

Doubt

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Clara barged through the door to the Archmage's study without a second thought, half-breathless from her mixed emotions. She'd been experimenting with different clothing, and today's outfit looked particularly splendid on her. The elegant contours of her voluptuous body were tightly encapsulated by a sheer, knee-length sundress made of a dark, provocative red fabric. The color clashed with her scales, gleaming silver and white, and warred with the icy blue shade of the membranes of her wings.

It was hideously, delightfully garish against her perfect, shining form, but it compared with wonderful favor with her crystalline, emerald eyes. The stately dragoness looked a mess, and she loved it. She normally couldn't wait to hear her mate's whines of disapproval, but worry tugged at her nerves. A conversation with Limata had left her concerned, and she was speaking cautiously before she had made it completely into the room. "Daryn, listen. Limata came and found me, and she's worried that... y-you... um... O-oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know he was busy."

As she burst into the room, four sets of eyes snapped up to her, making her feel decidedly foolish, and she slunk to the side of the room to wait. Daryn was seated at his desk, in one of the few chairs in the Sanctum fit to carry his bulk. He was enormous, a head taller than Clara, not counting his horns, and his broad, muscular frame filled the sturdy piece of furniture almost as much as his presence filled the room. He was her opposite, everything she wasn't. Gold and black scales glittered beneath the long black coat he infuriatingly insisted on wearing, and as his eyes briefly met hers, she caught a glimpse of polished sapphire.

Before him, looking like children next to his magnitude, was a pair of plainly dressed dog morphs, between them seated a true child. When the Archmage spoke, his voice rumbled through the air, filling the dragoness's ears with his resonant bass. "Anyway... The spell worked perfectly, and he should be fine. His sight should return gradually over the next few hours, and he should be able to see his first sunset in years tonight."

The child's mother was crying, not an attention-seeking wail, but a trembling sobbing that made her voice uneven and irregular. "Th-thank you, Archmage. I can't... I don't know what to say."

"You don't need to say anything," said the huge dragon, his thick tail drifting slowly behind him, "I just did what I had to so that he could see again. No one deserves what happened to him, and it was my honor to do my part. Just promise me one thing, Jacob."

"What?" whispered the tiny child, apparently surprised to be spoken to.

"Make sure to see something amazing. That's my price for fixing your eyes. Go see something wondrous, and then come back and tell me about it, alright?" The little canine nodded silently, and Clara could almost hear the smile stretch over Daryn's features. "Good. Now, you should get your parents out of here before they really start crying. Do you remember Virgil?"

"The man who took me into the room?"

"Exactly. He's waiting for you just outside. He'll finish taking care of you. Is that okay?"

"Yes."

"Wonderful. And remember, Jacob; I'm holding you to your agreement. Don't keep me waiting too long."

With a soft, "I won't." the child was scooped up into his mother's arms and carried away. As the door clicked closed behind the family, Daryn leaned back into his chair, letting his head fall back, and heaved a tired sigh. Clara frowned and pushed herself off of the bookshelf against which she was leaning to saunter around to the front of his desk.

He pushed himself back upright, meeting her eyes, and she felt a wave of tingling euphoria wash over her scales. He was a dragon, tremendous and glorious to behold, but that was the least impressive part of him. She could feel the Archmage's power vibrating through the air around him, an almost tangible aura of fiery potential that felt like the universe was bending around his body. It was almost intoxicating, and she liked being around him. It let her feel it, his strength pouring over and through her, and she could *feel* his essence in it.

His flawless, crystalline eyes swept up and down her form, briefly savaging her before focusing again on her face. He smiled and leaned forward, letting his elbows rest heavily on his desk, and she shivered as the physical weight of his attention crashed against her. She straightened her spine, enduring and defying the sudden urge to let herself melt against him, feel the burning heat that poured off of his body in delightfully warm waves. She wanted to touch him, ached for his touch against her, but she withheld her ever-present ardor, swallowing noisily in rebellion against her baser urges.

