorge as they darkened with blood. He took a deep breath, filling his lungs with the intoxicating scent of the clear fluid that glistened on Clara's throbbing vulva. He let it out over her blossoming flower, the heat from his body making the dragoness groan and spasm in his hands. He let his tongue swipe up her delicate folds, tasting her need. He probed her experimentally with the tip of his tongue, and she writhed, her tail slapping heavily on the stone next to him, wrestling with his own.

Unfortunately, there was little time for much delicacy, and he forcefully speared his tongue into Clara's frigid depths. She squealed at the sudden penetration and wrapped her fingers around his horns, pulling him forward, trying to force more of him into her. He gleefully obliged, to her delight, and pushed more than a foot of sinuous appendage into her. He wriggled dexterously, nearly tying himself into knots inside her slick passage. The lean, powerful muscle of her thighs quivered under his fingers, threatening to clamp down on his head, just barely restrained by Clara, who jerked her hips up into him.

"Oh Gods," she groaned, "so hot. Y-you're s-so hot! Gah!" She threw her head back, her teeth clenched around an excited hiss.

Her hiss turned to a whine as he slipped his tongue from her netherlips, immediately replacing it with a finger so he could shift his focus. He pumped the digit languidly, savoring the Clara's flavor for a moment before he crawled further up her body. Her hands left his horns to massage the muscles of his arms as he turned his attention to the dragoness's ample chest. He took a snowy-scaled globe in his free hand to tenderly massage the surprisingly soft flesh. Clara arched her back with a moan, pressing into his palm. The scales of her chest were smooth, just stiff enough for her breasts to defy gravity, only allowing them to be pulled down into perfect teardrops despite their size and weight. He took Clara's dusky blue nipple in his fingers, rolling the sensitive bud against his palm as it stiffened with desire.

He pinched and caressed, kneaded and worshipped Clara's perfection until finally hesitant beads of alabaster liquid appeared on the dragoness's puffy, engorged nipple. Daryn eagerly lapped them up as they appeared, using his fingers to encourage the flow until Clara's sweet cream trickled down the curve of her breast in a small stream. Not wanting to miss out, he pressed his lips to her, suckling gently until the trickle became a torrent, and he gulped it down happily. It was ice-cold, and sweet like honey, thick and creamy. He pulled the milk from her in time with the thrusting of his finger into her, and he tickled the inside of her thighs with the tip of his tail, doing everything in his power to pleasure his draconic lover before he would have to rethink his strategies.

That time was fast approaching, and the stream from which he drank abruptly became a deluge. Clara's grip on him tightened and the dragoness let out a strained grunt, her entire body going stiff as if she struggled against a great weight. Daryn pulled away, looking up into her eyes with a giddy smile he couldn't hide. "Yes!" he urged, mauling her breast in his hand and sliding

another finger into her, "Don't fight it! Don't hold back! Give me it all!" He laughed as she encircled his chest with her arms, hugging him tightly to her, crushing him in a nearly rib-breaking embrace.

Her lips were suddenly at his neck, just below where his internal ear was hidden. A spasm wracked her body as she whispered to him, "Calidus, I love you. Don't let me forget that."

"I wouldn't think of it." he wheezed back. The tension in her body grew, as did the strength in her grip, until Daryn ribs creaked their protest. She fixed him with a small, intimate smile that didn't at all fit with the need in her eyes and the ferocity with which she held him. And then, like the snapping of an overdrawn bowstring, the tension left Clara's body. For a split second, everything was still and silent, and Daryn could feel the release of the energy that had built in Clara's slender frame. If he had any hair, it would have been standing on end.

And then she screamed, a keening, inhuman sound that drowned out the soft popping of tendons Daryn could feel snapping taut as Clara's bones began to lengthen. The dragoness's breasts, pinched between their chests, ballooned outward, forcing Daryn away with inches of soft new flesh. Clara still oozed cold milk in a steady stream that soaked Daryn's front, dripping from them to stream toward the base of the bowl they lay in. Her scream dwindled into a low growl and her claws rasped against the scales of his back as he redoubled his efforts on her swollen womanhood.

This close, it was hard to get a complete picture of what was happening. She pressed her stretching snout once more against his throat, forcing his head back as she struggled to tear the scales from his neck through suction alone. Her tail thrashed through the air, gaining inches at a frightening pace. His arm, wrapped around her torso as it was, could feel her chest stretch wider to support her engorging breasts and enlarging arms that pressed Daryn's body into hers with frightful strength. The thigh she had between his legs raised up, lifting his bulk from the floor like he was a toy. Daryn was at least two feet taller than the dragoness, but that difference was soon mitigated by inch upon inch of shapely leg and slender abdomen as Clara swelled.

Always before, her growth came in spurts, but not so this time. She gained mass smoothly, swelling larger and larger beneath him until he had to look up to grin excitedly at her. Her eyes were different. Gone was the friendly, playful, sometimes timid dragoness who had pulled him from the snow that day so long ago. Fires of wild, aggressive passion burned just behind her entrancing emerald eyes, hot enough to scorch away all inhibition as her body gorged itself on the energy pouring through her frame.

