

A Single Word

Written By: Skabaard

The Archmage wandered aimlessly through the cavernous rooms of the mountain home he and Clara had made for themselves. The structure had been easy, and he and Clara had gradually given it a bit more of a "lived-in" look, the purposes of the countless chambers slowly becoming apparent through the addition of furniture and tools that a dragon would find useful, nearly everything made of beautiful, marbled stone that contrasted with that of the walls.

He could have used a spell to furnish the place with even more ease than he had carved out the tunnels and caverns, but it was far more rewarding to use his hands for something. Before he had been sent to the academy, Daryn had been apprenticed to a sculptor, and working with stone was soothing. Clara, too, was proving to be a good student, and that time spent with her, digging their claws into a block of marble together, was wonderful.

Up a long, winding staircase, Daryn came into a large room that was open to the sky through a long wall. The chamber served as a secondary entrance to the complex, accessible only from the air, with an aperture that could easily fit even Daryn's full wingspan. He strolled over to it, breathing in the icy breeze that filtered into the room. The view was amazing, and the angle exposed the peaks of the mountains that stretched away to the north, jagged spires permanently capped with ice and snow.

The gleam of the sun off polished silver caught his eye. He chuckled and made the leap into the air. He dropped with frightening speed, snapping his wings out at the last moment. He slammed into the ground with enough force to crack the stone beneath his talons, but his body readily absorbed the impact. He was proud of how confident in the air he was becoming. Clara could still fly circles around him, quite literally, her agile body twisting in ways his thicker, heavier frame just couldn't, but the hundreds of pounds of muscle he had on her let him power through the air and beat her in terms of raw speed. Clara didn't take losing lightly, and had challenged him to countless races in an effort to prove herself, things he assured her weren't necessary, but was also determined not to lose.

The dragoness smirked up at him. "Show off." she mumbled, just low enough to hear.

"Only for you, Beautiful." he replied with a sly smile.

"That's too bad." Clara returned, "All the other ladies are missing out." She beckoned him over with a flick of her tail, and he strolled toward her casually. The dragoness was situated in a small--at least for her ten foot frame--collecting pool, where icy meltwater from the frozen mountain above them rested briefly before continuing down the mountain in a small stream. She lounged relaxedly, peering up at him through lazy, half-lidded eyes. She was submerged from the tops of her shoulders down, but the crystal clear water was no barrier. The arm she kept coyly curled over her breasts, however, was. Her emerald eyes sparkled with mirth as she said nonchalantly, "You should join me, Daryn. The water is lovely when it's this fresh, but it could use some heat."

Daryn hummed dubiously, but caved when Clara pouted sorrowfully. He sighed and knelt down, dipping his toes into the water experimentally. The water was frigid, but that was hardly a problem. He slipped smoothly into the water, grunting in surprise. The water-filled cavity was deeper than it looked, and standing on his toes, his chest barely bobbed above the surface. He flapped his wings fitfully, agitating the freezing water as he folded them against his back.

Clara smiled beatifically. "Hmm... see? Better already." She yawned explosively, her joints popping as she stretched her unoccupied arm high over her head. "Cold is all well and good, but I can't get that warmth anywhere else."

He maintained his disbelief. "Come now... You're resourceful. I'm sure you could find some way to make do."

Her long, prehensile tail found his leg, coiling slowly around his calf. "Of course I could..." she said with an indignant sniff, "But why would I make do when I have you? Besides, people would likely frown upon me setting a fire big enough... or causing a volcanic eruption. Although that does seem like the kind of disaster that would make people call in a wizard, perhaps even the Archmage? I suppose I'd get my way regardless then, wouldn't I? As I should." she finished matter-of-factly. Her tail tightened playfully as it drifted up his leg to his thigh. She stroked him languidly as her voice took on a more sincere tone. "It's been some time, Daryn. I've missed you."

Daryn's heart ached. "I know. It's been far too long for my comfort. It feels like it's been ages. It's just that Valorie ran into trouble and needed Dawn's help, and Dawn needed my help, because she's even worse at divination than I am, and it took days and days to track down the source of those tainted potions, and then the Duke needed my help with Southcliff's new walls, and... Gods, I can't remember how long it's been. I'm sorry, Clara."

She laughed at him, a rich, musical sound that seemed to bubble up from her toes. "Please, Daryn, don't apologize. It hasn't even been a full week since you last saw me. You poor thing; Valorie must have been running you ragged for you to lose track of time like this." Her hand floated up out of the water to cup his cheek, and her sharp, ivory claws scratched tenderly along the jagged spines that lined his jaw. "I expect nothing less from you, Daryn, for you to throw everything you have into anything you do. It's one of the many, many reasons I like you so much, you stupid, wonderful man. But that's hardly the problem, methinks. You've got some serious separation anxiety for someone who's even older than I am."

Her hand dropped to his shoulder, and she kneaded the dense muscle through golden scales. "You're tense, Daryn. Were you worried that in the few days you were gone someone else would catch my eye and I'd wander off, that the home you made for us would cave in and trap me? You're so strong, master of so much, and yet you still manage to find something outside of your control to worry about. I'm not going to walk away, Daryn, leave you like so many others may have before me."

"I know. I know..." Daryn sighed, "That's not what I'm worried about. I got over that a long time ago." She cocked an eyebrow at him. "Mostly, mostly... I trust you too much to worry about your wandering eyes. And I have to admit that you have wonderful taste." he added with a soft smile that mirrored her own. "I'm just a cranky old man who's spreading himself too thin and gotten too little sleep."

"Is that so?" Clara mused, sliding closer and slipping her other arm around him as she pressed her body into his. Compared to him, she was slim and delicate, but she was soft in all the right places. "I'm afraid, old man, that you've come to the wrong place for rest and relaxation. I've had nothing to do but explore the mountains, and work on our eyrie, and hold our child..." She shivered against him, climbing up his body to nibble tenderly at the base of one of his horns. "And practice." she whispered, "I've been doing a lot of practicing for you. I think I'm ready to try it for real, if you're interested."

Daryn's interest was more than piqued, and the water surrounding them was growing less icy with each passing minute, his own body heat combating the chill that Clara oozed. "You have my attention," he admitted, "What did milady have in mind?"

Her emerald eyes sparkled mischievously as she hooked a clawed hand around his waist. "A good many things, Daryn. All of them wonderfully inappropriate for public discussion." He chuckled, but she interrupted him before he could remind her that the secluded pool, nestled as it was against the mountainside, was hardly public. "I know you can't... let yourself go, that it's dangerous, but I need you. I need to be filled by you. Oh, Daryn, I want you. I want you to shove me against these rocks and fill me to bursting." Her eyelids drooped, and a length of pale blue tongue ran hungrily over her teeth as she growled. "Can you do that for me? Will you show me that fiery passion that lurks under your scales and fuck me like an animal, a big, strong, sexy animal?"

She hopped up, rising to his level and wrapping both long, shaply legs around his waist, squeezing him tight. He could see the blush working through the membrane of her wings, darkening the icy blue skin that she held closely to her back. Her nipples were puffy and engorged with desire, and she scraped them over his chest as she slowly ground her crotch into his abdomen.

