

Ambush

Written By: Skabaard

Hands were on her. "Hey, Emma, wake up."

She recognized the voice, but her bed had never been more alluring, and she grumbled, sluggishly batting away the hands on her scales. The dragoness gave a startled jump when something hit her over the nose. "Ow!" cried the hands' owner, "Watch the claws, Sparky, and get your lazy ass out of bed before I kick it out!"

Emma sat bolt upright, nearly cracking her skull on the nose of the little shark morph standing over her, who had to dodge out of the way or get a concussion. "Fuck, Emma!" she growled, "Would you quit flailing around and get up already?"

The dragoness blinked blearily and rubbed her eyes. "Mel... Wh-what the fuck yourself? Gods' Blood, what time is it?"

The shark pointed to the window with an annoyed flick of her finned tail. "It's almost noon! Damn, Em, how much did you drink last night?"

Waving away Mel's question as she stretched her arms above her head, she answered. "Nothing, nothing. You know I don't drink."

"Then what the fuck were you doing all night? I could have sworn you'd have been at the Chalice, flirting with that sexy cat you're so fond of, but she hadn't seen you all day."

Emma blinked slowly looking around the room. It was in pristine condition, her various trophies in their usual organized chaos, spread over her shelves and desk. Nothing was disturbed from her activities the day before. Even her little flower, sitting by the window on her desk, was in in place, occupying the very pot she had heard shatter when it had grown to cover the room. The only difference she could note was that her lily looked lush and vibrant, even more so than usual. "Oh... you know." the dragoness replied casually, "Just brushing up on my horticulture."

"Is that what it is called?" mused a thoughtful, feminine voice.

Both Mel and Emma jumped and spun to look at the creature that stood silently behind them. She was slight of build and elegantly featured, with angular cheekbones and long, pointed ears. She was also completely naked, but showed no hint of shyness, giving both the dragon and the shark a long, hard look at her shapely, curvaceous form. Her skin was a creamy, whitish-pink, except for her lips and perky nipples, which were a duskier rose color, and her flesh was veined with thin lines that mimicked the grain of a piece of fine wood. In place of hair, her head was crowned with a crop of snow-white lily blossoms, and large, almond-shaped eyes, which were a solid, cornflower blue, peered happily back at them.

She bounced gaily on the balls of her feet, making her ample chest jiggle in a most eye-catching way as she smiled giddily. Emma noted that she had returned to her modest five-and-a-half feet from the nearly ten-foot behemoth she had ended up as the previous night. "I am sorry, Lady Fish. I did not know you needed her. I will be more aware next time."

The shark rounded on her. "Fish? Who the fuck are you calling a fish, you twiggy tr-"

Mel's tirade was cut short when Flora sashayed closer and planted bold lips onto the shark's own. The thin, wiry woman just let out an intrigued moan and leaned into the nymph, who continued the kiss with low-burning passion. She was panting, her tail flicking excitedly behind her, when Flora pulled away. "Of course," the petaled sprite purred coyly, "next time you could join us. I could take very good care of you. Lady Emma can vouch, I am sure."

"H-holy fuck..." the shark gasped, "How... h-how did you... my... Holy fuck." Mel peered over her shoulder at Emma, frustrated shock plastered over her shark-like snout. "How long have you been keeping her to yourself?"

The dragoness grumbled and hopped from her bed to her feet, joints popping noisily as she stretched. "I wouldn't dare do any such thing. We just 'met' last night, although it would be a terrible waste of something so *spacious*."

Mel's eyes widened in surprise. "No way! All of it? The whole thing?"

Emma nodded slyly as she flexed her wings. Flora's hands touched Mel's body through the nearly sheer fabric of her simple shirt. The shark morph was as tall as the nymph, perhaps a hair over five-foot-six, but where the flower spirit's body was full and soft, Mel's was hard and compact. There wasn't an ounce of fat to be found on the shark, and her skin, silvery-grey but for her pale underbelly, was stretched taut around a firm layer of tough, sinewy muscle. Her ears were tapered, much like the nymph's, but swept more backwards, like the fins that sprouted from between her shoulder blades and graced her long, muscular tail, all tipped with a splotch of black.

Slim, almost girlish hips and a tight, muscular rear filled out her pants, and she caught Flora's wrist before the sprite's fingers could wander over the small, perky curves of her breasts. "E-easy there, twiggy. Your girlfriend's got work that needs doing." Flora pouted, but removed her hand regardless. "Aw, don't be that way, sexy." Mel gently admonished, "When I bring her back, I'll stop by and show you what a real lover can do."

The dragoness rolled her eyes at Flora's goofy grin and shrugged on her own shirt over her wings, flicking her tail expertly over the buttons to secure the tough fabric to her torso. "So I guess that means you'll have to bring Toby then. You can't mean yourself. You're way too skinny."

Mel shot her a dirty look as she tugged her pants on over her thick hips, sliding her long, scaled tail through its sleeve. "You're just jealous that you're too big to fit in this..." She ran a hand down her body, from her ears to the claws on her digitigrade feet.

Emma snorted, a short arc of electricity popping between her nostrils. "As if. I just can't see why Toby stays with you. I could do him much better. Hell, I could actually take him all the way without tearing something."

