

Despite Delay

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It was nearly sunset, late into the third week out from Southcliff, when the trio arrived at Timbergrove. The town was far from the metropolis like that from which they had come, but it was also hardly small, made prosperous by the trade of lumber cut from the massive, sprawling forest in whose shadow it had been built. The three Lancers were greeted warmly at the gates, and were let into the town with little undue fanfare.

Emma knew just where to take them, and they made a beeline for some place to stay the night, a quaint, two-story inn called the Sorcerous Shepherd. They got their fair share of looks from people ending their days, and the inn was appropriately busy. The two Lancers with the dragoness were clad, as nearly always, in their suits of polished argentum armor, and they made quite the entrance in the almost-crowded common room.

As they took seats at a table, Calian, a barrel-chested, brown-furred otter morph, took the opportunity to dust the snow from the rich, blue fabric of his cape. "Gods' Golden Blood..." he mumbled under his breath, "I thought we'd never get out of the cold. I can hardly feel my toes."

The Lancer sitting across from him, an athletically-built husky, just giggled and crossed her arms over her plated chest. "It *did* get a little cold awfully fast, didn't it? I didn't expect the snow so soon. It's unseasonal, even for places this far north. Still, you have to admit. The snow looks nice on all the trees."

"I bet." the otter grumbled, "Too bad I couldn't see it past the icicles hanging from my eyelashes."

"Oh come on, water-boy." Emma chastised, "It wasn't that cold. I think you just like having something to complain about for once. It must be a new sensation for you. What's it feel like?"

Calian grumbled, but Ivy spoke up first. "You know I hate to side against you, Cal, but she has a point. You've been bellyaching since we left the Sanctum. Our armor's padded, and even you should be comfortable. I think you really do just like to complain. You never do it any other time."

With a derisive snort, the otter muttered, "And who says I'm never allowed to complain? I just really don't like being cold. Heat? Whatever. Pain? Meh. But I'd rather be set on fire than have to start shivering. I don't know how you two stand it."

The grinning canine lifted her arm, flexing it to show off her lean bicep, which was hidden by her armor anyway. "I guess we're just tougher than you, big boy. Don't worry; I'll warm you up later. Hopefully this place has soft beds."

"They do, or at least they did the last time I was here." the dragoness informed them, "It's been a few years though. So who knows?"

"Gods, I hope so." prayed the husky, "Even if it's straw, anything would be better than my bedroll right now. When were you last here?"

Emma flicked her own cape off of her arm so she could lean forward against the table. "Mmh... ten years ago? Eleven? Valorie knows the owner's family from way back. From what I understand, they've got really good cider. It's the season for it, too."

Ivy let out an intrigued hum, and they soon got the opportunity to see for themselves as a svelte deer-morph sashayed up to their table and begged for them to tell her what they wanted.

Their communal answer was as instantaneous as it was crystal clear: something hot to eat and something even hotter to drink. The inn could readily provide, and they tucked into dinner with ravenous gusto.

Afterwards, they sat and chatted amiably while sipping on their respective drinks and watching people filter through the inn's double doors. Eventually, the evening rush dissipated, leaving the common room quiet and nearly empty. The inn had vacancies, and as Ivy and Calian retired to a room, Emma moved her mug of steaming tea to the bar set into the far wall near the warmth of the broad, fire-filled hearth.

"I've been wondering when you'd work your way over here." murmured the barkeep as the dragoness's drink was refilled, "You sure know how to keep a girl waiting."

Emma looked up with a smile. It gave her slow, lasting look at a broad chest whose bounty the dragoness suspected would have dwarfed the largest pair she had seen. It was only with great mental effort that she tore her eyes free to push them the rest of the way upward. The eyes smiling back at her looked almost out-of-place set into such an alluringly pretty face. The bartender's features were distinctively bovine, with a broad, boxy muzzle that ended in a warm, happy smile. The fur covering her body was a splotchy mixture of black and white, but her eyes were a sharp hazel that twinkled with slow, entrancing innocence.

Long, cowlike ears and a pair of short, nubby horns poked up through a mane of thick, black hair that rolled over her shoulders in glossy waves. It framed her face and fell to the middle of her back, which was not an insignificant distance. She was tall, befitting her species, more than eight feet, likely rivaling Valorie in height, if not quite stature. Her bearing spoke of quiet, confident strength, and not a small amount of muscle covered her frame, but it was hidden under a layer of fat that lent her an enticing softness.

She was anything but small, in any proportion, but it was obvious where the majority of her extra weight sat. Emma couldn't have guessed how many yards of cloth it took to cover the twin mountains that slowly rose and fell in the bovine barkeep's strained blouse. The cow morph's mammaries were tremendous, dominating her torso, and they got in her way as she moved her arms, stoically preparing another drink without looking down. It was enough to leave the dragoness drooling as Emma watched their exaggerated movements.

The word voluptuous was redefined by the woman before the Lancer. Her curves seemingly didn't stop. A pleasantly plump waist still looked almost waspish considering the thick, womanly swells that bordered it, and a tufted tail occasionally flitted into view around hips the breadth of two of Emma. "Hey, Shelby." the dragoness responded, trying not to stammer, "Long time no see. You look... really good."

As if... words were an insult to the sheer... magnitude of the bovine, but the bartender just smiled more, a blush visible under the white splotches on her face. She spoke with a faint hint of an accent, a slight, mountain-folk twang. "Thanks, hun. You don't look too bad, yourself. I was wondering when you'd finally show up." She frowned, a look of mock hurt gleaming in her eye, "You're late."

The dragoness was sure to look appropriately chagrined. "Yeah... sorry about that, Shelb. I know what my letters said, but I ran into some... trouble on the way here. I wanted to introduce you to Mel and Toby, but they... couldn't come."

Shelby shrugged, making her breasts heave deliciously in her shirt. "Don't worry about it hun. You've got a... stressful job. I'm just glad you could make it up here at all. It's been so long." She leaned forward, mashing her enormous boobs into the bar, and said in a conspiratorial whisper, "I missed you, hun. You used to come all the time. The Lance keeping you busy?"

"You can say that, yeah." She gestured to the cape hanging limply off of her shoulder. "Still on a job, technically. I can't say much about it."

Expressive hazel eyes opened wide. "Is there anything I can do to help?"

Emma took a sip of her tea. "Maybe. The Lance has been getting reports of suspicious disappearances around these parts. Have you heard anything about it?"