Her eyes glittered hungrily as she fixed him with a predatory glare, a huntress staring down at her prey. The growl that shuddered in her chest cut off in a pleased hiss as thin, flexible spines pushed out between the fine scales behind her jaw, pulling out with them diaphanous ice blue membranes that fluttered through the air with the flexing of delicate muscles. A similar, but longer, series of spines sprouted along her spine, giving her a long, translucent sail that ran down her back from the base of her skull nearly to the end of her tail. And still she expanded.

He tried to keep up with her, sliding another two fingers into his lover. Her velvet passage rippled around his pumping digits, briefly tight enough to pulverize stone, then suddenly open and inviting. Her arms were a thickening prison, holding him tightly to her chest, and he couldn't maneuver to get at her breasts again because she was dragging him upward with her as she grew taller with explosive speed. He had to stretch to keep his hand buried in her, and eventually he couldn't manage it any longer, and he slipped free. Clara reacted to the sudden

emptiness with a low rumble in her chest, but didn't relax her grip on Daryn as she gulped down the warm air that hung over his scales, laced with the scent that was his alone.

She was nearly twice his size when she slackened her grip on him, letting him breathe easily at last. He pulled in a ragged breath and looked gratefully up at her. Clara returned his gaze with a warm smile of her own. The dragoness's grin lacked much of the ferocity he had expected, and with a start, he realized that her explosive growth had slowed dramatically. It had by no means stopped, but she stretched outwards languidly, seeming to have embraced the raw, almost violent strength of her draconic birthright. She uncurled her body, pulling Daryn away from her so he could get air into his lungs. Clara cupped her palm around his cheek, running a curving claw along the short spines that lined his jaw as a loving coo burbled in her throat. That sound held a depth of emotion that Clara couldn't have possibly replicated with words, and Daryn leaned into her hand, waiting to see what she would do now that the initial burst of energy had ridden itself out.

Daryn let out a surprised cry as Clara dropped him into her chest. He slid sadly off of the wondrous cushion of her blossoming bust and down onto her abdomen, his claws finally finding purchase on the flawlessly smooth scales of the dragoness's midsection. Clara shifted beneath him, reclining against the edge of the bowl she was now slowly filling and trailed a lazy finger along the elegant curve of her breast. She seemed a queen on her throne, and Daryn bent his head in supplication to press his lips against a line of long, lean muscle, sliding himself further down her body, knowing what she expected him to do.

The sheet of trim, immaculate muscle beneath him tensed sympathetically as he caressed it, digging his fingers in to make his worship felt through her impregnable scales. Every part of her was perfection made tangible, and he worked his hands along her body, urging her to feel his admiration through touch alone. The way she panted in time with the movement of his practiced fingers spurred him on, and he let his body slide down between her legs so he could straddle her tail. He made sure to scrape the full length of his muscular frame over Clara's exposed flower, and she moaned, surging briefly, growing another foot abruptly as her focus on him faltered for a second.

Her tail thickened between his legs, pushing his thighs apart with its slowly bulging girth. She slapped it firmly on the ground, wordlessly urging him to do correctly what she had thought she had forced him to do those endless months ago. She prodded him impatiently, and he waved her tail away, turning his attention to her lust-parted lower lips, beautiful and dainty-looking despite their size. They too were perfect, glistening wetly with her fragrant liquid lust, visibly throbbing with each ardent beat of her mighty heart.

What pulled at his focus, however, was the engorged bud of the dragoness's clit, peeking shyly from its hood as if to greet him. It was easily as big around as his thumb, and he knew it would only get larger, and without hurry, he let his tongue droop from his mouth to give her slick slit a long, languorous lick, stopping to tease at her swollen button. She hissed, her body tensing, and he squeezed her tail between his thighs, wrapping an arm around her leg to sink his fingers into her thick, womanly hip for stability.

He could feel her turgid buzzer swell further, stiffening in response to his tender attentions. He moved his tongue slowly, gently encircling Clara's sensitive flesh and stroking it amorously. His mouth thusly occupied, he teased his fingers lower, pushing one experimentally into her, testing the waters as he curled the dexterous digit, scraping her walls with a harmless claw. The fluttering muscles lining her silken passage crushed his finger with surprising, vicelike

tightness despite how small his finger was compared to the girth he knew she could take, and it took effort to push another finger in to join the first.

With a soft, bugling cry, gentle and musical, Clara vocalized her excitement as she prodded him in the back with the tip of her tail, urging him onward. He grinned up at her and grunted with the strain of adding another finger to the pair he worked around inside of her. Clara twitched and huffed a jet of fine, white mist, showing impatience that was at odds with the playfulness that shone in her eyes. "That's right, Beautiful," he mumbled past his tongue, "Let me scratch that itch for you." And scratch he did, doing his best to run his claws over every square inch of her velvet flesh that he could reach, to the dragoness's obvious delight. He was rewarded for his efforts with a hearty moan from the dragoness and another uncontrollable growth spurt that added a couple more feet to her already towering height.