"Pfft!" muttered Mel with a derisive swipe of her hand, "You're just upset he prefers his ladies to be less well-hung than he is."

"He didn't have any issues last time." the dragoness retorted as she swung her cape over her shoulders and let it drape down her right side to keep her wings free, "In fact, I think he came in me twice! How many times did he cum for you?"

Grumbling, the shark admitted with a sullen frown, "Once... but it was my name he was yelling the whole time!"

Emma threw her satchel over her shoulder, making sure the strap sat comfortable between her big, deceptively soft breasts, and gave her flower a fond farewell in the form of a chaste kiss on the cheek, promising she would be back for her. "Of course it was." she continued as she swept out of her room with Mel in tow, "You're the one he loves. I'm just a bonus on the side, remember?"

The seemed to push it too far, and Melana grabbed her tail, spun her around with unexpectedly savage force, and landed a brutal, open-palm slap across the dragoness's cheek. It hurt the shark far more than it hurt Emma, judging by Mel's pained wince, but it was enough to stop the scaly woman in her tracks. Shaking off the bruise that was surely going to form on her

hand, Mel grabbed Emma by the horns and forced the dragoness's eyes down to her level. "No!" she hissed in a quiet growl that showed twin rows of sharp, triangular shark teeth, "You are not just a bonus! We both care deeply for and about you. We're partners! We're friends! We love you! How dare you throw that back in my face!"

Emma accepted the rant as she lifted a viciously clawed hand to her cheek in shock. "Fuck, Mel, I was just kidding! Dripping Ichor, what the fuck?!"

The shark morph blinked, and let go of Emma's horns with shaky hands. "S-sorry, Em... I... I don't know what... I'm sorry."

She felt a worried frown stretch over her features. "Mel, what's wrong? What happened?" Tears shimmered in the shark's electric blue eyes and she let herself fall into Emma's arms. Melana clung desperately to the dragoness, and she pulled the shark to the side, out of the walkway, just holding her with quiet patience. "Tell me what happened." she whispered after a moment of calming silence.

Mel sniffled and wiped her eyes on Emma's shirt. "Nothing, nothing happened." she croaked, "We were out for our week, and I got too excited and I cut him up pretty bad... again! I just wish he'd get mad at me and stop being so... understanding and accepting of my issues... my problems. I wish he'd yell at me, call me a monster instead of forgiving me and trying to help me. Fuck, Em, I think he really does love me."

Heaving an enduring sigh, the dragoness wrapped strong, bronze-scaled arms around the skinny shark. "I thought that much was obvious."

"What if I really love him back? What am I supposed to do?"

"Beats me. Maybe you should ask him. He's the sensible one."

Breaking the tension with a short, barking laugh, Mel pushed herself away and punched Emma in the ribs, gently, to avoid hurting her hand again. "Then why is it you're the one who always knows what to say?"

Tugging her shirt straight on her shoulders, the dragoness shrugged. "I guess it just runs in the family."

Rolling her eyes with a shake of her head, Mel hopped up to press a brief kiss onto Emma's cheek. "Well thanks anyway, I guess. Now come on; we're already late."

The shark stalked away, setting a brisk pace along the gently curving hallway, and the dragoness kept pace with long strides, the sharp claws tipping her digitigrade feet clicking on the stone of the floor. "Where, pray tell, are we going, exactly?" she wondered idly.

Mel gestured vaguely to the north. "The usual suspicious disappearances. We're just supposed to investigate, poke around, ask some questions. No army of cultists this time around. It's just going to be us two at first. Toby's off on some academy business. He should catch up with us later. I've got all the paperwork in the bag." She peered back over her shoulder, directing a mischievous smile at the dragoness she had in tow. "Are you ready, or do you need to go drum up some other inanimate object to screw around with without me?"

"She seemed pretty animate last night." Emma replied coolly, despite the knowing grin that bared her wickedly sharp teeth, "Beside, she just got lively yesterday. You didn't miss out on too much."

"Yeah, right." Melana grunted derisively, "I guess I better take up gardening. Never forgiving you if you hold her out on me, especially with how... eager she was. Fuck! Did you see the way she bounced? And what an ass! And that smell! Fucking fuck, I've never been so horny in my life!"

The dragoness slipped her tail around her to run its nimble tip along the back edge of Mel's dorsal fin, and the shark missed a step, stumbling as her legs trembled traitorously. "Is that so?" mused the dragoness, "Perhaps you're the one who need to take a quick break to rub one out. I'm sure there's time. I'll be good and help, if you'd like."

The shark flicked Emma's tail away with her own, slapping fins to scales. "Yeah, well maybe we could if *someone* hadn't lazed half the day away in bed with some leafy fuck-buddy. I might even indulge you and let you touch me, but we've got somewhere to be, it's a long walk to Timbergrove."

Pondering thoughtfully, the dragoness hummed an affirmative. She knew where Timbergrove was, to the north of Southcliff, at the edge of the Duke's domain. It would take them weeks to meander there at a pace the shark thought was sufficient. "You know, since Toby's heavy ass isn't coming with us right away, I could fly us there in a third the time."

