

A Friendly Visit

Written By: Skabaard

Emma burst noisily into her room, indignant anger bubbling in her chest. She had never felt so violated in her life. Someone... *someone* had the audacity to sneak into the Sanctum, **her home**, and steal something! The Archmage had been furious, he had the massive structure vacated, quarantined while he scoured it. She hadn't seen her home in weeks!

With a sorrowful coo that whined in the back of her throat she threw her satchel, full of the few things she had recovered from the remains of the camp in which she was held, onto her bed and swept into the room. She inspected the space, running her clawed hands over her things, making sure each little trinket was in its place. Only when she had made perfectly, absolutely sure that nothing of hers had been so much as touched did she relax, letting herself drop to her bed with a heavy sigh, not even bothering to remove her clothes.

She was good and tired of people fawning over her like a lost child just because she had been captured. They all seemed so worried, and while she was happy to see the relief of her teammates and friends, it was beginning to annoy her. She was fine, and would have been fine whatever happened. She was a dragon; what could they have done to her? Tear off her scales and drain her blood? To do that, they would have had to touch her, and she would have fried them in their skin.

She wriggled to get her wings out from beneath her, pinched uncomfortably as they were, and spread them out to the sides, basking the taut, onyx hide that was stretched between bony struts in the sunlight pouring in through her window, with its familiar view of Southcliff stretching out below her room. It felt good, and as she lay, she reached her hand down, plucking the buttons that lined her hip from their holes, slowly working her pants off of the scales of her lower body.

A sigh whispered between the lips that lined her tapering, reptilian snout. Freeing herself after so long of wearing that offensive fabric was euphoric, and she happily wiggled her tail from its sleeve as she bared her shapely, bronze-scaled legs, powerfully muscled and digitigrade in form, tipped in sharply clawed toes. She threw her pants aside, ignored. She hated wearing anything over her scales, but it made others more comfortable, so she soldiered through it.

The shirt that was straining over her ample, feminine endowments was buttoned down her back, and she was hesitant to fight her laziness just to take it off without ruining it. It would be effortless just to tear it off, toss it aside like the rag it was, but then she'd just have to get another one made, so it stayed on, for the time being at least. Instead she just rested her head on her horns, shiny black and curling like those of a ram.

She was far from tired, just delightfully lazy. She had been frantically busy for days. Organizing, planning, and retaliating. She had tried to find the horse that had been so... oddly kind to her during her imprisonment. But he had either been flung so far into the woods that she had been unable to find him, or he hadn't died and had staggered off. But that was over. Now she just wanted to do... nothing at all.

However, there were those who still depended on her, and she grumbled as she forced herself upright and rose gracefully on her clawed toes. With swaying steps, she sashayed over to her desk, plucking her canteen from her satchel with her tail as she did so. She unstopped it and

gave her vibrant lily a long drink. It had been some time since she had seen her little flower, not that it was little anymore.

She had needed to transplant it into a much larger pot. It had grown so big and bountiful, and it looked like she would have to find it an even more spacious home before long. She idly stroked lush leaves as she peered through her window. With dexterous flicks of her long, agile tail, she flipped the buttons holding on her shirt out of their holes and casually shrugged it off, sliding free of her wings with the rustling of cloth on her scaly hide. The bright sapphire scales that lined the front of her body glittered in the light, and she wriggled happily, finally bare. Her big, plush breasts sat weightlessly on her chest, supported by the tightness of her scales, holding surprising softness, and dusky black nipples capped their smooth swells. She was a picture a perfect, feminine power, a statuesque physique rounded out by inviting, womanly curves.

She was snapped out of her reverie when there was a soft gentle knocking on her door, followed quickly by a light, girly giggle. Lifting an eyebrow, she pushed her chair back and strolled over to her door, claws clicking softly on the smooth stone of the floor. When she pulled it open, she was immediately assaulted by a pair of softly furred figures who giddily threw their arms around her, pushing the dragoness into her room as they stormed the suddenly breached opening.

Kathryn, the taller of the two, resolved first. A happy, feline face covered in splotchy calico fur and framed by shoulder-length, snowy-white hair smiled giddily up at her. "Hiya Em!" the cat morph chirped gaily, "Whatcha up to?"

The feline was practically vibrating with excitement against her, and she returned her hug gladly. "Nothing much, Kat."

Her other unexpected guest cut in. "Well we can't have that, dear." The voice was soft and demure, belonging to an elegantly beautiful vixen who was wearing a frilly maroon blouse over her opulent figure, which was covered in a layer of soft orange and white. Sage brushed a lock of bright, ginger hair out of her eyes and leaned in to add her arms to the cat's spastic embrace. "Luckily for you, we decided to come pay you a visit to liven up your dreadfully boring evening. I brought something we could share."

The fox's calf-length skirt rustled quietly around her well-formed legs as she floated over to set a large glass bottle on the dragoness's desk. By the label, a bottle of rather expensive wine, and by the smell of grapes and alcohol on Kathryn's breath, not the only one they had thought to bring. "Thanks, foxy, but I think I'll let you enjoy it. You know as well as I that I'm not one for alcohol. It burns my throat."

Sage giggled and leaned in to press her full figure against her as the feline started to purr warmly. "An ironic sentiment from a dragon, don't you think? But that's alright. I wasn't talking about the wine; that's for Kathryn and me."

She murmured thoughtfully. "Then what, pray tell, will we be sharing?"