He remained silent, but his nostrils briefly flared as he took in her scent. She knew what she must smell like. She was surprised he wasn't gagging from the odor of the sheer power of her need for him. She smiled back at him, awkwardly crossing her legs. A futile gesture, she knew, but it felt like she was on the verge of opening herself right there and taking him. Instead, she heaved a deep sigh, ignoring what *his* scent was threatening to do to her. "I'm sorry, Daryn, for barging in like that. I should have knocked."

The dragon's heavy shoulders shook in a warm chuckle. "Please, Beautiful, I doubt you have it in you to knock politely on *any* door that gets between us. I suppose I should just be glad I don't have to fix the door... this time." He steepled his fingers in front of his face, his tail moving with increased energy, betraying his emotions. "What can do for you, Clara?"

She drifted forward a step before she could rein in her wandering legs, but took the opportunity to lean down and rest her hands atop his desk. "Limata came and found me." she murmured softly, "She's worried about you, Daryn, and... and so are we, me and the others. You've changed since you rescued Emma. You're always working, and... you feel so distant. It's been weeks, Daryn. What's wrong?"

The Archmage bowed his head in submission, dropping his eyes to his desk. "Nothing's wrong, Clara. I've just needed to spend a lot of time thinking... about what happened."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Clara..." he said, looking back up at her, hands beseeching, "I've never, *never* lost control like that before. I've been alive for nearly three hundred years, and have been a wizard for a majority of that time, and I've never lost control of myself. I had it under control. I was angry, but anger is good; anger can give purpose. But there is a line to be crossed between righteous anger and blind, senseless rage, and I had never crossed that line. This, Clara..." He swept and arm down the length of his broad, muscular frame, claws occasionally rasping over impregnable scales. "This, what I am now, is a thing of more powerful emotion than I can yet comprehend. I feel more deeply than ever." He leaned forward, taking her hand in his, and his fingers closed over her own. "I feel joy, and love... but I feel sorrow and... fury, fury hot enough to melt steel, at even the slightest injustice. It sits poorly with me, Clara; it boils inside me, screaming for release, and I know that if I let it go, I won't be able to rein it back in."

The dragoness blinked, bewildered. "Daryn... You can't-"

"I know that they had our daughter, and there was nothing that was going to stop me from seeing her free." he interrupted, "I know that I tried, but... when I smelled her blood in the air, saw her pain as they sliced into her wing, all I could do was think back to you, when I ran into you. You were alone and maimed, flightless, and they were doing the same to *our* daughter. It cut into me, Clara, like an adamantine blade. All I saw was red, the ways I was going to destroy them all, and all I felt was fire and... agony, as my body betrayed my reason. I was trapped in an engine of destruction, forced to watch as I chewed through them. I couldn't focus enough for a spell, and all I could feel underneath it all was anger. Their blood was on my scales. I felt their bones crunching under my feet. All I could smell was scorched meat." He looked up at her, a frown stretched across his snout. "I wasn't just killing them; I was brutalizing them, punishing them for their... impudence."

"Daryn..." she began slowly, "I don't know what you want me to say. Do you want me to stand here and look down on you, call you a monster, question my love because the *one* thing that has ever made you lose yourself is the desire to protect our child? Do you want me to shun you because you're not as perfect as you seem to think you should be?" She leaned down, pulling his hand to her lips. "You're not perfect. Close, maybe, but I get far too frustrated with your stubbornness at times to call you perfect. You can go beg for pity from Valorie or Dawn if you want it that badly, but I'm not going to demonize you for doing what I would have done. I can't make myself feel sorry for you... or them."

The dragon seated before her sighed. "Good, because I'm not looking for pity, Clara, especially not from you." His gaze hardened, matching his fierce features. "I've done this a long time, Clara. I've had to kill... too many people, and I've let even more die through inaction. A lot of them deserved it; a few didn't, and I've rarely been judged for doing what I felt I had to do. But everything I've done has been the result of a conscious choice on my part. *I* chose my actions, and accepted the consequences. What's really bothering me is that, when I was out of that control I've lived under since my teens, all I did was kill and destroy." She made to point out the absurdity of that, and he silenced her with a hand. "I know it's ridiculous. I know the reasons I did what I did. I *know* why I lost control, and if there was ever a reason, that was it, but I can't stop it from bothering me. I just... need time to internalize it, face my demons, such as they are. I'm still me, Clara. I promise. I've just been thinking really hard lately, and staying busy helps me focus."