Mel eyed her askance, glancing dubiously at the dragoness's black-membraned wings. They were up to the task, the shark was small and light, and Emma was strong. "No, thanks..." the finned lady said anyway, "I'll take my chances on the ground."

"Bah! You're just no fun. Walking is so boring!"

A grin showed razor-sharp teeth as Mel chuckled. "Well then, I guess we'll just have to think of something to do that will keep you occupied, won't we?"

Emma grumbled, but went along with the shark anyway. Mel was good at entertainment. She was... intriguingly flexible, and could do things with her thick shark tail that gave the dragoness a headache in the best way possible. They made a brief stop by Mel's room so she could pick up her weapon, a long, steel-shod staff who's ends came away to reveal a pair of foot-long spear points, and her armor, a suit of gleaming Argentum, polished to a mirror shine, that Emma dutifully helped buckle onto the shark, ensuring that the dragonsilver sleeve made to go over her fin wasn't pinching anything. She was glad her scales offered her the same protection; she didn't know what she'd do if she had to go around cooped up in metal clothes. Fabric was bad enough.

They then left, waving cheerful goodbyes to the guards at the gates of the Sanctum Arcanum and strolling casually along the broad, winding path that snaked down the Archmage's hill and into the streets of the massive City. The dragoness kept a keen eye out. She liked to watch people. Chandlers, bakers, cartwrights, carpenters, smiths, cobblers, all of them going about their lives, some of them taking the time to give the two lancers, blue-and-silver capes floating along behind them, a friendly nod or tip of a hat.

Southcliff was enormous, and the Sanctum Arcanum was centrally located. It took them more than an hour to reach the massive outer wall, but when they did, they were waved through without much fanfare by the Southcliff City Guards, four grim-looking horse morphs leaning on halberds that looked able to fell trees in a single swing.

Out of the city, the endless crowds and constant, dull roar of thousands of people trying to be heard over one another died mercifully down, and the air cleared of the myriad scents of the city, not all of them pleasant. The rolling hills that stretched out to the north of Southcliff were and endless patchwork of farmland that stretched on for countless miles, feeding the hundreds of thousands of the Duke's subjects. There was an ever-present line of heavily-laden wagons pouring in and out through the massive stone walls and steel-plated gates, carrying innumerable tons of supplies and raw materials for the engines of industry to chew through. Emma casually wondered how many of them were carrying some cargo that was intended to harm innocents, and how many of them would be stopped and searched. There were so many.

She sighed wistfully. A problem for those whose job it was to solve. The Duke's men and women, the guard and militia, were well-trained and disciplined, and all cared for the safety of their city and the surrounding lands. She was friends with more than a few of them. They were good people, and it was through no fault of theirs that their jobs were made so difficult. She wished she could do more to help.

Ever since the demon, Salaxa, had been... killed? Banished? Dawn hadn't been able to say for certain what she had done to it. Ever since it had been *subdued* by the efforts of the previous generation, the members of the Order of the Silver Lance had been fighting a never-ending battle against those who had tasted the demon's corruption and had desired more. During the demon's reign, its taint had seeped into the fabric of reality, subtly changing the way people thought and acted. True hermaphrodites had become almost commonplace, nearly one in every twenty natural births possessing the traits of both genders. She had faced the stigma of that first hand. Decades had passed since then, and there were still those who thought that those few were cursed from birth to lives of misery and depravity, and reviled them for invented sins.

Emma felt bad for them. Many of those people had faced the ire of the corrupted, mindless slaves to lust, overcome by the taint and turned into thoughtless fuck-beasts, more animal than human in mind. Although some of them were surely just jealous that they weren't able to cum using a full set of genitalia. With body-shaping, either alchemical or magical in nature, become increasingly popular and available however, that was becoming an option for more and more as time went on and wizards and alchemists honed their crafts.

A bloom of hot pride welled up within her. Her father, the Archmage of the Ordo Arcanum, had practically invented modern, magical body-shaping, and had spent nearly the full century-and-a-half of his post-apprenticeship life devoted to making people into what they deserved, desired to be. She wished she could do that, but she was born with no more talent for human magic than that possessed by her mother, none at all, and she wasn't old or strong enough yet to begin to use her draconic strength for any more overt manifestations than the lighting she could summon and direct.

As they walked in silence, she caught Melana fidgeting, her finned tail flicking anxiously. The young dragoness rolled her eyes and heaved a deep breath of the cool breeze that snapped their capes out behind them. Autumn was in full force, and winter would soon be upon them. "I like the hair," she mentioned casually, "It suits you, although I'm not too sure about the color."

The nervous shark morph slumped like she had been worried the dragoness would never notice what was different about her. Previously hairless, her head only crowned by her ears, and a few fin-like growths, was now covered with a short mop of smooth, fine hair, styled in a messy bob through which poked her ears. "R-really?" she said, showing her vanity, raking fingers through it, messing it up even more. It was a bright, candy-apple red that Emma swore was going to give her a headache. "Yeah... I guess the red is a bit much. I was thinking something maybe a little mellower? Maybe blue, dark blue. Would a dark blue be better?"

