

Fire and Ice

Written By: Skabaard

Daryn had never been so high before. The air was thin and bitterly cold. Wind whipped around him, and he had to work his expansive wings to keep him aloft. It was tiring, but gratifying and entirely necessary. It looked like the entirety of the world was splayed out beneath him. The endless expanse of the Ordis Mountains, sharp, jagged peaks that split nearly the entire continent from east to west, spread out below him, far away enough to look like ant hills. They were the most precipitous of heights within a thousand miles, and they looked so pitifully far away.

He glided for a time on a welcome updraft as he looked at what splayed out below him. The forests, hills, and plains to the north and south made the land look rough and splotchy, and the sheer breadth of it, even after having seen so much over the course of his long life, was enough to boggle his mind. At this altitude, even his inhumanly sharp eyes could make out nothing of the features of the land below but blurry outlines where eternal forests faded into fertile grasslands, pockmarked with the telltale specks of civilization, farmland and cities.

It was quite the sight, and something he would never get tired of seeing, but he kept his eyes peeled for something else entirely. He had to find her, and this was his best chance. Clara had the advantage over him in the air, which was why, after their brief scuffle that had ended in her escape to the skies, he had been forced to give chase. He was stronger than her by a significant margin. His frame was broad and thick with obvious, domineering muscle, but in the air, she was more agile. Though slower than he by lack of wing power, it was agility that mattered when unbound by the tethers of gravity.

Therefore, he needed to catch her off-guard. The midday sun glinted off the burnished gold of his scaly hide, and, while it gave him a regal and majestic appearance, it was not the most desirous asset when stealth was required. It would have been a simple task to hide himself behind a veil, but Clara would brook no cheating of that caliber. It was all he could do to stifle his aura to prevent the dragoness from merely sensing his presence when he approached. It made his head feel like it was full of cotton and his extra senses feel dull and sluggish, but it was a needed discomfort.

The crimson membranes of his broad wings and his ebon-scaled underbelly would make him an eyesore against the pure blue of the sky, but he was relying on his sheer altitude to hide him. Clara was a dragoness, a creature of such pride and self-regard that he was almost certain that her eyes would be looking down for him. There was something about apex predators that gave them a false sense of security when in the depths of their natural habitat, and even the most civilized and noble of creatures were prone to that exploitable weakness. He smirked when his piercing, sapphire eyes caught on a glimmer of silver far, far below him; it almost felt like cheating.

Tucking his wing inward and holding them tightly against his back, he let himself tilt into a nosedive, and like a golden arrow dropped from on high, he plummeted. He ignored the way his pounding heart leapt into his throat from the anticipation of the aerial pounce, and kept his eyes trained on Clara's miniscule silhouette, watching it grow. Wind deafened him as he dropped like bolt of gleaming, metallic lightning. His bulky, muscular form wasn't nearly as aerodynamic

as that of his prey, but his weight lent him the inertia needed to slice through the air like a sword from the forge.

The rocky spires below him approached rapidly while still lingering at a tremendous distance, a testament to how high he had been drifting. He fell for more than a minute, until he could make out individual landmarks. There were only a few clouds, light and wispy, but one intersected his trajectory and he tore through it, punching a swirling hole in it and leaving beads of icy water sparkling on his smooth scales before the wind ripped them from his body. Clara had descended somewhat, and from the languid motions of her wings, the dragoness had no suspicions that her doom hurtled at her from above.

When he was a frantic heartbeat from impacting her, he threw his wings open. Air filled them, snapping his tough hide taut with concussive booms that were lost in the scream of the wind whistling through his horns. They held together, but the sudden jerk of deceleration felt like it very nearly tore the powerful limbs from his upper back. Clara jerked at the defiant, challenging roar that rumbled to life in his chest, looking up over her shoulder at the last few feet of his approach. Her brilliant, emerald eyes went wide with shock, and before she could hope to twist out of the way, he slammed into her with force enough to jar them both.

He tackled her arms-first, wrapping his powerful limbs around her body as his momentum mingled with her own. His weight threw her off and knocked her from her perch in the sky, and together, they tumbled downward. The universe spun around them, but for the time being, he focused at the frantic creature in his arms. She screeched her rage at him and thrashed wildly, but he had surprised her enough to rob her movements of force or direction, and restraining her was a less than difficult chore.

His thick legs went around her waist, freeing his arms to grasp her powerful wings in his vicious, onyx claws. Through brute force, he forced the limbs that granted her flight inward, preventing her from righting herself as they spiraled out of control. Each time the mountains spun into his field-of-view, they were a little closer, but he paid the approaching ground no mind. Her long, powerful tail flailed against his back, threatening his own wings, and he put his into use. The thick, muscular appendage coiled like a serpent around hers, immobilizing it in a tangle of might and gleaming, metallic scales.

Her pale ivory claws raked at the legs with which he was anchored to her, but he refused to be moved. Her head snapped back, lashing out at him with her tapering, wickedly pointed horns, but he was too far back for them to be of any use, and he viciously cemented his hold on her, gripping her with dire, determined strength as they dropped like a pair of conjoined rocks to the mountainside that loomed up at them.