Shelby heaved a sigh, doing unkind things to her shirt, which complained noisily. "Not really. Sometimes people just pick up and walk away, you know? I've told you about the legends around the forest. Most people chalk it up to the spirits in the trees. Bunch of manure, if you ask me. I couldn't say that there've been any more than usual. But I guess if you got sent here, it's serious, isn't it?" The chesty cow pondered for a moment. "They'll be on their farm this late, but tomorrow, if you can manage, you should talk to the McAlister's. They're the last ones who had someone "disappear" on them, their daughter. But around the same time, the Swensons' son vanished, and there were always rumors that they were... "meeting behind the haystack", if you know what I mean."

"I can guess, yeah." Emma said, taking another long drink, finishing her tea, "But thanks, I'll pay them a visit in the morning."

As the dragoness waved away another refill, Shelby spent a brief moment fidgeting. "Hey Em." she said hesitantly, a blush brightening on her cheeks again, "Before you head up to your room, I need to take care of something in the cellar, and I could use your help. Would you mind...?"

Emma spent a contemplative second staring at the bottom of her empty cup before she slid from her stool. "Sure, Shelby. I've gotten plenty of sleep recently. I could use something productive to do. Lead the way."

The bovine innkeeper happily clapped her hands and sashayed out from behind the bar, ushering the Emma from the common room and into the kitchens, where a couple petite canines were scrubbing dishes. With a friendly wave, the dragoness followed the slowly rolling hips, tightly encapsulated in a calf-length skirt, as they swayed in front of her. Clumsy-looking, cloven hooves clacked on stone tiles, loud on a set of stairs as Shelby descended into the cellar.

Despite the faint scent of earth that permeated the spacious room, it smelled clean, strongly of the myriad varieties of alcohol stored in casks stacked against one wall, and of preserved foodstuffs. It was almost enough to make the dragoness hungry again; dinner had been delicious. Light spilled into the room from the stairs, and it was supplemented by a well-polished wall sconce that reflected its flickering light across the neatly organized space.

Emma bounced on her toes, folding her arms underneath her ample, but woefully outdone chest. "So... you need me to grab something?"

Before the dragoness finished the question, Shelby let out a throaty laugh and turned toward her. "Yeah, hun. There're a few things that I could use your help with." She danced forward, beaming eagerly, and slid a proportionally slender hand along Emma's arm. Comparatively dainty, confident fingers curled around the dragoness's arm and squeezed cautiously. "You've grown so much since last time, Em. You're so big and strong now. It feels like it's been so long since I last saw you."

Emma's voice sounded mournful even to herself. "I'm really sorry Shelb. Life just... keeps going, doesn't it?" A groping hand reached up to her other arm, and she flexed almost on instinct. "For what it's worth, you haven't changed a bit."

Shelby laughed, but the sound had an undertone of sorrow that left the dragoness frowning. "You're a terrible liar, Em. A lot can happen in a decade, and it feels like everything

did. I was barely a woman last time you were here. I finished growing up, I got old..." She smiled sheepishly, patting the bit of pudge she carried at her waist. "I put on a little weight, which is good, I guess. No one trusts a skinny innkeeper."

That was true enough, and Emma nodded. "Yeah, but you're still gorgeous, Shelb. There aren't enough years in eternity to take that away from you."

Scoffing, the busty bovine rolled her eyes. "Come talk to me in forty years and say that again. I'll be grey and withered like the rest of them." Slowly, her shy smile faded. "But you won't be, will you? You'll always be tall and proud and beautiful..."

Reaching up to brush her fingers over Shelby's face, Emma shook her head. "No. Everything withers in time. I just... I'll take a little longer than most. But we can talk about that when the time comes. Forty years is a long time right? We don't have to think about that right now, do we?" She hesitated. "What... What did you need me for?"

A long, heavy sigh whispered between half-parted lips as the curvy cow morph leaned forward into Emma's hand. Work-weathered fingers slid along her the scales of her arms, feeling the bundled strength that lay beneath them, and tightened on her biceps with surprising strength. Shelby lifted, and the dragoness's claws left the floor with ease that made it seem like she was a doll. She was pulled feet off of the floor, until she was level with the innkeeper's face, which slowly regained its sunny smile. "So many things, Emma. I missed you. I missed you so much. Your letters were nice, but I missed you anyway."

The dragoness opened her mouth to respond, but she couldn't get the words out before Shelby dipped her head forward and pressed full, heavy lips against her. Her heartfelt reply was muffled, coming out only as a husky, "Mmph!", and she hung there, suspended, her legs dangling limply. The onyx skin stretched over her wings tingled as a wave of impassioned heat poured through her veins. Her lengthy, tapering tail curled inward on itself as far as it could, and she twitched with surprised energy.

With a loud clack of hoof meeting stone, she was carried backward, and another step pressed her back into the cellar's cold, brick wall. Shelby kept going, pushing against her, and Emma felt the plush, heavy mass of the bovine's colossal chest squish against her own. It made her breath come short as soft, womanly flesh yielded against her, burying her own far-from-meager assets in a tide of alluring mammary.

The unyieldingly strong hands supporting her squeezed her, groping the hard, scaled muscle of her upper arms. Shelby broke contact, breathing heavily, eyes half-lidded under the weight of the desire Emma could see burning in them. "You've grown so much bigger. You're so strong... Where did all this muscle come from?" She didn't let the dragoness answer, covering her mouth again and again in soft, fast kisses. "You used to be so skinny... You really have grown up on me. I remember when I was little, you'd carry me around, and then, when I wasn't so little, you could still manage it. I remember sneaking out on Valorie and Grampa. We'd go walking. Do you remember the first time I pulled you behind Ma's barn?"

"How could I forget?" Emma answered between quick, hot meetings, "You left one hell of an impression."

Shelby's smile deepened, and she continued, her eyes unfocused, reliving the memory. "It was my first time, but you were so gentle, so little against me. It was over so fast, but... we were there for hours... just *being* together. Do you remember when Pa found us curled up together in the hay?"

The dragon huffed a sharp laugh. "I thought Val was going to pull my tail off."

"That was almost twenty years ago..." Shelby purred. She blinked slowly, looking down her muzzle at the dragoness trapped against her. "We're both so different now. We're all grown up, Emma. I'm an old, fat cow, but you... you're so... what's the word...? Magnificent." Her next kiss was slow, full of unfathomable longing.

"As if, Shelb..." Emma mumbled around hot, probing lips, "You're sexy as a succubus in heat. You always have been, and you know it." She couldn't move her arms easily, but she didn't need to. She uncoiled her tail, dexterously running it along the curve of a wide hip. "And you know as well as I that without a little fat, nothing would have any flavor. It makes you... tasty. I'd prefer a big, juicy steak over a strip of jerky any day." She chuckled. "Just don't tell the strips of jerky I work with. They might develop an inferiority complex."

"Is that what I am?" the Shelby breathed, "A thick, meaty steak for you to tear into?"

