

A Welcome Visitor

Written By: Skabaard

Emma let the door click softly shut behind her as she strolled into her quarters. The rooms for the Lancers themselves weren't as large and opulent as the rooms for the guests, but they were as plush and comfortable as the rest of the Sanctum Arcanum, with high ceilings and big, bright windows along one wall. Her room showed her personal style--such as it was. Paintings, gifts from her friends and people she helped over the years, all of widely varied quality, practically blanketed the walls.

She smiled, looking at them. She remembered getting each one. Her desk and the bookshelf that was pushed against one wall were burdened with trinkets and tiny knick-knacks. She chuckled as she touched them, her own little draconic hoard. With a happy sigh, she twirled around in a circle and stretched her arms out, opening her expansive, black-skinned wings as far as the walls of the room would allow. It felt good to be back home.

Humming something cheerful and out-of-tune, she slid her tail up along her back, finding the buttons that held her shirt on over her wings. With a frown of concentration, she flicked the dexterous tip of her tail along her buttons and gradually freed her torso from the prison of the offensive fabric. It felt... unnatural, covering herself, and any opportunity she had to divest herself of her clothes she took. She understood why some people felt the need to hide themselves, but not why those who didn't were still expected to, something about public decency, she had been told countless times. What wasn't decent about her body? She was perfect, flawless.

She undid the buttons up the side of her hip and rolled the shapely curves out of her pants, pulling her tail from its sleeve as she did so and tossing them aside to lay, forgotten, with her shirt. She sashayed up to her favorite painting, a big, attention-drawing affair, a portrait of a stunningly beautiful dragoness, bronze and blue scales, smiling with fierce pride. She remembered posing for it. That had been fun, standing there, being stared at, admired, while someone tried to put her perfection onto canvas. Touching it, she smiled. The artist, a pleasant mouse morph who had a deceptive capacity and voracious appetite in bed, was talented, and had done an acceptable job.

Striking the same pose, she looked down at herself. Emma was bigger now than she was then. Her ample breasts, tapered waist, the long curve of her hips, she was more womanly now, and had a more solid musculature, and she would only continue to grow as she aged. Her tapered reptilian snout was finely scaled with a coat of bronze and full of razor-sharp teeth, and a her skull was crowned with a thicket of horns, the longest two of which curled back on themselves like those of a ram.

The artist had really captured her eyes, bright stunning violet that glittered like cut amethysts. They were almost alive. She could almost see them looking at her, ravaging her alongside that proud smile. It felt like she was showing off for herself, thrusting her chest out, presenting the broad stripe of brilliant sapphire that coated her front from her chin down to the tip of her tail. Her long body was bountifully voluptuous, and straddled the line between slender and muscular. It was like her form couldn't decide where it was designed for unyielding strength or graceful elegance.

Her clawed hands on her hips, she sauntered over to her desk, viciously taloned, digitigrade feet clicking on the stone of the floor as she hung her satchel on a peg on the wall.

She flopped down heavily onto the available chair and reclined against it, looking through the window out over the city of Southcliff that sprawled out below her. Heaving another, more relaxed sigh, she waved her tail around behind her languidly and pulled from the satchel hanging next to the desk her canteen.

It was soothing, caring for something alive, but that had simple needs, and she gave her little flower a small drink. The petite, white lily was growing nicely in the ceramic pot it had next to the window. It was pretty, and it alone was enough to perfume her room with a light, floral aroma to her sensitive nose. She affectionately petted its silky leaves, encouraging it to grow big and beautiful as she purred to it.

When its stem bent down enough to rest velvet petals on her fingers like a fond lover, Emma smiled, knowing what to expect. She played with her little lily until she felt a pair of slim, delicate hands slide up her back and over her shoulders. She hummed happily as a soft, feminine voice murmured to her, "It has been some time, young dragon. You feel different, bigger, stronger."

"It's only been a couple weeks, Salixia," the dragoness explained, "and I've grown barely an inch in the past few months. I'll come see you in a few centuries, and then I'll show you something big and strong."

The dryad glided gracefully around her chair to stand next to her. Emma looked up slyly at Salixia. The fey creature's frame was whip-thin and frail-looking. Her skin was a healthy, pale green and was veined with thin lines that looked like the grain of a fine piece of wood. In place of hair, long, thin vines studded with dark, waxy leaves fell from her head and in front of her svelte shoulders to obscure a pert, palmable bust.

Thin lips curled upward into a smile, Salixia looked at her with almond-shaped eyes that were a solid, pale yellow. "I think that would please me, Emendata." Her lips parted slowly around each syllable of Emma's name, as if she were tasting it. "But I was not speaking of your appearance. You feel stronger inside." She pressed a wispy finger against the dragoness's chest, over her heart. "There is something bigger under your scales, like your parents. So much power, it grows faster than you, much faster. Being near you as you age is... intoxicating. I should have put down roots here long ago."

The dragoness chuckled. Long ago with the dryad's sense of time would have had her growing here before humans had even founded Southcliff. "So..." she said casually as she laced her fingers together behind her head. "You finally spread your roots enough to manifest all the way out here in my neck of the woods." Salixia nodded, continuing her alien smile. "Then what might this Lancer do for you, my lovely leafy lady?"

The dryad's cheeks flushed a darker shade of green. Salixia took everything said to her very seriously, and any compliment paid her, no matter how casual, made her beam like she had been touched by a god. "I need nothing, little dragon. It is a warm, sunny day for this time of year, and the wind feels good in my leaves. My question is: Is there anything I might do for you? I can feel your tension. Will you let me make you feel good as well?"

Well, Emma could hardly refuse such a proposition. She rose from her chair to tower a foot over the dryad's slight frame. The fey just looked up at her and smiled the same, eager smile. The dragoness lifted clawed hands and trailed fingers along Salixia's willowy arms. The dryad's skin was perfectly smooth and cool to the touch, and, taking her by the arms, Emma hoisted Salixia off of the ground to let them face each other. She was practically weightless. "And what, pray tell," the dragoness mused, "might my captivating suitor have in mind?"

Salixia gave her a mischievous look. She jumped at the sound breaking pottery. Peering back over her shoulder, she was greeted with the sight of a plant that had suddenly, drastically outgrown the confines of its little pot. Roots spread over her desk like tendrils, thickening and crawling over themselves as her little flower rapidly grew into a vibrant, leafy behemoth, studded with countless, beautiful blossoms. It crawled up the wall, coating the window with a thick layer of leaves that tinted the light filtering into the room a wan green.

She turned back to Salixia as she listened to her little plant rapidly become not-so-little, pouring down off of her desk and gradually coating the walls in a coat of green. "I like that pot. It was a gift."

The dryad pouted and pulled the pot from behind her back. "They don't like being contained. You should use something much larger if you must keep her in here. And you should open the window every now and then. Fresh air would do wonders for her."

She. Apparently her little plant was a she. "I'm sorry." murmured the dragoness sincerely, "I didn't know. Did... did she tell you?"

"They tell me everything." the dryad assured her as Emma gently set her down. "She tried to tell you, but you lack the proper faculties to hear her. Fret not, little dragon." she added at the dragoness's visible concern. Emma had tried dearly to care for her little flower. Salixia continued, "She does not blame you. She is rather fond of you. She is glad for your care. She has expressed desire for you."

"Can she do that? She's a plant. We're not exactly compatible." Emma said dubiously.

Salixia put dainty hands on the dragoness's arms, as Emma had done to her moments before. "Form is insignificant, mortal. Every living thing has a spirit that will speak, if you are patient enough to listen to it."

Emma swallowed hard around the apprehension in her throat. The dryad looked serious. "How do I listen to it, Salixia? Tell me, please. I'd like to listen." She truly did; she was enraptured.

"I do not know if I have that power." Salixia admitted with a sorrowful shrug, "You should speak to your father. The elder dragon might be able to answer your questions. My sisters live slowly, Emendata, and they understand slowly. I can help them perceive more quickly, for a time. That is what I have in mind, young one."