Bounded on either side by her increasingly titanic thighs, he began to find it difficult to keep his hand on Clara's hip, and he shifted his posture, reaching down to clutch at the firm muscle of her swelling rear. He wrung his tongue around her and scraped a claw against a particularly sensitive spot, and she surged again, and he delighted at the sensation of her sumptuous ass pressing out to fill even more of his hand. She grew against him, being teased larger by strong fingers well used to delicate work, and Daryn enjoyed every minute of it.

This was for him, he knew. She wasn't holding herself back; she was waiting, letting him have his fun, take his pleasure from pleasuring her. Sex was all well and good, but to Daryn, there was no ecstasy greater than working his hands over a thing of such magnificent beauty. Her patience was a gift, and he treasured each second she let him prod and stroke and lick, let him feel her pulse larger as he stoked the torrential blizzard that raged within her. When even her tremendously powerful muscles couldn't crush his fingers inside her he pushed another finger in, eventually burying his hand in her depths up to his wrist. He wasn't very deep, but that didn't stop her from moaning lewdly as he balled his hand into a fist within her and started to gently push his hand further and further in.

Daryn was ecstatic, and before long he was moaning with her. He felt himself grow hot and needy, and he didn't bother to rein himself in. With a grunt and the tensing of muscles similar to her own, he felt himself open, baring his own slit to the frigid air. Like a plume of magma from an erupting volcano, he felt the semi-hard length of his ribbed, draconic member pour out of him to begin to harden fully, throbbing in time with his heart. He was big, fully the length of his forearm, but he was so sorely outsized it would be insulting to Clara's perfection to attempt penetration with it.

That fact, however, didn't stop Clara from freezing and sniffing the air before grinning down at him. He didn't dare slow his movements as he began to pump his arm in and out of Clara's slick but desperately clenching passage. The dragoness let out an inquisitive purr, moaning shortly as Daryn pushed himself in up to the shoulder, as far in as he could possibly go without switching to his leg. Despite the distraction, Clara's tail crept slowly around his waist, the tip touching him, caressing the angular lines of his powerful muscles on the way down his body. Clara's dexterous tail brushed fleetingly along his burning flesh and the dragoness squeezed out a happy hum, now deep enough to be felt in the stone of the floor as it resonated in her increasingly cavernous chest. She touched him again, lingering longer this time, running the tip of her tail along his full length with impossible dexterity.

Clara hummed again, and pressed a slender, if gigantic, hand gingerly against her chest, as if to say, "Me? Did I do this?" Daryn barked a quick laugh, cut short by the tantalizing sensation of the dragoness gradually coiling the tip of her tail around him, squeezing his girthy,

draconic tool with tenderness belying her godlike stature. Clara returned the favor paid to her, stroking him slowly and softly to stunning hardness. She gave him a show, completely ignoring his arm hilted into her. He tried to pull out, but she suddenly clamped down, trapping his powerful arm inside of her no matter how hard he pulled back. He gave up before he dislocated his arm, and leaned his head over, resting against the contour of the muscle of a thigh as big around as his chest as he relegated himself to being toyed with.

She gave him a satisfied coo, slowly increasing the tempo of her languid stroking, building to a steady pace. Clara kept him fixed with an excited, knowing grin as her viciously clawed hands trailed along her body, highlighting the thickness of her hips, how slender her tapering waist was, how flawlessly her breasts hung nearly weightlessly off of her chest. Her claws traced a complicated pattern over the scales of her bust, and Daryn's eyes followed along obediently. She hefted their tremendous weight, squeezing them together, showing him how tantalizingly soft they were despite the toughness of her scaly hide. She bounced them in her fingers, pinching her fleshy nipples between merciless fingers, dribbling milk down her body as she moaned again, all the while pumping the tip of her still lengthening tail up and down his proud length with gusto mirroring her growing body, slowly building upon itself.

The dragoness let her breasts fall, letting Daryn watch them bounce for him before moving on. With care that matched her tender expression if not her tremendous size, she threw a loop of her tail around him, pulling him bodily backwards and out of her womanhood. It was still just the tip of Clara's thick, muscular tail, but it held him tightly and hoisted his body easily off the ground, not once losing time on his angrily throbbing member. He drifted up, cradled in a loop of cool, smooth scales, and Clara sat up with him. She brought him close, mere feet from the tip of her tapering, draconian snout, and her tongue, as thick as his arm, spooled out to lap lovingly against him. She caressed his body with a length of frigid muscle for a moment, tasting him with an appreciative burble before she pulled him away to look at him with a discerning eye.

Clara nodded slowly, more to herself than him, and rose to her feet in one quick, fluid motion. The sudden altitude change was enough to give Daryn vertigo, and he blinked rapidly, refocusing on Clara, who once more filled his vision. She reached out to him, touching him gently with a finger before she moved him out to the length of her arm, finally giving him a full view of her enormous body. Her stature was mind-boggling, she took a step into the center of the bowl of her bed, and still the tips of her horns threatened the ceiling of the cavernous chamber. She still crept steadily upward, and in only a few moments, she would have to stoop to avoid gouging the roof of the room with her longest pair of tapering, ivory horns.