Emma just smiled and nodded as Melana continued excitedly. "It was a fucking nightmare trying to get it to grow up here and not... anywhere else. Those potions aren't the most directional. It took four fucking tries to get it right. I had hair fucking everywhere before we got it all in the right place. Sharks with fur... not meant to be, Em... not meant to be. Fucking terrifying. Couldn't swim for shit, too much drag, and it kept getting in my gills. Made me want to gag. I felt like some cat choking on its own fur. I don't know how the furries manage it. I couldn't handle the shedding, plus it's so hot all the time."

Just the thought of Mel covered in that nauseating red made the dragoness want to vomit. Instead, she reached over and tousled the shark's new hairdo. "Maybe you're just the hot one, skinny. Ever thought of cooling off a little bit?"

A tailfin slapped playfully against her thigh. "Not on your life, Sparkles. How else would I keep up with you and Toby? Besides, there's plenty of hot, furry tails out there. If they can manage, so can I. Look at Toby. He's got a foot on you, two on me, and you can't say he's not hot, all that hard muscle. What about that cat you like, the splotchy one that works at the Chalice. Katarina, Katrin, some other ridiculous cat name?"

"Kathryn?"

"Yeah, that's the one. She's hot as hell! What's she got that I haven't beside half a foot and a shit ton of hair?"

"A dick, probably..."

"Hmph... Yeah, probably. Still, she struts that shit all day, swinging that skinny ass around, pretending she doesn't fucking know she's the sexiest fucking thing in the room. She should be a fucking dancer. Serving in a bar's clearly not her thing, Em. I've seen horses burst their trousers and bruise their dicks on the bottoms of their tables while watching her walk around. Just walking! Gods damn! Imagine if you put her up on a stage in some slinky corset, red leather. Fuck me... dick or not, there wouldn't be a person alive who wouldn't empty their purses to see more. I'd be a pauper. Toby'd pass out from blood loss after *his* dick popped like a fucking balloon."

Mel paused for thought for a brief moment. "Speaking of sexy pieces of ass... do you have any friends that aren't the most gorgeous things alive? Myself included, of course. I mean, come on... the world's full of slimy pieces of filth I wouldn't want to step in, let alone screw, and sure, I get that with a few pieces of gold, you can buy the face of an angel, but you can stick a diamond in a piece of shit, it'd still be shit. But you? Damn, Em, what the fuck did you do to get the angels and not their rip-offs? Seriously, your fucking potted plant apparently has tits to make a castrata cum himself unconscious. What the fuck?"

"Do I detect a hint of jealousy?"

"No..." the shark grumbled, "But come on! That's hardly fair. Where's my harem of friend's who'll drop their pants for me at a moment's notice?"

"I don't know if they'd go that far..."

"Oh shut the fuck up... Have you seen the way they look at you? That look would make a Sister of Amara grow a dick just so they could jerk it while you watched. You've screwed all of them; I can tell by the way they act around you. They'd fuck each other in front of you just to see you pop a stiffy. Please, *please* tell me you've at least gotten them all together and had a huge fucking orgy, just once."

"Nope."

"Oh thanks the gods. When you do, you better invite me, or I swear to all I hold dear I will find you and... punch you right in your dick."

"Duly noted."

"Good. In fact, when you do, we should make a day of it. Get some of the others in on it. I bet we could talk that hot, little husky out of her shell. Ivy, I think her name is. She's new. Calian's taken a liking to her. They're a cute couple. Have you seen them holding hands down the halls when she's not training? Most adorable fucking thing I've ever seen. Another reason to avoid fur though. She smells *ferocious* after she's been sweating, wet dog and sour musk. You

can always tell if they've been fucking by the way she reeks. I don't think anyone's told her yet, poor girl."

Ah, the tortures of having a draconic nose. She snorted with laughter, debating whether or not to let Mel know that she could smell what the shark had eaten for dinner the night before, fish, unsurprisingly, heavily seasoned with herbs and garlic. And then she froze. She could smell something else. Something foreign tickled at her nostrils as the wind shifted direction. She put her hand out for silence, and Melana stopped as well, swinging her staff up and across her body, eyes out and alert.

They were only a couple hours out from Southcliff. The city could still be seen rising up on its hills in the distance, like a shining beacon of prosperity, but the northbound road they found themselves on was empty and eerily quiet. Emma's keen eyes raked the surrounding farmland as she searched for the source of the unfamiliar scent. She thought she saw movement on her flank, and she spun cautiously toward it. Along the side of the road, the grass was tall and untrimmed in places, and the steady breeze was making it shift and roll constantly, and was making hard to pick out true movement from tricks of the wind.

Her back went to Mel's, the armored shark covering her only vulnerable spot, the thin, diaphanous membrane stretched between the bones of her wings. "What is it?" the shorter, finned woman breathed quietly, "I don't see anything."