The dragoness was in awe. She turned away from the dryad to watch her little flower creep across the room, coating the walls and floor in a thick carpet of plant matter. It was entrancing. "What's her name, Salixia?" She received no answer. "Salixia?" When she turned around, the dryad was gone, having disappeared into thin air as she was prone to doing at the most frustrating times. When she felt a hand on the back of her leg, she squeaked and spun. "Gods' Blood, you can't do that, Sa-"

Emma stopped, looking down. She saw her on the ground. A creature of exotic beauty and grace was folded up on the floor at her feet, looking up at her with eyes, canted and almond-shaped, that were a solid, cornflower blue. High cheekbones and a sharp, slender jaw matched its tapered elfin ears, and short lily petals that were crisp, snow-white covered its head. Its skin was veined with lines that looked like those that grained the dryad's, except its flesh was a pale, clean ivory tinted a barely discernable pink.

She spoke to the dragoness in a light, musical voice that made it sound like she was singing. "I have not a name that I could make you understand, My Lady, but I would be called whatever you deem appropriate."

Emma gasped in shock. The creature before her looked frail and delicate, looking up at her with bright, excited, if utterly alien eyes. "Uh... Well..." stammered the dragoness, "I don't know. Wh-what do you want me to call you?"

The spirit of the lily rose to her feet in a single, graceful motion. Emma was surprised, but she didn't know why. She hadn't expected her to be wearing clothes. She just hadn't foreseen her being so, utterly naked. The lily-spirit clasped her hands shyly in front of her. She was short, very short, barely four feet tall, and Emma blinked dumbly when she noticed the tiny nature-spirit growing, becoming steadily taller with soft, wooden pops. She surmised it was tied to the slow spreading of the leaves and roots of her little lily as her entire room was gradually blanketed, furniture and all.

The svelte creature that slowly spread out in front of her just smiled with seemingly infinite patience. It seemed it was up to Emma to give her something to be called. "Um... what about Flora? It's not the most creative, but I think-"

The rest of her sentence was cut off in a strained grunt as the little lily-woman excitedly wrapped her arms around the dragoness's waist and squeezed tightly. "Oh, My Lady, it is perfect!" Flora squealed giddily, "It is lovely! Please say it again!"

"F-Flora." she wheezed. The lily-spirit packed an impossible strength in her spindly arms, enough to be felt through Emma's scales. "Flora," she begged, "ease up, I can't breathe."

Emma was dropped suddenly, and Flora apologized profusely, "I am sorry, My Lady. It is exciting, speaking so you can hear. Please, ask me another question; I would like to answer with a voice."

The spirit of her lily continued to hug the dragoness, albeit more softly, and Emma gingerly returned the loving embrace, completely in awe at the idea that she was hugging her plant, the plant she had fed and watered, grown from a seed. "Would you call me Emma, Flora? I'm no one's lady."

Flora shuddered at her reciprocated touch. "Yes, Emma." the lily murmured softly, "Pet me like you do after you water me. I remember the feel of your fingers. Please, Emma, whisper to me like you do. Let me hear it with real ears. Please touch me and breathe on me. Let me drink you in, Emma."

That much the dragoness could do, and she breathed into Flora's pointed ears, whispering all the sweet, little nothings she always whispered when she was tending her plant, telling Flora how delicate and beautiful she was, how glad she was to see her growing up. The spirit squirmed happily in her arms, inching longer and taller. It was a curious sensation, feeling the fey woman bloom in her embrace. The creature that was her simple houseplant groaned with the sound of shifting wood.

She was as lissom as her willowy counterpart, with all the same slender curves, but as Flora approached the five-foot mark, Emma felt her breasts, forced into her stomach as they were, suddenly swell outward, rapidly going from small, barely palm-filling globes to ripe, perky orbs that the lily-spirit pressed intimately into the dragoness's chest. Flora moaned softly, as if Emma's words were responsible for her blossoming, and her slim, girlish hips also eased outward, giving her a more womanly, hourglass figure, especially when compared to her waspish waist. The young dragoness's hands began to roam, gently, teasingly, over Flora's smooth, alabaster skin, and the nature spirit cooed lightly, urging her onward.

The lily inched upward slowly, languidly, stretching more full-figured and lovely as her plant spread roots and leaves around Emma's room, studding the walls with fragrant flowers. The dragoness knew for sure that a simple lily would never grow like this without outside assistance,

but Emma was far from complaining as affection was lavished on her by her alluring, humanoid flower.

As the last patch of silver-streaked marble of the walls and floor was covered with vines and roots, Flora's growth shuddered to a halt, putting her just a hair over five-and-a-half feet tall, almost exactly as tall as Salixia chose to appear. With a pleased hum, Flora slid away from Emma's arms, showing the dragoness the sexy, curvy beauty she had become. With almost comical shyness, the lily once more clasped her hands in front of her, looking up at the dragoness for approval. "Am I big enough, Emma? Can I please you as I am? Do you... like me this way?"

Emma nearly laughed at her flower's worried expression. She leaned her head down and planted a warm kiss on Flora's forehead. "I would like you any way, Flora. You were perfectly delightful in that little pot where I could love you and pet you and water you. But I'm certainly not complaining that there's a little... a lot more for me to admire now."

Blissful relief washed over Flora's expression and she bounced giddily on the balls of her feet, making her ample new bust jiggle deliciously, to Emma's visible pleasure. "I am glad, Emma. I... I know what Lady Willow told you, about my home. Please know that I'm glad for anywhere to grow and spread my roots. You need not find me a larger home. I can manage with what you can give me."

"Nonsense, Flora." said the dragoness comfortingly, "I'm going to give you everything you need. I'm going to get you a bigger pot, and make sure you get lots of sunlight and give you plenty of room to grow big and beautiful." She reached out to Flora, brushing her claws over smooth cheeks, shaking her head in disbelief. "Gods... I'm talking to you. I'm sitting here talking to you. I planted you... from a seed. I watered you and smelled your flowers and now I'm having a conversation with you. This is amazing. I'm talking to my plant."

With a smile, Flora leaned into Emma's hand, putting her own fingers over the dragoness's. "Yes... I could feel you touching my leaves. Your claws... they look so dangerous. You could slice through my stem without any effort. But you were always so gentle; you never as much as scratched a petal."

Emma hooked a hand around Flora's narrow waist and gently pulled her closer. Her flower didn't resist. "Of course I didn't. I like you; I care about you. I'll never hurt you."

Flora smiled beatifically and took the opportunity to lean her own petaled head in to gingerly press soft, full lips to the dragoness's collarbone. "Will you touch me, Emma, touch me like you touch them?"

As Flora kissed her chest, Emma dipped her nose to smell the lily blossoms that covered the spirit's head. It was deliciously sweet. "Like I touch who, Flora?"

"The ones that you bring here, the ones that you hold and kiss. I would like that."

"Wh-why?"

"Because I love you. I think that is the word for it. It is... difficult to put word to what I feel. This tongue is... clumsy." She looked up, smiling, her pale blue eyes practically glowing. "I did not know what it was when I first tasted it, but it came from you. You fed me more and more of it, and I developed a taste for it. I would like more, Emma. That would please me."

The dragoness blinked in confusion. "More what? I never gave you anything but water and fertilizer."

"Fertilizer..." Flora mused thoughtfully, "Yes. That is what it was. Would you fertilize me, Emma? I want more of your fertilizer, please." Chuckling at the Flora's interesting choice of words, she went to go retrieve what her flower seemed to so desperately want, but like bands of iron, Flora's arms held her in place. Raising a curious eyebrow, Emma looked down at her

flowery roommate. "The others you bring in..." Flora continued, "some of them are too small. You are unable to fertilize them. You make messes, but I drank what you gave me. I would like more, please."

"Oh..." Emma said slowly, understanding dawning on her sluggishly, "You want *fertilizer!*" Her lips split in an amused grin, and she laughed gently. "I think I could manage that for you, Flora, and I'm sorry. I'll be more careful next time. I didn't know I had an audience that was capable of watching me."

Flora returned her lips to the dragoness's upper chest, dancing kisses along her collar. "It is different when I am dormant. I don't see much; I feel little. Everything is slow. I remember your touch because it feels like you are always there, watching over me. I remember your taste because you have given me many, little drinks. You have been away, and I have grown thirsty."