She squirmed, the fire bleeding from her body and being replaced by uncertainty. "Daryn... Is being a dragon that bad?"

He withdrew his hand to let him cross his arms over his powerful chest, straining the fabric over his shoulders. "Oh? Shifting blame from me to you now, are we? Please, Clara, I'm not even going to dignify that with a response. Rather, I'll ask *you* a question. If you had barged in here and I had been alone, without some innocent child sitting at the desk, what would you have done? What were you planning?"

Clara took half a step backward, her claws clicking loudly against the floor in the sudden silence. "I... I-I was going to tear your desk in half, shove you to the ground, and probably yell at you for being so foolish." She was the one who felt foolish. She should have known better; she shouldn't have doubted him. "I'm sorry, Daryn. I should have trusted you more. I just didn't want you to feel like you had to deal with whatever was bothering you by yourself. I wanted to-"

She was interrupted as the Archmage leapt from his chair with unexpected energy. The dragon rose to his full height, lips pulled back from his daggerlike teeth in a vicious snarl. Clara

backed away further from the wave of heat that flooded the room, pouring from Daryn's enormous, powerful body. He raised his arms, balled his hands into fists, and with a harsh cry, threw his weight downward, slamming his arms into his desk. The fine wood splintered, sundering under his strength, and split down the middle with a dull, concussive crack. He sunk his claws into the piece of destroyed furniture, and with contemptuous force, threw the pieces to either side of the room to crash into the silvered-marble walls.

The sudden display pulled a shocked gasp from the dragoness, who only had enough time to open her eyes wide in surprise before Daryn strode over the shivered remains of his desk and wrapped unyielding fingers around her arms. He lifted, hoisting her off of the ground like she was a child, and kept going until the pale blue skin of her wings was pressed against the cool stone of the wall. She was held there, feet dangling a few inches off of the ground, and the dragon suspending her drifted closer, the black scales of his chest inches from her breasts. "Like that?" rumbled the Archmage.

"Y-yes!" she mewled. The heat roiling off of the figure in front of her was volcanic, and it seeped into her limbs. It threatened to melt her, fighting against the torrent of icy energy that raged in her core. His bright, expressive eyes scoured her, and her tail whipped around his leg, squeezing his muscle and feeling it flex mightily as he shifted his bulk from foot to taloned foot.

The dragon's tail was slower, gentler. It curled around her leg, sliding up under the maroon fabric to feel the smooth contour of her lush thigh. "What would you do then," he growled into her tapered, ivory horns, "once you had me trapped and seeing reason?"

She whined and struggled weakly. His tail held her leg, and the arms that held hers refused to be moved. "I don't know..." she panted, "I was just going to let things develop naturally from there."

Daryn hummed, his voice thunderous in her skull. "Hmm... Show me." With that he dropped her, letting her digitigrade feet catch her weight. His hands stayed on her arms, loosening just enough to let her move, and his tail remained on her legs, fondly stroking her gleaming scales and making a bulge in her dress. He stayed close to her, just shy of touching her, and she looked up at him. The short, jagged spines lining his jaw combined with the crown of spiky, obsidian horns gave him a frightfully intimidating appearance, but his eyes and the rise and fall of the playful rumbling in his chest lent him a more impish air.

His scent drilled into her sinuses, intoxicatingly strong and spicy. There was nowhere she could run from it, and it did unkind things to her body, filling her with bone-chilling ardor that poured through her arteries under the force of her racing heart. Her tail quivered around his leg, and her wings twitched fitfully behind her, still pinned against the wall as they were. The power that filled her, threatened to overfill her, demanded she let go, promised nothing but the most blissful of raptures if she would release it. The dragon she was filled her body with furious, boiling potential, and as she panted, her breath left her lungs in clouds of wintry mist that disintegrated against Daryn's chest.

The fingers on her arms relaxed as she moved, following her motions, and she slid her hands against his muscle, rasping scales over his chest. Her probing digits snaked beneath his coat, grabbing his sides and feeling his contours. She could sense the traitorous wobble developing in her legs. They threatened to fold and drop her to her knees so she could worship the golden idol before her.