Her dexterity left Daryn panting, hands clenching desperately on the coil of smooth, silver scales that held him aloft. Still, she wasn't done. She squeezed him gently, getting his attention as she struck a pose, throwing out her hip and resting a hand languidly on her waist. Slowly, she began to move, tracing her finger up the curve of her waist and up under her breasts, rolling her hips from side to side to the rhythm of the insistent jerking of her tail on his steel-hard flesh. He was grateful for the slick layer of his pre she was careful to spread over his taut, crimson skin, letting her glide smoothly around him, coaxing more and more out of him as she danced to a beat only she could hear.

Clara's grace was heart stopping. Her hands floated over her body, touching herself here and there, favoring the swell of a swaying breast or the elegant line of her hip as she gyrated for him. Clara had the body of a dancer, long and slender, but adorned with curves that would put any human woman to shame. Breasts that sat so high and perky despite their more-than-hand-filling size would have born a lesser dance down under their weight, and hips that wide under a

waist that slim would ruin the delicate balance that dancers needed, but not so with the dragoness. Lurking beneath her shining scales, white-on-silver, was a layer of tight, lean muscle that packed strength unknowable by lesser races, strength that could be seen rising to the occasion as she danced for her lover.

She caught him staring at her abs, watching mesmerized as they swung her hip this way and that, rolling them effortlessly as they pressed out against her scales briefly, tantalizingly visible as they tightened. Clara's breasts swayed as she spun suddenly, curling her arms up over her head and stretching out her wings as much as the increasingly confining room would allow. She arched her back with a long, ardent moan as she tensed, flexing her core for him. In a display of multitasking that made Daryn whine, she gave him a quick jerk, followed by a long, slow pump as she slowly raised herself back upright, letting him watch her muscle work for her, bulging against the inside of her hide as it hauled up tons of blood, bone, and sinuous might.

Her breathing was short as she stayed tense, keeping one hand hovering over her head while the other drifted downward to trace the outline of each abdominal, one at a time. She traced the contour down, briefly teasing at crotch before she hit on another idea. Her fingers left her loins hesitantly, leaving her lips drooling drops of slime down her thighs as she traced her stomach back up, lingering for a moment on the swell of her breast before she had both hands above her head once more. She was tall enough to rest her forearms against the ceiling, and she did so, pressing her elbows and palms flat against the curve of the dome. She balled her fingers into fists, tearing gouges from the stone of the roof with her claws before she stretched upward, heaving against the weight of the mountain above her.

She hissed out a strenuous grunt, whining her strain, only the eyes she kept on Daryn reminding him why she was trying to tear a mountain out of the ground by its roots. She employed her whole body, and it showed, every muscle practically exploding outward, throbbing against her skin as she shifted, putting on display every ounce of the tremendous, literally earthshaking power lining her body. She stopped when the stone in the walls groaned its protest, hairline cracks forming before she relaxed, panting puffs of icy mist as she rolled her shoulders, shaking off the remnants of her exertion. If she kept growing, she could do it, lift the roof off of the mountain and leave them bare to the cool mountain air.

But that didn't seem to be her goal, at least not yet. Clara went back to lightly touching herself for Daryn's pleasure, swinging her hips and chest in time with her steady pumping on his needy, draconic cock. She wasn't just intimidating strength, her movements pleaded. She was enticing dexterity, flexibility. Adamantine musculature sat beneath deceptively soft curves that begged to be touched, lusted after. She demanded worship, and Daryn ached to provide. The Archmage could barely breath, only able to gasp in time with the movements of the coil of slick scales that were wrapped around his scorching member, a reminder of how gentle this giantess could be, given the proper motivation.

How she was holding her tail so perfectly still Daryn couldn't, or wouldn't understand, and she spun around, seemingly eager to give the dragon a new view. She spread her wings, unveiling the exquisite lines of her slender back. The curves of the dragoness's breasts swung out to either side as Clara writhed through the air for him, casting fleeting glances back at him over her shoulder. She began to bend at the waist, her hands snaking behind her to play along the base of her tail before dropping to the tight, round curves of her shapely rear. She wiggled her beautiful butt at him, shaking her ass from side to side as her fingers roamed over the smooth contour of her perky backside.

With a resounding, almost metallic crack, she struck herself, slapping her palm firmly down on her upraised cheek. She whined out what would have been a quiet moan, were she capable of making a noise that didn't rumble in Daryn's ears. But that didn't stop her from doing it again, hitting herself hard enough to make even her firm muscle jiggle delightfully. She moaned more loudly, immediately repeating herself as she peered back at him, biting her lip as she gave him a very unpaired whine. Her wings quivered as she slapped her smooth cheek again and again, each time accompanying every blow with a firm thrust along his length, moaning when she pulled him back out of the ring of her tail.

Daryn was holding on for dear life at this point, his fingers clamped mechanically around the loop of tail encircling his chest as he watched Clara abuse herself for his pleasure again and again, growing louder and more impassioned with each crack of scale on scale. Daryn could see the jolts of pleased lightning shooting up her spine as the sail that swept down her back twitched furiously, and after one last hungry, needy slap, she crushed her ass in her fingers, looking at him, her eyes begging him to give in to the bliss that held him in throes of torturous ecstasy.