"Would you like a drink, Flora?" wondered the dragoness innocently.

"Yes, Emma, that would please me." answered the lily-spirit, hesitantly removing her lips from glittering, sapphire scales to softly murmur the sentence.

The dragoness lifted her hand from Flora's back to lift the nymph's head with a finger under her chin. Pale, azure eyes looked up at her, full of emotion Emma didn't expect to see from a plant. When the lily opened her mouth to speak, the dragoness leaned down to press her lips against Flora's in a passionate kiss. The curvy nymph moaned hotly, accepting Emma's long, slender tongue with her own. Flora's mouth was wet and cool, and her saliva tasted sweet, almost like honey, with floral undertones. To be expected, supposed the dragoness, and Emma continued to kiss her flowery lover as she let her hands roam over smooth, delicate curves.

Flora did the same to her. The flower-spirit seemed to know exactly how much force to use, and wasn't shy about putting her inhuman strength to work. Emma wasn't human, and her powerful body was sturdy. Impossibly strong hands twined around her back, stroking and fondling. The base of her wings, the fine delicate muscles layered over powerful primary flight muscles were incredibly sensitive, and it felt like Flora knew it, stroking her back gently.

Emma gently pushed her limits, cupping the flower-sprite's head and hesitantly pushing more of her tongue into Flora's mouth. She was eagerly accepted as if the dragoness was just as delicious as the nymph, demanding more. Flora huffed out another, softer moan when Emma sunk her fingers into the pliant flesh of her shapely rear, kneading it roughly as she fed more and more tongue between the spirit's lips. Soft, alabaster skin glided under her fingertips as she felt her body heat. Flora was beautiful, a haunting, graceful beauty, and her fingers against Emma's scales resonated pleasantly inside her.

Something about being looked up to excited her. It poured through her veins as she started to breathe harder. Flora was practically swallowing her tongue with increasing energy. She blinked in surprise when the nymph actually swallowed her tongue, pulling it further out of her mouth as it slipped into Flora's throat. Her leafy lover's esophagus contracted around her nimble oral appendage. She gasped at the unexpected sensation of the sprite's throat, wet and velvet as the petals that crowned her head.

At the dragoness shock, Flora regurgitated the tongue and leaned back, looking worried. "Am I doing well?"

Emma let out a slow, shaky breath that rustled the petals on Flora's head. The dragoness nodded slowly, licking her lips free of the nectar that had gathered on them from her slow kissing. She took Flora by the cheeks and pulled her back up to her mouth, slipping her tongue back from where it had come. She had to do that again. The flower spirit hummed appreciatively deep in her throat as she accepted the oral penetration with as much gusto as Emma gave it.

She couldn't help herself. When own lips were firmly locked again with Flora's, she let her hands fall back down to run fingers over soft, yielding flesh. She spooled more than a foot of long, black tongue down the nymph's throat. Flora didn't seem to have an aversion to the awkward penetration, and the dragoness pumped her slender, muscular organ into a moist hole. The sprite seemed not to need to breathe, and Flora put everything she had into the kiss that connected them as Emma gently throatfucked her with a tongue.

Despite there being no way for Flora to get air into her lungs, if she even had lungs, she let out a series of light, quiet moans as the two mythical women eagerly fondled each other. Emma lifted Flora into the air by the curve of the nymph's bountiful rear to put them face-to-face. She took an aggressive step forward, followed quickly by another, and soon she had Flora pinned to the wall under the heft of her own bountiful chest.

With the flowery woman thusly supported, Emma let a hand drift up between them, sliding along Flora's slim abdomen. She put her tail into play, coiling it lovingly around a shapely, dangling leg and using it to stroke lovingly. Her fingers meandered lower, searching, shamelessly finding what she had seen lurking between slightly thighs.

Flora purred encouragingly when she found it. A teasing, scaled finger slid up along dainty netherlips, making the flowery lady squirm and let out a cute, little gasp that couldn't have added any air to her lungs. Emma reeled in her tongue, reluctantly moving her lips from Flora's downward. She gently stimulated the nymph's exquisite womanhood and hoisted her higher, letting her tongue trail along the contour of her jaw to trace the woman's willowy throat. Flora lifted her head, smiling brightly as she gave herself to the dragoness, and Emma responded forcefully, pushing the nature spirit more firmly against the wall as if to keep her from running away.

She rested lips against Flora's neck, inhaling deeply that scent of the flowers that filled the room. She didn't stop the primal growl that shuddered to life in her chest. Her tail tightened possessively around Flora's leg as her lips parted to let her dangerously sharp teeth rest gingerly against the nymph's throat. Her tongue slathered an intricate pattern on the neck she held in her teeth in a silent, wordless promise. Her petite, little flower was just that, hers. Something deep within her demanded that she bite down harder, assert her dominance, but the sprite was hardly defiant, and she instead lifted her teeth after a brief moment of tender affection.

The nymph's hands touched the dragoness constantly, stroking, caressing, roving over smooth, overlapping scales the color of polished bronze. Emma levered Flora higher up the leafy wall, moving her mouth down to dimple the upper curves of the petaled woman's generous bust. The slender hands on her body didn't hesitate, dropping to do the same for Emma, wispy fingers reaching down to more boldly find the perky, black-fleshed nipples that capped the dragoness's more bountiful breasts.

Emma was roughly groped, and as the electric sensations tingled up and down her spine, she couldn't help but moan appreciatively at Flora's courage. Leaves rustled as she batted her wings in delight, and she eagerly moved her mouth further down, taking a dusky, pale pink bud between her lips and swirling her tongue around it happily.

She felt Flora's perky nipple stiffen against her tongue, and she gave the nymph's neglected breast the same treatment with her free hand, taking a moment to dexterously manipulate her flowery lover. Flora gasped and moaned at her increasingly less gentle touches. Emma wondered how sensitive she was, what it felt like to have a body after years of being trapped in an immobile plant. She intended to make what time her little lily had in this form as pleasurable to them both as possible.

She broke the seal her lips had with the stiff nipple with a wet pop, giving it a few more licks for good measure. The soft, alabaster flesh around it moved with each heavy breath the nymph took. The dragoness doubted they were for anything but show, but it made her chest look entrancing, and she nuzzled her snout into the soft boobs for a few more moments, fearlessly groping the petite spirit in strong hands. They was exquisite, nearly a match for the dragoness's own for sheer size and perfection. There wasn't a hint of sag to them, despite their ample size, and she couldn't help but taste them again before she moved on.

With a huff, she sunk both her hands into Flora's plush thighs and let her drop as she stepped back from the wall. Keeping a secure hold on her leafy lover, she hung her upside-down, suspending her with strong, tireless fingers so that the nymph's petite pussy was put on display before her hungry eyes. The pinkish-ivory skin that covered the rest of Flora's body had darkened further around her sumptuous womanhood, having turned a dusky rose color.

The sweet, floral aroma that had filled the room was much stronger this close, and the dragoness could see the beads of honeyed nectar that had gathered on slick, inner lips. Emma took a moment to bask in the scent, gulping down deep breaths before she swiped her tongue up the oozing gash, happily swallowing Flora's lusty secretions. The nymph moaned again, more loudly, vocalizing her pleasure as Emma licked her again and again, vigorously servicing the fey creature.

The dragoness hooked an arm around the upper curve of Flora's luxurious ass and crushed her into herself, supporting her insignificant weight with a single arm as she used the other to reach down and take up the nymph's hand in her own. She guided Flora's arm up to brush cautiously along the cerulean scales that covered her crotch, giving silent direction to her lover.

Emma's shoulder's tensed in excitement as Flora took to the instructions, sweeping both of her hands up powerful, scaled thighs and onto Emma's loins. That taken care of, she braced the lily spirit with her free hand as leaned her head in to bury her snout between the nymph's legs, pressing lips and tongue both to Flora's fragrant womanhood. She flicked the tip of her sinuous appendage over the stiff, little nub of the sprite's clit as she ground her face into the dainty entrance before her.