Kathryn kissed her, firmly, decisively, and she got an idea what the two lovers were planning. She certainly had no arguments to the contrary, and she let herself be pushed back until her knees met her bed, and she took a seat, the amorous cat pouring her long, lithe body into her lap. The slender feline was tall and lean, with a narrow, girlish figure that complimented her graceful build wonderfully, and her long skirt and blouse-and-bodice combination were deliciously tight on her svelte frame, outlining her youthful curves perfectly.

An intrigued hum rumbled in her chest as she lifted clawed hands to Kat's back, feeling the smooth lines of her shoulder blades through the tightness of her shirt. A delicate hand slipped

between them, gently pushing them apart. "Easy, girls." said the vixen through a coy smile, "The night is young, and we've still got a whole bottle of wine to drink."

The feline grumbled, but reluctantly pulled away from Emma, instead curling a slim hand behind the dragoness's neck and accepting the glass of dark, fruity-smelling wine that Sage pushed into her other. Kathryn took a sip, eyeing the others over the rim of the glass as Sage daintily lowered herself to sit next to the dragon, her bushy fox tail, white tip and all, slipping around Emma's waist.

Taking note of the fact that the dragoness's bountiful body was completely bare, two slender, vulpine fingers walked up her arm, claws clicking on her scales as Sage leaned into her side, sipping from her own glass. Where had she hidden them? They certainly weren't hers. "You had us worried for a little bit there, dear. Do try not to give us any more heart attacks."

"Not you guys too..." Emma groaned.

"Oh, come on, Em. It's not all that bad." muttered the feline, leaning in to brush affectionate lips over the dragoness's cheek, "We didn't come to tell you how frantic we were, or that we were afraid we'd never see you again. We knew you would be alright. We just wanted you to know that we were thinking of you."

The chastised dragon blinked slowly. "S-sorry." she mumbled, "I've just had my fair share of pity over the past few days."

The vixen shook her head with a tender smile. "My dear, there is a tremendous difference between concern for a loved one and pity. Is it so bad that people were worried for you, that people took an interest in your well-being? We love you, Emma. Was it wrong for us to care about you?"

"N-no... But I was fine... you girls didn't need to worry about me. I can handle myself. Don't you trust me?"

Kathryn sighed and rested her short, feline muzzle against the dragoness's snout. "Of course we trust you, Em. We just sure as hells don't trust anyone stupid enough to try to imprison a Lancer. They're liable to do anything."

With a sigh, Emma smiled. "It was a rather... interesting experience. I have to admit."

Sage shooed the thought away with an urgent flick of her tail and a lazy wave of her hand. "You can tell us all about it later, dear; now's not the time for such thoughts."

She raised her eyebrows with theatric surprise. "Oh? Then for what *is* it the time, hmm? I was just going to laze around all night, but if you've got something a little more... high impact in mind, I'd love to hear your thoughts."

Throwing her head back, Kathryn downed the rest of her glass and shoved it into the vixen's chest. "Mmnh... I've got an idea..." she said in a playful growl. The feline leaned forward, pressing her lips into Emma's once again, albeit with a bit more fond tenderness. Sage seemed in no mood to pull them apart this time, and only watched with sparkling eyes as she sipped on her own drink, brushing the fluff of her tail along Emma's wings as the calico cat kissed the dragoness with slowly rising passion.

A surprised murmur rumbled in her chest. Kathryn was usually fairly shy, even around her closest friends. The wonders of an encouraging voice and a bottle of wine, she supposed. Either way, she cupped her strong hands around the cat's slim back, not urging, just gently encouraging. A rough tongue slipped between her lips; Kathryn tasted like grapes, and Emma returned the oral embrace, slipping out the tip of her slender, black organ to play with her ardent lover's.

As the dragon caressed the clean lines of a petite back, Sage rose to her feet, setting her glass aside on the desk and moving to stand beside her enamored kitten. Sage's tiny hands went around as the vixen pressed her soft, blouse-clad breasts into Kathryn's back, over Emma's hands. The vulpine woman was a couple inches shorter than the cat, and was possessive of a fuller figure, but was still slender and elegantly angled. Her thin, nimble fingers danced around her love's chest, cupping Kathryn's small, supple bust, kneading the pliant flesh through the tight linen of the feline's bodice.

Kathryn whined a short moan and squirmed as Sage's agile digits found the laces to her bodice and started tugging insistently on them. She worked slowly, teasingly, but eventually, the bodice was slipped off the limber body it had been wrapped around. The vixen cast it carelessly to the side and immediately started to do the same to the willowy cat's simple shirt. Button after button was loosed, and more and more of her signature splotches were visible. With the soft rustling of simple fabric on her fur, the vulpine's roaming hands teased Kathryn's shirt off of her shoulders, slipping it down wiry arms before tossing it to the side with her bodice.

Pulling away briefly to survey what she had to work with, Emma dropped her head to brush her snout down along the feline's jaw. Ruddy pink nipples, as petite and perky as the rest of her, capped her pert breasts, and Sage's palms went around them, grinding with the light sound of fur on fur, making the cat moan hotly. The vixen encouraged her with a mischievous growl and playful bites around the nape of her neck and up around her ears, making the triangular, feline organs flick wildly as Kathryn shivered and purred.

The fur beneath the fine, bronze scales of her fingers was wonderfully soft and inviting, and she transitions her hands from the cat's back to her sides, squeezing gently and tickling claws, which could just as easily have ripped her in half, along her ribcage, making her squirm and shiver. "Lovely, as always, Kat." the dragoness purred quietly as she danced her fingers along a lean, perfect body, "I swear, every time I see you, you look even better than the last, exquisite."