He wasn't about to let them just smash against the stony landscape below them, and before they could dash themselves against the mountain, his wings spread wide. They easily caught the air, and it was with almost instinctive simplicity that he righted them. He held her between his legs, squeezed her with unyielding strength and security, and with several long sweeps of his wings, he bled off the majority of their velocity before the rocks finally rose up to meet them.

He landed with a coarse grunt, taking the impact with his knees. His arms kept Clara from bouncing off of the mountainside, and his long, strong frame flexed with the jolt of the landing as rock cracked against his impregnable scales. No longer needing to restrain them, he released her wings, immediately wrapping his fingers around the dragoness's wrists and hauling up. He dragged Clara's arms behind her back, pushing them upward to the brink of discomfort to

rob her of any leverage her contact with the ground would give her. He then leaned over, shoving his weight into the small of her back and crushing her torso into the ground.

Daryn was panting from his terrifying drop and the force of his exertions, and the dragoness seemed to mistake that for fatigue or weakness because she screamed in her defiant rage and thrashed viciously against him. Clara flailed with everything she had, doing her best to buck him off of her, to free her arms or tail, but he loomed resolutely over her, refusing to be budged from his spot of dominance. To further illustrate his point, he took up her wrists in the unyielding fingers of a single hand, holding her pinned with only one arm and the sheer weight of his bulk, and that seemed only to infuriate her further. She shuddered and seethed, primal, roiling anger visible in her glittering eyes as she pitted herself against him. Determination was etched into her snarl, and he could smell it in the clouds of pale, icy mist that left her smoothly angled, draconian snout to leave a patchwork of frost over the rocks.

Even down this far, the temperature was frigid. Winter was in full force, and it was a miracle that they had landed away from the snow that blanketed much of the landscape. The rocks felt like ice against his knees, and the dragoness drew strength from her element. It didn't matter. He let more of his weight fall onto her, crushing the breath from her lungs with the heft of his muscle, his unadulterated power. He let her feel the frigid rock into which she was held; he let her drink it in, wallow in it, and he let her feel the uselessness of it.

With a wordless, mental impulse, he withdrew the gates of thought that were withholding and restraining his aura. He let the physical force of his magical might flow out of him and leech into the environment. Decades ago, when he had been human, he had rivaled even the strongest of wizards in the powers that his kind could call up. Now dragonfire fueled his strength, and there was no creature that could contest the impact of his presence. The universe bent around him, singling him out as a being of frightful potential, and it manifested as a tangible field that steeped the air around him in silent strain. Even those with no magical talent at all were capable of feeling it, his aura against their skin, pressing in on them. It unnerved them, frightened them, and he had spent centuries looking at the discontent mirrored in the eyes of those around him.

Clara was no such soft, meek being. His power crashed into her, through her, with the nearly surreal force of a phantom mallet against her mind, and even she was forced to quail at the depth of it. She wailed, struggling against the steely embrace that held her motionless even as she tasted the helplessness of her situation. She huffed and roared, baring her teeth and snapping at him with the mindless desperation of a rat backed into a corner. Her wings buffeted the air around him, sweeping back and trying to knock him off of her so she could escape once more to the skies, where she would have a hope, a slim glimmer of a chance at escaping him. He sat, accepted it, let her increasing urgency washed over him. She was frantic; she knew she was lost, but she was too proud to admit defeat even when it straddled her so decisively.

Slowly, he let his free hand, the hand he didn't need to hold her trapped, fall to the polished silver of the scales of her lower back. They were elegant, beautiful. They shone like the stars hanging in the night sky with the pale gleam of a full moon. His eyes lingered with his obsidian-capped fingertips. He rubbed there, above the base of her tail, in the hollow of the small of her back, tracing the dragoness's spine even as it contorted in her enraged strain. He ignored her struggles, keeping only grip enough to hold her between his legs, but letting her flail as much as she wanted otherwise. She would tire slowly; she was so strong and youthful, in her prime. She would fight him for hours with all the energy of a caged dragon. Daryn was tempted to let her, just so he could feel it.

Instead, he let his fingers languorously drift upward, pushing them along the middle of the dragoness's slim back. She knew his plan, and she roared wordlessly at his meandering hand, not for mercy, but for blood. It made him smile. He could only imagine what she would do to him if his grip slackened for even an instant. She was so... imperiously powerful, shamelessly proud. She could do it. He was impossibly strong. Dense, draconic muscle powered his body, and there was no small amount of it. He was built with the proportions of a god in mind, and his herculean strength was obvious. Deep, chiseled grooves outlined the contours of his physique, and his sheer bulk was staggering. Even that, though, wouldn't be enough to save him if she got the upper hand for even a brief heartbeat. She would twist and throw him off, be on him in a split-second, and it would be he that would be lost.

He wasn't going to let that happen. Wandering almost aimlessly, his fingers slowly crawled up the length of her back. They loitered around the bases of her wings, scraping along smooth, shield-shaped scales, feeling her lean, rock-hard muscle tensing as she tried her absolute hardest to batter him off of her. Continuing their unhurried march, they eventually came to rest ominously atop the nape of her neck. The dragoness threw her head back, trying to impale his hand on the tips of her longest set of horns, but his angle of approach left him protected against such attacks. For a long moment, he just let the tips of his fingers rest there, touching, prodding, teasing, and the unmitigated dread in her still-stubborn expression told him that she knew precisely what was coming next.