Daryn whispered down to her, leaning to put his tapered snout next to her cheek. "I can't decide if that dress looks wonderful or terrible. I'm not sure if it suits you." His tail slowly crept higher on her legs, squirming over her thigh, then the broad curve of her hip, raking scales over

her taut abdomen and filling what looseness the fabric had. "I like the color with your eyes, though, which is really enough for me."

She bit back a moan as the tip of his tail began to poke up at the undersides of her more-than-ample breasts. It found the space between them, and snaked upward into her cleavage, pushing her breasts apart as it went. The sinuous limb tickled at her collarbone, feeling the smooth, white scales of her chest, and before long, its tip peeked out of her neckline to run fondly along her jaw.

Her fingers tightened their grip, claws scraping over Daryn's scales, and she whined a sharp, "Just do it already!" The dragon teased her, drawing it out. His tail tugged gently, pulling at the dress again and again, rocking back and forth, and she couldn't take it anymore. As the Archmage pulled her forward, she used him as an anchor to shove herself backward, and with a loud popping, her immaculate, maroon dress tore down the middle. She squirmed, tearing at herself until there was nothing left on her body to obstruct his view of her form. His eyes dropped, taking her in, and a slow smile spread over his reptilian visage.

His hands finally left her arms, sliding downward, over her sides, leaving lines of tingling pleasure, to take up the plush flesh of her hips. His tail dropped, crawling back down her body, making her wriggle weakly, to curl once again around her thick thigh. "Much better..." he murmured, letting his eyes close as he ran his nose along her jaw, breathing deeply of her scent.

It put her nostril in the hollow of his throat, and her need threatened to blow her apart as she gulped down his essence. "Daryn..." she moaned, "This room isn't big enough... I'm too... pent up. I won't be able to control it if you keep teasing me."

He just hummed a soft, "That's right." before he continued to tease her. His fingers drifted backward, over the sumptuous curves of her generous rear, squeezing and kneading the firm muscle for a time before his claws scraped casually along the base of her thick, tapering tail. The deft manipulation sent lines of ecstasy up her spine to explode behind her eyes and sweep back down, shooting to her crotch.

She tensed against his hands, leaning back against the wall as if to get away. The Archmage whispered a few more words she didn't understand, and with a quiet grinding sound, she saw the wall next to the door melt and deform. Solid rock flowed like water, sweeping over the door to meet the stone on the other side. The wall then solidified, leaving no trace that a door was ever there at all. He had trapped himself in the room with her.

Digging her claws into the floor, she gouged ruts into the smooth, polished stone as she writhed. "D-Daryn... I can't..."

"Maybe not." he said soothingly, "But I might be able to help." He took a step back, drifting away from her, until they were only connected by their tails twined around the other's legs. "Like I said. I've had to keep myself busy, so I've been working on a few things." He beckoned her closer, and she peeled herself off of the wall to press herself against him amidst the ruins of his desk. His hands went around her back to cup her shoulder blades and tenderly rub the delicate muscles around the base of her wings. "I still don't like it, and don't expect me to do this often, but don't worry about breaking anything this time. I remember what you asked me to do for you, and I've got you."

She swallowed hard around the lump in her throat, doing her best to push herself backward into his probing hands while crushing herself into his chest. His scales were blissfully hot, and she felt his hands stoking the blizzard beneath her skin, goading it to fill her. The dragon's wings opened halfway, tinting the light flowing over him dark, bloody crimson, and she closed her eyes, letting him deftly manipulate her.

The slow, steady buildup pulled quiet, excited noises from her throat, making her deep, feminine voice tremble with need. It built and built, as it always did, until she was shaking. One of Daryn's hands slipped downward, along the lissom lines of her back, tracing her spine back down to the base of her tail. He trailed a thumb around its muscular girth, tenderly fingering the sublimely sensitive silver scales before dipping lower, cupping the heavy, perky swells of her luscious rump with enough strength to leave her panting even harder into her chest.

She was quickly brought to a boil, the Archmage delicately teasing every spot he could find, including some she didn't know she had, until her body was tense and she could hardly breathe through the desire that left her mind in a delirious haze. "Go ahead, Beautiful. Lose yourself, and let me take care of the rest."