Emma nervously flicked her tail to the side. "There's something out there. I can't see it, but it smells... wrong. It's almost like-" She stopped when the glint of metal caught her eye, and she threw herself to the side, intercepting a wickedly barbed arrow meant for her smaller teammate. She grunted as the missile deflected noisily off of the scales of her abdomen and tore a ragged strip out of her shirt. "Fuck!" she growled. That was going to leave a bruise. Whoever drew that bow was immensely strong... And then they were on the two, pouring out of the brush, at least six of them that the dragoness could see. She heard more on the other side, and felt Mel tense against her back as battle was joined.

Emma smiled savagely, letting instinct take over. They would need many more than they brought. The first in line, a bulky wolf morph with dark grey fur charged at her, swinging an axe with a bit the size of his head with an angry cry. The dragoness casually sidestepped his clumsy swing with a sneer of contempt and threw her balled fist into his face with an audible crack. She felt as much as heard the bones in his muzzle crunch with the impact, and he gurgled weakly, spitting out a handful of teeth before he fell over. She kicked him out of the way, not really caring whether he survived or drowned in his own blood as she made room for the next one.

They were all big, and heavily armed, and they didn't pause to see one of their own felled so easily. She heard Mel spit a vigorous curse behind her, but she didn't have time to turn and see to her partner. The shark was good, and would be fine. The next one ran at her, a wordless snarl stretched over his equine muzzle. The burly horse morph jabbed a ten-foot spear at her, and she didn't even give him the satisfaction of seeing her dodge it. She skidded back a step as she caught the barbed spear point in her claws, stopping it before it could touch the scales of her chest. She grinned at the look of dumb shock the washed over the big equine's face.

The dragoness pulled, jerking the weapon from the horse's numb fingers and spun it around, using both arms to crack the butt of it over his skull, knocking him to the ground and snapping the spear's haft before she reversed her grip and threw it cleanly through a striped cat morph with a sword that stood behind him. Emma crouched low to the ground, her tail flicking excitedly behind her as two more, armed with swords and shields, approached her in unison, more cautiously than their reckless friends.

That would work for her. Emma swept her wings out behind her, propelling herself forward with frightening force, and landed a savage, taloned kick against one, whose shield crumpled under the impact and who flew backward to the ground as the other sought to take advantage of the opening Emma left him. She menaced him with her tail while she spun to face him, throwing a punch that he brought his shield up to intercept.

Perfect. She pulled her punch at the last second, instead taking his round shield in both hands and gave it a savage twist. His elbow folded, collapsing with the rest of the bones in his arm, and he howled in agony before she heaved, levering her strength against him and hurling him by his shattered arm back into the brush along the side of the road.

The one whose shield she had mangled staggered back to his feet and growled at her as he swing a simple, if dangerous looking sword at her. How insulting. She grabbed it mid-swing and tore it from his hand, making a show of taking hold of it and bending it into a narrow horseshoe shape with a strained grunt before she tossed it over her shoulder and spun, striking him across the face in a vicious backhand that nearly snapped his neck. As it was, it threw him to the ground once again, and she snarled angrily as she kicked him with enough strength to break his ribs and send him rolling limply away, unconscious.

That left one. A dark-furred bull morph that looked vaguely familiar to the dragoness. He hefted his massive bow and loosed another arrow before she could hope to avoid it. The javelin-sized missile struck her shoulder, clanging off of her scales again, but its altered trajectory sent its barbed head through her wing, and she gave a pained growl as her delicate skin was punctured.

The bovine behemoth drew another arrow... as if she was going to let him do that again. As he went to nock it, she sucked in a deep breath, pulling from the endless well of her inner strength, feeling it condense, solidifying in her lungs. He raised the bow, his immense musculature heaving under his fur with the strain of drawing it back. Time slowed, the fletching approaching the bull's ear with agonizing slowness. The dragoness opened her mouth, giving the crackling tension an avenue of release. It popped over her scales, coalescing in her throat, thrumming through her body, and she directed it all at the sole object of her ire.

It ripped free from her form, sparking between her teeth, and briefly split the air with a blinding, violet-white bolt of jagged lightning that connected her with the bull for a split second. There was a thunderous boom that followed it, shuddering through the air, and her bovine aggressor spasmed uncontrollably for a second before he dropped nervelessly to the ground, scorched fur still smoking.

She clenched her fists into angry balls again and again, daring any more to crawl out of the grass at her. Still hearing the sounds of combat behind her through the haze of her bloodlust, she turned to help her friend. Worry mixed with righteous anger tightened her gut at what she saw. Mel, spear still in hand, was being dragged off into the grass by two of them. The lean shark couldn't bring her weapon to bear with any effect, and was thrashing desperately against the confines of the heavily-muscled arms that held her.

A growl of unbridled rage roiled in her chest, but as she made to tear off after them, a pair of strong hands grabbed the end of her tail and hauled her backward. She glared over her shoulder. The horse had managed to regain his feet, his bleeding head wound leaking crimson into one eye. She dug her claws into the ground, but instead of pulling her back further he lifted her from the earth, swinging her over his head like a ragdoll and slamming her bodily back to the pavers of the road. She grunted, hardly stunned, but before she could scramble back to her feet,

she felt his arms grab her. Growling still, she was lifted from the dirt as the equine curled his arms under hers and laced strong fingers behind her neck.