As Flora's delicate hands found her slit, the normally sealed patch of scales that hid her genitalia from view, Emma tensed in preparation. She let out a strained grunt, nearly losing her balance as her legs trembled traitorously when she felt herself open under the nymph's tender fingers. Half-hard with excitement, a huge draconian member poured from her crotch to slap a surprised Flora in the face, forcing her head back with nearly two feet of turgid, black-skinned flesh.

She gasped through her relief. She was so big; sometimes it felt like she was going to explode. She could hardly comprehend how she fit it inside her, and she only got bigger as blood rushed to her loins, pooling in her rapidly stiffening tool and moist womanhood. Upside-down as she was, Flora could only watch as Emma's ridged, draconic cock rose up under its own weight. Without a hint of shyness, the nymph curled the slim fingers of a single hand around what she could of its girth and gave it a slow, steady stroke as she put her other hand to work on the soft, outer lips of Emma's eager pussy.

The dragoness lifted her head back long enough to voice a low, needy moan as Flora tucked a nimble finger inside her. At the same time, she felt a cool, wet tongue lap lovingly over her tapered glans. "Do you like it like this, Emma?" the lily woman wondered in a low murmur. Emma only moaned an affirmative into the sprite's own delicate feminine flower as, not waiting

for a more lengthy answer, Flora let the first couple inches of her lengthy tool slip into the slick passage of her mouth.

The nymph's tongue was hungry and agile, and as it swirled greedily around her tip, Emma nearly creamed herself as her legs threatened to throw her to the ground. She rocked her hips urgently, begging for more, and Flora gladly complied, sliding more and more of her length between pillowy lips. She lifted upward when the bend of Flora's neck began to obstruct her progress, letting the spirit angle her throbbing dick upward as she lowered her back onto it. The dragoness let her drop, huffing out a dire groan as she was quickly hilted into her flowery lover's throat.

The dragoness thought she was going to pass out from the sensations jolting through her body as Flora tried again and again to swallow her draconian member. She couldn't imagine what the nymph looked like, her lips stretched thin around the base of Emma's cock, throat distended with its sheer girth. But Flora didn't complain, only using her now homeless hand to stimulate the dragoness's femininity with her other as she kissed the sapphire scales of Emma's crotch.

Emma wrapped both her arms around the nymph's hips as she buried her tongue into Flora's sweet snatch. Rolling her hips in time with the movement of her arms, she gently lifted her little lily upward, baring a third of her length with a slow, wet, sucking sound. She let her drop, hissing in pleasure as the dragoness felt her tremendous girth force open the flower-spirit's throat, parting silky flesh with impossible ease. The velvet tunnel that was wrapped around her sensitive hide contracted hungrily as if it possessed a mind of its own, milking her with slow pulses of pleasure.

She grunted, and Flora moaned, adding a delightful vibration to her ministrations as the dragoness felt her cock surge harder, swelling thicker, the ridges that segmented its dorsal side growing firm and prominent. They scraped along the sprite's throat and each time Flora's lips passed over one, the dragoness gave a little jump. The nymph weighed next to nothing in her powerful arms, and she slowly increased the urgency of her movements alongside her growing ardor.

She heard the first tinny pop of a spark arcing over her scales before she saw it. She was close already, and the overwhelming power that was her draconic birthright was straining against the confines of her body, raging through her form with uncontrollable zeal, and it poured energy into her frame, demanding she appease herself as she deserved.

She viciously mined the nymph's pussy, delighting in the way it quivered around her tongue as she crammed as much tongue as she had to give into it, more than two feet. She twirled it around, letting it writhe around against Flora's walls with rapturous agility. She bucked up into her petaled houseplant with what would have been bone-breaking gusto if her lover had been a fragile mortal woman. But Flora wasn't as delicate as she appeared, and only moaned with increasing fervor as she slurped noisily on the ribbed, draconic tool that was buried into her neck.

It was so rare that Emma had the opportunity to relax her restraints. Her whole body flexed as the young dragoness put everything she had into giving Flora the brutal throatfucking the nymph seemed to desire so ardently. It felt like each square inch of her sensitive flesh was on fire, burning with unknowable lust as she throbbed with the fury of her oncoming orgasm.

Graceful, enthusiastic fingers dug into the dragoness's womanhood with equal passion, pleasuring her with unabashed gusto. The nymph knew exactly what to do, how to tuck her fingers back and run along the contours of her quaking tunnel. She was built to take dragons, and her pussy was lined with ridges that would interlock with those of a draconic lover's manhood,

each thrust stimulating them both. Flora's nimble digits were an acceptable substitute, however, and Emma felt her deceptively powerful musculature tighten as she felt the first wave of her release wash over her.

Flora let out a muffled, elated squeal around the dragoness's massive, masculine endowment as it surged in girth with the vast ocean of cum that began to boil from her loins. She humped furiously in time with the violent twitching of her cock as she spewed her load between almost comically stretched lips. She heaved and grunted as her scales crackled with the energy her orgasm unleashed and the walls of her trembling pussy clamped down with frightful strength on the fingers Flora had buried inside her.

She felt the nymph reciprocate her relief, and heard Flora gurgle something that might have been an ecstatic outcry were it not for the pints of seed she was busy guzzling. A quaking, velvet passage clenched her tongue with rapturous urgency, and the dragoness pistoned her muscular appendage in and out of a tight, oozing hole as the flower sprite came messily, squirting sticky, cloying nectar over Emma's lips in a fey facsimile of a calamitously powerful climax. Emma drank it down like it was the honeyed tea she savored so much. She thought about collecting some of it so she could use it later.

She vigorously plumbed Flora's depths with a hungry tongue as she fought to remain standing through the mind-numbing bliss that exploded behind her eyes and tore along her spine, shaking her entire body with ejaculatory ecstasy. She moaned when the nymph's well-formed thighs tensed and squeezed together around her head, letting pale, veined flesh hug her horns in an intimate embrace.

The dragoness mercilessly savaged her little lily as she rode out the thunderstorm of her endless release. Despite the wetness of the sounds emanating from Emma's loins, Flora didn't let a drop of the dragon's seed spill to the ground, sucking hungrily and begging with rushed, garbled words for more. More is exactly what the nymph was going to receive, and Emma frantically bucked her hips, shoving more than a foot of adamant hardness in and out with brutal force.

She felt distant, separated from her body by a wall of blinding bliss as her euphoria peaked. Emma cried out into the drenched slit before her in a rough, guttural squeal that sounded not very dragonlike. Emma could feel the load she was geysering into Flora's throat wick away into the nymph's body just as fast as she could release it, but it went on forever. Gasping harshly, the dragoness finally felt the disastrous flow begin to abate.

Rolling her hips back and forth, she sluggishly worked herself down as Flora sucked every last drop of scorching draconic seed from her loins with as much gusto as the nymph possessed. Emma pulled her head back, panting as she dragged her tongue from Flora's still-shuddering pussy to run along its puffy outer lips. As the petite flower spirit hummed appreciatively, the legs that were clamped down around the dragoness's horned head relaxed, drooping with sudden slack.

Emma humped upward one last time, forcing the nymph to kiss the cerulean scales of her crotch one last time as she finished, planting her seed as deeply as she possibly could into Flora's wet, enveloping throat. Throwing her head back, she just stood there for a few more minutes, as unconcerned as Flora was with the sprite's inverted, suspended position. Flora's fingers stayed busy, continuing to rub and caress the dragoness's tender womanhood as she hung, supported with the undying rigidity of the draconian tool lodged into her body.

Waiting was doing nothing; she wasn't growing any less hard, her lust far from spent, and with an impatient growl, she lifted Flora up, hesitantly pulling herself free of the nymph's lips.

Emma's thick, masculine endowment pulsed furiously at being forced away from the source of its pleasure, bouncing eagerly with every beat of her powerful heart, its black skin shining wetly with honeyed saliva.

Flora smiled, solid blue eyes wide with awe as the dragoness returned her to her dainty feet. A delicately-fingered hand reached up to cradle Emma's cheek. "So much power... so much..." the nymph breathed with astonished reverence, "How do you... keep it all... inside? H-how... I-I cannot-Nngh!" Her breath was stolen by a pained grimace that left the flowery woman clenching her teeth in apparent agony.