She did. She let go, letting the tension bleed from her limbs as she was consumed by the frigid fire coursing through her body. She felt the familiar, mindless need roil in her chest, raging as it was unleashed. When the dragoness opened her eyes, she saw the broad expanse of Daryn's chest, felt his breath hot against her, and she could no longer stop herself.

With a rough shove, she pitted her strength against his. She couldn't hope to overpower him, but she was still strong, and he was forced back. He took a step, and then another, and her tail slipped down and snapped taut around his ankle. His eyes widened in surprise when his leg wouldn't move the way he intended, and he fell backward with a shocked grunt. As nearly a ton of muscle and scale hit the floor, it trembled through the room, and she felt it reverberate up her legs.

Before he could force himself up to a sit, she threw herself at him, slamming his back into the rubble of his desk with her weight. She was trapped, caught on the edge of losing her mind. She felt it quivering through her body like she was on the precipice of an orgasm. Her lust burned away her thoughts, but something was stopping it from continuing onward. It was fast and cyclical, rising and falling. Her sheer, overwhelming power continued to build, pressing outward on her body, but just before she burst it receded to begin the process again. "H-how...?" she growled down at him.

She wanted desperately to grind him into the ground under the weight of her need, do anything to wipe the supremely pleased expression from his face. "Oh..." he said casually, seemingly not worried at the sight of the amorous dragoness holding him down, "I'm just bleeding a little off so you don't blow your top." He winked up at her. "I'm sending it somewhere safe, so we can use it later, when we can be a little more... reckless. Until then, though, why don't you show me what you were going to do?"

She looked down at him with a wild-eyed grin as she moved to straddle his waist, tucking his thickly muscled body between her thighs. Gripping him tightly, she sunk her claws into the sturdy fabric of the coat wrapped around his arms, pulling with merciless strength. It gave effortlessly, and she viciously rendered him bare to her starving eyes. He lifted his head to watch her, but made no move to resist, only shifting his wings to make himself comfortable.

Tossing the last scrap of his coat over her shoulder, flinging it from the tips of her ivory claws, she returned her fingers to his body, roaming over his black and gold scales. He was like her, grand and imposing, but he was just so much *more*. She was a dragon. Strength was her domain. But while prominent, her musculature was smooth and feminine. His was the opposite. His bulk seemed to strain at his scales when he moved, and appeared to be cast from steel. His powerful form was hard and made of all sharp angles, but was far from uninviting.

Free of the flimsy cloth that hid him, he was all hers. His burning body brought solace to her trembling fingers as they wandered over the muscular plates of his pectorals. She bent her

spine, pressing the tip of her shorter, more rounded snout against him, and inhaled deeply of the scorching, arid air that hung over his scales. It smelled of him. It tasted of him, and she spent a moment just breathing him in, letting the strength of his spirit inundate her. She was excited as she was subdued, and despite how she straddled him, he was in control. He just didn't exercise it.

Her claws raked down his chest, striking sparks from his scales as they dropped to meander over the stony contours of his abdomen. She didn't need to open her eyes to know what she was doing, and she kept her thin, draconic lips pressed reverently against his torso. The icy blue flesh of her slender tongue snaked between her teeth to trail languidly against him, leaving a sheen of frigid saliva where it lingered on his rigid strength.

His hands made their way back to her, touching and rubbing her where she desperately needed his attention. He squeezed her lush backside, and she dipped lower, crushing her chest into him. Her breasts squished delightfully, and the turgid flesh of her nipples throbbed as they dragged over his scales. Her bust was a point of pride for her. Each firm, supple globe looked big even on her statuesque frame, and their gravity-defying shape belied their pillowy softness. She moaned lewdly and loudly, for Daryn's benefit as much as her own, and rocked her hips against her titanic lover.

She ached wherever his hands weren't. Her heaving, throbbing euphoria broke her mind, if not her body, and he rumbled beneath her with a pleased growl as she worked her hands lower and lower down his broad frame. Her tail slapped heavily against the floor and wriggled blindly, seeking out his. Finding his longer, thicker limb, she curled hers around it and fought against its excited swaying. She couldn't get enough of her body in contact with his, and she eagerly rubbed herself against him, wordlessly demanding more and more from herself as Daryn's hands fearlessly goaded her onward.