"Among a great many other things." the dragoness assured her, "I've tasted you before, and from what I remember..." She leaned forward into the waves of smothering passion that washed over her. "I liked it... They say flavor improves with age though." Her tail drifted up over the contours of the arms that held her up, sliding over the cow morph's shoulder, down her back, over the curves of a substantial rump. It lingered there, massaging a broad, smooth backside for a long second, twining around the cow's own slender, tufted limb.

"They do, don't they...?" said the bovine, having to swallow her excitement. She pushed forward more firmly, dropping one hand from Emma's arm to hook dauntless fingers under the dragoness's own sumptuous rear. She groped the smaller, scaly woman with fearless gusto, savoring the dense hardness of the robust, draconic strength that covered Emma's smaller, leaner frame. That hand's sister likewise left the dragon's other arm, joining its twin beneath a tightly-clothed, bronze-scaled backside, leaving Emma's hands free. Her breathing was fast, her huge, heaving breasts rising and falling with tantalizing vigor, and her breath was hot and sweet against the dragon's snout. "Would you like a taste?" Shelby finally asked, her voice carrying with it a desperate, unspoken plea.

Emma was pinned to the wall under the weight of a woman feet taller than, and perhaps even almost as strong as she. Her arms were let loose, and she let her hands wander up to her friend's face, taking up Shelby's cheeks and encouraging her to let herself be drawn into another kiss. "Yes." she hissed into enticing lips, "I'd like that very much."

She could see the relief oozing through the woman, feel it pouring through the arms that supported her comparatively insignificant weight. At her acceptance, Emma felt the kiss she was locked in change. It began as something slow and imploring, but as the fingers on which she sat tightened on her firm, shapely rear. It heated, grew forceful. The arc of her horns met the brick behind her head with a loud clack as Shelby forced herself against her. Her fingers laced into her eager counterpart's silky hair, gripping firmly, but doing nothing more than holding.

The dragoness's teeth parted to emit the sinuous, black-skinned flesh of her long, tapering tongue. It snaked between Shelby's lips, filling the plush bovine's mouth and coiling around a thicker, clumsier organ. A deep, coarse moan rumbled into her as she forcefully returned her aggressor's ardor. The cow morph tasted like she smelled, sweet and herbal, a dense, heavenly aroma that filled her nostrils and flooded her taste buds. The hands under her roughly fondled her, and the skin under her scales prickled with excitement.

The weight on her chest from her lover's mammoth, bovine assets squished delightfully into her as Shelby leaned forward with more and more force. Soft, heavy mass, hidden by a scant layer of almost filmy fabric, rested against her. She felt a heartbeat that wasn't hers throbbing against her. The magnitudinous cow morph moved along her, dragging her huge bust up and

down over her torso, putting her own to shame. Another, louder moan made itself heard, and fingers started to move over her, holding her weight even as they fervently fondled her.

Hands danced over her legs and hips, worshipping the contours of her trim waist, tracing the outlines of the underlying muscles. Brief, quiet phrases were whispered under Shelby's breath. "So big." and "So strong." filtered into Emma's hidden ears again and again like they were a mantra. "I missed you... for so long. I missed the way you touched me. I missed the way you feel... even if you *are* so much... bigger than you were. I've *needed* this for so long!" With each kiss, every passed second, Emma was more and more overcome by her needy suitor. "I *need* it! Gods'... *fucking*... Blood, I *need* you!"

The hands on her gripped her with sudden tightness, hoisting her higher, letting her loom over the larger woman, and Shelby ran a broad, wet tongue over the scales of her collarbone as a set of hungry fingers closed over her breast. She was cradled like a doll and deftly manipulated. Hands played over her chest, whispering over her shirt and squeezing her with much more than simple affection.

She reacted immediately and with resounding energy. Fingertips running over her scales sent lines of excitement along her veins, and she breathed slowly, delighting in the sensation of her heart starting to beat faster, pushing hot, flickering warmth through her body. Shelby likewise slowed down, gently lifting her head, pushing Emma's snout up with her own. The dragoness hesitated, resisting for a moment before she surrendered, giving the bovine her throat.

Shelby took advantage of it, pressing soft, seeking lips against the center of the stripe of blue that began under Emma chin. The tender contact set the dragon's arteries on fire, and her hands tightened their hold on the luxuriant hair that fell around a set of shoulders much broader than her own. Emma breathed a low, dreamy moan and dragged her claws through that lustrous hair, dropping them to the shoulders beneath it. She rolled them over the smooth contours, squeezing Shelby's more-than-modest strength before letting them fall further, onto the cow morph's simple, colorful shirt.

The dragoness swallowed hard past another, less hesitant vocalization of pleasure. The bovine innkeeper's fingers found the twin bumps inside her own shirt, stimulating her mercilessly, and she didn't hesitate to do the same to her splotchy-furred paramour. Shelby's breasts were squished into her abdomen, their weighty heft rubbing against her, and with shaking fingers, she wandered over their expansive curves. "Do you like them?" the amorous cow morph half-growled into her throat.

She let her hands answer the question for her. With reverent digits, she massaged and kneaded the delectable flesh, squeezing and pushing her fingers into the pillowy cushions. The larger woman whined and moaned into her neck as teeth and a wet tongue worshiped the lean contours, indicating that their sensitivity was as large as they themselves, and Emma did everything in her power to take advantage of it with slow, forceful ministrations.

Her growing ardor made itself felt across her powerful frame as a tightening of her hard muscle. Her breath shuddered in her chest, and she just stared at the timbers of the ceiling as she forced herself to show her ardent adorer the same attentions that she was receiving. Her tail rubbed up and down the long curve of the bovine's hefty butt, and she pushed her head down and to the side, still letting Shelby get to her throat while giving her the opportunity to see what she was doing.

It took an enormous mental effort not to just sink her claws into her friend's shirt and tear it to pieces. Instead, she gingerly plucked at the topmost button, pulling it from its hole and splaying open the bovine's blouse, showing a larger splash of black and white splotches. The

clothing Shelby was wearing covered entirely too much silken fur for the dragoness's liking, and it took the release of another button before the upper slopes of those mesmerizing breasts peeked into view, giving Emma an eyeful of the beginning of an endless canyon cleavage.

Another button, and then another slipped away from its hole, showing more and more, but Shelby whimpered as she stopped there, letting her fingers play over the bared portion of short, soft fur. She tucked her fingers under the obstructing fabric, stroking the start of the more-than-impressive globes of delicious-looking flesh, and she had to keep a tight rein on her patience. She rubbed and kneaded, pouring her attentions into the start of the steep ravine between the enormous globes.