He let the back of her neck, so delicate and willowy compared to the majesty of her figure, rest in the crook between his thumb and forefinger. Clara tensed, letting out an anguished cry, and he smiled gently. One-by-one, he let the rest of his fingers fall to her neck, until her throat was cradled between his fingertips and palm. He squeezed possessively, taking hold of her fragile, slender neck, until the strain in her tendons could be felt plainly against the fine scales of his powerful, nimble digits. At his confident, unafraid grip, she froze. Her body went rigid beneath him, as if she were afraid to now do so much as twitch. The dragoness panted from the fury of her struggles, and for an endless moment, the sound of their intermingling breaths was the only thing that echoed off of the rocks around them.

Her heartbeat pounded in the artery beneath his fingertips, and he stroked it fondly. "That wasn't very fair, just tackling me straight away like that," he coolly admonished. "Not to mention how foolish it was. You didn't even try to get me off-balance. If I didn't know better, I'd have thought that you were *trying* to get yourself caught. If I didn't know better, I'd say you like being right here, beneath me; I'd say it's almost as if you think that's where you belong, between my legs."

Clara's answer was as angry as it was wordless. A low, tremulous growl shook her chest for a brief second before she threw her head back against her steely restraints and let out a deep, bugling cry that echoed endlessly off of the rocks that surrounded them. He chuckled and sighed, taking a look around. Sharp, jagged spires of lichen-dappled granite were strewn about the little gully they had landed in. They were far up the slope of an ancient, towering peak, and the elements, over millennia, had shorn shards of rock the size of houses from the mountain to litter its inclines. It was in the midst of such a place that they now found themselves. It was a stark reminder of the power of nature, and he took a moment, ignoring the weakly wriggling dragoness below him, to appreciate the dull beauty of his surroundings.

Her slowly rising defiance ceased again as he squeezed her throat. She whined as he stroked her slowly, letting his fingers fall to cup the front of her neck, cradling her most vulnerable of places. The power in his fingers, behind his claws, felt limitless. Her scales would

only resist for a heartbeat if he set himself against her thick, sturdy hide. He could easily bring his fingers together, slice through her, spill her blood across the rocks and snuff out the burning furnace of her life with casual ease. He never would, and they both knew it. He would die before letting even a single, flawless scale be scratched, but the strength in his hand as he gently clutched her neck was very real. The fact that there was nothing she could do to stop him as he tenderly caressed her smooth contours was what left her stiff and breathless against him.

They sat there in relative silence for a long time, but Daryn knew that the dragoness was not so easily cowed. He got a taste of her defiance when, as he shifted to let him tickle at the intersection between her throat and jaw, she snapped her head back yet again. His forearm had drifted into range, and the point of her horn met his scales with a dull, metallic clang that struck sparks from his hide. He winced and snapped his arm back, grimacing at the groove she had carved into one of his scales, and the wordless look she shot him spoke of supreme, undeniable satisfaction. Daryn returned her glare with a thoughtful frown and a cocked eyebrow... Such mutiny wouldn't do at all.

Returning his hand to the back of her neck in safety, he pressed his fingers into her, silently chastising her for her rebellion. His tantalizing digits lifted upward along her nape, sliding up onto the back of her skull. Her head was crowned with a thicket of horns just as his was, though pale ivory rather than dark onyx. Even then, hers were more slender, shorter, less dominant and fewer in number. They complimented her more feminine features. Her snout was shorter, smoother, and less angular than his, and she lacked the short spines that lined his jaws from chin to hinge. She looked softer, more inviting, though still savage and draconic, and he let his eyes ravish her beauty as his fingers laced into her thorny crown.

When he touched her horns, she tried to jerk against him again, but he held her down easily, and she let out an uncharacteristic whimper as he took control of her head away from her. He leaned forward over her, bearing down on her, and pushed her snout into the gravel and stone chips that littered the broad ravine they were in. Clara was forced to turn her head to the side, and even then, he ground her cheek into the dusty rocks with the strength lining his body, forcing her into the ground with merciless weight on her head.

Shuffling his wings against his back, Daryn let his spine continue to bend, which put him closer and closer to the dragoness's pinned form. Clara huffed and puffed and squirmed against him, but did nothing else but peer up at him out of the corner of her eye, seemingly awaiting her doom. Her scaled brows were not lowered in anger or confusion, but her eyes were half-lidded nonetheless. Splashes of sparkling emerald glimmered in the sea of silver scales that were her alluring features. Her haunting beauty, even in so compromised a position, tugged at him, threatened to draw him in. It begged him to release her and accept what would be her brutal retribution, because he knew beyond the bounds of certainty that his reward would be worth his punishment.