With an intrigued quirk of an eyebrow, he grinned down at her. "Well, I can hardly refuse that kind of offer, can I?" She cooed happily and shuddered against him, and he let her use his heavily muscled frame as a stimulant to her sensitive scales for another silent moment before continuing. "But I must say, you've given me quite the bargaining position." She blinked up at him in confusion, a conflicted expression working its way across her draconic snout as he slipped a hand around her. He stroked a claw lazily along the base of her tail, scratching the fine scales at the joint before his hand dropped to delicately fondle her expansive rear, big and firm with well-toned muscle. "It's dangerous to show your full hand before negotiations are settled. It gives the other party a position of power over you, especially when they have what you need." He dipped his head low, giving her jaw a long, slow lick with his bright crimson tongue before he whispered into her hidden ear, "What if I don't want to fuck you like a big, strong, sexy animal? What if I want to make love to you like a big, strong, sexy woman? What will you do then, Clara? Will you fly off and find someone more accommodating? Will you put on a few thousand pounds and take what you want, hmm? I'm curious."

Clara shivered as he continued to tease her, groping her ass affectionately as he reached his other hand up, breaking the water's surface and twining his fingers into the short, backward-curving horns that ringed her reptilian visage. "Please..." she pleaded, desperation in her voice, "P-please. I'll stay small for you. I can do it, keep myself... appropriately sized... all for you; I promise. Please, just don't be afraid to get rough. I want to feel this big, thick body work for something, work for me. Please, Calidus."

The use of the draconic name Clara had given him got his attention. Clara's eyes were winced tightly shut, a byproduct of his careful ministrations, but when he stopped, they drifted gradually open. Her pupils, normally round and nestled amid a sea of brilliant green had pinched dramatically inward, having narrowed to vertical, reptilian slits. Daryn wasn't used to seeing such desperation in those eyes. "Alright, alright," he groaned theatrically, "I'll give you what you want, you... you... crybaby." Her face lit up, but he held a cautionary finger up in front of her. "But," he stipulated, "I want something from you."

She jerked herself against him, the sound of their scales rasping together muffled by the water that cloaked them. "Anything, Calidus!" she moaned into his shoulder, "Just name it! I'll

tear the world apart! I'll catch the moon for you! What do you need? I promise I will see it done!"

"Oh, I don't know if it will be as dramatic as all that, but give me some time to think about it and I'm sure I'll come up with something suitably impressive." He couldn't help but smile. Her excitement was infectious, and the way she was grinding her perfect body against him was screaming at him to give her what she wanted. "Until then, though, why don't you show me some skin, Beautiful? I love to watch you blossom for me."

She seemed eager to please, and as he dropped his hand to trace a hammering artery in her neck she tensed powerfully. A long, sultry moan whispered from her throat and the scales behind her cheeks parted to allow the exit of a series of thin, flexible spines, colored the same ivory as her horns. Icy blue skin swept out between them, giving her a pair of dainty fins that fluttered gently through the air. "There we are," he murmured as a similar sail crept from her back, running from the base of her neck to nearly the tip of her tail. He brushed his hand along the delicate skin of her fins and she purred happily, pressing into his palm. She loosened the frightening grip her legs had on his waist, and she would have almost appeared relaxed were it not for the fluttering of her heart that made itself felt through her scales.

Her fingers closed on the ones he had against her face, holding them there while she looked at him, the endless possibilities sparkling in her crystalline eyes. She dropped off of him, getting her feet underneath her and taking a slow step back, dragging his arm with her. She pulled his middle finger into her mouth, her tongue coiling playfully around his nimble digit. She slurped at him lewdly, her eyes promising so much more. She pulled his finger from between her lips with a wet pop and dipped it below the water, cradling his hand in hers and she pressed his palm boldly against the rounded curve of one of her hefty breasts.

He squeezed gladly, cupping the supple flesh as she whispered in a sultry purr, "Mm... and how does my mate want to take me, I wonder." She played teasingly with herself, her hands gliding along her body below the water as she inched closer once again. He drifted backward until his wings pressed against the stone behind him. "Whatever you decide, Calidus, you should heat this water before I freeze it solid around us. All this power has to go somewhere and the water is the most convenient place for it right now."

She was certainly doing something. The water around him was growing cooler quickly, and flecks of ice were forming around Clara's body. "I guess I should get warmed up then." He said frankly. She seemed about to reply, but the words died in her throat, transforming into a surprised yelp as he shot his hand down, hooking it between her legs and hauling upward. His arms easily accepted her weight and he hoisted her bodily out of the water, throwing her up onto the rocks to flop like a hooked fish. He followed her up, leaping from the water to pounce on her. He bore her back to the ground, and she grunted as his weight settled on her chest.

The dragoness squirmed underneath him and he hissed, a low growl rumbling up from somewhere in his chest; he wasn't sure where the threatening sound came from, but he allowed it to continue, letting his body guide him. He caught her errant arms, using a single hand to bind her wrists together and hold them to the ground above her head. He slapped his tail heavily against the stone under her, the crack of the impact echoing off the rocks around them as he found her tail with his. His was longer, thicker, and he wrapped his around hers, trapping it within coils of thick muscle even as he cinched the tip of his stronger appendage around her ankles, binding her legs together.

She was immobilized, and completely helpless. "Yes!" she cried, unable to keep the frantic excitement from her rich voice, "Yes! Prove how strong you are!" She arched her back,

powerful musculature straining against her unyielding bonds. "I'm almost two hundred years old! I've fought dragons and beasts beyond mortal comprehension and beaten them all! But you, you-Mmph!"

Daryn's free hand closed around Clara's snout, and he leaned down to let a length of his tongue play along the sensitive flesh stretched between the flexible struts of her fins. Clara twitched and forced a muffled groan past Daryn's hand, trying to turn her head to present more to the dragon's wandering oral organ. Daryn didn't let her, holding her still as he let out a breath of scorching air over her fins. "Shh..." he whispered to her, "Gods, you're more talkative than I am when you're horny. Why don't you just let me take care of you? I'd like to use a hand as well, but I'll use just my tongue if I have to."

She nodded quickly, and he let his hand fall from her mouth. He pressed his thumb gently into the artery that throbbed against the scales of her neck and stroked it tenderly. Her heart was beating madly, and she writhed wordlessly, trying to press more of her body into him. He let her, delighting in the sensation of her long, lean form flexing beneath him. The longer he waited though, the more she was getting to him. Her scent wormed its way into his sinuses, powerful and exotic. He could smell the need poring off of her in waves, and it sent cascades of fire through his veins, heating his body against hers.

Her frame was frigid beneath him, but that only served to highlight the difference in temperatures as he heated up. The beads of water that had clung to his body rapidly disappeared in tiny whiffs of steam. The hand he had around her throat tightened, only slightly, and twisted her head to the side, slowly but inexorably. She peered at him through the corner of her eye, but he paid her encouraging whimpers little attention. He bent down, curling in on himself over her until the tip of his snout was pressed against her slender throat.