The vixen spoke up, whispering into a quivering ear. "See, Darling? I told you I'm not the only one who thinks so." Kathryn whimpered, her mouth dropping open to bare her sharp teeth, as Sage nibbled tenderly at the base of her ears. The dragoness grinned excitedly with a knowing nod and swept her hands up along a taut abdomen, delighting in each svelte contour.

Kathryn mewled pitifully, desire tightening her light, airy voice. "G-girls... w-wait..."

She stopped immediately, her claws hovering over soft, calico fur, eager to keep caressing, stroking that flawless body. "What?" breathed the dragoness, heavy with desire that had been slowly rising, "What's wrong?"

The feline shifted nervously, her tail flicking playfully behind her, brushing along Sage's ample, cloth-clad chest with wordless enthusiasm. "Wh-why am I always the center of attention?" she wondered innocently, her cerulean eyes wide, "We're here for you. Let us take care of you."

Emma let out a relieved sigh, and Sage giggled lightly. "Oh?" mused the dragoness with a coy flicker of her eyelids, "This is all about me, about what I want?" She put her hands back to firm, lean flesh. "Then you just sit there for a minute and let me touch you." Kathryn gave a flustered grumble, but the blush that was burning in her ears wasn't just a product of her inebriation, and her meager, but tight muscle was writhing beneath her fur as she wriggled and was so dexterously stimulated. Fur so soft, a body so lean and sexy, Kathryn was perfect.

Sage's hands left pert breasts bare, rising up to slim shoulders, kneading them gently as she encouraged the feline to turn her head with more playful nibbles, The cat twisted, turning to

lock lips with her vulpine lover, and Emma grinned happily. Kathryn was helpless against her. The dragoness lowered her head, dipping down and letting her teeth part to permit the exit of her tongue. She trailed it eagerly along a smooth line before coiling it playfully around a petite, perky nipple, rubbing and stroking it nimbly.

Kat whined and undulated her body in slow, rolling motion as the vixen's hands went around her jaws, holding their lips together. Emma let out the rumbling growl of an increasingly amorous dragon and increased the force behind her movements, using her fingers to do to the calico woman's other tender bud what she was doing with her tongue to its sister. Small, palmable breasts felt good in her oral embrace, supple and yielding, and she played with them shamelessly until Kathryn's nipples were as hard as little diamonds and the cat was panting into Sage's mouth, hot and low with need. Perfect.

With easy, careful movements, she pulled away, letting Kat pour onto the dragoness's soft bed like water, dragging Sage down with her. The vixen, breathing heavily herself, attacked her feline lover with the gusto of a starving woman and pushed Kathryn up further into the bed with urgent arms. The dragoness hopped up, taking her place behind the vixen, doing to Sage what Sage had been doing to the topless cat.

Viciously clawed hands went around a slender chest, reaching to take hold of a plusher bust, squeezing and groping fondly as she nuzzled the vixen with the tip of her snout, giggling at the sensation of a bushy fox tail flicking over her bare form. Emma cooed gentle encouragement, urging Sage to pick up the tempo, and she did, digging hungrily into the moaning cat, her hands leaving Kathryn's cheeks to slip down and beginning the process of jerking the feline's tight skirt down her lean legs.

As Sage did that, the dragoness's fingers found the buttons holding on Sage's blouse, pulling them free and baring an increasingly impressive view of her plump breasts, contained by the cups of an ambitious, lacy bra. The fox was smaller in stature, but curvier, and no less perfect than the feline. The dragoness stripped her foxy friend with increasingly ravenous gusto. She tossed the fine fabric of the blouse aside, quickly doing the same for her frilly underwear. The sight of that slender back, of the curves of hand-filling breasts swelling out around it, it was enough to make Emma mourn that others clung so tenaciously to the habit of wearing clothes.

Her two furry friends wriggled against one another on her bed, and she hovered above them both, excited, hungry. She growled increasingly less playfully as she reached back around, taking up Sage's chest in her fingers, rolling sensitive nubs of flesh and grinding against her scaly palms, making the moans that were vibrating between the cat and fox more and more insistent. As the vixen was so carefully stimulated, she had the wherewithal to throw Kathryn's skirt aside—they were forming an increasingly impressive pile of clothes in her floor as the two, furred women found themselves less and less hidden from the dragoness's roving eyes.

Sage's skirt was next, and the dragoness took the time to gently tug it down the vixen's opulent hips, sliding it free of a plush, shapely backside that Emma immediately bent to press her snout against, rubbing the fox's lush butt through the gauzy, black fabric of her silky panties. She burbled a happy cry, inhuman but right-feeling, and her vulpine lover reacted by pushing back into her, surrendering to the worship Emma was lavishing her with.

Before the smooth, silk skirt had made it completely off of Sage's well-turned, pawed legs, she took the waistline of the vixen's frilly underwear up in her teeth with the utmost of gentleness, slowly teasing it lower and lower, exposing more and more of the fox's delicious, orange-and-white rump. It was so soft... and gropeable, and she did so with relentless enthusiasm as she pulled the black lace panties down shapely legs. Gently, cautiously, so that she wouldn't

damage her friend's clothes, she pulled off the last of Sage's garments off of her digitigrade feet, leaving her delightfully nude beneath her.

She took a long moment to listen to the increasingly urgent vocalizations of her friends' pleasure as she used a little bit of pressure to sink her fingers into Sage's bountiful rear, rubbing and stroking the soft fur that covered the fox's cheeks. Sliding back a few feet, she gave herself room to bend sinuously, urging Sage to rise up, just a few inches. The fox complied wordlessly, lifting her butt further into the air with an alluring wiggle of her hips.