Instead, Daryn let his head drop until his sharply angled snout very nearly touched hers. Her eyes focused on him as she blinked quickly, and he met her gaze, turning his head curiously to the side. Their crystalline eyes sparkled like multifaceted gems, flawlessly polished emerald and sapphire. Her eyes were awash with emotions and sensations. They gleamed with defiance and sullen anger. They flicked between his, probing him in turn as he gleaned her demeanor from the portals to her soul. Beneath the rage at her defeat, he saw playfulness, delight. Her eagerness shone through her bright eyes, and even deeper than that, he saw hunger, an ancient, furious need that intimidated even him. It sat trapped behind the orbs of twinkling green, caged and mindless and violent. It excited him to no end.

Heaving a heavy breath, he broke the shared look to close his eyes. Daryn let his indignation at her resistance fill his chest; it lingered in his lungs and mingled with the furious torrent of the fire that roared at his core. It was an entirely different beast from the calm well of power he could call up and direct as a wizard. It was boiling, and it felt alive. It had desires and motivations that seemed separate from his own at times. He knew such thoughts were ridiculous. It was a part of him as much as his scales or his wings, but its vitality occasionally surprised him.

As his nostrils flared around another long, slow exhale, the air left his lungs with a plume of thick, inky black smoke that washed over the dragoness's triangular, reptilian snout. Clara twitched against him as she breathed it in. He knew it smelled of him, and he sluggishly unlidded his eyes to watch how it affected her. Her own nostrils quivered as she gulped it down before the icy wind could carry it away, and she closed her eyes as she huffed, blowing dust away from her mouth. Daryn brushed the tip of his snout over her scaly cheek and did nothing to stop the deep, dominating growl that bubbled to life in the depths of his powerful chest.

It shuddered in his torso, rumbling through his body, and as he gingerly nuzzled Clara's jaw, it vibrated into her and dragged the air from her lungs in an ardent moan that left her quivering beneath him. He put words to his trembling, threatening vocalization, and she looked at him, listening intently. "I'd like the use of my hands back, Clara. There are other things I need them for that I'm certain you would appreciate just as much as I." The dragoness between his legs nodded frantically, the stubbornness bleeding from her demeanor. "That being said, I'm not letting go of you unless you can behave. Can you behave for me?" She swallowed noisily, fighting the grip he had on her horns to let her turn and press her snout up against in a return nuzzle before she shook her head wordlessly, the beginnings of a smile creeping over her expression. "That's what I figured," he mused, "Good thing, then, that I don't intend on letting you go... ever."

She smiled genuinely then, the rest of her dull ire slipping from her face and being replaced with clear, stunning idolatry as she showed him her wickedly pointed teeth in a gleeful grin. Daryn relaxed the hold he had on her skull somewhat, giving her the slack she needed to move against him. She slid her snout along his, reciprocating his affection with the quiet rasping of scales on scales. Daryn rewarded her by breathing over her, letting the arid, volcanic air that left his lungs wash against her delicate features and pull the chill from the rocks around her head with the heat of his presence. As seconds of quiet intimacy passed, she relaxed, melting against the stone below her, and her contentment made itself heard in a soft, not-quite-growl that purred in the back of her throat.

The sound was so decidedly feline that he had to grin at it. He released her head as she sagged willingly to the stone beneath him, and he gently returned his fingers to her neck. He ran black-clawed digits along the lines of her throat in teasing caresses, and he felt her purring vibrate into his palm as it gained force in slow, swelling rises. "I don't expect you to behave," murmured the Archmage, "but will you at least stop yourself from squirming away if I decide to hold you somewhere other than your wrists? I'm willing to bet that there are some things that you'd like to task your own hands with that aren't tearing my scales off."

The dragoness's smile grew dreamy, and she nodded lazily. Trusting her word, and relying on the slack in her body, Daryn released the hold he had on Clara's arms. She didn't even twitch a reaction. Her arms stayed limp, and they slid off of her back to fall loosely to the rocks to her sides, the backs of her hands resting against the dragon's thighs. Her wings had long since stopped moving, and they lay half-open, outstretched. Their pale-blue hide contrasted with his dark, bloody red, just as her silver met his gold, and white with black, ice with fire.

Daryn marveled at it. Clara purred slowly between his legs, looking to be very near the edge of sleep, so relaxed was the dragoness. He had never before seen someone who could have been, on the outside, so utterly different while, beneath their clashing skins, was truly so kindred a spirit. Clara had a very draconic outlook on the world, one that, even after so many years, the Archmage still had trouble understanding the simplicity of, but it served the dragoness well. She was more a guide for him than any other save one. The ease with which conundrums could be solved through her haunting, green eyes shocked him, and he had never really shied away from leaning on her when he needed support. "Clara..." he whispered, more to himself than her.

At her name, she stirred, slivers of emerald visible through cracked eyelids as she peered up at him. Her purr turned into an inquisitive hum before cutting off interrogatively. The dragoness's tail, slender compared to the muscular girth of his, squeezed his own happily as it wiggled against his scales and slid along his coiled appendage. Her wings twitched with life, wafting dust around them as they gave a weak flap. Despite the needlessness of the statement, he felt it pulled from his throat anyway. "I love you."