He followed the contour of a long, taut tendon with his tongue, licking slowly up to her jaw and transferring to the lower-most spine of her fin. He let it sit there as he watched her, like a line of fire against her sensitive organ, and she whined in a most delicious manner. He then retraced his steps, following the elegant line of her neck lower until he could nibble delicately on her collarbone, rasping the silver scales with his teeth for a long minute. There, close to her scaly hide, her scent was exponentially stronger, and a familiar tightness was growing in his loins. He shoved it away. He would ravish her to within an inch of consciousness when he was good and ready, not a moment sooner, and not even his traitorous body would stop him.

He scooted lower down the dragoness's body, his gaze dropping southward with him. Her pose was doing wonders to her already flawless breasts, her upraised hands pulling the immaculate orbs high onto her chest where they sat like two snowy-scaled mounds, waiting just for him. "I'm starving, Clara." he whispered against her chest, "I hope you don't mind if I steal a snack before we begin in earnest. I haven't eaten anything in days." She nodded eagerly, arching her back upward as much as she could to present him with her milk-engorged mammaries.

Daryn truly was hungry. It had been days since his last real meal, and while he had discovered dragons didn't have to eat as often as other races, the way he had been exerting himself left him ravenous. His hand glided down her chest, sliding along her sternum, where he scratched her pale white scales as he decided where to begin. He went left after a moment's introspection, and cupped his hands around Clara's supple flesh, squeezing it softly.

Clara was busty to begin with, with curves that put most others to shame, but even since laying her eggs, she had grown even larger, her breasts swelling with rich, nourishing milk. She produced a prodigious quantity of the thick cream, and she became sore and irritable if she wasn't emptied regularly. It had been some time since Daryn had had the opportunity to do so,

and while she was perfectly capable of milking herself, Clara always said it was so much better with gentler hands.

He kneaded her with soft, light caresses, working her tender flesh until she was moaning quietly. He smiled up at her before he slid his snout up onto the graceful curve, dimpling it with intimate kisses. Despite her fearsome, scaly appearance and apparent gravity-defying firmness, she was actually quite soft, and he nuzzled her pliant flesh affectionately as he worked his way to his goal. Her nipple, stiff with excitement, was the same color as the rest of her flesh, a brilliant, icy blue that added an eye-attracting splash of color to Clara's snowy white breasts.

Daryn grinned when he came upon it, sticking proudly skyward like a springtime rosebud. He let out a heavy breath, and Clara stiffened as the heat from his body washed over her. He let out his tongue, draping it smoothly over her areola before he swirled it dexterously around her engorged bud, leaving a sheen of scalding saliva in its wake. He fell on her, lips parted, and sealed her in his mouth between his teeth. He bit down gingerly, just hard enough for her to feel the points of his ivory fangs. Her bare skin was cold to his tongue, and promised that his meal would be as chilled.

He wanted it, and he massaged her as he applied gentle suction to the dainty nub between his teeth. She hissed, trying to press herself up more forcefully into him, but he forced her back down, intent on going at his own pace. The first drop was honey-sweet and it seemed to wick into his tongue before he had fully savored it. It was, however, the first of many, and his mouth was suddenly filled with a deluge of ice-cold milk. He hummed appreciatively, swallowing, the first mouthful quickly replaced with another.

After the flow was started, he drank slowly, letting it come to him rather than pull it out roughly. He would take no more than her body was willing to give him no matter how delicious it was. He drank until the trickle began to dry and he took one more easy sip before he broke contact. She still dripped, and he licked her until she was clean, resisting her squirming as he did so. She twisted her spine, as he licked his lips, presenting to him her other, seemingly neglected, breast as if she was afraid he would forget she had two. He almost laughed. Instead, he gave it the same gentle treatment as he gave its sister.

He idly wondered if the fluid pouring into him would curdle as his body's heat overcame Clara's milk's frigid temperature, but it was revitalizing nonetheless. If anything, his meal was feeding the fire within him, and he thought that it was about time he gave his draconic lover what she so desperately needed. Given the setting, he imagined that he could afford to indulge a little bit, and he pressed his claws against Clara's bust as he focused on the inferno that raged in him. It wasn't difficult. It scorched his mind always, threatening to overwhelm him, and Clara seemed to feed those fires like no one else could.

A plume of dense, black smoke issued from his nostrils as he let out a heavy breath. He relaxed, letting himself sink down into that ocean of burning need. It readily enveloped him, singeing away the layers of control he had carefully constructed around his mind. It was liberating, exciting, and he tightened his grip on Clara as a shudder ran down his spine. The dragoness gasped, and Daryn laughed energetically. She could see it in his eyes just as he could feel it building under his skin.

An insistent pressure resolved itself as a warm tingling that tickled against the underside of the scales of his cheeks, just in front of his ears and below his lowest set of curving onyx horns. Clara renewed her struggle against her bonds and Daryn leaned heavily into her, holding her in place as an animalistic growl rumbled in his chest. The relief he felt as his own fins and sail erupted from his scales was almost orgasmic, and the growl cut off into a pleased hiss. He

reached a hand up and brushed along the delicate skin that graced his horned visage. He hummed thoughtfully. His fins were delightfully sensitive, and he took a moment to explore himself as Clara fought to free herself to no avail.

He could feel each tiny movement of air against the diaphanous membrane of the crimson sail that trailed down his spine, but his reverie was interrupted by Clara's voice panting desperately, "Please, Calidus, Please. Release me! Let me touch you! Please, I need to feel you!"

Tantalizingly, he released the hold he had around both of her wrists, and she immediately brought her arms up. Before she could make it to her goal, however, he caught each of her forearms in a hand and forced them back to the stone beneath her. She cried out in protest, and he took the opportunity to dip his snout under hers. He shoved her head roughly upward and stretched his mouth wide open, fitting her slender throat between his teeth before she could shrink away. The dragoness tensed briefly before going limp, her body suddenly lying nervelessly under him.

Clara's heartbeat was sprinting beneath the scales of her neck. Slowly, Daryn relaxed his grip of Clara's arms. His hands glided along her slim but powerful limbs, tickling against her polished silver scales. The dragoness swallowed noisily as Daryn's fingers played gently against the lean muscle of her biceps and onto her shoulders. Her arms free, she lifted them experimentally. When Daryn did nothing but encouragingly massage her shoulders, she let her hands drift upward to lightly cup his jaw. She scratched at the spines that lines his jaw as her fingers slid up to his cheeks. She caressed his fin, the back of her fingers stroking the delicate skin and flexible spines, thicker and more stiff than her own.

Daryn lifted his head, clicking his teeth together as he snapped his jaw closed noisily. She made no move to free herself from underneath him as she laced her fingers together behind his neck. He curled his arms beneath her, clutching at her shoulder blades. Using her own tail as leverage he lifted himself to his knees, picking Clara up with him, keeping her pressed firmly to his chest. The dragoness stretched her wings out to the sides and he did the same. He curled his expansive wings inward, pushing Clara's back in and eventually enveloping her completely in a cloak of crimson hide.

The bright mid-afternoon sun was tinted dark red through his wings, and Clara looked expectantly up at him. She was tense, and she seemed to vibrate with pent up excitement. She panted short, quick breaths against him, the air leaving her lungs laden with pale, icy mist that rapidly dissipated when faced with the furnace of the glimmering black scales that covered his front. The dragoness used what freedom she had to rub herself up and down his body, crushing her voluptuous form into his densely packed musculature.