A long, desirous moment passed like this, until Shelby whined a needy, "Stop teasing me!", drawing the last syllable out into a long moan as she slowly lowered the dragoness back to her feet. The cow morph took a short step back, breathing heavily, and Emma grinned, dropping her hands to finally reach the undersides of the massive, bovine mammarys. The cloth that covered them was tented by the rigid, attention-demanding presence of a set of obvious, puffy nipples, equally huge.

Around the stiff, cloth-shrouded buds, the fabric that hid them was darkened with a sheen of moisture, and as Shelby stepped forward again, squishing the robust swells against her upper body and into her face, the scent of milk, fresh and with a tint of exotic sweetness, washed through her sinuses. She felt wetness against her scales, and the bovine took up the task of undoing the stressed buttons keeping the shirt on over the impressive mounds of flesh. "They get so full and heavy if I don't empty them before I go to sleep." While one hand fussed with the shirt, the other pinched and squeezed the lactating blooms, encouraging them to aching stiffness. "Now you got me going... I'm going to have to mop the cellar... again..." She smiled knowingly, putting a damp finger under Emma's nose, sliding it between parted teeth and over a thirsty tongue. "Unless, of course, you help me out..."

Her tongue coiled instinctively around the digit Shelby had in her mouth, licking it clean, and she hummed happily. There was barely a drop of the flavorful cream spread over the sleek black fur of Shelby's finger, but the taste was unmistakable, and when it was withdrawn from between her lips, her tongue sliding languidly off of it, it shone with nothing but her saliva. "I think I could manage that... just for you, Shelby."

"Thanks, Em." murmured the bovine, "Having someone else help feels so much better than milking myself." More and more of the space between Shelby's breasts was bared, pulling Emma's eyes down, losing them in the crevasse as she put her hands upward to join the ones already working to free her goal. She licked her lips, tugging up the shirt out from where it was tucked into Shelby's skirt. As the last button popped out of its hole, Emma grabbed hold of the larger woman's wrists, stopping them from pulling the shirt open and exposing what it hid.

Emma pulled Shelby's hands away, brute-forcing her way through the bovine's meek resistance. "Wait..." the dragoness growled low in her throat, "Let me take care of it." She dragged her hand's downward, slapping the cow's down on her hips, patting them with the threat of enforcing her suggestion. "Give us time to get... reacquainted. You weren't kidding when you said you put on a little... extra fluff." The dragoness couldn't help but see where the excess weight was stored, and, making sure that Shelby's hands were going to stay where they were, she lifted her hands again to touch the titanic globes.

Their owner's fingers stayed below her waist, but they couldn't sit still. They tightened their grip on her hips, groping her comparatively modest curves mercilessly before drifting behind her, sliding under her tail, along the lean line of her backside. They felt how hard and

strong she was, even where she was most feminine, and they showered amorous attentions on her. Emma let them, flexing the muscle of her legs and rear against Shelby's grasping digits. She had *bigger* things on which to focus her attentions.

Her claws whispered along velvety fur, utterly luxuriating in the texture. She used no real pressure, gliding ethereally over tantalizingly glorious curves. Shelby was close, resting against her with just the slightest of pressures. Still, it was enough for the dragoness to feel the bovine's weight. As she moved, her dichromatic suitor drifted away and inch, two, giving her room while still forcing fingers to roam over her body. They scraped over the clothed scales of the base of Emma's tail, teasing her, making her purr with pleasure.

Shelby's eyes fearlessly goaded her on. "Come on, hun. We're both tougher than we used to be. I don't need you to be gentle anymore. I'm not that fragile, little girl I was. I've had my share of gentle. I want to feel you, so don't you dare hold back. Give me everything you've got."

Emma took a slow breath, feeling the roaring cascade of power that blazed in her core flare and spark upward through her. Shelby's scent, flowery femininity, the sweat of a day of exertion, filled her nose with each inhale, nearly buried by the interestingly sweet smell of the spreading patches of wetness over her eager nipples. She let it fuel her ardor, felt it undermine her resistances. Her pants left little of her shape to imagination, and the cow's fingers raked her muscle, kneading and fondling with slowly growing fervor. "You asked for it..." she hissed.

Reaching upward, Emma slid her hands beneath Shelby's shirt, pushing it open, freeing the orbs of boobs that put hers to shame. She left it on the cow's shoulders, just splaying it out of the way. After that mission was complete, she let her fingers fall back down. The bovine's rounded abdomen, thickened with just the right amount of soft-looking meat, yielded to her fingers as she clamped them down around Shelby's waist, which still looked almost waspish compared to the womanly figure it enhanced.

She kept her eyes downcast, half-closed, breathing, smelling, squeezing, letting Shelby essence wash over her again and again, filling her with fire that mingled with that which already constantly burned in her chest. The cow moaned, squirming under her fingers, voice rough with desire. There was a quiet, almost imperceptible dripping, the sound of drops of liquid striking the stone beneath her feet. Milk, thick and creamy, fell from finally exposed breasts, pushed outward by lust and built-up pressure.

Slowly, she looked up, opening her eyes. Shelby was desperate, shaking, fingers tense against her muscular ass. The splotchy pattern of the fur that covered the wall of plush flesh in front of her continued across the mounds of heavy breast that hung from the bovine's chest. The silky hair that covered her body ceased around twin nipples surrounded by circular, bumpy areolae. They were puffy and inflamed, rising like little hills from the mountains that they already capped.

The turgid, erect buds were thicker than Emma's thumbs, squat and begging for attention. The dragoness could have sworn she saw them visibly throbbing, aching for any stimulation. Milk welled up from the stiff growths, beading and running together, forming quivering droplets before falling to the floor in a terrible waste. The tall bovine's body put them at eye-level, and they screamed at her to touch them, squeeze and pinch and suckle from them until they were dry.

Her mouth fell open, showing her teeth, capable of shredding steel with the help of the strength of her jaw. She had bitten through plate mail. She could dismember people in a single snap of her vicious, draconic visage. Instead, she let her tongue, a sinuous, fleshy appendage, the same inky black as the rest of her flesh, slide out, drifting through the intervening space as she leaned incrementally forward. Black met needy, florid pink, collecting a few drops of the

alabaster liquid before sliding back where it came. She made a show of swallowing noisily, smacking her lips and heaving a satisfied sigh. "Delicious." she whispered.

The cow's leaking udders hung heavily. Gravity pulled them down into exaggerated teardrops, and Shelby's every movement was amplified. They swayed, bounced lightly, shifted with each breath. It was hypnotizing. Emma followed them, tracked their motion, and touched them lightly. Milky mammary dimpled under the slightest pressure, and she used more and more, squishing her hands into the jiggling globes. Flesh squished under her strength. Shelby moaned hotly, louder and louder as Emma ravaged her colossal tits with vicious, clawed fingers.