The vixen's hands were busy with the contents of Kathryn's loins, still covered with the feline's own silky delicates. The cat's... less shy endowment, a soft-spined, feline member, was rock hard, throbbing fitfully against the restraints of Kat's dainty underwear with its accompanying, fuzzy scrotum. Sage's fingers were eagerly rubbing and stroking her through the sheer cloth, not bothering to remove the obstructing fabric.

The dragoness let out a pleased purr at the sight. The feline's masculine parts were just as dainty as Kat herself, petite and modest, but cute and well proportioned. Emma turned away; that was a pleasure for a later time, even if those little spines always felt so good. Sage was taking good care of her cat-like lover, so she instead directed her attention to the vixen's womanhood, parted with need and spread thighs, letting herself get a good whiff of the scent wafting off of the beads of lusty moisture that were collecting on Sage's dusky lower lips. Exquisite.

Gently, teasingly, she let her tongue run languidly up the dainty flower, licking up sweet, tasty nectar and swallowing noisily before she went back in for seconds. The vixen tensed and groaned, and the dragoness slowed down, moving with as much tender affection as she could as she took hold of Sage's soft, sumptuous hips and squeezed gently, continuing her slow, teasing, oral onslaught.

A pleasantly yielding tunnel parted around her tongue as she wormed an inch into her vulpine bedmate, making Sage hiss and squirm, pouring sudden energy into the connection the fox had with Kathryn. The dragoness pumped it in and out languidly, each push in adding a little bit more, an inch, two, three, five, nine, a foot, always with slow, cool insistence. The vixen was squealing into Kat's throat regardless of Emma's calm. The dragoness smiled, perhaps a foot so soon had been too much. She had more; her slender, muscular organ was nearly two feet long, a fleshy, black serpent that writhed eagerly inside her vulpine friend.

With a rueful grin along the curve of that slender back, Emma pulled out, moving more gently. She was getting ahead of herself. The night was young; the sun hadn't even finished sinking below the line of the horizon yet. Heaving a deep breath, she quashed her impatience; Sage always tasted so good. The flavors and aromas that were filling her room tugged at her inhibitions, pleading for her to let loose, but she didn't. She could be patient.

A ruddy, pink shaft was slowly bared as Sage teased the feline's dainty underwear down her slim hips, blindly touching and caressing as the two lovers kissed and licked with furious passion. The dragoness put lips to the vixen's womanhood, teeth parted just enough to let her tongue continue to probe and thrust, plunging with the eagerness of a starving woman presented with a lord's banquet. The fox's tail flicked eagerly above her rump, which Emma continued to gratefully grope, dimpling the succulent swells with tender force.

Sage pushed back unexpectedly, her tail batting softly against Emma's horns. With a wordless question that grumbled in her lungs, the dragoness let herself be pushed back. As the vixen retreated, lips parting from Kathryn's with a wet smack, she looked over her shoulder at her scaly lover. "Would you take care of her, dear?" murmured the fox in a steamy purr, "There's something that needs my attention."

Kat whined, expressive blue eyes huge, as the dragon nodded. Emma's bed creaked as Sage swapped places with her, and the feline soon found herself straddled by a set of strong, bronze-scaled thighs. A pair of finely scaled lips replaced Sage's as Kathryn raised her head in a reflexive reaction to the dragoness's kiss. Dangerously clawed fingers lay over the cat's chest, dotingly fondling while Kat's mouth eagerly accepted a long, black tongue with a rough, pink one of her own.

She groped the firm, perky breasts that were under her hands with the illusion of roughness, careful not to use any real strength as she tugged and rolled engorged nipples between her fingers. "Y-you..." Kathryn whimpered meekly, "you taste like her."

"I wouldn't know why..." whispered the dragoness coyly, "I'm hardly responsible for keeping track of my tongue, am I?" She smiled warmly as the cat's blush deepened, and was on the brink of saying something equally clever when Kathryn gasped and stiffened, a sharp squeak escaping her throat. The sounds of something wet and quite... lewd happening behind her made themselves heard. They were centered on the feline's loins and sounded *very* messy, Sage at work.

Sharp, feline fangs were bared as Kat's lips parted around a soft, girly moan, and Emma took the opportunity to fill her mouth with a length of fleshy tongue as she put her head back down, undulating and playing with her cat-like lover. Slim hands wrapped fingers around her horns, pulling her down more firmly, and as the sloppy sucking sounds intensified, the feline let out a quiet, playful growl. The dragoness let her, allowing herself to be pulled downward and orally savaged as the timid kitten grew more confident.

There was a shameless slurp behind her, and Sage's voice, mild and loving, mewled, "That's right, Darling, growl for us. Show us how fearless you are. Ooh, my little tiger, standing so tall and proud, I could just eat him up. In fact..." It was clear the vixen moved to do just that, uttering a pleased hum as she took Kathryn's rigid member between lips and a cradling tongue.

The calico form beneath her gasped and moaned into Emma's mouth, wriggling with increasing insistence, starting to jerk her hips up to little effect due to the weight of the dragoness atop her. A hand left onyx horns, sliding down to take up a deceptively supple, sapphire-scaled breast in ardent fingers. Emma was larger than the other two by a significant margin, and Kat delighted in it, squishing and squeezing, unable to fit it all in her palm. Such sincere admiration resonated pleasantly within her chest, and she felt herself purring like the cat below her, a gentle, rumbling in her throat that vibrated her whole body.