Now that they were on equal footing, the chill pervading her frame couldn't hope to combat the churning heat that boiled off of his scales. She was trapped in a world of his making, gold scales and scarlet flesh that surrounded her completely. "Still worried about freezing?" he whispered down to her.

"No!" she slurred in a soft whine, mumbling into Daryn's shoulder. "No! Ahh... Gods' Blood! F-f-fuck, so hot. So hot! Please, Calidus, I can't take any more teasing! I'm going to explode! Nngh!"

"Can't have that, can we?" he said in a low buzz that thrummed in his chest, "Let me help you with that." He flexed against her, rolling his hips and sliding his crotch against her taut abdomen. It provided just the stimulation that he needed to tense increasingly practiced muscles, opening the slit between his legs that hid what Clara claimed to so desperately requires. He grunted alongside her own ardent moan as his loins disgorged the dragoness's prize. It always

seemed to emerge from its lair half-hard, and it slid up both of their stomachs, throbbing furiously between them.

Clara's eyes shot wide open, yet they were unfocused. She clenched her teeth around a sharp gasp as her whole body shuddered. Her grip tightened on him as she transferred her hands to his shoulders, using him to lever herself higher on his powerful frame. "Yes!" she groaned around a tense jaw as she shoved her breasts into Daryn's face, engulfing his snout with twin mounds of pillowy softness. "Yes, yes, yes! Put it in me! Pry me open and cram me full of your big, hot-Augh!"

She was forced into stunned silence as Daryn slipped a hand beneath her, reaching up and doing to her what he had used her to do to himself, running a sharp claw along the patch of extremely sensitive scales that hid the fleshy, pale blue lips of her draconian womanhood from view. She twitched and grunted just as he had, only several octaves higher, as he felt her open to his wandering digit. His finger was met with a thick trickle of incredibly fragrant lubricant, slimy and absolutely blisteringly cold, and soon the air that Daryn's wings held around them smelled of nothing but their mixed sexual fluids.

She pulled in a huge breath, seemingly having found her voice, but Daryn robbed her of it by shoving a finger up into her slick passage. Her eyes rolled back in her head and she collapsed forward, clamping down on the dragon's heavy shoulder in a tense bite. Her teeth glanced harmlessly off of his golden scales and the air she had dragged in left her lungs in a ragged, squealing moan. It rose in pitch as he worked the dexterous digit around inside her quivering womanhood. Her dripping snatch sucked hungrily on his finger, clenching tightly and caressing with powerful muscles, and it took effort to remove himself from her frigid innards.

Daryn's hand was practically soaked already with her freezing, liquid lust. He lifted his arm, making sure Clara watched him lick a thick streamer of the clear liquid from his palm. She whimpered, and her movements gained desperate energy. She wildly humped herself against him, without aim or rhythm, trying and failing to spear herself on the thick column of flesh that rested against her. Daryn growled and sunk his hands into Clara's plush hips, holding her steady as he slowly lowered the dragoness, positioning her over the tapered tip of his enormous, draconian tool.

She threw back her head as he prodded himself insistently against her passage. Thin runners of Clara's heady fluids ran eagerly down his length as her lower lips parted around his girth. He didn't penetrate her, not yet, and he held the dragoness aloft, barely an inch keeping her from the filling she wanted. Clara seemed unable to talk, and she burbled softly, only the occasional, pleading word, mostly in draconic, resolving itself amidst the sea of nonsense syllables. Despite her seemingly mindless gibbering, her body knew exactly what it wanted, and she thrashed furiously against his tail, which still kept her mostly bound. Each motion was aimed and bringing herself downward and harpooning herself onto Daryn's thick, ridged member, but the dragon kept her still, pulling her body away each time she struggled.

It wasn't until she cried out in desperation and sagged limply against him that he gave her what she wanted. When she finally relaxed, he dropped her suddenly, impaling the dragoness with brutal force. He cried out with her when she sank down, taking nearly half his length in the blink of an eye. He forced her downward, stretching her wide around his tremendous girth. Even with her weight and momentum, the combination of her tightness and his size stopped her before he had hilted himself within her.

Clara's eyes bulged out of her head and she seemed intent on swallowing her tongue as she convulsed against him. Sparks briefly lit the steamy enclosed space as her claws scrabbled

for purchase on his broad back. In spite of the frantic hold she took on the powerful muscles at the base of his wings she appeared incapable of supporting her own weight, and she sank down another inch as he let her sag against him. Tongues of dull red fire flickered between his teeth as he growled, "Full enough for you?"

She pulled in a shaky breath. "More!" squeaked the dragoness, "More! I can take it! Just a little more!"

The air left her in an ardent moan before she could continue as he pulled her down another inch, slipping another of the thick, fleshy ridges that lined his dick past her stuffed entrance. "You're going to take more than a little more, Praeclara, if I have to sit here all day and stretch you out to do it... You're going to take... Every. Last. Inch of me." He rolled his pelvis, bouncing her up and dropping her weight down on him again and again, each time growing hotter and more insistent as he hammered himself into her. "You almost creamed yourself on that mountain, didn't you? When you saw what you had made me? I didn't know what it was at the time... new nose and all, but I could smell it on you. It's that same scent you've got running down your thighs right now. That need, that hunger, I-nngh! Yes! I love it!"

The dragoness's depths throbbed almost in time with his forearm-length, tapering cock, and as her taut tunnel began to relax, she sank down onto him, taking ever thicker portions of his burning flesh. The closer the scales of their crotches came to touching, the wider open her swollen lips were forced as the thickest part of his draconic rod began to push into her. Daryn couldn't remember ever wanting anything more than for his loins to meet Clara's, to completely bury himself into the silken, vicelike tightness of his panting lover. His powerful arms dragged her downward until his head topped hers once again.

Her tongue was lolling lazily from her mouth, and her eyes were unfocused and half lidded. The temperature difference between them was tremendous, but each new inch of her frozen womanhood he came into contact with didn't stay cold for long as the furious heat that he crammed into her inundated her body. Suddenly, one last huge ridge of scalding flesh entered her body, and she screamed weakly against the thick muscle of his chest as Clara came to rest with the scales of her loins pressed into his.

"Yes..." Daryn moaned hotly, resting the spines along his jaw against her horns. The fluttering of her velvet walls gradually resolved itself into a slow, rhythmic pulsing, and he let her adjust for a moment as her body stroked him. An abrupt realization robbed her of her breath and he laughed as the consequences of her sexiness made itself apparent to the dragoness. Blood was still rushing to his groin and he said in a low, barely controlled murmur, "What does it feel like, me getting bigger and harder inside of you? How much room is left? I can feel you breathing; every little twitch is like you caressing me."

A thin lance of sunlight crept in through a gap in his wings, quickly followed by more as he removed the shroud from them both. Slowly, still whispering into her ear, he shoved a foot under himself, levering his bulk onto his feet. He released Clara's legs and tail to allow the movement and pulled her up with him. Her freed legs dangled limply off the ground, twitching fitfully in contrast to her tail's frantic thrashing. Daryn took an experimental step forward, bouncing Clara against him with the impact of his heavy footfall.

The sudden motion enlivened the dragoness and she threw her head back, hanging off of Daryn's shoulder with her arms outstretched, putting all of her weight onto the connection between herself and Daryn. Her mouth was hanging open and the tendons in her neck flexed as if she were screaming, but no sound escaped her throat.