She struggled to little effect. She was stronger than he, but he now had leverage, and she thrashed, trying to impale him with her horns, but his hands limited her movement. "No!" she roared defiantly. He didn't have the limbs necessary to restrain her tail, and she coiled it threateningly around his leg, throwing a loop above and below his knee. "NO!" She flexed with everything she had, and with a sickening crack, the equine's leg folded backward, toppling them both back to the ground.

The thick, muscular arms thrown around hers stayed where they were, and Emma had to respect such determination. He landed beneath her, robbing her of the leverage contact with the ground would have given her, but she could feel pain loosening his grip. His muscle control in his leg was gone, and she ground his shattered joint to dust. He just grunted and accepted it with wordless patience as she clenched her teeth with feral rage and thrashed against his powerful body.

She shouted a triumphant cry as she freed her arm, using it to throw a brutal elbow into the horse's ribcage, splintering several. He couldn't help but flinch away from the pain, and she tore her other arm out of his. She jabbed him in the ribs again, more to lever herself up than to injure him further, although the audible crunching of bone and his pained shudder told her that both had likely happened. She spun around to face him, her growl continuing to rumble in her chest as she raised her hands to pound his skull into a fleshy pulp.

He was in agony; that much was obvious. He still breathed, but weakly, and blood gurgled in his throat, likely from a punctured lung. He blinked defiantly up at her through his good eye, not angry, just accepting his fate. She sighed heavily and lowered her claws. "Fuck..." she breathed. Slipping her hands into her satchel, Emma pulled a fine crystal vial that held about an ounce of milky-white liquid. She tucked it into the fingers he didn't have pressed protectively over the crater in his ribcage. "If you still want to live, drink this. It will stop the bleeding and ease the pain long enough for someone to get to you."

She threw herself roughly off of him without sparing him a second thought and cast her eyes around her. There was no sign of Mel or her captors, but there was only one place they could have gone in such a hurry. She flapped her wings, kicking up a cloud of fine dust as she took off for a thin stand of trees that stood perhaps a few hundred feet off of the road. It took her little more than a few seconds, and she landed with a thundering roar that abruptly died out as Emma registered what was happening.

One of them was pinned to a tree by his throat with Mel's spear, motionless, and likely dead. The other was trapped between Mel's thighs as the shark straddled him, tearing at his flesh with blind, mindless zeal, claws tearing and teeth gnashing through furred hide and powerful muscle with equal ease. He, too, was quite dead.

Emma took a hesitant step forward. It looked like her partner was eating him at first glance, but she wasn't. She tore huge chunks of flesh out of the body beneath her just to spit them out and dive back in. "Mel." said the dragoness softly, "That's enough. He's dead. You stopped him. You can stop now. It's safe. No one is going to hurt you." Her blood-soaked teammate continued as if not hearing her.

With another cautious step forward, the dragoness inched closer, keeping her tone even and soothing as she laid a gentle hand on Mel's shoulder. The shark stiffened and whipped her head around, blinking wildly at Emma. The scaled woman grimaced. There was a tiny puncture wound on the shark morph's neck, right over her hammering artery, that slowly oozed a

translucent, pinkish fluid. Mel's normally expressive, bright blue eyes were blank and unseeing, and her pupils had contracted down to addict's pinpricks.

She was forced back a step as Mel lunged at her. Emma barely managed to catch her, the shark's teeth snapping together inches away from her nose. Melana was drenched in blood, and what pieces of her armor she still had on were slick with scarlet fluid. "Mel!" shouted the dragoness, fending off razor sharp teeth that seemed desperate to take a chunk out of her snout, "Mel, stop! Stop it! Relax! It's me! Listen, damnit! You're going to hurt yourself! Tell me what they did!"

The shark did nothing but struggle and try desperately to sink teeth into Emma's scales. With a frustrated grumble, Emma coiled her tail around Mel's ankles, cinching it tight as she took hold of flailing arms, holding the shark by the wrists. With a few flaps of her wings, she was airborne, and she floated lazily away from the site of such savagery, eventually touching down, pinning Mel beneath her in a faraway patch of thick, tall grass where they could be secluded.

She maintained her partner's restraints as she inspected the site of Mel's wound. Releasing one of the shark's short-clawed hands, Emma took hold of her jaw, shoving her head back roughly so she could see Mel's throat without having to dodge teeth. A wiry arm tore at her, doing nothing but cutting rents in her clothes, claws rasping harmlessly off of her scales. She held her wings far out of reach, just to be safe.

Taking a deep careful breath, her nose close to the sight of the injury, she pondered what had been slipped into Melana's bloodstream. It smelled strongly familiar, a powerfully addictive aphrodisiac that was currently tearing away at Mel's inhibitions. The two who had dragged her away had gotten more than they had bargained for, clearly not expecting the drug to have such an aggression-inducing effect.

They hadn't didn't know Mel like Emma did. "Alright, skinny. It's going to be alright." soothed the dragoness with as calm a voice as she could muster, "I know what they did to you. I know what's going on. I know what you're feeling. You're going to be okay. We're just going to have to work you through it, alright? I'm sorry, but you're going to be a little sore after this. Just let it pass through you. It will wear off soon. I'll help you past it okay?" Mel just shook with blind rage and cried out angrily against her captor. "Okay, good. I'm so sorry I let you down like this, but I'm here for you now. Try not to break any teeth, alright? You know how long it takes them to grow back."