She returned the oral embrace with her feline lover with as much passion as she dared, but she was far from finished. Her long, tapering tail, thick with muscle, was useful for more than keeping her balance. Like a blind snake, she wriggled it behind her until she lighted on Sage's back, soft, orange fur meeting the azure scales that lined the bottom of her agile appendage. The vixen hummed, but didn't stop. Emma could feel the curvy vulpine's head bobbing up and down with cool insistence, accompanying the increasingly sloppy sounds of the pleasuring of her love.

That was fine. The dragoness was after a different prize, and her tail sought it out, sliding lower and lower, down until its tip found the base of the fox's own fluffy tail, flicking excitedly. She was close. Her tail twitched excitedly, taking a moment to perform an intricate, aerial dance with its bushy counterpart before it slipped back down, searching eagerly for its goal.

And then she found it. As the tip of her tail brushed longingly against the moist outer lips of the vixen's womanhood, Emma shivered with giddy energy at Sage's impatient huff. The vixen pushed back further, lifting her curve of her opulent butt into the air, spreading her legs

wide in an attempt to push herself onto the tip of the dragon's tail. Emma denied her, teasing, probing with unabashed insistence, never quite letting the fox get what she wanted, until Sage was mewling pitifully.

She wasn't cruel, though, and with an encouraging pat of her tail against the swell of a succulent buttock, Sage calmed down, letting her do what she wanted. The dragoness's length was more than enough, and she used the extra feet of muscular limb to coil tantalizingly around the vixen's plush thigh, stroking it slowly, up and down the womanly contour with a ring of scaled strength, gently squeezing. That left more than enough for her purposes, more than a foot of nimble, sinuous muscle hovering before Sage's hungry slit.

Sliding a length of her tail against it, she parted the fox's lips with its girth, pumping it tenderly against her vulpine lover's entrance with patient insistence, flicking her tip playfully over a petite, engorged clit. At contact with her sensitive button, the fox grunted cutely, her long ears flicking wildly as she tried to noisily swallow Kathryn's spiny tool through her spastic rapture. The dragoness giggled at Sage's reaction, her own mouth suddenly filled with Kat's tense moan.

Playtime was over, and without so much as a hissed warning, she bent the tip of her tail and tucked it into the vixen, pushing inch after inch in with no mercy. Sage tensed and squealed around Kathryn's loins as her dainty lips were forced apart. The tip of the dragon's tail was slim and agile, but it thickened the closer to its base she got, and Emma showed no shyness about shoving as much as she could in.

Her scales were smooth and flawless, but compared to the velvety cushion of the fox's walls, she may as well have been using a carpenter's rasp to pleasure her foxy friend. Well-practiced muscles flexed and tensed to an unknown rhythm, pulling greedily on the dragoness's tail, and yearning for more, which Emma gladly gave. Sage was spacious, an absurd amount of her body apparently being devoted to her lush passage, and was likely one of the few of the dragoness's friends who could even remotely consider taking Emma's true masculinity, a ridged, draconian member nearly two feet in length. Instead, she gave her all the tail she was capable of giving and began to piston it slowly in and out, squirming within the clenching tunnel with unforgiving gusto.

It took Sage's breath away, but the fox dare not let up on her furry, calico love, instead only increasing the fervor of her urgent ministrations. Kathryn groaned into Emma's parted lips, and the dragoness's didn't let the contact be broken by the feline's abrupt, tense shudder. It seemed like each of Kat's dire gasps left her lungs in some lusty vocalization, a grunt, then a moan, then a giddy squeal, each coming faster and faster, louder, more frantic. The long, lithe body trapped between her thighs flexed and strained with the force of her unleashed desire, and the hands on her body clasped her softness in tight, grasping fingers, all of them having found her bountiful, flawless bust.

With each of Kathryn's panting whines, Emma jerked her tail in and out of Sage's loins, whirling it around inside her, making her likewise shake and moan, until the sounds bubbling up from the throats around her filled her ears with a blissful chorus, and it became unclear who was setting the pace. The three women squirmed against one another, tensing and undulating with ravenous gusto as they feasted on each other's desire, their lust, their shared love.

The meeting of lips and soft, yielding flesh connected them. The quiet rustle of fur and scales rubbing against the sheets and themselves was the undertone to the increasingly needy moans. The fed each other, building themselves higher and higher, pushing and grinding and sucking, a ball of hair and scaly hide and unrestrained want. There was heat; the smell of sweat

and fragrant, feminine fluid drifted into the dragoness's nostrils, she could practically taste it on Kathryn's tongue.

It was a race, a race between two furred, sensual creatures, with the dragoness as a moderator, urging both on with lips and legs and tail. She pleaded wordlessly with her body for her lovers to keep going, to writhe their slim, sexy forms against her, for her, to squeal and moan, muffled around each other. Kat quaked beneath her, slender fingers tightening around her chest, hips bucking and thrashing. Her tail moved with nearly blinding urgency, pumping and flailing wildly around inside the vixen's body, begging for fluttering walls to collapse down in orgasmic bliss. She demanded it, a growl overriding the purr in her chest.

It was time; she needed it. She needed it, the feeling of the lean body underneath her tensing, arching her back, showing off feline flexibility as Kathryn bent nearly in half with release. She needed the feeling, the sound of Sage cumming wetly around her tail, slicking her scales with a sheen of ecstasy. The need for her lover's rapture overcame all else within her.