"Is this what you wanted, Beautiful?" Daryn said, unable to keep his voice from shaking with passion, "Are you full enough now? Do you want more? I've got a little more, I think, but I'm ready for something with a bit more energy. I hope you don't mind." He took slow, measured steps, guiding Clara back against a sheer stone wall until her shoulders rested against the rock. Thusly supported, he peeled the dragoness's hands from his shoulders, lifting them above her head once more. Her eyes sparkled eagerly as he sunk his claws into the rock like it was clay, binding her to the wall and ensuring that she was at the perfect elevation for what he had in mind. His tail snaked between them and coiled around her waist. He cinched it tight and tensed the thick, muscular limb so it would hold her still.

Experimentally, he bucked his hips, grinding his length around inside her. Clara stayed where he had fastened her, despite her ecstatic writhing. He gave a satisfied nod and leaned forward, dipping his head until his snout rested against the smooth stone just beside the dragoness's. Clara's voice, soft but rough with need, whispered quietly, "Do it..."

Daryn remained silent, but he slid his cheek against the dragoness's as he pulled his hips slowly back and down, baring only a few inches of his violently throbbing manhood to the air. Clara growled as he worked himself back into her. The slick, frosty fluid that oozed from between them dripped to the stone below, but even the copious amounts of lubricant couldn't make the return journey easy. Her tightness resisted his entry even as her walls fought to pull him back in. It was only a tiny fraction of his full length, but he glided back in with agonizing slowness. He repeated the process, his tail around her waist holding her tightly as he rocked his hips in a steady rhythm.

Clara's voice was urgent in his ears as she goaded him onward. Each thrust came more easily than the last as the dragoness's body adapted to the mammoth member that Daryn forced into her, each time pulling further backward, each time shoving himself forward more insistently. Daryn could feel Clara trying to move with him, trying to buck her flared hips into his, but his tail wouldn't let her move more than a fraction of an inch before it returned her to her place.

Biting back a greedy moan, Daryn put his entire body into his efforts, pulling out almost the whole way before he heaved forward. The walls of Clara's stretched pussy were as smooth as velvet, but enticingly formed, with bands along its length that mirrored his own thick ridges, ensuring that every movement brought spikes of rapture to them both. Every inch of him that passed through her entrance made her convulse against him, each rib of his draconian cock scraping against her tender bud. Her strong muscles wrung at him with a hunger that mirrored his own, deep and primal.

Clara had given up speaking in anything but her native tongue. The musical words tickled at his ear, her voice lacing them with an ancient need that resonated in Daryn's heavy frame. It lent his movements impetus. Daryn had never heard words that carried more desperation, more silent demand than the ones his lover growled into his ear. Clara's meaning escaped him, her words slipping through his mind to some place deeper, but he knew that she needed him. She needed him more than anything she had ever needed.

As Clara's body grew accustomed to its intruder, Daryn picked up the pace. Clara was putting up a good fight, but Daryn could feel how close she was already. Her breath came in short, ragged gasps, and her legs twitched stiffly, her toes curling spastically. He held her still, but he couldn't stop her from bouncing with each increasingly rapid impact of his thighs into hers. She squirmed, and he leaned hard into her, crushing her into the rock wall behind her with the weight of his muscular chest. Bliss was beginning to rob the dragoness of her muscle control,

and her tail, the only part of her body that was unbound, flailed wildly beneath her, slamming heavily into the stone and occasionally coiling briefly around Daryn's leg.

Trapped as she was, she could do nothing but moan into his ear as he pounded himself into his draconic lover. Daryn couldn't see anything, as tightly shut as his eyes were, but he hardly needed his vision. Clara's entire body was pressed into him, and he could feel each slight shudder of each strained muscle as she fought her impending release. He blindly lapped at her throat, determined to push her over the edge before she did the same to him. His self-control was incredible, but that mattered little with Clara wrapped around him, her womanhood clenching hungrily at him.

It happened suddenly, and she cried out in ecstasy as she succumbed to the sensations tearing violently through her body. Daryn grunted as the dragoness's body tensed powerfully, her spasming wings almost pushing her off of the stone as she came around him. The overwhelming tightness surrounding his ridged member returned with a vengeance as Clara's walls clamped down on him, milking him without mercy with frantic, rippling contractions. Clara's blissful vocalizations rose in pitch as Daryn threw himself forward, shoving her back against the wall and exploding within her.

The breath caught in Clara's throat as the first scalding jet of Daryn's seed spurted forcefully from his spasming manhood. His voice cried out in her absence with a roar that rattled chips of stone lying on the ground. He needed no further stimulation, and he let Clara's pussy pull the scorching, alabaster fluid from him. He produced a deceptively large volume, and he filled Clara with a core of heat that splattered out of her as he began to overflow her tight confines. It ran in thick rivulets down the length of her tail, and she slung it everywhere as the lengthy limb flailed wildly.

He held her until he was done, and then viciously tore himself free of Clara's strained netherlips. A tide of his own jizz followed his exit, dripping from her battered loins until she tensed, sealing it within her. She squealed at the rough treatment, but her eyes were still glazed with mind-numbing pleasure. Daryn had to spend a few seconds to work his claws out of the stone before he freed Clara's wrists. Her hands immediately went to his shoulders and he let her clutch at him, recovering, as he pulled her off of the stone with his tail. Her half-ton body was light in the coil of his powerful limb, and he kept her hoisted off of the ground as he trailed a finger along his length, sliding along the mess of their mixed fluids.

He idly peeled her hand from his shoulder and brought it down to his crotch. Her delicate fingers couldn't encircle his girth, but she caressed him gently regardless. Slowly, recognition dawned in her eyes, and her fingers tightened on him. "That's right," he hissed, "I'm not done with you." He was still as hard as steel, and he throbbed angrily, his lust far from satiated. If anything, he was even needier than he was when he began, having given himself a taste of what Clara had to offer. She moaned excitedly, and she began to furiously stroke him, egging him onward.

As if he needed any more encouragement. With a low growl, he released the hold his tail had around her waist, letting her weight drop into his arm. He let her weight bear him down, and he spun as he fell, settling his weight on her waist. He straddled her, making his intentions clear as he slid his slick cock into the steep valley of her cleavage. The remnants of their fluids smeared over her snowy scales and smoothed his passage into the soft crevice. Clara's hands went to her breasts, kneading giddily and teasing at her engorged nipples. She squished their pliant mass together, miraculously sealing Daryn's tremendous girth in the velvet embrace of her ample bust.

Daryn grinned as he leaned heavily over her, planting his palms on the stone to either side of her head as he started to hump himself into the provided hole. The contrast with her nethers was wondrous. She was soft, and her scales were smooth against his lust-tightened skin. She couldn't envelope Daryn's entire member even in her bountiful boobs, and with each thrust forward, the tapered tip of his cock peeked out from her breasts like the head of some enormous serpent. When he bared himself in this way, her tongue was there, playing along his sensitive flesh with as much energy as she could muster before it dipped back between her breasts.