The bovine leaned into her, whining as she pressed her palms into thick, dripping nipples. Emma rolled her wrists, grinding her hands into the sensitive skin, pushing away against the onslaught of boob squishing against and around her. Shelby's chest was broad and burdened, and if the cow morph wanted to, she could have encompassed the dragoness's torso in a wall of breastflesh. Emma leaned back against the wall, supporting the enormous weight against her, crushing her fingers around teats that soaked her hands. The harder she pushed Shelby back, the harder the cow pressed herself against her, and the pressure against the titanic pillows squeezed milk out in ever-increasing amounts.

It squirted against her palms, ran around her fingers, trickled down her arms to drip off of her elbows to the floor. The smell grew stronger and stronger; she wanted a taste, and she let Shelby fall forward into her, just a little. Emma pushed her head into the cow's cavernous cleavage, letting her furry lover's boobs swallow her face. Her hands tweaked and jerked, bouncing the massive mountains of flesh against her scales. The luscious tissue rippled and heaved against her, and she took a long moment to play with her treat before partaking.

Eventually, however, she moved to slake her thirst. Emma gave no warning, just removing one huge breast's support, letting the nipple flop free and trail a streamer of thick cream before she closed her lips around it. Shelby moaned a short, sharp, "Yes!" as the dragoness ran her slick, dexterous tongue over the thick nub of leaking flesh. The cow's voice got louder and louder as her nimble oral appendage curled and writhed around and over the bloated blossom. The flow increased as she toyed with Shelby, and she had to swallow before she could start to suck.

When she finally did, milk, warm, thick, and almost cloyingly sweet, exploded into her mouth. She nearly choked on the abrupt tide of delicious liquid, and she had to swallow again and again or drown. Breaking the seal she had with Shelby was simply not an option. She fed, gorging herself of milk that was far too tasty to have come from a dumb animal. She drank and drank, and with each mouthful she swallowed, the source of her meal shivered and mewled in bliss, especially when she began to knead the breast from which she was quenching her dire thirst with her free hand.

Spurred on by the attentions being lavished over its twin, Emma felt Shelby's other aching full mound gush against her palm, leaking into her grasping fingers, eager to pour its load into an empty, famished stomach. It soaked her sleeve, dripping from her arm in a thin trickle, and fed a growing puddle on the floor. She delighted in it, feasted on what poured effortlessly into her mouth again and again.

When she had to work to keep pulling rich cream into her reptilian maw, she slowed, not intent on stressing Shelby's bountiful bust. She drank what the bovine would give her, no more, but she still had a gut full of thick, heavy milk by the time that single mammary had ceased its flow. She licked the nipple between her teeth, cleaning it, and broke the gentle suction with a wet pop that made the cow jerk with a meek squeak.

She nodded with fierce satisfaction at the perky, ruddy bud that shined wetly in the dim light. Then Emma turned her attention to its twin. Pulling her hand away from dessert, she sealed her lips over it, encouraging the stream to become a torrent with a tender encouraging tongue. As her mouth filled, she switched tactics, swallowing half of it before pulling away. She grabbed Shelby's petite horns, yanking the bovine down to her level, and dragged her into a hard, open-mouthed kiss.

The cow tasted herself, swallowing what the dragoness didn't with a long, delirious moan that whispered between them. Emma used her fingers from that point, relentlessly milking the squishy, hefty udders shoved into her chest while keeping her lips locked over Shelby's softer, lusher cushions. She made a terrific mess, squirting hot, sweet milk over her shirt, letting it soak her to the scales. Her tongue did battle with a slow, bovine appendage, flitting between mouths as they rocked their head against one another's.

Her shirt clung wetly to her, and her own nipples stood out from the curves of her own still-clad breasts. She bounced on her feet, grinding herself into Shelby and rubbing teat to teat as she forced the cow to bend over to meet her. The bovine's voice was coarse, desperate. Each soft groan rumbled with passion that mirrored the dragoness's, bright and nearly violent in its intensity. Shelby shivered, tearing her hands from Emma's womanly hips to let her shirt roll off of her shoulders to fall to the puddle that was spreading beneath them.

The next place her dexterous, powerful fingers went made the dragoness tense with ominous strain. Shelby's hands swept between Emma's thighs, up and down the cleft between her shapely, muscular legs. "C-careful!" she spoke in a dire hiss, "That's s-sensitive!"

"I know." whimpered Shelby into her mouth, "Now it's my turn to return the favor." As the bovine spoke, dribbles of milk still dripped from her expansive chest, but it seemed that she had been relieved of most of her load.

Pressure unlike anything else built just behind Emma's crotch, and her limbs stiffened further, her motions jerky, and it was all she could do to growl another warning. "S-slow down... my pants... take off my pants first!"

Shelby scoffed. "Aw come on, hun..." she whined, "that's no fun... I think I'll just... keep... doing... this..." She punctuated each word with a long, firm stroke against the dragoness's loins, each successive motion harder and more insistent.

"W-wait!" she groaned, "Please... my pants... I only have so many pairs! I... Wait! I can't-Augh!"

Emma's lust boiled over, pouring through her body in a wave of bone-shaking rapture. A jolt like an orgasm crashed through her. Relief cascaded down her spine, tightening as it went, building as it condensed down into her crotch. Pressure doubled and redoubled again and again. More and more need, the need for release shuddered through her, and she could no longer stop herself from opening.

Beneath the sapphire scales that filled the space between her powerful thighs, muscle snapped taut, releasing a beast that had been caged for far too long, and it made its displeasure known. It was orgasmic, and euphoria ruffled her scales, making them rustle against one another. Emma's body, aflame with need, explosively disgorged her combined sexes.

Her delicate, feminine flower, petals slick and already parted with lust, bloomed as the slit set into her crotch was pulled open like a curtain. Its presence, however, was overshadowed by the emergence of a turgid, wrist-thick cock that abruptly filled her too-tight pants. Shelby's hand was shoved away by the dragoness's throbbing tent pole, and her pants immediately lost one of the buttons lining her hip.

The bovine gasped in shock, but kept her hand where it was, feeling as blood roared into Emma's loins. With each beat of the dragoness's unstoppably racing heart, it grew, inching longer, getting harder and harder, and another button snapped off her pants. "Gods' Blood, Emma... What happened?! You're hung like... a giant!"

The dragon could only groan as the third button flew from its place. Shelby had no idea. It came out half-hard, but it had a long way to go before it was ready. Thick veins pulsed along its length, outlined in the stretched fabric. The heat pouring from it felt like it would have set her pants on fire if they weren't soaked with sticky cream. Her aching, increasingly rigid dick pumped outward, and her fingers curled around her obsidian horns, holding onto her sanity as rapture washed through her with each angry throb from her loins. She had been pent up, and her body was punishing her for her negligence with pulsating euphoria that threatened to knock her unconscious.