Clara's only answer was a serious, heavily-lidded look. That look seared into his mind. It screamed at him that the emotion they shared for each other was a very real, physical force that would not be denied. The look felt like she had reached back and slapped him for even imagining anything could be different, for contemplating that there could be any stronger a bond between them. It told him that yes, of course he loved her, and she him, and it told him that to doubt that single immutable fact for even an instant would be a folly of cataclysmic proportions. He felt chastised, and he felt his embarrassed blush push a bloom of color into the exposed skin of his wings.

He snapped the broad, powerful limbs close to his back to prevent her from seeing his entirely out-of-place, boyish embarrassment. Her expression as she turned back to the ground to continue her relaxation, however, told him she had known full well what he was thinking before he had thought it. She didn't complain, though, and her pleased purr swelled back to life before her eyes could slide closed once more.

He shook his head at his own sheepishness while a long sigh whispered through his teeth, releasing with it a cloud of thin, grey smoke that was shredded by the icy breeze that swept down the mountain at them. His thoughts went back to the set of fingers he was keeping firmly against Clara's throat. Daryn felt her breathe and purr; he felt her swallow occasionally, and he felt her heartbeat against his palm, slow and calm now that the thrill of the hunt and struggle was over. Still, there was something else to it, something that showed itself when the dragoness looked up at him, that fierce, primordial vigor, the hunger of a starving animal that he could see on the edge of release behind Clara's pupils. He knew it would take precious little encouragement to strengthen it enough for it to burst its bonds. He could feed it, tease it, and Clara would let him, could do little to stop him.

He straightened his spine, looking around at the barren, rocky environment around him. There were few better places for it. The air was cold, the mountain tall and sturdy, and they were alone, blissfully, intimately alone. There was no living thing within a hundred miles to interrupt them or worry about shy of the lichen speckling the rocks around them. With that in mind, he returned his horned head to hers. He ran his thin, draconic lips over the outline of her jaw, rasping his scales over her. He let the bony spikes that lined his threatening visage scrape against the top of her snout. Shifting lazily, the dragoness moved with him, life slowly returning to the body between his legs.

Clara's hands came to life, but they didn't make it far from where they had been resting. Her fingers moved languorously, tightening on his thighs with appreciative force as he fondly nuzzled her. Slowly, his head drifted up along her tapered features, and he continued his growl from before, low, possessive, excited. Her smooth scales swept below his lips, perfect and smooth. He savored the bases of her horns, rubbing up against them and scratching them tenderly with his spiky jaw. Daryn let his face linger there, amid her elegant, bony growths, and slowly let it wander through them. Eventually, his nose came to rest against the back of her neck.

He froze, ceasing nearly all of his body's movement. The only thing that was still shifting was the tip of his tail as it batted playfully at Clara's, and it seemed most of the time that he had no control over it, anyway. His growl continued, but its tone shifted. It dropped impossibly deeper into his chest, warm, relaxed, trusting. Closing his eyes, he basked in the contact. His lips parted, showing his teeth, and he dragged the numerous points over the dragoness's nape, nibbling daintily. His position left him in danger. All it would take from Clara is a twist and a jerk, and her horns could jab back at him, piercing his scales or finding his eyes. He waited patiently, letting Clara feel the trust that passed between them, her horns by his head and his claws at her throat.

Her heartbeat throbbed against his palm, and he felt her pulse quicken as she absorbed the significance of the contact. Daryn stayed nearly stock-still, only moving to rub his nose and teeth against the back of her neck, and she shifted again to push back against him, encouraging him. The dragoness craned her neck back, bringing her horns to bear on him, and he remained motionless as the tip of a single, graceful curve clicked softly against the scales of his snout. His fingers squeezed her throat, not constricting, just embracing, and he could feel the slack leaving her body as she stiffened with excitement. She whined a wordless question, her tail tensing around his, and he answered her with equal silence. He opened his mouth further, breathing a hot plume of searing air across her nape, and let the crimson length of his sinuous tongue spool from between his teeth. It fell to her scales, sliding slickly over her and leaving a trail of saliva over her smooth hide.

At the touch of his nimble oral appendage, her body went rigid. She groaned urgently as her hands slipped upward, raking her claws along the rocks before digging in and pushing up. She wriggled up against him and pressed her neck into his maw, sliding her fine scales into his teeth. The rattling of gravel shifting against gravel clattered timidly beneath them as vitality flooded Clara's body. Her muscle snapped taut, tensing beneath her smooth, metallic hide, and she rose up against him, shoving her back into his heavy chest. As if to counter the energy of her motions, her head fell limply forward, hanging placidly in acceptance of his position above her and baring the back of her neck without worry of her horns.

It was only then that he let his hands drop away from her throat. He growled again, short and hot, pleased, and let more of his weight fall onto her back. Her arms tensed, holding them both up as she rose to her hands and knees. It left a hollow between the snow-colored scales of her underbelly and the slanted, slightly concave slope of the mountain beneath them, and the way she swayed her head from side to side under his gaze begged him to make use of it. Teeth bared in a hungry grin, Daryn's fingers trailed up along her nape and down onto her slim shoulders.