His passage was almost frictionless; all he could make out was a tantalizing pressure as his ardor rose higher than it had yet been. Clara's lavish bosom bounced with each hard shove forward, and he proceeded to brutally piston himself into the soft slit that Clara provided for him. He bucked his hips wildly, pounding Clara into the ground as she moaned and writhed beneath him.

He hissed angrily, hunching over on himself as he came again. He humped forward and watched as thick streamers of his hot seed plastered themselves along Clara's face and chest, drenching the fine, silver scales of his lover's face in a sheen of pearlescent white. Clara licked her lips and fixed him with a curious, if smoky, look, as if to ask what was next as Daryn's jizz dripped from her jaw.

In answer, he took her by the shoulders and hauled both of them to their feet. Her taut belly pressed into him, and he slowly ground himself against the snowy white scales of her abdomen. Clara grinned lasciviously and shoved him backwards, pushing him against the wall where she had been a moment before. She touched the tip of her snout to his chest, kissing him briefly before her tongue snaked through her lips to caress the thick, black scales that lined his front. She undulated her shapely body against him, rubbing herself against him as she worked her tongue lower and lower. Clara's strong fingers worked Daryn's abs, kneading the densely packed muscle as she traced each contour with her tongue.

As she fell to her knees, one hand dropped to run along the underside of Daryn's still-throbbing shaft. Clara stroked it tenderly, encouraging patience as she finished orally worshipping Daryn muscular form. Her tongue dropped to the base of his lengthy tool, and she coiled it around his scarlet girth. She playfully pulled back, swiping him clean of the messy leftovers of his previous engagements, swallowing hungrily. She let out a breathy coo at the taste of their mixed sexual fluids, and she stroked him with increasing energy, coaxing out a steady stream of musky precum from his adamant member. "More." she growled, lapping it up as if she were famished for his lusty liquids, "More! Moremoremore! F-fuck it's so hot! Give me more! I need more, please!"

Clara hissed excitedly as Daryn grunted, a huge gob of viscous pre issuing from the tip of his well-used member. She dove forward without hesitation, taking his tip between her lips and slurping greedily. Clara pressed boldly forward, sliding inch after inch into her accepting maw. The tips of her razor-sharp teeth tickled at Daryn's lust-tightened skin, but her tongue was there as a cushion, shielding him from her fangs as the dragoness filled her snout with him. Daryn's hands dropped to her, one cradling the back of her neck, the other taking a firm hold on one of her tapering, ivory horns, gently guiding her forward.

Her own hands gripped his thick thighs, anchoring herself to him as she bobbed her head in an alternating rhythm, fast, slow, fast, slow, each time taking more and more of his length. Daryn groaned. He was leaking into her gullet like a broken pipe, and the dragoness didn't miss a single drop as she swallowed eagerly. He nearly jumped out of his scales when she abruptly heaved forward, arching her back and shoving his draconian cock down her throat, her willowy

neck bulging out with its girth. For him, her gag reflex was nonexistent, and she swallowed him until the tip of her snout was pressed against the scales of his crotch.

The dragoness's throat wrung at him like a cool, wet vice, and he barked a sharp, harsh cry as he exploded into his draconian lover's neck. Clara moaned, one hand dropping to rub the scales of her belly as Daryn emptied himself directly into her stomach. Each of his orgasms was stronger than the last, and it stretched on forever, visibly distending Clara's otherwise flat and toned abdomen with the sheer volume of boiling jizz he dumped into her. Clara could only hold her breath for so long, however, and he mercifully pulled himself out of her, letting her gasp for breath as he continued to rain hot, thick ropes of milky-white seed over her face.

It continued until the alabaster fluid dripped down her body, slicking the scales of her shoulders and breasts as they heaved with her desperate breaths. The dragoness mindlessly lapped at his geysering length until the flow began to slacken, and she licked him clean even as he dribbled a steady stream. Her mind was swamped in a haze of numbing pleasure, and she panted, "So much... So hot... I... Fuck. F-f-fuck. Fuck... me... fuck."

Daryn was breathing heavily, but the angry tension in his body demanded more, so he assented. He reached down, gently hooked his fingers under her arms and hauled her up to him. She collapsed against him, but as he wiped his own ejaculate from around her eyes, she was still quietly moaning for more. Daryn whispered gentle promises to her as he slipped around her. She slumped forward, leaning heavily against the mountainside as Daryn stood close behind her. She weakly sunk her claws into the stone for support and spread her legs in a silent invitation, peering back over her shoulder as the dragon lined himself up with her.

The dragoness opened her wings, resting them against the rock wall as she stretched them wide, presenting Daryn with a view of cool blue membrane and the smooth contours of her slender back. Delicate muscles waved the sail that had grown out along her spine through the air in an intricate dance, the only thing she seemed to have the energy to do, as her tail hung limply behind her and her body rested lazily against the stone. Daryn smiled as he let out a slow, steadying breath. He laid a hand lightly on her back, caressing her polished silver scales, his wicked onyx claws scraping enticingly. His other hand dipped lower, hooking fingers under the base of her long tail. He tickled her until she lifted her tail to coil sluggishly around his arm, baring her oozing gash to him.

At this angle, her tapered waist looked even narrower than it already was, and he trailed his hands down to sink his fingers into her plush hips. The dragoness's whined impatiently. He leaned forward, sliding the ribbed top of his still-hungry cock along her parted lips, stimulating her as he murmured soothingly. He reminded her how beautiful she was, how happy she made him, how heavenly she had made his life, all the while grinding himself against her drooling slit.

Clara's tail tightened around his arm, and she started to move against him, rocking her hips in time with his. She was ready, and without warning, Daryn angled upward, sliding effortlessly up into Clara's pre-stretched pussy. The dragoness huffed a needy moan as she felt herself stretching around the dragon's tremendous shaft once again. Daryn maintained an even pace as he slowly fucked the desperate, sexy creature splayed out before him. Her tail flexed in time with his steady thrusting, urging him onward as he gradually increased the tempo of his smooth movements.

He wasn't escalating quickly enough for her needs though, and she told him so. "Harder!" growled the dragoness at him through furiously clenched teeth, "Harder! Come on; what are you waiting for?! Aren't I beautiful, Calidus?! I thought you wanted me! Come on; fuck me!"

Her last two syllables were drawn out into a long protracted whine, and Daryn growled right back, refusing to be moved, "What's wrong, Praeclara? Am I not allowed to savor what I love? Must everything be sudden and brutal? Are dragons so hesitant to show gentle affection, to make love to one who completes them so utterly?" He slipped his hand down and trailed a finger slowly around her aching clit. She tensed, her protests dying off into a long moan. "Are you worried that I'll neglect you, pull out before you cum again and leave you empty? Your insides are almost warm, you're so full already. Can't you feel how much I need you in that burning? Can you not see how this will end?" He punctuated each quiet question with a quick, hard thrust that hilted himself within her. The stone below both of them was slick with a splattered layer of Daryn's seed, and Clara still dripped, adding to the puddle beneath them both. "Let me show you, and then you can talk to me about unfulfilled desires."

His fingers played with her tender bud as Daryn's urgency grew. His thighs pounded against the firm swell of her plentiful rear and the impact of it shoved her against the wall with increasing force. She let out a long, bugling cry, the fire slowly returning to her body as she pushed herself back into Daryn's bucking hips. Despite his assertions to the opposite, Daryn rapidly lost any desire to be slow and gentle, and quickly worked himself into a fevered pitch that gave the dragoness the hard fucking that she so wantonly needed.