With a slow, sly smile, Clara brought him back around in front of her. She let out a curious hum as she slipped a hand traitorously south, snaking along her body to slide a finger along her dripping folds. She shuddered, her breath catching in her throat as she spasmed shortly, for the first time shaking around Daryn, ruining her carefully constructed rhythm. She recovered quickly, though, and she soon slid a finger up into her clenching passage. She groaned, and her suddenly exploding body forced her horns into the ceiling. She regained control with a little effort, and dropped smoothly to her knees, giving herself more room to grow.

The dragoness's eyes refocused on Daryn, and her lusty smile returned as she raised her free arm to her chest, slender fingers caressing the neglected flesh. She moaned again as she worked another finger into her folds and ground her stiff nipple against her palm, but it sounded different. It was tremendously deep, rumbling up from Clara's toes, and was full of an ancient, primal need, a mindless hunger that demanded satisfaction. It shuddered through Daryn's body, and he moaned with her, his normally sonorous baritone sounding light and airy alongside the sounds that rattled from Clara's lungs.

Clara brought him close, until he could get a feel for how truly enormous his lover had become, and was still becoming. Breasts big enough to serve as the most wonderful of beds heaved with each of Clara's panting breaths, and though he could no longer see between Clara's legs, the frantic flexing of the muscle in her occupied arm spoke of desperate thrusting, and another moan quaked through the undersized chamber.

She now stroked him off with the same furious tempo, the look in her eyes begging him to cum, to plaster the glistening white scales of her chest with his magma-like seed, each ardent, mountain-shaking moan carrying with it a silent demand to explode onto her, to give her what she desired. Lewd squelching noises drifted up to him, telling him how dripping wet she was. A hand large enough to enclose his entire body mashed her breasts together, savaging her tender flesh in relentless finger.

But Clara knew him too well, and she lifted him even higher, until the only thing he could see was her face, filling his world. Between her panting groans came whines that implored him to cry out in release, and Clara did the one thing Daryn could absolutely not resist, something that filled him with such euphoria that he could help but roar in sudden, overwhelming bliss.

She came with him.

Her breathing suddenly hitched, and Daryn could see the heavenly sensations that came with mind-numbing release explode behind the narrow slits of Clara's pupils. She clenched her teeth in a fierce, proud grin and she squealed in an octave Daryn couldn't believe the dragoness was capable of reaching. Her eyes rolled back in her head just before her eyelids fell shut, unable to keep themselves open under the assault of blinding rapture that swamped her mind. Her tail twitched nervelessly around him, but he was too far gone to stop now, and he erupted into the tubular coil of her tail, firing jet after jet into the trap of the silver scales until it oozed from the dexterous appendage in a steady, if comparatively unimpressive stream.

The sudden volcanic heat brought life back to the dragoness, and her eyes shot open as she sucked in a tremendous breath, moving enough air that Daryn could feel it at a strong gust that tugged at his wings. Clara moved quickly, swiping Daryn clean with her tail as she plucked him from the coil of scales with a dainty hand. The jizz-soaked end of her prehensile tail went into her mouth and her eyes rolled back into her head once again, showing Daryn just the whites of her striking emerald orbs past her fluttering eyelids.

This time when the dragoness dropped him he was more prepared, but the patch of scales he expected to catch himself on abruptly shifted as she dragoness fell backward, shaking the mountain around her as her back hit the ground. His wings slowed his descent, and he collapsed onto the plateau of her midsection, still gasping through the aftershocks of his own orgasm. Clara's feet met the wall as he legs stretched out before her, and she found her horns pressed against the opposite side of the cavernous space. Her tail whirled through the air in orgasmic spasms and her curling toes sliced into the granite of the chamber as her body began to once more explode outward.

Clara's rapidly lengthening legs had to bend, and she lifted her head, pressing her shoulders into the wall. A growl from the dragoness's chest shook the air, and her legs spread as far open as the rapidly enclosing walls of the room would allow as her tail shot down. Daryn could feel the muscle beneath him shift as Clara tensed. Her titanic womanhood stretched around her tail as she rammed it brutally into her, no longer caring for delicacy. Her growl rose in volume as she hissed it through tightly clenched teeth and she brutalized her quaking pussy.

Daryn hopped to his feet and stumbled down the length of Clara's frame, diving to his stomach into the cleft between Clara's enormous, thrashing legs. Clara shifted her hips where she lay, giving herself a better angle to pound her thick, muscular tail further and further into her. This had the pleasant side effect of helping Daryn along with his own mission, putting on display before him a throbbing clit as big around as his leg. He took it into his hands without hesitation and mauled it with as much strength as he dared, not bothering to keep his claws from the sensitive flesh.

The dragoness reacted positively, and her bubbling growl shot up into an energetic groan as she bucked her hips as much as her contorted position would allow. She swelled larger in his fingers, clearly not slowing as Clara powered herself through her endless, quickly building orgasm. Daryn whispered encouragements to the tremendous nub of nerves and icy blue skin in his fingers, urging Clara on as the pitch of her vocalizations gradually rose, going from earthshaking to earsplitting over the course of a long, furious moan.