She fell forward, and Emma caught her in steady arms. "Flora? Flora, what's wrong?! Tell me; did I hurt you? Please tell me I didn't hurt you. I thought I could be rough. You didn't tell me to stop! Oh Gods, are you alright?! Please be alright! I-"

The dragoness's panic was smothered in an abrupt, passionate kiss over her lips from the nymph, who forced herself into Emma with shaky arms. "S-so much power, Emma! It fills me! How do you not burst?! I cannot! I cannot contain it! Augh!"

She cut off in a ragged gasp that led into a long, ardent moan as Flora pushed hard into Emma's chest, her hands clasping the dragoness's shoulders with ruthless strength. The nymph's slight, curvy body molded itself to Emma, and her expression said that she was feeling anything but pain. With the soft creak of shifting wood, Flora's head fell back, and the dragoness felt the nymph writhe as she forced Emma's arms apart, her body swelling larger in the scaly woman's worried embrace.

The leafy beauty retained her womanly proportions, but grunted and moaned again, more loudly, as her body was forced outward by the energy that the dragoness had poured into her. Bright, cobalt eyes practically glowed with inner strength, and Flora's expression rapidly went from panicked to that of a woman experiencing heaven as her form was slowly warped.

"I-I'm sorry!" Emma cried, frantic, "I didn't know! I should have known! I didn't-"

Flora silenced her again with a firm, sensual kiss. Her leafy lover gradually gained a couple inches in height, crying out softly into Emma's mouth. The nymph's fingers tightened as she had to crane her neck upward less and less to maintain the passionate oral contact. The dragoness groped her shamelessly, delighting in the feeling of her fingers being forced apart by the slowly spreading swells of Flora's magnificent ass. This was certainly unexpected, but Emma was miles away from complaining, as long as the nymph was under no pain, which she definitely didn't seem to be.

Swelling breasts pushed diamond-hard, rosy pink nipples into the dragoness's own chest, and Flora ground herself against her, intent on wringing as much stimulation from the intimate embrace as possible. Emma pushed her tongue forward once again, invading the nymph's mouth as before as she leaned hard into the blooming flower. She wanted it to continue, to have more to touch and taste and smell. She bore Flora down under her weight, forcing her back as she fell onto her knees and finally landed with her torso resting atop the ample, twin mounds of the sprite's own bust.

Emma encouraged it as much as she could with a hungry, probing tongue and greedily kneading fingers, and when the nymph was seemingly done, she had put on at least six inches, putting her at a little more than six feet tall, and had gained even more delightful curviness, her bountiful breasts heaving, lifting Emma up and down as she gasped under her.

Letting her pant as her hands left the dragoness to run in awe across her new body, Emma shifted to let herself push thin, draconic lips against her leafy lover's throat, taking time to lick her affectionately as she slid her own hands between them to stroke big, pliant breasts that had

grown even more enticing. Her still furiously throbbing cock screamed at her to keep going, to hold Flora down and fuck her to within an inch of her immortal life. She had step one complete, but that was hardly enough to appease it, for even a moment. In a peace offering that she prayed would ease the tension in her loins, she dragged her two-foot length up and down the sprite's lithe stomach, stimulating herself on smooth, alabaster flesh.

She was close to losing all semblance of control. "I have more!" she moaned into Flora's willowy neck, running her tongue fondly along a taut tendon and tracing it downward, "I have more for you, Flora!" Powerful scaled hands crushed a perfectly plump chest in unrelenting fingers. She didn't know how something that appeared to be made of fine, pale wood could be so soft and inviting. "So much more, I'd like to give you more! I could give you more! Please let me give you more!"

The dragoness continued to hump against Flora's stomach with giddy eagerness. It was something in the air; she could smell it. It seared through her sinuses and poured lustful tension into her body. Emma didn't know if Flora knew what she was doing to her, but she couldn't help herself. She just buried her flowery lover in a tide of draconian desire, kissing and licking and groping, all the while pleading, sometimes wordlessly, to be allowed to sate her burning need.

Thin, insistent fingers lifted her head from the upper curve of a delicious boob. Flora peered down at her with energetic eyes. "Yes." she hissed in a long breath, "I want more. Give me more, Emma. I would have more."

Emma thought she would faint in relief. She didn't know what she would have done if the nymph rebuffed her. "Yes..." growled the dragoness as she forced her head back down, letting her tongue out to coil around a puffy, pink nipple, "Yes! Take it! It's all yours! Take it, please!"

Flora smiled a coy, knowing smile, and Emma saw the thin, leafy vines that covered the floor begin to wriggle sluggishly. She felt them moving against her savagely clawed feet, felt thin tendrils of fibrous plant matter twining hesitantly around her ankles. A silent question hung in the air as much as it did in bright, cornflower blue eyes: would the dragoness submit to a little light bondage? Emma just grinned back, not taking her tongue from smooth, flawless flesh. As long as she could relieve the intense pressure that was building behind her loins as if she hadn't just cum explosively, she didn't care.

The leaves beneath them writhed, and she felt more than saw the vines coil more confidently around her wrists. She didn't resist, only letting out a mournful whine when her hands were pulled gently away from the angelic body on which she lay. Emma found herself being lifted upright, her knees held firmly to the ground by a blanket of leafy green that coated her calves and cinched tight with tender, but unyielding, force, hugging her lower legs to the ground.

The tendrils that had descended from the flower-studded ceiling snapped taut, pulling the dragoness's arms up and out to the sides, leaving her torso completely unguarded. Big, scaly breasts rose and fell with heavy breaths as Emma's heartbeat could be observed in the violent throbbing of the onyx-skinned monolith that stood proudly out from her loins, curving upward in defiance of its size or weight. She flapped her wings weakly as she pulled on her woody bonds, testing their strength. They creaked, but held stubbornly. She could tear her way free, but it would require effort. That was good; it would be best if she had something to fight against.

Flora crawled out from where she had laid supine beneath Emma, rising with alien grace to her feet. The dragoness watched her every movement. Each calm breath made abundant curves move and sway, and as the nymph sashayed a couple steps closer, round hips swinging

from side to side, Emma thought she would faint. Instead, she arched her back with a desperate, plaintive moan when a dainty hand rested fingertips on the head of her pulsing masculinity.

She nearly came. She may as well have, with the volume of thick, heady precum she squirted into Flora's waiting palm. The flowery woman blinked, as if surprised at the development. She surveyed the mess in her finger, idly lifting her hand and licking her veined skin clean, making a show of cleaning herself as Emma's trembling cock drooled on itself, a stream of slick lubricant running down its length and dripping from its base to the leafy floor beneath her. Two feet of crystallized lust demanded to be satiated, cried out in Emma's mind for pleasure, just as the dragoness's well-lubricated womanhood fluttered spastically, already on the edge of release. She just needed more. She needed what Flora was taking her sweet, fucking time in giving to her.

The nymph dropped her hand, slipping fingers around what of the dragoness's girth she could manage. She didn't stroke; she didn't even move. She just held her near her tip, fingers stretched around a thick, fleshy ridge. Emma tensed when Flora squeezed gently, as if to test the stiffness of her steel-hard length. Putting her other arm into play, her petaled lover reached down, bending her knees slightly, putting soft, inviting breasts within licking distance of a long, nimble tongue.

The dragoness nearly severed her dexterous, oral appendage when Flora kept her fingers squeezing her near her tip, the nymph's other hand dipping lower to rub along a swollen, two-foot bulge on the underside of her girthy dick, the passage through which Flora would be fed what she seemed to so desperately want. She just squeezed her. Emma needed more than that. Just a little more. A little more would let her cum. She was on the edge, already riding a dangerous line. It was that scent. The floral smell that filled the room and burrowed into her skull, it wouldn't let her think of anything but how good it would feel to cum her brains out with her little lily wrapped around her like a woody cocksleeve.