The faster he pistoned himself in and out of her velvet passage, the further over he leaned, until his chest rested against her back. Each unrelenting thrust upward lifted Clara off of the ground, and his tail slammed into the ground with enough force to crack the stone as he braced himself. Clara's feet left the rock below her and she found herself bouncing on Daryn's cock, supported only by her claws digging deep gouges in the mountainside and the arm with which he cradled Clara's frame to his chest.

She screamed as she reached the end of her endurance, crying out in orgasm as her voice echoed off the mountain around them. Her tail cinched tight around the dragon's thick arm as her own limbs flailed aimlessly. Daryn's arms went around her torso as he held her to him, fighting her trembling wings' effort to pull her body into the air as they flapped weakly. "YES!" she wailed, her scream dropping quickly into a shuddering roar that filled Daryn with new energy. He shoved her against the rock in front of her, pinning her between the unyielding stone and his broad chest. He roughly fingered her clit and bucked his hips into her backside with stone-cracking force, causing her to suck in another anguished breath and scream again as the pleasure coursing through her body redoubled.

A host of clever retorts piled up in his mind, but he didn't have time for words as he felt his own orgasm hurtling at him at breakneck speed. He dug his talons into the rock and resisted with as much as his tremendous constitution would allow. It was a futile effort. Clara trapped against him, screaming and wailing and writhing in bliss, her quivering pussy tightened around him, they made resistance impossible. Daryn's entire body stiffened suddenly, and he felt his own orgasm boil up from his toes. He felt it from the end of his tail to the tips of his horns, and his entire body screamed as if it was one giant nerve as he added his voice to Clara's.

His cock thickened with the first rope of his seed as he fired it deep into Clara's clenching passage. At the sensation of the fresh heat pouring into her, Clara's cries jumped up an octave as her body went limp. Daryn held her, bucking upward in time with the pulsing of his crimson member, shadowing her with his bulk as he tilted his head skyward and roared with his lover. It only took seconds for his thick, pearlescent fluid to spurt fitfully out around his cock as he filled her overstuffed womanhood to capacity and beyond. It splattered against his thighs and over the ground, slicking the scales of both dragons as he humped her spastically.

He huffed short goutts of bright orange flame that briefly illuminated the whiffs of frigid, pale mist that drifted up from Clara's gaping maw. Clara sluggishly lifted her arms, slapping them down over her stomach as she stroked the bulge Daryn's manhood made through her scales. Her tongue lolled languidly between her teeth as she bounced with each of the dragon's jerky motions, the impact making her voice jump. Daryn hissed. It felt like it would never end; his orgasm stretched on and on as he painted his lover's insides pearly white and created a steadily growing pool below them.

Over the course of an endless minute, Daryn's giddy release slowed to a trickle and Clara's shuddering slowed to an occasional twitch. He straightened slowly, panting, and pulled Clara off of the wall she had been forced against. Her legs dangled nearly a foot off of the ground, her weight resting in Daryn's arms. Her tail went limp and uncoiled from Daryn's arm as he stepped back. She leaned her head back against his chest, but let out a low, long moan as Daryn lifted her off of the column of mercifully-softening flesh that was buried in her loins. The dragon kept her in his arms, looping behind her thighs and shoulders and cradling her to his body.

He was breathing almost as hard as she was, and he took a moment to just hold her while he got his hammering heart under control. He dipped his head to brush his cheek against hers. He let his tongue out to run over the scales of her face, licking her clean of the sheet of jizz that was drying on her body. He tasted strong, and Clara joined him, her ice blue tongue drifting alongside his own. He chuckled, "You certainly know how to make a mess. What am I going to do with you?"

She eyed him with a tired expression, her tongue running along his jaw before snaking back into her mouth. "I'm sure you'll think of something."

He smirked as she continued to lick him, cleaning him even as she smeared the slick coat that had drenched nearly her entire body over his chest. He hefted her weight as he took slow steps over to the pool he had found Clara in originally. She squirmed excitedly as he smoothly lowered himself into the water, dragoness and all. Everywhere his scales touched the freezing liquid it hissed and steamed, the heat roiling off of Daryn's body boiling the water that came into contact with him.

Clara cooed as the water around them both rapidly heated to a near simmer. When the hiss of flash-boiling water quieted, a haze of steam hung over the pool's surface. "Still cold?" Daryn idly wondered.

The dragoness slowly shook her head and smiled dreamily up at him. She held her breath as he submerged them both. When they surfaced, the water sluicing off of their polished scales, he took the opportunity to rasp her clean, his scales scraping hers until they shone flawlessly. Clara gave a satisfied yawn and blinked blearily, her fatigue suddenly crashing into her. She hugged him tightly as the brightly colored fins retracted back into her head even as her sail receded into her spine.

As if triggered by her own relaxation, Daryn winced at the odd, almost-discomfort of his own fins retreating back under his scales. The dragoness in his arms mourned their loss with a lazy hand on his cheek. "That's a nice look for you, Daryn. You should wear it more often." She rested her own cheek against his shoulder as she swirled the steamy water around them with graceful beats of her wings. "Are you busy?" she asked innocently, "I was hoping you could help me with-"

Her sentence was suddenly cut short and her body stiffened. Her scales rustled against one another as she shivered, her eyes shooting wide open and her nostrils flaring broadly. Daryn

was about to ask her what was wrong when he felt it. A sensation like a bolt of lightning striking him shot through up his spine and his scales lifted up involuntarily as he puffed up like a bird ruffling its feathers. "What..." he stammered, "Clara, what's happening?"

Clara only took the time to whisper a single word to him before she hurled herself out of the water, shooting off toward her mountainous home like a silver arrow. "Hatching."

Daryn's heart jumped into his throat. The sudden tension in his body forced his now-flaccid member back into his body, and he cried out for Clara to wait. She didn't seem inclined to listen to him and the distance between them grew rapidly. She was fully halfway to the gaping window into the mountain before Daryn got his shocked legs under him with enough stability to lift his bulk from their makeshift sauna. He threw himself into the air and began the task of closing the distance to the speeding dragoness. He was faster than she, and Daryn practically collided with her as they reached the opening at the same time. They both landed in an awkward tangle of wings and flailing limbs.

She didn't spare his intervention a glance as she leapt off of him. He tackled her back to the ground, not bothering to tell her that he was trying to help her. Instead, he just shouted the requisite words, and after a split-second of weightlessness, they both landed heavily on the floor of the spacious room that had played nursery for their incubating egg. The frantic energy left Clara suddenly at the sight of the oblong, brazen egg sitting placidly in its cozy cradle next to the crystalline window, and both dragons rose cautiously to their feet.

Their feet carried them at a reverent pace over to their child, and Daryn began to question the apprehensive tightening of his gut at the eggs apparent silence, but then he heard it. His breath caught in his throat and Clara squeaked excitedly. They both leaned in to listen to the quiet rasping sound emanating from within the eggs thick, sturdy shell, like something scraping at it from within. Clara's tail wrapped around his own, and she lifted the egg into her arms with trembling hands. He stepped up to her, so that the egg was framed by scales on either side. He laid a hand daintily on the eggs smooth surface, grinning dopily as he felt something moving inside.