Despite cutting an impressive, statuesque figure, buried beneath his bulk she looked so slender and fragile. While properly muscular, lean and firm, her form maintained its smooth femininity. While hard and savage, Daryn had to appreciate the almost fluid contours of her back. Clara's wings rested limply against the rocks, occasionally fluttering meekly. The limbs, their pale blue membranes slack and lazy, were lined with toned, obvious power and articulated

like a second pair of arms that sprouted from her upper back, and they twitched against his chest as he pressed into her.

Her big, hefty curves attracted his fingers like scaly magnets, and he let his powerful, dexterous digits be drawn inexorably downward, along her sides. Resolutely, he lingered under her belly, holding her trim, narrow abdomen in his broad fingers. He reveled in her breathing, and she waited, patiently, for him to take his fill of the closeness of being pressed into her. Cradling her stomach, taut and athletically muscled, he breathed down her neck, letting it heat her. There was no way the dragoness could miss the sensation of the dull, throbbing warmth that radiated from his body and seeped into her through their intimate embrace.

She cooed lightly when his fingers started to move again, sliding up along the outlines of the muscles that lurked beneath her scales. His confident hands moved slowly, almost cautiously, up her body. The dragoness's perfect, womanly form was capped with a pair of round, luscious breasts that hung from her chest in two large, alluring teardrops that bounced and swayed when she moved. In her current position, his hands easily found them, reaching down to cup their plush masses. When the scales of his powerful digits, bright gold, met the snowy white of her underbelly, she let out a long, breathy hiss and arched her back, pushing herself into him more firmly.

Daryn fondled her gently, letting her ripe, soft curves rest in his palms and squish out around his fingers as he squeezed. Clara was well endowed, sized perfectly to make her long, powerful form more than full and shapely, and despite his size, her succulent breasts were much more than mere handfuls. Slowly building in urgency, he massaged her bust, gripping and groping as he undulated his body against hers, slowly humping her and putting slow, teasing pressure on her back. She responded immediately and with no hesitation. Her wings quivered, their pale, icy blue membranes snapping and popping as she shivered, and he knew it couldn't have been from the cold.

The tips of her breasts, inviting buds of sensitive flesh the color of the cloudless, winter sky stiffened against his broad, warm palms as he tantalized her with nearly full-body contact. He ground his chest against her back, his crotch against the swells of her callipygian backside, and his hands against her turgid, fleshy teats, rubbing and scraping with merciless determination. The dragoness panted, her breath coming frigid from the depths of her chest, plumes of thin, freezing mist that billowed between her teeth and through her nostrils. It was a sign of her power breaking free of her control, rising beyond the limits of her current form, and she shivered again, whining and rolling her body with his.

With enough training, nearly everyone could be taught to sense magic auras, those of spells as well as those inherent to living things. To his finely-tuned senses, Clara gleamed like a second sun, eclipsed and overshadowed only by him, and as he goaded her, her presence strengthened in his mind. He saw it as a silent, intangible explosion as Clara's already tenuous self-control was shattered by the dragoness's more... intense side. Her eyes were closed, but he knew what he would have seen if she had looked up at him: her normally round pupils tightened to narrow, predatory slits, nearly lost in the emerald seas of her irises. Another short quiver swept down the length of her spine, and he eagerly watched his effect on her.

She let out a gentle, quiet moan that vibrated into him through their connection. It warbled between her teeth and intermingled with the soft rustling of her scales rasping over one another. Much like a bird ruffling her feathers, her scales lifted upward as she puffed up and shuddered, the air continuing to leave her lungs in a string of wordless whines. She tensed and flexed against him, pushing upward from the mountainside as her frigid breath left a sheen of ice

on the rocks below her. He accepted it as he waited for her to finish shrugging off her inhibitions. His fingers lingered on her chest, stroking lazily, but beneath her smooth scales, he could feel the unleashed torrent of power as it began to throb through her, welling up from her core.

He could see her outline through closed eyes, an almost ethereal being, blurry in his mind's eye, but bright and pulsing. Lifting his eyelids, he watched her, rubbed and kneaded two of the rare soft spots on her body, and continued to push himself impatiently against her. His tail, wrapped around hers as it was, clenched around her muscular appendage as it wriggled in his grip, trying to thrash excitedly. Her body seemed incapable of deciding if it wanted to melt into him, languid and panting with desire, or rigid and snarling through her need. She tensed and relaxed against him again and again, heaving and hissing as wave after wave disturbed the smoothness of her scaly hide.

And then he felt it. Matching the tempo of the pulsations of the energy within her form, her breasts, big, soft, and plump, suddenly pushed more urgently into his waiting fingers, spreading his dexterous digits apart and overfilling his palms. At first it seemed to be just a pleasant side effect of the way she contorted in the ecstasy he knew she must have been feeling. She twisted and whined, doing her absolute best to polish the well-rounded contours of her ripe, heavy chest against the scales of his palms, but even that couldn't hide the veracity was what was actually taking place, what he knew was happening to the overwhelmed dragoness.