She parted from Kat, the feline's lips still probing, seeking out the lost intimacy. Leaning her head down, she let her calico lover's lips press into her jaw, then down to her throat as she put her open maw near to a flicking, quivering ear. "Come on, Kat." she whispered, breathing through her possessive growl, "Sage is so close. Don't let her beat you. She's so hungry. Feed her, kitten, but let me feel it. I just want to feel you." She leaned closer, brushing the tufts of hair that lined the cat's ears with the tip of her snout. "Cum for me, kitten, for us, for her. Give her a nice..." She punctuated each word with a rough tug on firm, ruddy nipples. "long... drink..."

With another hissing growl, she felt Kat's fingers clamp down on her chest and heard the feline's squeal of climax pass beyond her range of hearing. Kathryn did as the dragoness hoped, jerked and bucked with sudden vigor, twitching and writhing between her thighs, spine bending as far as Emma's weight would allow. The cat's head fell limply back, mouth open in a silent screech that snapped taut the tendons in her neck, her whole body twisting and writhing, glossy fur sliding across the sheets on which she lay.

Perfect. The dragoness drank it in, rubbing claws along her nude form, watching muscle flex and tighten in ecstasy. She moved her tail with hard, jerky movements. Next it was Sage's turn. She brutally reamed the vixen behind her, filling her again and again with as much tail as the fox's womanhood could take, which was not an insignificant amount. Pounding her scaled length in and out, she threw her wings open, touching both walls of the room and uttering a low, warbling cry, as natural as it was inhuman.

Sage nearly choked on the spasming length in her mouth when her own release crashed into her. The vixen's orgasm was much more vocal than Kathryn's had been, and she let out a wet, gurgling cry, high pitched and desperate, as her practiced walls wrapped around the dragoness's tail and milked it with hungry, sucking contractions. She slipped in and out of her foxy lover's wet, fluttering hole to a tempo set by the undulating of the vixen's body, spastic and irregular.

Her two furry bedmates bucked and thrashed weakly against her, rubbing fur to scales, grinding and clenching in only the most delicious of ways, and the dragoness accepted it, encouraged it. She licked the line of a tense tendon in Kathryn's neck, lapping a throbbing artery. She used the coil of tail she had around Sage's thigh to stroke and lovingly squeeze, supporting the vixen through her shuddering climax.

They were panting, gasping, sweating and oozing all over her bed. She would be able to smell it for days, filling her nose. Emma couldn't wait to wake up to that smell, the scent of her friend's passion, their love for each other, for her. She worked them down as slowly as she

needed to, returning her lips to Kathryn's as the feline's body tried to convince itself how lovely swallowing her tongue would be. She kept her tail in Sage, giving her vulpine passage something big and thick with muscle to caress and wring in its relief.

Slowly, the control of her lover's bodies returned to them, and she heard their breathing slowing, their heartbeats dropping from a tumultuous thundering to a more normal, regular rate. The kiss that Kathryn returned grew slow and languid, and Emma tightened her thighs around the feline's slim waist in an affectionate hug, putting her arms around svelte shoulders, with a hand cradling the cat's snowy-haired head.

Moving air around the room in mild eddies, she shuffled her wings, folding them once more against her back as the dragoness let herself fall sideways onto her bed, rolling over onto her back and pulling Kat up onto her chest, making the feline let out a surprised giggle. Their kiss returned, the cat trailing lips back down onto her throat as a meager chest squished shamelessly into her own, larger bust.

Emma grunted as Sage bounced up, playfully shouldering Kathryn over to make room for her own body to splay out along the dragoness's frame. She took it with open, inviting arms, wrapping them around her fuzzy lovers as a vulpine tail twined lovingly around its cat-like counterpart behind them. They were beautiful, and they gave each other a warm kiss before they both put lips to Emma, happy and doting.

She rolled back her head and laughed richly, tightening the embrace she had locked around her friends. "You two are the best." she admitted quietly between happy, intimate contact, "I'm glad you came to visit. This was way more fun than sitting here in the dark, being bored out of my mind."

Sage laughed with her, her plush form shifting against the dragon's. "Naturally, dear, but we're hardly done. Someone---I'm not naming any names--but someone missed out on the fun." She showed her teeth in a sly grin, and Kathryn joined her as they started inching away, sliding down the dragoness's body.

She opened and closed her mouth noisily as two sets of gentle hands started rasping claws over the scales of her breasts, then abdomen, inching lower and lower. "Ah... I-it's fine... I don't need to... I don't need to... finish." she stammered, lying through her clenched teeth, "You two are all I need."

Sage laughed again, hopping up to straddle her waist, facing her and hunching low over her until their chests were grinding nipple against nipple. "Of course we are, dear." Her tail flicked through the air as Kathryn continued wordlessly lower, scraping and rubbing sensitive scales. "And we know what you need better than anyone, hmm? So stop fussing and try not to put an eye out."

She huffed as Sage pushed herself back up, spinning gracefully to put her smooth back to the dragoness. Emma had to bat the fluffy tail away from her face as the vixen swiped it under her nose impishly. As Kathryn turned to face the fox, her spiny member already throbbing back to hardness in anticipation of whatever it was the two were planning, she and Sage leaned in to kiss each other again, forming an arch over Emma's crotch, which a couple hands went for with sudden gusto.

The dragoness clenched her teeth as delicate fingers roamed over her loins, rubbing and stimulating the cobalt scales between her legs in a seemingly random pattern. Emma knew better. Sage and Kat knew her far too well for their motions to be so aimless. They were on a mission, and she could feel it nearing completion. Fingertips danced and rolled over her scales, and when one suddenly found, seemingly by accident, her nearly invisible slit, she gasped.