The scales between her thighs, fine and sensitive, met his, grinding and scraping with increasingly frantic energy, and, nearly swallowing her tongue in the process, she felt herself opening on him. Blood-engorged flesh rose up under the sensation ripping through her body, and the ice-blue lips of her heavy, needy womanhood pushed apart the edges of the slit hidden in her loins. Her petals bloomed like those of an elegant flower, slick with the frigid nectar she was already drooling over the dragon's stomach.

She moaned, finally pulling her mouth and tongue off of Daryn's chest to push herself upright. She displayed herself to him, touching her divine form, hefting a breast, sliding her tongue around a nipple, stiff and prominent from her desire. Her fingers trailed down her lean contours, sliding between her legs to push a claw between her lower lips. She spread herself, letting Daryn see her throbbing entrance before she gingerly fingered herself, rubbing over her pulsing clit and tucking a fingertip into her body.

Her pounding flesh yielded to her slender digit, and lightning bolts of euphoria raced up her spine to explode behind her fluttering eyelids. The force of it rolled her head back and pulled a loud, senseless groan from between her parted lips. Her other hand clamped down on her chest, crushing her cushiony breast in vicious fingers, and she pushed further and further into herself, raking her tender walls with harmless claws and violent passion.

Her muscle shuddered as she pushed in another finger up to the second knuckle. She could feel the dragon beneath her breathing heavily, could smell his need mingling with hers. The aroma of it drove her crazy just as it filled her lungs with fire that lent her usually wintery blood the heat of uncontrolled ardor. Her free hand slipped back down her body, falling to Daryn's, and went behind her. She lifted her tail, exposing the scales between his legs, and she twitched fiercely as she scraped her desperate fingers over him again and again.

He resisted, tensing between her legs as she fought to bare him. He groaned, bucked into her fingers, and she mercilessly forced herself against him, practically squealing with the strength of her unchained fervor. Vigorously pleasuring herself atop him, she oozed a steady stream of clear, viscous lubricant over her fingers before it trickled onto his stomach. It showed her readiness, leaving whiffs of pale mist where it trailed through the air.

The combination of her ecstatic vocalizations, the growing strength of her scent, and the sight of her relentlessly preparing herself for him, dragged the Archmage over the edge. Muscles locked up beneath her. Fingers dug into her wiggling butt, and the floor cracked, the dragon's horns slamming into it as he threw his head back with a mightily strained grunt.

She was ready to catch him as he erupted behind her. Her hand was pressed, palm flat, against his crotch, and she felt its burning heat peak under his scales a split-second before it burst from its hiding place. The tip of it immediately overfilled her hand, and she was forced to twist her spine to keep her hand on it as it forced her arm up at an awkward angle. It felt like she was holding a bar of liquid steel, but it was far from soft, and as it began to throb between her fingers, it only stiffened further.

As volcanically hot blood poured between Daryn's legs, she felt the thick ridges that lined his tapered, draconic tool flare against her back as it crawled upward and outward. It was heavy, and it burned her scales with the furnace of its mass. Closing her eyes, she tried to breathe smoothly, failing utterly. His scent, finally free to ooze into the air, brutally overpowered her own, subjugating it under a tide of intoxicating spice that made her body feel like it was on fire.

She stroked the behemoth behind her to hardness, delighting in the sensation of it bulging against her luscious rear. It throbbed angrily, getting harder and harder as it pulsed with the force of Daryn's usually well-hidden desire. It was so big and thick. She traced the pounding veins that crawled over its length, rubbing smooth, sturdy scales against tender, needy flesh until Daryn could be no readier.

The dragon was twitching beneath her, panting and groping her with single-minded dedication, and her patience was finally worn away. Lifting her hand from her lover's burning flesh, she slapped it down on Daryn's broad chest. With quivering legs, she lifted her body from that of her lover, letting the Archmage get an unobstructed view of the object of her desire. She peered between the arch of her spread legs, stared in breathless awe at the column of enflamed masculinity that stood with resolute pride from Daryn's loins. Every time, like the dragon himself, it seemed a little, deliciously bigger, seemed to fill her even more, stretch her sturdy body until it felt like she would burst.