Her mouth hung open, and she stared, insensate, at Shelby's overwhelmed expression. The hands on her helped, gave her something on which to focus. It was almost like the bovine didn't know what to do, so Shelby just rubbed her through fabric that was becoming almost sheer under its burden, and another button was lost.

Every contour was defined in the pitifully stressed cloth. Each vein throbbed visibly. Her prominent cumvein dilated, bulging from its underside, already prepared to carry the lake of fire she was brewing in her core. Her tapered glans quickly poked up past her waistband, serving only to put more tension on her buttons, ripping the thread from another. She got bigger, and bigger, and as Shelby's eyes widened in stunned disbelief, bigger still.

Fully two feet of inky black flesh poured from between Emma's legs. It snapped every last button from her pants and ripped it down the seam of her thigh, showing a splash of leg before it fell forward under its own weight, twitching furiously. It pulsed, bulging harder and harder, if not growing any more. The thick, fleshy ridges that ribbed its top flared tremendously, and Shelby cradled it, utterly speechless.

Her hands, however, spoke for her. Emma jerked and whimpered as the bovine stroked her slowly, pumping hands along the tremendous length, savoring the exotic texture with reverent fingers. The ridges were there for pleasure, for both Emma and any lover she could find that could fit her. They were sensitive, and each time the cow morph would bounce her finger off of one, stars exploded behind the dragoness's eyelids.

Shelby recovered before she did. "Holy... Emma... How... how did you get so big?"

"Like you said..." Emma panted, not taking her hands off of the stability of her horns, "We've both changed... put on... weight. Sweet... Merciful... Gods... I didn't think I was... so tight... Fuck!"

The cow's breath came faster, her eyes drifted down to the length of boilingly hot meat in her hands. "I didn't think... you'd be so big. Em... I'm going to put this in me if it kills me."

"Please!" the dragoness begged, "Please do! I'm... afraid to move." Emma knew that if her hands left her horns, there would be nothing she could do to stop her from throwing Shelby to the ground and ravishing her again and again into unconsciousness. Having someone who was practically pleading for it was too great a temptation in her current, half-thinking state. "I can't control it. It's so much... stronger than usual. Fuck! Please! Fuck me!"

Shelby ignored her, focused on what weighed down her fingers. The dragoness's girthy member was longer than her forearm, and thicker than her wrist at its base. Two feet of hot, throbbing meat pointed threateningly at the cow's pudgy stomach, swaying as Emma weakly

bucked her hips against Shelby's hands. Moving slowly, the bovine woman sucked in a religious breath, her eyes huge, and slowly dropped to her knees as if in supplication.

As her hands drifted away, the adamant hardness of Emma's cock arced upward, defying its own heft with unyielding rigidity leaving it angled provocatively at Shelby's face. The cow took the hint, leaning forward, pressing her humongous, pliant breasts into the dragoness's taut thighs. A broad, flat tongue lapped along the underside of her tip, flicking it upward, and they both watched it bounce as Emma moaned.

Another lick came, and then another, longer, slower. The motion was repeated again and again, like Shelby was treating her like a piece of rock candy. A strong, confident hand wrapped around her girthy base, wringing it like a towel and pumping in short, fast strokes along the back third of her length. Emma thought she was going to tear her horns out of her head, but she only let her mouth hang open, her face angle upward as she panted and whined.

A low, needy sound murmured in the bovine's throat as Emma sprung a leak, beads of clear lubricant forming at her tip to be licked away. Taking this as a sign, Shelby pushed further forward, pinning the dragoness against the brick wall. The cow took her head between thick, pillowy lips, putting another hand to her length, pumping with eager energy. Lines of lightning tore up and down her spine, her tail thrashed behind her, and her quivering wings threatened to push her off of the wall. She was held in place only by the weight of the tall, full-figured cow morph.

Her first few inches shone like oil in the light with Shelby's saliva, and she whined wordlessly as the cow pulled back. The need burning her entrancing hazel eyes could almost hope to hold a candle to Emma's. Black-furred hands went under her bust, hefting it, bouncing it and rubbing it against the dragoness's legs. "Do you want these?" she purred teasingly.

Emma could only nod sharply and hiss between bared, clenched teeth. She could have bit through her partners' armor with how hard she was gritting her teeth. The tightness in her monumental cock threatened orgasm, almost demanded it, but something told her that an orgasm would only be the beginning of her release. She had never before felt so explosively potent.

In response to her wordless answer, Shelby straightened her spine, rising up on her knees. It pushed her tall enough to let the curves of her breasts slide up and around Emma's dense, pulsing shaft. Mammary yielded to her unstoppable masculinity, forming a hot, silky sleeve around her length. With a slow rocking of her torso, the cow slid a pair of tits that could almost compare to the ludicrous size of the dragoness's furious, obsidian tool up and down its extent.

Shelby worked her into a rhythm bouncing squishy breasts around her member, pumping along her length with a faux womanhood formed of velvet-furred boob. It was heavenly, and as the bovine dipped her head down, sliding Emma's head into her mouth again, this time forming a seal and applying urgent suction, Emma tensed, her legs quivering. Huge gobs of pre were ejected forcefully from her oversized shaft, and when she wasn't in Shelby's mouth, they splattered over the cow's face and chest, running down into her cleavage, slicking her passage.

Hands squeezed the massive breasts together, putting as much pressure as possible against her cock, adding what friction there could be. Shelby sucked on the dragoness with greater and greater force, pumping along as much as she could fit into her mouth, whirling her tongue around Emma's head and noisily slurping away everything that spurted between her lips.

Emma's limbs tightened, and she gasped as the first, disastrous spark arced from a scale on her hand to one on her nose with a tinny crack of electricity. It was followed by another and another, and she lit the room with a twinkling light show as her release neared. She felt her

orgasm building in her core. Her draconic birthright, the power that constantly raged in her body, built brighter and brighter, preparing to feed her bovine lover an ocean of thick, virile seed.

Her cock bulged against the flesh that encapsulated it; her glans flared within Shelby's mouth. Her neglected womanhood spasmed around nothing, grasping a void as her muscle fluttered, signaling the approach of her limits. She couldn't hold it off. Clawed fingers cinched around her curling, ramlike horns, holding on for dear life. Her teeth were bared in a harsh, feral snarl, and a growl shuddered in her chest, deep and primal, full of need that was being fulfilled with rapturous skill.

She cried out, a warbling half-scream muffled by her clenched teeth, as she peaked. She exploded into Shelby's mouth, and her first release was enough to choke the shocked bovine. The cow morph swallowed the first few mouthfuls, desperate to take it, but she produced too much, and soon she was spurting frantically across her lover's face. Each jet seemed to boil up from her toes, and she bucked her hips wildly into the pillows shoved against her, dragging each ounce of bliss she could out of the lewd contact.