Clara bloomed against him, pushing his eager hands further and further away in slow, shuddering spurts as her body began the process of enthusiastically gorging on the cataract of furious power he could feel rushing through her, just beneath her scales. The twin mounds of scaly mammary that hung proudly from her chest swelled with unrestrained excitement, and he luxuriated in the sensation of her growing against his fingers. They were pushed apart, filled and then overfilled. The dragoness's bust throbbed hungrily, feeding and feeding as they burgeoned with inches of supple new flesh. Her thick nipples likewise blossomed larger, giddily staying in proportion with the mountains they capped, and Daryn gladly stroked them, encouraging their swollen flesh to bulge larger and puffier in his capable, well-practiced hands.

Her chest wasn't the only thing seeing the effects of her rampant cascading loss of control over her inner strength. It raged against the entirety of her form, and it was her entire body that was blessed with its power. He felt her shudder, heard the soft, meaty pops of her bones and tendons as she started to balloon outward heedless of anything but the contact with the dragon weighing her down. Daryn felt the first heady pulse rock through her body, felt it push and strain at her current frame. He heard her meek form complain and then surrender. Flesh bulged and swelled from nothing, bones lengthened, and her already deeply feminine voice grew rough and husky, lined with fierce, insufferable want.

The dragoness's back broadened even as her spine lengthened, pushing her taller beneath him. Her tail expanded in his grip, slowly creeping long enough to rival his length, and quickly it was him who was coiled around with lusty, urgent strength. Her arms lengthened and new muscle, lean and feminine, grew into being beneath her metallic silver hide, augmenting her already inhuman strength. She growled ominously, threatening not violence, but pleasure the likes of which would see him drowned in an ocean of his own seed, and she pushed herself up against him, pitting her budding might against the weight of his dense, powerful bulk.

He smiled proudly, kneading and massaging the increasing expansiveness of her surging bust as she began to hoist him upward. Her arms were already straight, but he still found himself in less and less contact with the ground as her expanding frame casually lifted him higher. The vicious, ivory claws that tipped her fingers dug mercilessly into the ground as she balled her

hands into tight fists, shaking with what looked like rage, but was really need enough to nearly suffocate her. Her heavy growl dropped, rattling in her throat before falling lower into her deepening chest, filling her body and nearly competing with the forces that were doing their best to tear her apart.

Knowing what was likely coming next, he released his firm grip on her chest to give her room. Wiggling his hips, he slithered his tail from hers and slid himself back until he was resting on the opposing side of the base of her tail. It set her lengthy limb free to whip violently through the air, and let his crotch rub even more enticingly against her wide and growing rear. He let most of his weight fall to his knees as he ground himself into her, letting his own need build more slowly. He was stronger than her, by a significant margin, so he could afford to give her a bit of a head start.

Daryn positioned himself behind her, sliding his hands over the curves of her hips as he pressed himself into the full, lush outline of her shapely rear. She rocked herself back against him almost instinctively, and if her tail was lifted any higher in invitation, it would have snapped off and flown away. Her wings were held out stiffly, as if she were afraid their motions would wither scare him away or carry her away from him. He groped her thickening assets, gripping her, holding on and grinding and grinding, teasing and growling alongside her as she writhed and grew. She was as big as him, easily, and only continuing to enlarge, slowly at first, but gaining force as her frame became more and more capable of channeling the forces that were her draconic birthright.

Abruptly, she tensed, forcing a terse grunt through clenched teeth as a rapturous shudder worked its way down the length of her body, from her horns to the tip of her flailing tail. She threw her head back, barking a short sharp moan as her scales ruffled once more, rustling noisily as she writhed her sumptuous backside against him. Daryn leaned over her, continuing his eager, rocking motions, squeezing her hips and bending far enough to let his mouth, his tongue and teeth rub over the fine, hypersensitive scales lining the small of her back.

He watched, grinning like a madman, as something began to push up from the smooth scutes of polished silver that lined her spine. From the nape of her favored neck to the tip of her tail a row of countless thin, delicate struts lanced up from her form, to a veritable chorus of the dragoness's pleased groans. They were fine and flexible, attached to small, specialized muscles that left them quivering through the air as they pushed themselves longer, growing from the dragoness's vertebrae. It was almost shy at first, but he lifted a tender hand to one jutting from the small of her back. His fingers brushed gently over it, and she tensed like he had just dropped down and shoved a finger into her still-hidden slit. She bit down on a ragged, longing moan as she continued her transformation, and languidly, thin sheets of lust-tinted, pale blue membrane rose from her scales, pulled up by the growth of the willowy spikes sweeping down her spine. It left her with a tall, elegant sail that stretched fully the length of her body, a strip of lusty blue flesh that entranced his eyes and begged to be touched.

His fingers wandered aimlessly over her new, incredibly sensitive erogenous zone as he watched from behind, marveling at the addition of more of the thin, whiplike spines growing from the back of her jaw, just below her lower-most pair of horns. They, too, came with their own set of translucent blue hide, and her dainty new fins fluttered excitedly as they wafted through the chilly air. They almost looked like ears, and he understood the mistake many scholars had made in presuming that the fins were actually the ears of dragons, but they in fact had a much more insidious purpose. As they flicked through the air, they scattered clouds of lust-

inducing pheromones through the air, and Clara's scent, sweet and spicy and utterly alluring, was suddenly all he could smell.