As slender fingers danced along the underside of her tight shaft, she felt her skin grow even tighter. She twitched furiously. Emma could feel it as her cumvein bulged, dilating in preparation of the load that was about to be sent hurtling through it. The sheer potential volume boggled the dragoness's understanding of her body. Her release would be endless. There was no way her slim, but powerful, frame could hold everything she knew she was about to release. She would feed it with her strength, that raging power that she had always scouring the inside of her scales, demanding to be released, used. Internal testes would churn and churn, turning her overwhelming draconic might directly into quart after quart of thick, potent seed that would drown any lesser lover. All she needed was a little. Bit. More. So close... she was so close.

A flowered head leaned down to her, bringing that intoxicating aroma even closer to her flaring nostrils. "F-fuck!" Emma wheezed in a tense groan. She couldn't believe she could get any harder, but it appeared her body was intent on showing her. Her massive manhood was painfully rigid in the fingers that were eagerly, teasingly, keeping her at the very edge of screaming out her release. She could have fucked a hole in the thick stone wall as her captive lust raged against the prison of her body; she got bigger, thicker, harder as her head rolled limply back on her shoulders, mouth open and tongue lolling between savage teeth.

How much could she take before she burst? The dragoness strained weakly against her bindings, amethyst eyes unseeing through the haze of her blinding desire. She felt full soft lips press themselves against her jaw, trailing a slow line down over her throat as gentle fingers squeezed and rubbed her with expert precision. "I would like that," she heard Flora whisper into her scales, "to drink of you again. It is rapture, being so filled, made to grow. I want to be big

and beautiful for you, Emma. Will you help me, Emma, my lovely Lady Dragon, my protector, my love? I would taste you again. I would be the lover you deserve, the lover you so need right now." She smiled kindly as Emma's bleary eyes sluggishly refocused on her, the nymph's dainty fingers tensing and relaxing in a gentle rhythm that made the dragoness shudder. "Do you like my nectar, Emma, the way it smells, the way it tastes? You gave me so much power. I am making so much of it. It is running down my legs, dripping around my feet and mixing with yours, so much. Here please have more; it will help you make more seed for me. You must like the way it smells."

Emma watched with huge eyes as the nymph grinned at her, and she felt a hand leave her stunning hardness. Planting another kiss on the dragoness's lips, Flora moaned, long, low, and slow into a vicious reptilian maw. Emma heard the soft, wet sounds of the flowery lady teasing fingers into herself, slicking them with copious amount of her floral honey. She then lifted the hand, showing Emma how it shined and dripped with fey, feminine lust.

The dragoness tensed against her bonds when Flora let a drop of it fall to the scales of her snout. Emma finally found the source of the scent that was tearing through her body, demolishing any semblance of decency she had. The nymph lowered her hand to trace an intricate line of slick slime across her nose, up between her eyes, and down around her nostrils before slipping a finger between her lips.

She lost her mind. All thought was wiped away by the scent and taste of the nectar that was smeared over her face and tongue. She slumped back against the vines wrapped around her forearms, letting them take her weight. She could hardly breathe. Her body was one giant nerve, screaming in ecstasy, but demanding more and more, draconic greed finally unleashed. Instinct demanded that she tear her way free, use her strength, bear the puny creature before her down under a tidal wave of overwhelming, aggressive passion, ravage, fuck, breed, test her limits, push herself.

Her arms wouldn't move. She railed against her prison, but she couldn't make her body do what she demanded. The dragoness threw her head back and let out a harsh, frustrated roar that rumbled in her chest with its depth and rage. The creature before her, beauty incarnate, soft, womanly perfection, just within reach. With a defiant growl, she reasserted control over her powerful form and heaved forward against her constraints. They creaked ominously, but held. She cried out again. Why was it so hard to make her body do what she needed it to? She was young, but strong, picturesque draconian might. Nothing could hold her. No spindly vine, a plant, however beautiful, could hold her!

Flora kissed her calmly as she lunged at the nymph. She snarled, grinning with fierce pride as her strength slowly returned to her, snapping her bonds like they were made of paper, and not magically-enhanced wood. Muscle bunched beneath her scales, destroying her prison, freeing her. Flora just smiled and kissed her again, more slowly, gently, in stark contrast to Emma's dire, mindless desire. The dragoness relaxed somewhat, blinking numbly. "F-Flora!" she gasped, her thoughts and speech sluggishly seeping back into her mind, "What the f-fuck are you waiting for?! Do it! Do it before I hold you down and tear you in half! Fuck!"

The hand the nymph had never taken off of her frenzied monolith that pulsed above her dripping pussy tightened, and Flora finally gave her a long, slow stroke, more to spread the slick pre that was pooling beneath her over the massive member than to bring her any pleasure. The dragoness's muscled abdomen threatened to fold her in half from the assault of sudden sensations that poured into her body. She couldn't believe she didn't climax. Flora pumped gleeful fingers

again and again, never more than gentle and teasing. Their lips met again, and the nymph stepped closer, pressing her bountiful body against the dragoness.

Flora bent her knees, using her new height to press her breasts into Emma's, slowly grinding nipple to tender, black-skinned bud, the dragoness's tool sandwiched between them. Separating with a smile that encouraged patience, the flower spirit laid a single finger on the head of her lividly throbbing cock, pushing it down, forcing Emma to roll her hips forward as Flora lined her up with the dripping lips of the nymph's feminine flower.

The dragoness felt more leafy vines coiling around her wrists, resealing her as Flora drifted forward, letting the top of Emma's tapered tip rest against her pulsing entrance. The cool slime that ran down onto her cock did nothing to cool her ardor, and the tightness in her loins only grew. Without Flora's finger to hold it down, it nearly penetrated the nymph through sheer, defiant stiffness, throbbing upward, between dainty lips, pressing urgently into the sprite's soaked pussy. "It will feel good." Flora murmured between light kisses along Emma's snout, "I will make you feel good. I will please you. I will love you and worship you and grow for you, so big and lovely. Will you help me?"

"Yes...!" hissed the dragoness through clenched teeth.

Emma's triumphant cry turned into a choked grunt as Flora dipped her body and pressed forward, sliding more than a foot of adamantite, ridged shaft into her quivering pussy. The dragoness arched her back, humping herself further up into the nymph as Flora leaned hard into Emma's chest. Smooth, alabaster breasts bounced as the sprite levered more of her weight onto the onyx obelisk that stretched her unnaturally voluminous pussy wide around an inhuman girth. She took it all, every inch, coming to rest chest-to-chest with the dragoness, absolutely full of hard, draconian masculinity. They kissed again, Emma returning it with uncharacteristic clumsiness, numbed by the overwhelming sensations pouring into her from her loins.

Why wasn't she cumming? She had never been more excited, never been harder, needier. Emma had the fortitude of a dragon. She could take abuses impossible to deal with for lesser creatures, but she should have climaxed minutes ago. She twitched violently as tight, velvety walls, lined with dexterous muscles, eagerly massaged lust-taut flesh with single-minded determination.

Without removing her lips from Emma's, Flora picked herself up, lifting part-way off of the desire-slicked cock that was impaled into her fluttering snatch. The dragoness tensed with another breathless grunt as the nymph let herself drop back down, scraping silken walls over inch after inch of rigid dragonhood. She worked herself into an ambitious tempo, bouncing up and down on Emma's massive draconic tool. The dragoness couldn't keep up with the movement of Flora's lips, and the kiss was shattered as a frantic spasm ripped through Emma's body,

She moved her hips with as much energy as she dared, adding impetus to each impact of Flora's soft loins against hers. The dragoness could look down, see the frightful bulge she was making in the smooth, elegant lines of the nymph's stomach. There was no way someone as petite and slender as Flora could take her without help, two throbbing feet, inches in girth. It would have split a lesser woman in two if she had put as much of her strength behind it as she was currently using.

Flora was gasping herself, big, bountiful breasts heaving as she jerked herself up and down, grinding her crotch against Emma's rough scales each time their bodies met. The dragoness didn't know how the nymph could still be breathing; her cock should have been lodged past Flora's diaphragm. There was no room for air in the get creature's lungs; there was only room for titanic, pulsing dick

The dragoness gasped when she felt something press against the slippery, parted lips of her neglected womanhood. Flora smiled at her reaction, slowing her urgent bouncing enough to wrap her arms around Emma's shoulders in an intimate embrace. "I will please you." whispered the spirit into the dragoness's ear, "I will please all of you. You like them big, as big as you, bigger than you. I can be bigger than you. I will please you."