Her tail was a blue-finned silver blur, and Daryn did his best to hold on as the dragoness flailed beneath him. Eventually Clara had taken all she could manage, and she suddenly thrust into herself one last time, burying an implausibly huge portion of her tail deeply in her folds. Daryn bobbed up, her abdomen bulging beneath him as she stretched around the girth of her tail, and the dragoness cried out in a roar loud enough to make him relinquish his hold so he could

slap his hands over the sides of his head in a useless effort to save his ears. The sound alone peeled flakes of stone from the walls, and only the stability afforded him by Clara's frozen body kept him atop her.

Clara's muscles fluttered beneath him, wringing her tail with frenzied strength as she split the air with the force of her exultation. He glanced back over his shoulder, staring into Clara's gaping maw, lined with teeth as long as he was tall and dagger-sharp. Her hands were on her breasts, hiding her pale blue buds in a death grip, clawed fingers sunk into the supple flesh. Her shoulders crawled up the curve of the dome behind her as she added foot after endless foot to her height, shuddering ever larger. The mountain above her pressed downward, forcing her into a hunch, but if she noticed, Daryn couldn't tell, so lost she seemed in her release.

The cavernous chamber was small, far too small, and the point was rapidly approaching where there would be more rapturous dragoness than air in the room, but finally, her growth slowed, growing jerky, and Clara's orgasm crested. Her frame gave one last relentless heave upward, her horns digging tracks in the ceiling as she reached her final, earth-shattering size.

Through everything assaulting his senses, however, Daryn could feel it. It fought its way past his intentionally dulled awareness, shattering the mental blocks he had put in place with angry, brute force. He was suddenly conscious of every ounce of mind-crushingly brilliant energy that lanced through the creature beneath him. It raged through his mind like a tornado of arcing lightning that tore at the inside of his skull with almost painful force. He could almost feel Clara's relief through that link, and her roar cut off abruptly, leaving the room in deafening silence.

She wasn't done though, and the power contained within the beast under him shifted, moving out and shooting up from her core in a wave Daryn could have sworn he could feel physically wash over him. She was still, and he rolled over onto his back, staring at her in wonder. Her pupils were nothing but dark slivers, nearly lost in the sea of green that surrounded them, and she looked numbly ahead for a split second that stretched on forever. She heaved in a deep breath, hard and fast, and rising up through her throat he could see a pale blue radiance build, glowing between her teeth and illuminating the room, dwarfing the light given off by the icy fixture that hung nearly directly above him.

The dragoness boiled over, and she threw herself forward, her jaws opening wide in another roar that peaked in violent intensity far greater than any he had ever felt before. With the sound came a beam of crystalline blue energy that shot from Clara's open mouth and crossed the frightfully short distance to the wall opposite Clara in the blink of an eye.

Daryn held his breath, expecting furious destruction on a scale he had never before seen in person, but instead something utterly amazing happened. The wall groaned, but held, accepting the energy that Clara forced into it. The stone distorted and screeched its distress as the wall rippled, like the dragoness had thrown a stone into still water. The wave spread outward from the site of the impact, the rock somehow flexing like a fluid. Following the ring of the shockwave, emanating out in veins that thickened into tendrils, the stone began to change. The naturally dark rock shifted in color, brightening and developing a metallic sheen that gleamed with the fury of the light that flashed from the stream of power connecting the dragoness and her home.

Clara's outcry stretched on forever as she emptied herself into the heart of the mountain under which she was trapped. Daryn had to close his eyes as the light grew sun-bright in its intensity, and he gritted his teeth, riding out whatever Clara was doing with a magic so old and relentless Daryn couldn't comprehend it.

After what seemed like an eternity, it all subsided, and the almost-agony that ravaged Daryn's mind dissipated, leaving the two alone with just the sound of the dragoness panting with fatigue. Daryn's eyes slid open, and he gasped, jumping so hard he almost slid from his perch between Clara's legs. The chamber was stone no longer. Instead of the ancient granite of the mountain that had been there for countless millennia, the inside of the dome-like chamber had been replaced by a swirling pattern of silver and gold, polished to an almost mirror shine.

He blinked numbly, absolutely stunned. Everywhere he looked, intricate whorls of the two metals spiraled around each other, blending in a dizzying arrangement of incalculable value. He looked up at Clara, struck speechless. The dragoness panted, her shoulders shoved against the ceiling as she sagged with exhaustion. She was bent nearly double, folded in half by the room in which she was trapped, her legs bent with her knees pressed into the far wall. Her pupils were still slitted, but they were more open and inviting, and she smiled knowingly down at Daryn, shifting uncomfortably.

She finally moved, slowly and stiffly, pulling her hands from her breasts to brace herself on the walls that ringed her. With a protracted hiss, she pulled her tail out of herself, the length of silver dripping wetly onto her, soaked with the fluids of her release. Daryn sat up, unsure of what to do, but the dragoness seemed to have a plan in mind as she reached down, wrapping him in gentle fingers and pulling him into the air. Clara twisted her body and let herself drop, curling herself into a ball to lie on her side. She pressed her back into the wall, molding herself to fit the shape of the circular room as she dropped Daryn lightly back into the bowl they had both started in, slowly ringed the wizard with the length of her body as she sought to make herself as comfortable as the confining cavern would allow.