With a sharp inhalation, her eyes rolled back in her head and she arched her back, lifting her hips off of her bed, likewise lifting her two lovers free of the sheets with giddy strength. She felt herself open, her slit being shoved wide around her dual sexes baring themselves with explosive force. It was like its own mini-orgasm, sudden relief washing through her body, filling her veins with liquid ice that quickly, *very* quickly melted under the fiery heat of her desire, finally realized.

It emerged half-hard, as always, still nearly the length of her forearm, and its dorsal side was ribbed with fleshy ridges that gave it an almost segmented appearance. A tapered head, a thick base, a prominent channel for the emptying of herself of her seed, it screamed overwhelming, draconic strength, and it practically leapt into the four hands that were hovering impatiently, waiting to worship its majesty. Slightly shier, Emma's comparatively dainty femininity emerged a half-second behind its far more eager brother, fleshy lips parting as blood pooled in the dragoness's loins.

As coal-black as the rest of her flesh, it somehow darkened even further as blood roared between her legs, quickly stiffening her manhood, pushing its ridges out, defining its shape and tremendous size as it inched longer and pulsed thicker. It contemptuously shoved apart the fingers that dared try to encircle its girth, throbbing angrily at such disrespect of its hardness and power. It raged, demanded to be worshiped like the idol it was, and Emma could practically hear her blood pouring through it over the sound of her own pounding heart.

Hands slowed, and Kathryn's pretty face peeked around Sage's silhouette, a coy smile stretching her lips. "Try not to throw us off this time, okay Em?"

"I..." she panted in reply, "I make... no promises."

The feline shrugged and turned back to the stunning maleness between her and Sage's stomachs. The two furry ladies scooted closer, sandwiching her burning member in layers of soft fur, fingers still dancing along her length, rubbing her sensitive ridges and tracing throbbing veins. With a soft moan, Kathryn's woefully outmatched hermaphroditic manhood slid up along Emma's, sliding roughly up and down her flesh, soft spines scraping along her length as Kat rolled her hips.

"Gods..." the feline breathed, her voice low in respectful reverence, not stopping the slow rubbing, "You keep getting bigger and bigger every time. It's growing faster than you are. Before long, I'll be able to lay on it." Her fingers tightened playfully on Emma's taut, onyx flesh. "I bet you'd like that, me just wriggling all over you, all over this big, hard thing, as big as my body. I can't wait."

Kat punctuated every few words with a little jerk against her pulsating hardness, eagerly frotting a nearly two-foot erection with a modest six inches. Size hardly mattered, though, and each loving stroke, each tender finger trailed a line of bliss down her sensitive skin. The dragoness was panting heavily, her claws taking Sage by the hips, once more fondling the plush curves.

She let her head lay back, closing her eyes. She didn't need to see what was happening; she could feel it, hear it. Instead, she just rested on her horns, focusing on the sensations pouring into her mind from her crotch. Sage's fingers were shorter, her claws smaller, gentler than Kat's; the vixen's body was softer, rounder, and the fox rippled her opulent form against her ridges, favoring the two nearest her tip with nimble digits. The feline's hands were lower on her length, pumping lazily up and down her base as she insistently dragged her own masculinity along taut flesh with each forward sway of her hips.

When the Kathryn shifted, the dragoness clenched her teeth in giddy anticipation; she wouldn't be neglected, after all. Having a two-foot dick was all well and good, but what was the point if it drew all the attention away from the rest of her? Kathryn wasn't going to let her down, and she hissed excitedly when she felt Kat push up against her feminine folds, parting them slowly, insistently, poking at her entrance, hidden under the shadow of a massive, onyx obelisk as it was.

The dragoness spread her legs, pushing her tail down, giving the feline as inviting a position as she was able to, and pleaded softly for the teasing to end. Need had crystallized in her veins, making her body tense. She felt tight, like she was going to burst, and it only grew in intensity as Kathryn bit her lip and wriggled her way forward into Emma's nethers with gentle thrusts. Intent on not losing the pleasure that pulled a grunt from her lungs, she lifted her tail behind the calico-furred woman, twining it up and around Kat's slender torso, hugging and constricting around her gently, encouragingly.

She let out a breathy moan from between parted teeth as Kathryn used her tail as a brace to begin humping against her entrance with slowly building gusto, raking her silken walls with soft spines. The feline moaned even louder, still tender from her previous orgasm, but clearly preparing for another one as she bucked with increasing force. Her calico lover didn't have to hold back; she was tough. Her skin, while sensitive, was thick and sturdy. Kat could be as rough as she wanted, and she knew it.

Sage busied herself in other ways: rubbing herself on Emma's massive endowment, bending down, sliding it between soft, velvet breasts, running her tongue over its tapered head and leaving a trail of cool saliva over it. With her fingers and pillowy chest, she pushed forward, once more pinching Emma between the dragoness's two, furred lovers.

The vixen let Kat dictate the pace, undulating her own body in time with the feline's, slow, inexorable building to something titanic. The dragoness panted and gasped, vocalizing her pleasure with wordless mewling that she prayed would urge her friends onward. It seemed to, and she threw her head back into her mattress, gnashing her teeth from the strain of resisting the urge to buck her hips up into the furry embrace. She didn't want to hurt anyone, and Sage's plea to not put an eye out was only half in jest.

She resisted furiously, but she was close. The powerful muscle that lined her body tensed beneath her scales as she drew tight like a strung bow. Her tendons pulled on her bones, and her back started to arch against her will. She was so tense. She felt it bunching up behind the scales of her crotch, a release like all her others, tremendous and unstoppable, a pressure that made her feel like she could explode, mingling with the power that raged through her form and compounding. Its building fury accompanied the short sparks that arced over her scales with tinny pops that filled the room with a flickering light show.