It happened slowly. Something... Something huge, thick, and textured with countless rough ridges eased itself into Emma's pussy. It teased at her, letting the flow of her slick lubricant coat it as it pushed further and further up into her. Gritting her teeth as Flora resumed her hearty bouncing, she forced herself to regain control of her thrashing tail, slipping it between her spread thighs to investigate. It was something growing up through the roots and leaves that coated the stone floor of the dragoness's quarters. It was stiff and rough, but when the tip of her tail came into contact with it, she felt it surge, thickening dramatically with the creaking groan of tortured wood as it suddenly jerked upward into her.

She screamed at the abrupt penetration, letting out a raw, ragged squeal before she felt herself unexpectedly filled with a girthy, pulsing shaft of rough wood. Flora met it with accepting lips as Emma cried out. Her intruder writhed with a mind of its own, pumping into her spasming gash with abrupt ferocity. Only the bindings that had gradually blanketed her calves kept her from being lifted from her knees with the force that was being used to fuck her senseless.

Emma humped with wild abandon, bucking with enough force that only Flora's arms around her kept the nymph harpooned on her urgently pulsating cock. Her body was tense, tight; she needed to cum. The blinding firestorm that raged through her demanded that she fight for her release, that she turn to powder what was stopping her. She shuddered, teetering on the edge; she had ridden the line for so long. Her tail thudded heavily on the ground behind her as she flung it around with nerveless need. Her wings, on the other hand, were held tightly to her back, paralyzed with desire, the muscles keeping them motionless aching with their tension.

The strength that roared through her veins scorched away all resistance, forced her mind to focus only on the sensations that poured into her mind from her burdened loins. Flora's hands clamped down on her shoulders, the sight of her heaving breasts filling her vision, the nymph's soft cries of ecstasy filling her ears, that utterly entrancing scent filling her nose, the taste of honey and lust still hanging on her tongue. The dragoness moved with frantic energy, pounding herself into the busty creature who had so eagerly mounted her as her pussy was brutally savaged by a writhing, wooden serpent.

She gasped in shock when she felt it break, the tension in her bones snapping her body as taut as a drawn bow. The shadowy barriers that had kept her from release she felt shatter, flooding her body with orgasmic rapture. She felt it crystallize in her lungs, burning with unleashed energy, and as her swollen cock surged thicker one last time with the first jet of her seed, she threw back her head, her savage teeth parting to let out a blinding bolt of violet-white lightning that impacted against the leafy ceiling with ruthless brutality. It scorched away the greenery and blasted chunks of stone from the roof to rain down around them as she roared in her long-awaited relief.

The strength in the muscles that lined her front and back tried to rip her in half. Instead she just ended up shaking like a leaf as she thrashed against the viny bindings that held her down and geysered an impossible torrent deep into the stuffed pussy of her fey lover. The dragoness's own womanhood clamped down zealously on its intruder, wringing it for all it was worth, and

she felt a pleasant liquid coolness bloom in the depths of her laden passage as Flora, locked in her own climax, injected some fey substitute for cum into her.

Eyes glazed over in bliss, the dragoness emptied what had to be gallons of virile, pearlescent cream into Flora's core. The spirit's swell-stretched walls drank it up greedily, milking her with frantic contractions that matched the furious throbbing in her elephantine member. Their motions synced, both of them moving to the beat of a thunderous drum, the pulsating of her churning dick and the wet, sucking sounds of the pussy wrapped around it.

She had never been emptied with such catastrophic efficiency. Flora leaned into the dragoness, letting her womanhood do the work as she lavished wet, passionate kisses over Emma's snout. The dragoness could do nothing but accept it and ride it out to completion. Every beat of the dragoness's heart was torturous bliss, and each frenzied blast of potent jizz boiled audibly up her length before she shot it into her flowery lover, seemingly with enough force to lift Flora from her perch.

Every second stretched out into an eternity, and she lost track of reality around her. Her scales burned from the inside, and sparks popped and skittered over her body. She was divided; a war raged in her. One side of her begged for it to stop. It felt like she was being sucked dry, washed away in a tide of her own making. The rest of her demanded that it continue, that she outpour everything she had, empty herself. Caught in the middle, she just savagely bucked her hips into the nymph's clenching womanhood and tried not to swallow her tongue as she groaned and whined.

Every time she thought it would finally end, it didn't, and each time she thought she felt her orgasm beginning to dwindle, Flora would lean closer to whisper a few encouraging words or waft a fragrant flower under her nose that sent more fire pouring through her veins. It went on for uncountable seconds, each one the greatest second of euphoria she had ever felt, and it only felt better and better as eternity stretched on and on.

Flora was unshaken, and she cradled Emma's head to her chest as she murmured kind words to the dragoness. Emma gasped and panted, pleading for more, cursing her endless draconic fortitude, begging for it to finally end, praying for the nymph to continue. When her strength mercifully began to flag, she blinked past the tears in her eyes, brought up by her joyous elation. She could barely get enough air into her lungs to support her consciousness as she sagged against her restraints, which had somehow held through her thrashing.

Her muscle felt like jelly. She was still cumming, she could feel in the throbbing in her loins, but she was numb to most sensation below her waist. She stared blankly ahead, having trouble seeing through the darkness encroaching on her vision. She forced her eyes open when she felt Flora kiss the tip of her nose. The nymph looked at her with a tender expression spread over her alluring features. Standing, the flower spirit pulled herself noisily off of the dragoness's still-spasming rod just as Emma felt whatever had been implanted into her womanhood hesitantly withdraw from her stretched folds.

Flora took a step back, and the dragoness collapsed forward onto her hands as her restraints receded back to the walls and floor. Her arms were barely up to the task of holding the weight of her upper body, and she took a moment to desperately try to catch her breath. Her lengthy tool was finally softening, still leaking copious amounts of draconic seed onto the leaves below her. Nothing compared to the amount she had just output, but a still-shocking amount as it drooped, spent at last.

A hand reached down to slip a finger under her chin, lifting her eyes to Flora. "Drink, Emma." the nymph said gently down to her, "It will revive you. I would like you to watch me bloom for you."

The dragoness blinked again as her eye was drawn to the dripping gash that sat placidly between Flora's legs, as prim and perfect as it had been before she had emptied gallons of cum into it. The nymph stepped elegantly back up to her, letting Emma throw an arm around a plush hip for balance as she brought her lips to the source of the honeyed nectar she drooled constantly from Flora's lips. At the first taste, it did as the nature spirit promised, pouring gentle strength back into the dragoness's body.

She couldn't taste anything of herself on the silky flesh. Flora had taken it all, and was clearly not keen on relinquishing it so soon. Emma drank slowly, licking tenderly while taking little, measured sips of the ambrosia that gathered on silky, rosy pink flesh. It washed away the haze of her sated lust, letting her think more clearly, and the nymph let out a quiet, little moan as she pushed forward more firmly.

Emma smiled, feeling infinitely better. She felt empty, used up, more so than she had felt in ages. It didn't happen often. She had been made to give everything she had and then some, and she felt the delicate feminine folds spasm against her lips and tongue as Flora started to shake with another, louder moan. "Watch me, Emma." the sprite cried out softly, "Watch me blossom for you, My Lady. See what you have done for me! Such strength!"

The dragoness heard it before anything else, the creaking and popping. Then she felt it. Her claws sunk into the supple curve of Flora's sumptuous ass as she felt her fingers forced apart by bountiful new flesh. The nymph's lissome fingers found her horns, curling around them with eager strength, and Emma hummed appreciatively as her nose was pushed into the flowery woman's oozing gash. Despite urging so desperately for Emma to watch her, Flora seemed content with holding the dragoness's snout to her loins and grinding her flooded pussy into an approving mouth.