The egg's shell was thick, and nearly as hard as steel, and the tiny dragon inside of the egg must have been working incredibly hard to free itself. Clara looked like she wanted to help as much as Daryn did, but he wasn't about to rob his child of its first accomplishment. His smile split his reptilian visage and only grew broader as the sounds steadily grew louder, and the egg visibly trembled with the force exerted by the creature within fighting to reach freedom. A tiny, hairline crack split the egg's surface, and steadily grew as the shell gave way. More hairline cracks spiderwebbed along the egg, and it nearly jumped out of the cradle of Clara's arms as it shuddered with an internal impact.

There was another, and another, like something was hammering the interior of the egg, and suddenly, to excited gasps from the two dragons, a tiny patch of bronze scales made itself visible through a hole that was being made in the shell. And then, in a titanic show of strength for such a small creature, the egg buckled, and a tiny head popped up through a rent torn in the egg's shell. It sucked in its first breath of fresh, mountain air and let out a high-pitched, squeaky little cry.

Tears of utter, absolute joy welled up in Daryn's eyes as his newborn child sneezed, clearing its lungs as it freed an arm from the confines of its prison and used it to peel a piece of the shell from its slimy scales. Tiny, sharp nubs, the beginnings of a pair of horns as black as his own crowned its skull and most of its body was covered in a layer of metallic bronze scales, with the exception of a broad stripe of brilliant, electric blue scales that started under its chin and

swept down the child's front. It wriggled through the hole it had made, baring more of its frail form as it pulled its other arm out of the increasingly tattered remnants of its egg.

It-No. She. She struggled further upward, breaking more of the eggshell as she worked her wings free and her gender became apparent, as did the shade of her skin as the diaphanous, but inky black membrane of her frail-looking wings snapped taut as she stretched them out behind her. A tiny, clawed hand clutched at Daryn's arm and his daughter leaned heavily on him as she worked to free her legs. The egg finished splintering, crumbling around the child's skinny body as she kicked her sharply taloned feet through the remains of her shell.

Both Clara and Daryn were silent, struck speechless as they both watched the little dragon wiggle her slender tail out from underneath her and look around herself, giving a supremely satisfied nod at the ruins of her egg. She turned her attention to herself and began to delicately pick bits of broken eggshell off of her scales, popping some of them into her mouth and crunching noisily as she chewed. The thin layer of slime that covered her began to quickly dry, and the little dragoness peeled it off of her scales, eating that too as her slender black tongue licked her lips.

She was busy preening herself when Clara spoke in a hushed whisper. "She's... perfect, Daryn, absolutely perfect. How did we manage it?"

Daryn didn't have time to reply when the bronze-and-blue-scaled creature sitting on the remains of her hard-shelled incubator jumped at the quiet sound, peering up around her as if just now seeing the two giants that held her. She squeaked happily and showed her teeth in an excited grin, her tail flicking through the bits of eggshell behind her as she wiggled it enthusiastically. Her face screwed up in a mask of dire concentration as she forced her feet underneath her. The newborn dragoness's tail waved for balance as she braced herself on Daryn's chest and rose to her clawed, digitigrade feet. Her thin body was fully three feet tall, and she peered curiously at Daryn's face, whining interrogatively.

Her eyes were bright and intelligent, and shone like polished amethysts. Her hand wandered up and touched the spines that lined his jaw, trailing over the contours of his face as she explored what of him she could reach. As she did, her hand went to her own face and mirrored her movements, tracing over herself as she did the same to him. "Hello, little one." Daryn murmured to the tiny, curious dragon touching him.

Awe lit up her eyes as she heard his rumbling baritone, and she bounced giddily on her toes, giggling joyously. "Hi!" she chirped.

Daryn reeled as if the tiny dragoness had punched him in the nose. She laughed and mirrored his motion, throwing her head back and popping back up. "Hi!" she cried merrily, "Hi! Hihhi!" She threw her head back again and giggled as if Daryn had invented a wonderful game. She stopped suddenly, as she saw Clara standing behind her, mirroring the baby dragon's manic smile. "Hi!" she told this new creature, twirling around to get a better look at her mother, "Hi!"

Clara nodded graciously. "Hello yourself, child. You're... energetic." At Clara's voice the little dragon squealed and bounced excitedly up and down in her father's arms. She touched Clara like she had Daryn, sampling her features with wandering fingers that eventually turned into a hug as she threw her arms around Clara's neck. Clara stepped back and the bronze dragoness dangled off of her mother's neck with a light, tittering laugh. Her tail thrashed playfully through the air as she quipped the word over and over, greeting everything with equal zeal.

She slowed and looked around, her eyes lighting on Daryn. The newborn dragon reached out a hand, opening and closing it as she beckoned to her father. "Hi!" she quipped, motioning

him over. Daryn placed the remains of her egg back in its cradle and stepped slowly over until his daughter could throw an arm around his neck as well. Daryn put a hand beneath her feet, giving her a place to stand as she hugged her parents.

Daryn placed a hand on his child's back, hugging her to him with equal, gentle force. "You're very talkative for a two-minute-old, little one."

She turned to look at him, puffing her chest out proudly as if she understood him perfectly. Clara chuckled and tickled the giddy little girl's side with a gentle claw. "I wonder who she got that from," she said with a knowing smirk.

The newborn looked at her, working her mouth around an awkward new word as she struggled to answer her mother's question. "F-ff-Father?"

Daryn was struck numb. "Good Gods, our daughter is a genius," he said in a reverent whisper.

"If course she is!" Clara scoffed, "She's our daughter, after all. But this is fairly normal for dragons; she'll likely speak fluently in a few months, sooner if she's half as brilliant as her father. Although, admittedly, our first tongue is usually draconic, and our first word is almost always "food.""

That opened the floodgates. "Food?" the little girl squeaked, "Food! Food? Food? Food! Foodfoodfood!"

Clara rolled her eyes, shooting Daryn a "look what you did" look, but took their daughter in her arms, holding her out and inspecting her. "Alright you," she said frankly, "I'm going to give you a nice, long drink, but for the love of the sweet, merciful gods, please be careful with those little, needly teeth, Okay?" The little dragoness nodded furiously, her bright eyes focused entirely on Clara's swollen bust, her mother's nipples beading with drops of milk in anticipation. "Good."

The dragoness winced as her daughter latched on and began to suckle hungrily. "Teeth..." hissed Clara, adjusting her hold on her child to encourage the tiny dragon to be gentler. Not wanting to miss out on the experience, Daryn stepped closer, letting Clara lean against him as he returned his hand to his daughter's back, carefully peeling strands of dried, slimy membrane off of her back and wings. Clara coiled her tail around his leg just as his child wrapped her tail around his wrist in an instinctual display of affection.

Daryn smiled broadly as the delicate little creature paused long enough to burp loudly before diving back in. "What's her name?" he asked Clara.

Her eyes flicked briefly to his before she returned them to the tiny creature attached to her chest. "I know precisely what her name is. Do you?"

Daryn smiled and tickled at the base of her horns with a tender claw, "I think I have an idea."