She watched it twitch, throbbing in time with the dragon's thundering heart. Taking a cautious step backward, she sized it up, comparing it to what she knew she could handle. The anticipation drove her mad, but she forced herself to hover tantalizingly above it. She jerked her fingers in and out of herself, continuing the stream of thick, icy liquid that poured from her slicked loins. Drizzling it over Daryn's monumental manhood, she made them both ready for what was to come and licking her lips in giddy anticipation.

Her ice met his fire and immediately melted. If she hadn't known of its impossibility, she would have expected her lusty fluids to boil upon contact with his searing flesh. As she basted him in preparation, he groaned at the sensation of liquid frost pouring over him, but it didn't seem to dull his ardor at all. If anything, he got harder, flaring thicker as he began to ooze his own fluids to mix with hers.

She needed it; she needed it more in that, precise moment, more than she had ever needed anything before. Her need destroyed her, burned inside her out of any hope of control, and with

no ceremony, she let herself drop. The dragoness impaled herself on the column of lust-filled flesh rising below her, letting her half-ton mass drag her down his length. She screamed shamelessly as it filled her and stretched her mercilessly. Its unrelenting heat scorched her sensitive walls, driving her need--and the pitch of her throaty cry--higher and higher.

It was too much. It was always too much for her, and she loved it. She was sturdy, but even then, she felt like she would explode from the sheer girth of the shaft she worked to bury into herself. Her quivering passage clamped down on it, slowing her decent to an infuriating crawl, and she bounced up and down, hammering it into her as her spasming womanhood surrendered to Daryn's mammoth masculinity.

Her delirious outcry didn't cease until, breathless, the scales of her crotch met those of the dragon below her. Daryn's eyes had rolled back into his head, and the hands on her hips worked to drag her down. Gasping, she looked down, past the swells of her prodigious bust. It looked like she was with egg, she was so ludicrously full, and she could trace the outline of the rod hilted within her with her eyes as well as her fingers.

For a second, she sat there, just feeling him throb within her. The heat of a burning star filled her, mingling with the frigid strength roaring inside her, diluting it and filling her with familiar, if alien, warmth. Then, with a euphoric moan, she lifted herself, baring ridge after ridge of his thick, meaty manhood, until fully half of its enormous length was bared to shine wetly in the wan magelight that filled the room. Its flesh was a bright, alluring crimson, and they both hissed as she let herself drop back down, once more filling her to beyond capacity.

The beast she forced into herself pushed at her organs, and it felt like she was cooking in a forge. Daryn's panting breaths were released alongside clouds of thick, inky smoke, lit from below by the fiery glow emanating from his half-open lips. It looked like he was burning from within, and she felt each degree of scalding temperature as it climbed, flowing into her in an unforgiving torrent.

She wanted to scream again, but couldn't get anything past her throat that wasn't a half-strangled moan as she cautiously worked herself into an ambitious rhythm that had her rocking her hips and forcing herself up and down along the length of the dragon hilted into her. The ribs that textured her lover's girthy organ scraped her walls, and each thrust rolled her eyes further back in her head, until eventually her tongue was hanging limply, her mouth open, and she was adding to Daryn's smoke with clouds of pale, bone-chilling mist.

Her legs were long and robustly muscled, and her weight was nothing as she rode the Archmage into the floor of his study. Broad, ice-tinted wings snapped open, reaching nearly the breadth of the room, and the translucent membranes were darkened with the increased flow of blood and lust as her heart pounded against the inside of her ribcage. The dragon's joined hers a heartbeat later, filling the space with flesh the color of the winter sky and freshly-spilled blood.

Ultimately, however, she didn't have to move herself. Daryn's blindly probing hands had locked onto her hips, and his thick, muscular arms easily hefted her weight, adding implacable momentum to her already wanton movements. She could only help, a hand on the dragon's stomach while the other savaged her bouncing chest, as her lover crammed her full again and again.