She could hear it as a wet squelching, and she could watch each pulsing load distend her masculine flesh, filling it with scorching cum before she shot it over Shelby's chest. It slicked lovely, silken fur, drenching it, running in rivulets from the cow's lush body, pouring into her cleavage, sliding around Emma's cock even as it spasmed and added to the mess. Shelby cried out with her, in shock, with lust, voice coarse with need. And Emma's voice joined her again, once more muffled and contained.

Just as her orgasm reached its maximum, a peak within a peak, she felt something else crash through her. It came from within, but with the warning of a bolt of lightning out of a cloudless sky. It destroyed her, broke her mind and scattered her thoughts. Emma's back arched to the point of breaking, and her wings snapped open, stretching across the room with their breadth. Her hands leapt from her horns, clawing at the wall behind her for stability as she was shocked again and again with a throbbing fire that flared from her center again and again.

As if realizing they were free to follow their own agenda, the dragoness's hands shot down to Shelby's head, curling around short, bovine horns. She pulled, and the cow gasped in surprise as Emma forced her cock back into a gaping mouth. She fired off blast after blast straight down a wringing throat, dumping herself straight into her lover's stomach. She bucked into Shelby's muzzle, occasionally pulling back, letting her victim gasp before forcing herself back in, deeper and deeper.

Shelby coughed and spluttered as Emma finally released her, pulling free to show her lover that, despite how her orgasm was winding down, drooling jizz from her tip, it was clear that she was far from done. If anything, the dragoness looked harder than ever, thick and throbbing. Twitching meat and pulsing veins threatened the cow, and Shelby moaned a hot, "Fuck yes!" as the mindless dragoness pushed her.

The bovine fell backwards, landing on her back in a puddle of milk and dragon cum. The dragoness wasted no time, falling on her in a needy frenzy. Claws rent cloth, slicing Shelby's skirt off of her hips. As sparks cracked over her body, she flung it away, clamping claws down on plush, womanly thighs and forcing them apart. The fur of her lover's crotch as wet, and smelled of lust, need. It drove the overcome dragon crazy. She grinned, watching the tip of her dick line up with the clearly aching hole. With unrelenting strength, she lifted Shelby's legs from the ground, nearly folding the cow morph in half, baring everything.

A shocked, delirious, "Yes!" reached her ears. Shelby shouted, "Take me, Emma! Rut me like the stud you are!"

The dragoness's eyes rolled back in her head, unseeing, as she pushed the first few inches of her stunning maleness into the bovine trapped, helpless, beneath her. Without hesitation, her thick, muscular tail curled beneath her, diving tip-first into her spasming womanhood. She was filled with powerful muscle, and as she rocked her hips, she hammered her length into the oozing gash between flailing legs. Shelby wailed, crying out for it, glee mixing with lust heavy enough to crush coal to diamond.

The cow was tight, overwhelmingly so. Walls as strong as the rest of Shelby's body clamped down on her, wringing her with bestial urgency. The dragoness couldn't reconcile what she watched. She threw tempo and rhythm to the wind, just pounding the bovine pussy into which she was buried with force that would have broken the bones of a lesser woman. The cow's ass was as soft and cushiony as the rest of her body, and the dragoness's powerful thighs abused it, bouncing off of it again and again with growing energy.

Shelby's soft form jiggled tantalizingly with each forceful impact. Her hands found her breasts, holding them atop her chest, squeezing her nipples with frantic desperation, and each time Emma's loins slammed into her gushing flower, sprays of milk spurted out to mix with the seed coating her body. The cow's screams of bliss seemed loud enough to rouse the watch in the next town over, and she did nothing to stifle them, her mouth open wide, tongue lolling limply to one side.

Emma watch, drank it in, felt it fuel her strength. She reamed her pinned lover with power just shy of shattering the sturdy woman. Well-worked muscle, dense with draconic potential, capable of tearing steel plates and lifting boulders, flexed urgently under her scales. Her tail vigorously pleased her slick slit, and her cock, huge and achingly taut, gleamed with mixed juices.

Despite that, despite her building ardor, despite another, growing orgasm. She grew frustrated. Her mind was gone. She was an animal of deep, primordial instinct. The woman she was ravishing, using to the point of abuse, kept getting tighter. Her masculinity was squeezed harder and harder by fluttering, mid-orgasm muscles. Shelby's voice rose in pitch, words fading to insensate gurgling, untellable bliss the only thing capable of being deciphered from it.

Despite that, she had to work harder and harder to pound herself into her mate. As seconds passed, she couldn't fit into the quivering tunnel, an inch had to be neglected, and then two. The dragoness growled furiously. Her mate was shrinking, and no amount of lubrication was going to ease the passage of something not sized to go there. It filled her with icy rage, but it wasn't enough to cool the inferno of her lust.

She closed her eyes, ignoring the limitations of her mate. The cow was kind, sweet. The cow would do. The cow cried and wailed. She could pick out her name in the mindless burbling. She heard cloth tearing, bursting around something. She snarled, a quarter of her length wouldn't go where she needed it. Still, she humped mindlessly. She still knew what she needed. Her tail was delicious inside her. The cow was like a vice, clamping unforgivingly around her. She felt her power flare, filling her beyond all hope of description.

The membranes of her wings were on fire, burning with the heat of her lust. She could feel, see through blurred eyes, no longer sparks, but true bolt of violet-white lightning snapping across her scales, dancing over her body. More fabric ripped loudly, barely audible around the thunder of her strength. She threw her head back, roaring as she came again.

Her throat shuddered, her chest rumbled under the power of her voice. She exploded. A true release poured out from her, flooding her mate to capacity in a single huge jet of cum whose heat burned around her already scorching length. One load, however, was just a miniscule

portion of what she had to give. Her backblast splattered over the scales of her crotch, squirting from her overstuffed mate as the cow's body refused to accept any more of her seed.

She flooded the space around them, until she was kneeling in a dragon-made lake of her own virility. Following instinct, she crammed her mate with as much as she could, and she coated the floor of the cellar around her with quarts of alabaster fluid before she began to calm down. She pulled herself free. What had gone in as two feet came out as nearly four, half of it not even fitting in her mate, and she staggered to her feet, letting the softening length drool the rest of her gift over her mate's abused form.

The curvy cow moaned as she was glazed, and as the dragoness rose to her full height, she winced in displeasure as she had to stoop to keep her horns from the ceiling. With a derisive snort, she took a step, stooping to wrap a hand over the cow's shoulder. She dragged her mate over to the wall, setting her upright against it to keep her face out of the muck. She took another step, intending to leave the cramped space to stretch her wings, but as her claws met the floor, she faltered. Her leg gave out, and she crashed to the ground with a splash and a colossal thud.