Her lovers knew full well what that meant, and increased their tempo to a frantic pace, eager to push the amorous dragoness over the edge of the cliff of her bliss. The hands on her were no longer gentle and teasing. They jerked along Emma's ridged shaft as Sage took as much as she was capable of into her mouth, sucking and slurping with as much vigor as she could muster. Kat grunted and pounded her with as much strength as her wiry body was capable of producing, roughly savaging her.

With a trembling, victorious cry, the dragoness felt the tension in her snap with a crack she swore she could hear as much as feel. Hew whole body throbbed and ached, and she felt her monolithic member surge in thickness with a torrent of her seed. Sage felt it pushing her fingers apart and wisely moved her head back before she got twin lungfuls of the dragon's dense virility.

Her whole body spasmed, unrelentingly powerful muscles expelling the first thick rope of her jizz with enough force to splatter it over the ceiling more than a dozen feet above her bed. Before the first drop could fall, it was added to by a second, and then a third. Her lovers' hands moved in time with the flexing of her body, the tension in her frame keeping her spine rigid and unmoving as she shot streamers of pearlescent fluid across her bedroom like a geysering fountain.

She hissed and growled through her euphoria, feeling her womanhood clamp down on Kat with enough strength to make the feline grunt and falter. She tried to groan an apology, but no words made it through her clenched teeth. It was so hard to control herself in the throes of her passion. Kathryn took it in stride however, doing her best to continue to ream the orgasmic tightness of the dragoness's slick passage.

Emma could feel it when her cat-like lover reached her own release, spurting into her clasp tunnel with uncontrolled jerking. Her draconic womanhood drank it down, pulling Kat further in, holding her, milking her eagerly even as the dragoness spewed and writhed. Her hands held tightly onto Sage's waist, keeping the vixen stable through her quaking.

She could watch the sluggish dwindling of her relief in the decreasing altitude of her release. Eventually Sage thought it safe enough, and interrupted the intermittent stream with her face, putting tongue back to Emma's tip, boldly licking and eagerly drinking what she could before it drenched her, matting into her fur. The dragoness could only fight the urge for her eyes to roll back into her head as her thinking mind quailed from the ferocity of her orgasm.

When she was finally spent, she and everything around her was plastered in a thick layer of her sticky seed. It dripped from the ceiling and ran in tiny rivulets from her scales, soaking into her sheets. Emma panted, full breast's heaving on her chest as her limbs quivered nervelessly, shaking with the aftershocks of her rapture.

Sage still slowly licked the behemoth member as it hesitantly deflated, heedless of the mess that was slicked over her smooth orange-and-white fur. With a soft whine, Kathryn pulled herself out, causing a fit of twitches to wrack her body as she leaned hard into Sage, who held her up with a demure arm. The feline looked exhausted, ears drooping with fatigue and eyes bleary and unseeing. "There, there, Darling." cooed the vixen as Emma pulled her tremendous genitalia back into her body with a wet schlick that left her crotch solid and scaly once again, "You did well. Just breathe, hmm? That's my kitten."

With an easy sigh and the squelch of sticky fur, Sage pulled her kitten into a warm hug and let herself fall backward into Emma's arms, which then went around them both. The vixen rested her head on the dragoness's breasts as if they were the softest of pillows, looking up with a pleased shine to her eyes. Emma could see perfectly well in the darkness, but the other two would soon start to have problems. The sun had fallen, and the shadows creeping into her room were increasingly oppressive.

The pair occupying her arms wriggled happily, and Emma squeezed them both gently as she finally felt herself returning to a sense of normalcy. "So..." she mused casually, "Did you two finally get what you were after?" Kathryn smiled, blinking numbly, and Sage giggled, writhing enough to make the seed gumming up her fur suck noisily against the dragon's scales. "Mmh... I thought as much."

The three women basked in the communal, post-coitus glow for a few silent minutes, just the sounds of their breathing and the occasional dripping of semen onto the floor making themselves heard. It was time for rest. The scent of her strength filled her nostrils, soothed her.

She pushed herself up further into her bed and rolled to her side, easing her bedmates onto the sheets before throwing her tail over them both. Sage's smile said all she needed to hear.

She whined when Kathryn made a move to get up, finally recovered enough for thought, and held her down with a length of questioning tail. The feline hesitated. "Emma... I need to get home. I have to be at the Chalice early tomorrow."

Anxiety roiled in the dragoness's stomach. "I'll send Corvus a letter." Emma promised, "Official Lance business. He'll understand if you're a few hours late." Regardless, she pulled her tail away, giving the calico cutie leave to leave, quietly adding, "Please, Kat... Sage... Please just stay with me for the night. This bed is always so empty. I'll take you down to the showers first thing in the morning and get you cleaned up; I promise."

Kathryn's resolve faltered, and she slumped back into the bed as Sage, pinned between the two taller women, nodded slowly. "I know the feeling, dear. We'll stay with you." The vixen leaned in for a kiss, but stopped, blinking crossed eyes as a drop fell onto her muzzle. "That is, as long as you promise to do something about the rain."

Emma nodded happily, snaking an arm under the two and hauling them atop her once again, side-by-side. She kissed them, lavished affection over them until the two furry ladies were giggling shamelessly. She then worked her wings free from under her, spreading them wide before curling them up and over her, wrapping Kat and Sage in a jet cocoon, cradled between sapphire scales and leathery, onyx hide. Twining her limbs around those of her lovers, she tucked her nose close to them, breathing of them as they put gentle lips to her, and let them lull her to sleep.