The dragoness let up on Mel's other arm to push her by the shoulders back down as far as her armored fin would allow. Emma moved to straddle Mel's girlish hips with her thighs as she released the hold her tail had on the shark's legs. They thrashed, but the dragoness's powerful limbs pinned them down. She moved her freed tail up, looping it coolly around Mel's wrists and lifting them up over the piscine woman's finned head, holding strong, spindly arms away. This just left Mel's snapping teeth, and the dragoness pushed a forearm against her collarbone, holding her head back.

This left a bronze-coated arm free. Emma heaved a steadying sigh as she put it into action, snaking down the shark's sinewy body. "I'm sorry." Emma whined mournfully, "I know you'd hardly say no, but this feels so dirty without you asking me to. Please forgive me. You need this. It's going to help. I'm so sorry I let you down badly enough for this to be necessary. I'm sorry. Please understand. I'm sorry."

The shark's muscle-coated form flexed urgently when Emma's fingers slid under the waist of her pants. Mel's femininity was puffy, engorged with blood and lust, and was oozing a

veritable river of slick lubricant. "I won't go in." promised the dragoness, "I'm just going to touch you, rub you. You just need some help. I won't... I won't violate you like that. Just breathe for me, okay? Don't forget to breathe."

A finger slid along Mel's drenched slit, sliding between need-parted lips to rub smooth scales over her throbbing entrance. The dragoness's fishy partner tensed and arched her back, letting out a more natural-sounding moan of pleasure as her drooling pussy quivered in ecstasy. "That's good." Emma whispered down at her, "Just cum it out. Let it all out. Squirt it all over my hand. Push it out of you."

Melana gasped and grunted as she did exactly that, creaming herself messily against the dragoness's fingers, soaking the fabric of her pants with a fragrant tide of liquid lust. Dense, athletic muscles tensed and flexed in her bliss, and she did her best to grind herself against Emma's accepting hand to little effect. The dragon atop her wouldn't let her move enough for anything so drastic. She cried out again and again, the mindless rage filling her voice slowly being replaced by glorious rapture as she threw back her head in another orgasm.

Emma just cooed encouragingly, receiving each drug-fueled climax with steady, gently stroking fingers and a compassionate smile. There must have been something mixed in with the aphrodisiac that increased her sensitivity, because it took no effort at all to wring squeal after squeal of euphoria out of her, each one making Mel's spine bend backward further and further until the dragoness thought it would snap under the strain.

"F-f-h-huck!" Mel panted, begging frantically, her words gradually drifting back to her, "F-fuck... Fuck... m-me! Fuck... please... Emma. Fuck... me! Put it... in, please... Fuck!"

Emma increased the energy behind her ministrations, but went no further. "That's just the drug talking, Mel." admonished the dragoness gently, "But don't worry; I'm here, and I've got you. I'm not-"

"Shut... the fuck up... you scaly... bitch... and PUT IT IN ME! FUCK!"

Blinking, the dragoness did as she was told; that was definitely Mel talking. The shark's clenched teeth flew open to emit a long, ragged scream that accompanied her biggest orgasm yet, and Emma felt spasming walls lock up around the finger she had inserted into her partner. Melana's pitch and volume rose and fell in time with the desperate throbbing in her body as her overworked musculature flexed with the strength required to milk the dragoness's finger with such frenzied passion.

"Fuck!" Melana howled, overcome, "Fuck! Fuck! Fucking fuck, fuck! Emma! Ah!" She strained and thrashed against the prison of the dragoness's body, flailing wildly as she came again and again on the finger Emma pumped lazily into her.

"Yes." Emma breathed quietly, in contrast to Mel's frantic, meaningless stammering, "That's my girl, my big, scary shark. Yell it out. Let me hear you. You're so strong and fierce. Those bastards didn't know what they were getting into. But you're safe now, so I'm going to need you to breathe. Can you do that for me, breathe for your big, sexy dragon? I promise I'll make it up to you later, but you really need to not pass out on me, okay?"

Mel answered her with an ominous grunt, "Then get the fuck off of me! Fuck!"

The dragoness nodded and released her partner, pulling off of the shark's lithe body and removing her finger. Mel was still cumming; Emma could see it in each exigent throb that rocked her body, pushing with them ragged moans. Writhing in time to the spasming of her drenched womanhood, the shark lifted shaky hands to the sides of her head, as if to brace her from losing her mind again. She gasped urgently, gulping down huge breaths that were almost immediately robbed from her by her quaking diaphragm.

"Fuck..." growled Mel as sanity slowly seeped back into her body, "H-holy f-f-fuck..." She slapped a hand down on Emma's thigh, clinging to it like shipwreck survivor to driftwood. The dragoness took it up in confident fingers, squeezing the shark back. "E-Emma... You were right... I should... I should have stopped-Fuck, why won't it stop! I-I should have stopped for a quickie... before we left... Fuck!" Twitching violently, she rolled over onto her stomach and pushed herself to her hands and knees, bucking her hips to the beat of a phantom drummer. "Nngh-Shit! I've never wanted to stop cumming more in my life... Augh-Gods' Fucking Blood, make it stop! Emma! Help me, please!"