Emma blinked, pushing herself upright from the floor, clutching a hand to her forehead and nursing a splitting headache. She felt like Valorie had taken a club to her skull, and every time her heart beat, she winced through the dull ache it brought on. Her muscle felt like she had spent a week exercising without sleep, and even her scales felt like needles against her skin.

Opening her eyes, she made to investigate herself. She felt unnervingly... sticky. What she saw made her stop. She was sitting in a lake. A shallow, gooey lake, and by the smell, the smell that she distinctly recognized, she knew from where it had come. A quiet moan jolted her from her confusion, and she whirled around to face it.

Shelby was halfway across the room, naked, plastered to the wall with more of the pearlescent goo. Emma forced herself to her feet, ignoring her discomfort, and staggered over to the cow morph. "Shelby? Are you okay?" she said, confusion and worry plain in her voice, "Shelby? What happened? Shelby?"

Her lover's eyes fluttered open, but they didn't see her. The bovine's beautiful hazel irises hid her pupils. They were contracted down into addict's pinpricks. "Emma..." she moaned.

"Yes, Shelb. I'm here." she reassured the senseless woman, "What's wrong? Are you okay?" The dragoness laid her hand on her friend's shoulder, but jerked it away as Shelby tensed and moaned again, bucking her hips weakly as if the light contact had pushed her into an orgasm. A tide of her own heady ejaculate spurted from the bovine's battered womanhood, and Emma could see the muscle in the cow's abdomen twitching in release. Shelby looked bloated... inflated with what had been so vigorously pumped into her, and her stomach was more pronounced and rounded with the weight of the dragoness's seed. They sat like that for a long moment before the bovine seemed capable of any more speech.

The cow moaned again, shifting sluggishly but slowly coming out of her stupor with a beatific smile. "Emma... you made a mess... E-Emma...?" The cow tensed and groaned, a hand falling to her swollen belly. "Oh... Gods' blood Em... We have to do that again... But later, please. I'm going to have bruises... everywhere... for a while."

"Shelby..." the dragoness said quietly, "What happened? I can't remember anything after... after you made me cum all over you..."

"Which time? I couldn't see anything after you started roaring... just... Gods' Blood..." Shelby just moaned, rubbing her stomach, pressing down, forcing a stream of jizz from her

stuffed abdomen. "Oh... Emma... I couldn't make my eyes work, but trust me... you and I... we're going to do that again... soon... just not too soon."

"I-I... I'm sorry Shelb." said the dragoness as mournfully as she could in defiance of her post-coitus contentedness, "I didn't mean to take it that far... I usually have better control than that... and I've never forgotten what happened. I just... all this... there's so much... everywhere." She looked around. There had to be gallons of her thick fluids smeared over the floor and the thoroughly-glazed cow morph, "Was I was at least good? What happened?"

Shelby blinked, sighed, and staggered to her feet. She shook what she could of the slime from her fur, scraping it off of her expansive curves. Still, it drooled from her overfull abdomen and down her legs. "I'll tell you what happened. You finally got some. You said you were pent up, right. I know what that's like, hun. It's been ten years since I've been with someone who *really* knows how to scratch my itches." The bovine splashed through the slime covering the floor. "Shit... It's going to take forever to clean this up..." She looked over to the dragoness with a rueful grin. "Breakfast tomorrow might taste a little... funny. Don't tell anyone. Just grab a key from behind the bar and get some sleep." She coyly batted her eyelashes. "I might visit you in the morning."

Emma watched the cow's tufted bovine tail flit happily as she climbed the stairs, leaving Emma alone with her own sludge. She wrinkled her nose, looking around to find her satchel. It was in the corner, half-buried in a pile of the remnants of her tattered clothes. It looked like she really did a number on them, and she shook off her bag, quickly taking the time to run a surge of energy over her scales, scorching off all of her dried leavings.

The dragoness couldn't comprehend it. Sure, it had been a while since she'd been with anyone, and she always produced a disproportionate amount of seed, but she couldn't... remember anything. Her head hurt, and she wished she could remember. She pulled from her bag a fresh set of clothes, fussing with them until she was dressed, and she trudged out of the cellar, hoping the reek wouldn't suffocate anyone. As she walked up the stairs, she started to feel better, the fatigue of what exertions she could remember wearing off. She shook her head. She must have just been more... tense than she anticipated.

The inn, likely due to the hour, only held a single patron. The stocky, tawny-furred cat nursing his drink in the corner gave her a cautious glance, and the bartender-on-duty, one of the dog morphs from earlier looked at her with something that looked like fear as she asked for a room. Emma was handed a key, and with a puzzled frown, she hopped up the stairs to the second floor.

Fingering the weight of the simple, brass key, she decided to check in on her team. Ivy and Calian got a room together, and she strolled over to the door, knocking politely. When she heard nothing, she let herself in, sweeping into the room with a boisterous smile, not expecting them to be asleep *quite* yet. Instead, what she was stopped her in her tracks.

The room was empty.

At first, she thought she had the wrong room, but a cursory inspection reassured the dragoness that it was the right place. The air in the room smelled of the otter's heavy musk and Ivy's lighter, herbal aroma. What concerned her more was something that was detectable over both smells. Emma smelled blood, and not a pinprick's worth. She stiffened, examining the room from where she stood in the doorway.

The linens on the bed were rumpled, indicating that her partners had certainly occupied it. But their armor, and their gear, was gone. It was dark, but draconic eyes made that a nonissue, and she saw a splotch of darkness on the floor that was likely blood, judging by the smell. Dread

crept up her spine. She took a deeper breath, closing her eyes. She smelled, under everything else, other scents. There were others in this room, and some of the smells were familiar.

Icy rage crawled up her spine, threatening to rob her of her reason, demanding that she tear the inn apart looking for her friends, but instead she looked at the key resting in her palm. The woman behind the bar had seemed so nervous, frightened. She had paid it little mind in her confusion from moments before. She was being set up. A trap... *another* one, and she had led her friends face-first into it.

Her thoughts went to Mel and Toby. Everyone was supposed to know that three Lancers were due to survey the town. Her original team should have still been under cover, and Emma should have turned, left the inn, and found them. She knew where they were staying; she had to, in order to conveniently avoid them. She should have run to get backup, but fury filled her chest. Instead, her fingers closed around the key in her hand, and she shut the door, muttering a casual, "Must be fucking in the barn again..." under her breath.

Her taloned feet carried her down the hall to the door with a symbol carved into its face that matched the one engraved into the key. She slid it into the lock, turning it casually, disguising her preparatory breath as a tired yawn, and pushed.