She gradually regained control of her breathing, and she sighed happily as she reached a single wing up, unfurling it enough to blanket the dome, muting the light from above with the delicate membranes and casting a light blue shadow over the center of the room. Clara purred, seeming to have reached a spot where she could relax, and she smiled playfully as she reached her tail inwards, flicking it and splattering Daryn with her aromatic leavings.

He spluttered, scraping the slick slime off of his scales and grinned up at her. "A bit of a tight fit, isn't it?" he mused. The dragoness responded with a happy burble and slapped her tail heavily on the floor before she snaked it over to cradle him with it lovingly. Daryn leaned into it and stroked it tenderly, occasionally sticking out his tongue to lap a thin layer of her fluids from her scales, delighting in the heady, musky flavor. "You never cease to amaze me, Beautiful. Every time I think that I know something about dragons, you sneak in and turn my world upside down."

Clara cooed and rested her head on her arm, letting the other fall lazily across her abdomen. Her body looked relaxed, but her tail prodded him excitedly, pushing him toward her. He slapped it away, grumbling that he could walk on his own, but Clara appeared to disagree, her tail backed away, but followed him as he stepped forward, acting as a representative of the goddess that filled the space. He approached to within a scant arm's length of her torso, her eyes tracking his progress as he laid reverent hands on the thick, snowy scales of her stomach.

He stepped forward, spreading his arms as far as he could, holding all that he could manage. He shoved himself forward, pressing his body into her, praying that she could feel him. Apparently she could, because her hand lifted and pressed over him, blanketing him with her palm as the dragoness returned his embrace. Daryn cried out in a happy laugh, muffled by Clara's hand. He was in heaven, and Clara let him stay there, his arms spread around such a pitifully small portion of her abdomen.

When he finally moved, Clara's hand lifted away, taking him with it. The dragoness grunted, contorting her vast body as she twisted to lie at least partially on her back, letting her legs bend as they needed to allow the movement. Having thusly situated herself, she plopped Daryn back down onto her belly, the look in her eyes daring him to make the trip up to her, which Daryn dutifully began. Her low purr rumbled in her chest beneath his feet, and her mountainous breasts rose and fell slowly.

He pressed into them, and Clara's vibrations rose in volume. They were still soft, and the pliant flesh yielded to him. He scraped his claws against the pure white scales, and Clara's hands soon joined him, massaging the tender orbs. As Clara hummed thoughtfully under him, Daryn spread his wings and jumped, hopping up and onto one of the luscious mounds of breastflesh. The boob dimpled under his weight, and he staggered over to Clara's bud, rising from the white like the stump of an enormous tree, big and puffy, distended with the remnants of the dragoness's lust.

He laughed and took a seat next to it, dodging Clara's fingers as she stroked herself. It was softer than any cushion, and he gave Clara's dimpled nipple an affectionate grope as he smiled warmly at her. "So..." he wondered aloud, "What do we do now, Beautiful? You don't look very comfortable."

She blinked at him, smiling slowly back. Her hand crept up to him, and she ran a claw delicately down his spine, trailing it down his tail, which wrapped around her digit reflexively. She cradled her bust in her arms, stabilizing her gargantuan breasts as she gave him a full-body massage with impossible tenderness. She craned her head up and over him as she pushed him onto his back to press her fingers into his chest, idly tracing the angular lines of his impressive musculature. Another coo murmured in her throat as he lay there, letting her feel him, indicating no desire to do anything else.

Clara abruptly tickled him, and he giggled like a child. His happiness tightened his throat, and it colored his words as he spoke up to the delicately-featured face that hovered above him. "I love you too, Clara, and I hope we can do this again soon... very soon, perhaps in a larger space hmm?" Clara gave him an inquisitive hum and waved her tail through the air, indicating how much room there still was. Daryn rolled his eyes. "Okay, okay, a space where you can stretch out then." The dragoness huffed and shoved him over with her finger, sliding him into the crevice between her breasts before pushing him down into it, trapping him in a prison of supple mammary.

The dragoness bent further over, squishing her breasts together with her arms and slipping her tail up to him caressing his cheek with its still-dripping tip. Her wings draped over them, encasing them in a translucent cocoon. Her tongue snaked out and slithered between her breasts to tenderly stroke his tightly encapsulated member. Daryn hissed defiantly and retracted the softened rod back into his body. Clara whined, but transferred her tongue to his face nonetheless.

Daryn wriggled, freeing his arms and started to pull himself from his glorious prison, but Clara's finger held him there, and he looked up at her questioningly. She growled softly at him, warning him to stay where he was, and she brought her tail up to him. The membrane of the fine sail that ran down nearly to its tip was flawless, and she brandished it at him, practically poking him with the delicate skin. Daryn took it in his hands, feeling the soft, leathery skin stretched taut between the thin, flexible struts that held it upright.

"What do you want me to do with this?" Daryn questioned. In answer, Clara snapped her teeth together and wiggled her tongue around emphatically. Daryn looked dubiously at the

dragoness, but let his own tongue spool from his mouth to lap daintily at the sensitive skin. Clara groaned and rolled her eyes, making a point of clicking her teeth together several times before nearly shoving her sail into his mouth.

"What?" Daryn stammered, "Bite you? Wh-why? Won't it hurt?"