The dragoness was way ahead of her, having already scooted closer, dodging the whipping fins of Mel's tail. Tender fingers fiddled with the straps of the shark's armor, and her breastplate clattered noisily to the ground as she peeled the argentum off of her partner's fin. She then hooked an arm around Melana's waist, hauling her up and back to plop her compact rear into the Emma's lap with her dorsal fin tucked under the arm the dragoness had wrapped around her waist.

She could feel her friend practically vibrating with pent up energy, and could count the fervent contractions as Mel's endless, narcotic-fueled orgasm shook through her body again and again and again. She let the arm thrown around Melana's torso drift lower, finding the hem of her shirt and teasing it up to bare a powerfully toned midriff. That was close enough, and she snaked her fingers under the fabric to play along the rough sharkskin that covered the modest curves of Mel's breasts.

Her teammate squeaked at the sudden manipulation as Emma gave her an abrupt, firm grope and found dusky-grey nipples between her fingers. The dragoness rolled the sensitive buds, already as hard as diamonds, one at a time between her clawed fingertips. While making Mel squirm as she pushed her orgasm ever higher, Emma slipped her other hand down into the shark's pants. Her longtime partner grunted through her scream as she brutally shoved two fingers into her and pumped them in and out with savage gusto. "Fuck, Emma! Fuck! Oh fuck!"

"Yes...?" growled the dragoness into a fin-like ear, not slowing her ferocious pace as she pulled climax after shuddering climax out of one of her best friends.

Before Mel could continue her scattered thought, the dragoness jerked a third powerful finger in to join its sisters. The wiry piscine snapped her teeth shut and forced her head back, tendons standing out in stark contrast against the otherwise clean lines of her neck. Emma's claws could tear through steel, but she was very practiced, and she did nothing but push and push her partner's release higher and higher, hoping to burn it out. With nimble hands, she urgently fondled the shark's petite, but supple and perky chest in time with the pistoning of her fingers into Mel's soaked snatch.

It seemed to go on forever and ever, every few seconds a powerful climax robbing her friend of her breath, but eventually, she felt it slowing, and she eased Mel down with as much gentleness as she could muster, moving with the gradually slowing pounding of the shark's walls against her fingers. "There we go." she whispered calmly, "That's better. Just breathe it out. I've got you. I've got you. Breathe... yes, just like that. Perfect. Keep going... A little more... There. Right there." She slowly pulled her fingers out of abused lips and laid her dripping hand on the tight muscles of Mel's abdomen, but kept her other hand cupped around a pert breast, squeezing it gently as her friend got her breathing back under control.

With blurry eyes, Melana looked up at Emma over her shoulder. "Th-thanks..." she wheezed, "I... I owe you one. Fuck... I'm sorry, Em. I'm supposed to have your back, and I couldn't even take four of them. I blew it. I'm... I'm sorry I let you down."

"Oh, shut up." the dragoness said soothingly, "We can blame each other later over a few drinks. Right now just... just let me hold you, okay? I was so scared I couldn't see straight."

The shark let out a heavy sigh that puffed out her cheeks, nodding slowly and lifting a hand to scrape drying blood off of her nose. "Is this mine? I don't feel cut up or anything."

Emma blinked. "You don't remember?"

"I just remember them dragging me away and sticking some needle in my neck. It hit me hard, and all I remember is red... oh... oh." She slumped, her head hanging low with shame, "Was it bad?"

"Let's just say *I'll* go get your stick back. You... made a mess."

"Damn it..."

Emma shook her gently. "No." she said in a firm command, "Don't even go there. There is no way it was your fault. I'm not going to sit here and let you blame yourself."

Another heavy sigh left the shark's nostrils. "Did I... Was I eating them?"

"No. No, not this time. Come on, Melana, they *drugged* you. It wasn't your fault. Stop looking at me like that."

Mel didn't look pleased about it, but she slowly nodded her understanding. "I know, I know. It's just that... Oh fuck, Emma!-"

The shark was knocked from the dragoness's arms as something hard and heavy collided with the back of Emma's head. Her horns protected her from the worst of the impact, but it was still enough to snap her head forward and throw her face first into the dirt. She groaned and made sure her partner was okay. Mel had rolled with her fall, and was in the process of scrambling to her feet. Thank the Gods.

Blinking the shocked tears from her eyes, she shook her head, trying to stop her ears from ringing. The strike had reverberated into her skull and thrown her equilibrium completely out of whack. Getting her hands beneath her, she pushed her body off of the ground, and she peered in confusion over her shoulder at her shadowy assailant.

That turned out to be a mistake. The dragoness had no idea how he managed to get close without being seen or smelled or heard, but there was some huge, furry creature, a bear morph perhaps, looming over her. She barely had time to blink in shock before the length of heavy, dark metal he was swinging at her crashed into her head. There was a brief lance of pain that burrowed deep into her brain before darkness overwhelmed her, echoes of Mel screaming her name fading to silence.