Emma groped her firmly, squeezing and kneading with urgent affection as she looked up the length of an expanding body above her. The nymph wasn't exaggerating. She put on inch after inch in short, shuddering spurts that had her shapely thighs quaking under the dragoness's roving fingers. A giddy grin showed Emma's teeth as she rose back to her clawed feet, using a hand to do what her receding mouth had been doing so gladly. She scratched a claw along engorged lips and rubbed her with the same frantic energy that Flora used to tremble and moan.

Back on her feet at last, it was her turn to plant a passionate kiss on the nymph's lips as Flora's eyes rose to hers. Keeping the fingers of one hand dutifully playing over the velvety skin of Flora's womanhood, the dragoness brought her other hand up to press it into the more-than-hand-filling swells of the spirit's burgeoning bust. She gladly craned her head up to maintain her kiss as she took a stiff nipple between her fingers and gave it a firm twist. Flora let out a muffled cry into the dragoness's mouth and fell forward. Emma gladly caught her, supporting her with unyielding strength.

The nymph gladly fell to her knees to continue their kiss. Her eyes were half-lidded, but the solid blue orbs glowed with violently pulsing energy. The dragoness's quarters were filled with the sound of tortured, groaning wood, shifting and cracking as Flora moaned hotly into her mouth. The growing spirit pushed forward hard, forcing Emma back a step as she assaulted the dragoness's lips with renewed vigor. Plentiful, pliant flesh pressed into her, squishing softly against her scales, enveloping her as she was forced back and down.

Flora giddily humped her fingers, and the dragoness laughed as a particularly powerful spasm wracked the nymph's huge voluptuous form, tearing her lips away and burying Emma's increasing outsized frame with ivory-pink flesh. She blinked when the lily spirit clutched her cheeks in long, slender fingers and pulled her into another uninterrupted kiss.

She felt heavy on Emma's body, and her full-form contact let the dragoness feel each stuttering spurt of growth, every inch added to her frame, every heaving breath that pressed her ballooning breasts into Emma's dwarfed orbs. The pinned dragon wrapped arms around as much of Flora's back as she could and rolled her hips up and down, dragging her once-more stiffening member along a slim, if expansive belly. She didn't think she had another orgasm in her, but her hardening shaft defiantly rose to the occasion anyway.

Breaking the kiss just long enough to throw her head back and cry out in her rapture, Flora's body surged one last time, shuddering with climactic finality before she collapsed onto Emma, gasping for air. The dragoness briefly wondered why she was breathing so hard when she clearly didn't need to breathe, considering her previous accomplishments, but she was far from breaking the silence just to ask such a question.

Her little houseplant had certainly grown. She was much taller than the dragoness now, at least nine feet of long, graceful curves. Lifting her head, Flora peered down at Emma with a bright, happy smile that touched her eyes. "You made me so big," she admitted in a tender murmur. Emma nodded and casually slipped her hand between them to caress the softness of a massive breast. She had a figure that put most others Emma had ever seen to shame. "Do you like it?" the nymph asked with sincere innocence.

The dragoness nearly laughed. Instead, she gave her little lily an excited smile and replied, "Yes. Yes, I think I do like it." Flora beamed and shifted so that her fingers could get to more and more of the nymph's yielding flesh. The sprite, moaned quietly, letting fingers ravage her as she slowly disentangled her arms from around the dragoness and sluggishly pushed herself to her knees, straddling scaled hips.

Emma's cock, rigid once again, rose with her to stand proudly upright before the surprise nymph. She touched it cautiously, and Emma clenched her teeth around an ecstatic groan; she was so tender from her previous abuses. "But you have already given me so much." Flora admonished her sorrowfully, "I could not ask for more so soon." The dragoness scoffed. She didn't think she would have any more for quite some time, hours at least. She bucked her hips, however, when the nymph wrapped dainty, finally appropriately-sized, fingers around it and gave it a slow stroke, taking time to stimulate each fleshy ridge. "Let me help you, Emma." Flora pleaded, "I no longer thirst, but I will make you feel good."

Only the sprites new, weighty body kept Emma grounded, otherwise her spasming legs would have thrown her across the room. Flora's fingers were soft and gentle, but gave her the perfect hole to pound herself nervelessly into. The nymph moved with her as she braced her hands flat on the vined floor next to her. The jerking of Flora's arms made her titanic bust bounce and jiggle with delightful energy, and she used both her hands to vigorously pleasure the trapped dragoness.

Emma couldn't believe it. It was impossible. There was no way she had another climax in her, after all that delirious, exhausting cumming, but she felt another one approaching her in blatant disregard of that fact. She felt tense, and stiff, and she squeezed out a dire grunt as her fey-spiced orgasm crashed through her body.

Flora gasped when the first rope of sticky, pearly-white jizz arced up to splatter against the underside of her hefty tits. The dragoness clenched her teeth fiercely, her hammering heart

and throbbing loins firing jet after jet to coat skin that was just a shade pinker than her hot cum. Tensing abdominals lifted her back from the ground, and she could see her muscles throbbing in time with the tempo of her release. The nymph seemed to enjoy it immensely, and as she pumped her fingers gaily up and down Emma's twitching shaft, she angled it so she could catch as much as possible on her flawless skin.

She came with much less mindless urgency that she had before, outputting only a few measly quarts of heady dragon-cream. It was still enough, however, and Flora giggled as it dripped from her breasts and onto the dragoness's scales. Emma just panted, flustered more than fatigued, and let her head fall back to the ground to rest on her horns. The nymph just laughed again, lightly, musically, and slowly worked her down with gentle fingers. She felt herself softening, blissfully spent once more, and before Flora could get up to any more shenanigans, she pulled herself back into her body, sealing away her draconian genitalia to come out and play at a later time.

Flora whined, but smiled playfully down at her scaly lover anyway. The dragoness just watched as the nymph delicately rubbed slender fingers over her skin, favoring her swaying breasts as she rubbed the spunk that slicked her into her flesh. It disappeared readily, sinking into the spirit's body, but apparently there was not enough there for any more expansion, because Flora just sighed happily and continued to caress herself. She squirmed and moaned when her fingers found her nipples, tugging and tweaking, and the nymph ground her still dripping womanhood against the rough scales of Emma's thigh as she shifted, but the coy glance she shot Emma said that it was more for the dragoness's benefit than for her own pleasure.

Emma sat up, sliding her legs out of the prison of Flora's shapely thighs, returning the spirit's sly smile with one of her own as she scooted closer on her knees. Flora's arms went dotingly around her shoulders, and she was pulled into a mammoth boob with fond insistence. "The sun has fallen." mentioned Flora as she lovingly stroked Emma's cheek with an idle hand, "It is time for rest. You feel tired."

The dragoness looked over at where her window normally was when it wasn't covered with a tangle of leafy, lily-studded vines. No muted, green light filtered through it, only the magelight that had flared slowly to luminance, somehow also a dim, forest green, was giving her light to see by, not that she needed light to see by. She realized that Flora's cornflower eyes were still glowing with a pale radiance, barely noticeable.

Keeping her arms thrown around Emma's form, Flora rose demurely to her feet, hoisting the dragoness off of the ground with all the effort due a flower plucked from a prairie. The nymph carried her over to her bed, which had been completely overtaken by the miniature jungle that had taken up residence in her room. It was covered in lilies, thousands of snow-white blossoms. Her nose should have been burning with the smell of so many flowers, but the scent that filled her room was nothing more than light and floral, pleasant and not overwhelming.

Flora laid her gently down. She grumbled weakly that she wasn't tired, but that smell, all those flowers. It wormed its way into her bones; it made her feel slow and sluggish. Maybe she was tired. Her bed felt like a cloud, better than a cloud. Clouds were cold and wet. The nymph settled her into the flowers and lay down alongside her. The dragoness looked with bleary eyes at her lily, grown so bountiful and beautiful. Flora snuggled up to her side, pressing intimately into her as she threw a large, if dainty, hand onto the brilliant sapphire scales of her abdomen. "Rest now, Emma." the nymph whispered to her, "I will stay with you. You gave me enough to let me stay with you."

Emma's no-long-tiny houseplant murmured softly to her as she found it more and more difficult to keep her eyes open. Hands on her scaly hide worked away what tension was left in her body, and she felt fatigue overwhelm her.