Clara looked at him flatly with a cocked eyebrow, but then she smiled dreamily and slid her tail back, showing him the drenched tip. She lifted the thick limb and slid it between her teeth, sucking her juices off of her with a lewd moan. As she did, her hands went to her nipples, strong fingers tugging, teasing, and tweaking until a heavy flow of sweet-smelling cream leaked from her chest. She slipped her tail from her mouth and locked her lips around an oozing bud, suckling from herself for a long minute, keeping an eye on Daryn the whole time.

She broke contact hesitantly and squeezed her breast firmly, causing a steady stream to drip into her cleavage and soak the trapped dragon. Finally, she turned back to Daryn, gesturing at him and presenting her sail to him once again. He took it in unsure fingers. "I... I guess I have tasted everything else, haven't I?" The dragoness smiled and pressed herself eagerly into him, urging him to drink of her one more time.

He sighed heavily. "If you really want me to, fine. Just hold still so I don't hurt you too badly, and promise to let me heal you right away, okay?"

Clara growled, growing impatient, but grazed a finger along Daryn's arm, soothing his doubts. He leaned in, and as delicately as he could, closed his teeth on Clara in a careful nip. The dragoness was certainly cold blooded, and as Clara flooded his mouth with a metallic tang, he shivered, for once from the cold. It tasted like blood, unsurprisingly, but it was absolutely frigid in temperature and overwhelming in metallicity. He was hesitant to swallow, and it dripped from between his teeth, spilling out to mingle with the milk that had pooled around him. Clara's finger on his arm encouraged him, and he gulped down a mouthful, shuddering at the ball of ice that settled in his stomach.

He swallowed again, in spite of his misgivings. The moan that boiled up from the dragoness certainly didn't sound pained, and he felt connected to Clara in a way he never had before. She boiled in his stomach and infused his movements with a hungry passion, and he stroked her tail like he would her thigh, slow and teasing. The smell of her filled his nose, dense and overwhelmingly powerful. He drank messily, bright crimson dripping from his teeth to stain his scales. He gasped for air when she pulled away, and he realized he had forgotten to breathe during his meal. Clara grinned lasciviously as she slipped her tail between her teeth, licking at the wound Daryn had inflicted, tasting herself as he had.

"Clara..." he breathed heavily, "That... I-I... That was... intense. I... What was that?"

She shushed him with a claw on the end of his snout and leaned down, licking him clean. Daryn's own tongue left his mouth to play with hers as she scraped his scales clean of her various fluids. Her tongue wrapped around his waist and hauled him up out of her cleavage, depositing him dexterously on her chest, above her breasts.

This close to her face, it was difficult for her to bend to see him, so her tail followed him as he stalked across her collarbone and up to her throat, wrapping her once-slender neck in a tight hug. "I love you, Clara." he muttered privately to her, "Thank you, for everything." She purred in response, and ushered him back down her body with her tail, shoving him into the curve of her breasts with enough force to throw him down into them. He wiggled, getting his tail out from under him, and Clara peered down her snout at him.

Instead of getting up, Daryn chuckled and leaned back into the cool softness of Clara's bust, treating it as a wonderfully fleshy cushion, waiting to see what Clara had planned. It

seemed to be not much, and when the dragoness draped her heavy tail over Daryn's body, he sighed, making himself comfortable as Clara's eyes drifted lazily closed, finally showing her fatigue. Daryn wasn't surprised when Clara lurched under him, dropping out from beneath him as she began to shrink back down.

Clara winced, hissing as the fins that graced her face pulled back into her body, following the sail that slowly disappeared from her tail. The limb lifted off of him, and Daryn slid from her body, watching her pull back into herself. Clara's scales rasped against the floor, and she was quickly able to stretch out, lifting her arms over her head and mewling as she worked the tightness from her cramped muscles. Before long, she was laying there on the precious floor, looking up at Daryn through tired eyes.

The dragoness blinked blearily as Daryn stepped over to her, taking a knee at her side. "H-hi..." she whispered shyly, draping a protective arm over her breasts.

"Hey there, Beautiful." he murmured back to her, "I was beginning to worry I'd never get to hear that lovely voice again."

"I'm glad I didn't disappoint. Did I... was I too rough?"

He huffed out a rich laugh and bent down, scooping the dragoness up in his arms. Clara's fingers clasped around his neck, pressing her into his chest as he hefted her weight. "Clara," he intoned softly, brushing his snout along hers, "I've never seen anyone be so gentle." She heaved a relieved sigh into his throat and relaxed into his arms. Daryn walked the dragoness over, taking a short step into the bowl that was to serve as their bed, easing himself onto his back without losing his hold on Clara.

He let her legs go, and she shifted, dangling down his body with hers, suddenly dainty in his thick, muscular arms. Daryn wrapped her in his arms, and lifted his wings over them, enshrouding them both in a crimson cloak, and holding Clara in a bubble of his warmth. She sighed, and Daryn felt her body go slack against his own. Before long, her breathing had become slow and even, and her eyes had drifted closed. Daryn held her close, praying the gentle rise and fall of his chest under her wouldn't wake her as he relegated himself to being her bed, since she had been so keen on being his.