With each jarring impact of her overstretched womanhood against the dragon's scales, her spine bent further backward. Her muscles twitched and quaked, and her horns eventually touched her back. The hand she had on Daryn slipped up to her abdomen, to feel her bulge as she was filled over and over. Her destroyed mind couldn't comprehend how she had survived so long without feeling what was then tearing through her voluptuous form, but as she took her situation

in, she found her voice, letting out a rapturous wail as she came around the dragon's adamant hardness.

Her countless, razored teeth snapped together, nearly severing her tongue as she tensed with explosive force. Her muscle-lined passage collapsed down on its tremendous intruder, but to little effect. She could scarcely hope to give Daryn a tighter hole into which he could wildly thrust himself. All it did was shove her euphoria higher, blinding her with starbursts of ecstasy even as she winced her eyes shut. Her cry vibrated in her chest, creeping higher as Daryn just fueled her release with nearly violent bucking.

She was lifted completely into the air as the dragon below her arched his back, giving himself the clearance needed to pull nearly his entire titanic length from her quivering feminine folds before slamming himself back in. Every jolt sent a bolt of lightning up her spine to tingle across her wings and fill her mind with nothingness born of paradise. Her slick fluids splattered over his crotch, each time wetter and wetter as she creamed herself on him, and it seemed to last forever as release after spastic release crashed through her one after the other.

The cycle was only broken by a warning growl from the cavernous chest beneath her. Daryn hissed a breath that ended in a rough, terse grunt that signaled the end of his inhuman endurance. His muscle tightened and his spine bent nearly to the point of snapping as he lifted her to dangle off of him like a toy. He just breathed it out, and she felt it shudder through his body before it happened.

They both contorted spastically as she felt the rod of steely, crimson flesh flare inside her with the first of countless loads of catastrophic, mind-breaking heat. She screamed again, trailing away into a weak gurgling as her lover erupted within her. Lava poured into her womb, the dragon's constant pulsing filling her trembling body, and she felt its heat creeping outward, overwhelming her. Still spasming, she succumbed and fell into the dragon's ready arms. She collapsed onto him, and his thought-scouring heat blanketed her from within and without.

Her orgasm went on and on, leaving her shivering against her lover as his frantic humping gradually slowed. The dragon growled into her, rumbling against her and rolling his hips more and more slowly until he worked them both down and left them laying in silence, only the sound of their intertwined heavy breathing filling her ears.

Daryn's hands lifted lazily from her abused backside to gently trail back up her spine to hug her shoulder blades. A sea of fire filled her belly, still pulsing with occasional blooms of greater heat that signaled her draconic lover continuing to spurt into her stuffed womanhood. She hadn't been able to hold it all; she rarely could as she was, and she was reminded that Daryn had been just as pent up as she. She had leaked profusely, and their conjoined loins were smeared with a sticky mess of thick, potent seed that had spilled onto the floor around them.

She felt fatigued in a way that she rarely felt. She felt utterly, supremely satisfied. She ached, and would surely be sore in the days to come. She would spend hours basking in the unthinkable heat that continued to radiate outward from her center before she could chill it and return her body to its frigid temperature. She would luxuriate in every moment, each endless second it took her to digest off her mate's virility.

Her lover held her trapped, speared on his still-throbbing manhood, but he lifted his head, running the spines that liked his jaw over her horns and whispering a hushed, if still reverberant, "Thank you, Beautiful, for reminding me."

She looked up at him, eyes bleary with a mixture of relief and exhaustion, and considered asking him of what she had reminded him, but held back. It was unlikely she would get a solid answer anyway. He always got impishly mysterious post-coitus. Instead, she let her head fall

back to his chest and closed her eyes, focusing on the slowing rise and fall of his body as he breathed. She was tired.

He let her lay there as her wings went limp, falling downward onto the floor. "Don't fret." he continued to whisper down to her, "Rest, Beautiful. Tomorrow, we can go flying in the mountains and I can show you what you can do with all that power I siphoned."

Sighing tiredly, she just nodded. In the morning, she could manage in the morning, and, taking another deep breath of the smell of their mixed sex, she relaxed. Knowing she was in the best hands that could be found, the dragoness let the tension gradually ooze from her limbs and greeted the coming sleep with a beatific smile.