He let out a moan of his own as his sinuses were suddenly swamped with the thick, dense smell of his lover's cloying, feminine strength. It eagerly wormed its way into his brain, and he could taste it in the air as it nearly robbed him of the control of his muscles as the dragoness shot a low, smoky look back at him over her shoulder. Clara was certainly keen on making felt her throbbing outward expansion, and as they made eye contact, she let her lengthening frame push her back into him. She rolled her hips, letting the expanse of her scaly butt shove against him, rubbing against his crotch. He was quickly being outsized, and his draconic mate's eyes, glimmering with desire, promised absolute bliss if he would just surrender.

As if he any longer had a say in the matter. His doom had been sealed the moment he had decided to tease the dragoness, and she let him feel her expand against him, feeling her firm, perky, and delightfully heavy rump scrape over the ebon scales of his front, scouring his crotch, searching, almost pleading. He let the stimulation wash over him in a wave of electrical euphoria and relaxed the muscles that were holding him almost painfully rigid. There was a heat, a desirous pressure that had been building behind his crotch, and it demanded release with force that, when succumbed to, was almost explosive. He groaned in relief as the tension in his body found an outlet, and with a rush of abrupt freedom and the sound of flesh gliding against scales, his loins opened to rapidly disgorge their contents.

The burning length of his half-hard manhood found itself immediately pressed into the cool scales of her thigh, and it felt like the temperature difference between them would harm one of them. Her scaly hide was cool, chilled by her power and the element that gave it strength, but he was so much stronger than her, and the sheer heat of his flesh as blood rushed from his core and into his draconian member poured into her. Nothing could cool his ardor, and the peculiar coolness of her body only excited him further, promising something to warm, make hot with his potency. She was something yielding against which he could pit himself, something frigid and in need of something hard and volcanic.

Free from the confines of his body, his massive, forearm-length maleness was free to throb and grow. His scarlet flesh gleefully engorged against her, pressing the many ridges that lined its dorsal side into the back of her thigh and part of her swelling rear. His sudden stiffness dragged his shaft up under its own ponderous weight, and it took only a little wiggling on his part to give it a place into which it could expand and harden. Each surge that rocked through his body was returned tenfold by the contents of his loins, and with each beat of his thundering heart, he thickened and swelled larger. His draconic body was possessive of a tool fit for his huge, powerful frame, foot after foot of pulsing dragonflesh, ribbed with thick, meaty ridges that would mesh with the texture of his partner. His slightly tapered head was the tip of a heavy spear that thickened toward its root, ensuring a vicious stretching to all but the hugest of partners.

As it spasmed and lengthened, approaching its massive final size, he shifted his hips to let it rise into the gap between Clara's spread thighs. Its sides trailed with languid urgency up the inner portions of the dragoness's legs, and Daryn's still-swelling lover shuddered, her fins flicking wildly as her tail sliced through the air with savage need. She pushed against him, forcing him back, scraping his knees against the rocks and bending him backward, threatening to sit on him as, inch by throbbing inch, she surpassed him in size and power. Her head fell back, and she let out a longing bugle, a cry in a wordless language as old as dragons themselves, a vocalization of need and hunger whose ferocity would not be denied, not by anything.

She stopped to look back at him, eyes half-lidded, and snapped her teeth together in a silent demand. Her sail drifted from side to side and her wings wiggled bonelessly as she gave limp, little flaps that churned up the air around them and ensured they were both swimming in a sea of her potent pheromones. He let them swamp him, cascading through his crammed sinuses and fueling his building ardor. He was certain that if any more blood poured between his legs, he would pop, but as more and more did, he found himself growing thicker and harder in preparation for something shamelessly brutal. His massive cock throbbed upward, coming to rest at the intersection of her legs, nestled between her thick, well-formed thighs, and twitched restlessly against her, as if in promise.

Pumping his compact hips, he gave Clara's bare loins a single long, slow stroke, dragging the textured surface of his monumental member over her crotch. It was more than enough to push the dragoness over the edge, and Daryn felt another shiver quiver through her body. Hidden muscle opened her to him, and suddenly he felt the chill of inviting, yielding flesh resting over his draconian tool. Clara bloomed for him, her thick lower lips plumping and parting with her lust, making up for lost time as she made ready to take him huge thickness. As she did, she shifted her stance, closing her leg and encapsulating his girthy dragonhood between twin walls of smooth, silvery scale.

He could do nothing but feel it through his hypersensitive flesh as she continued to grow. Her aching womanhood throbbed against him, hard and fast, already leaking a trickle of her lusty fluids over his length, and that only served to lubricate his passage through the crevice between her legs. Daryn felt her thighs bulge against him. He felt her muscle flexing as her legs lengthened and plumped, growing thicker with hard muscle and alluring womanly curves as they hugged his member. She pulled forward and pushed back, giving him slow, teasing strokes in return along nearly his entire length, one after the other, and each time her rump pressed against him, it was a little bigger, a little firmer, a little more eye-catching. He couldn't help himself as he gripped her thick hips, sinking his claws as far as they would go into her plush figure and helping her pleasure him.

The process of each long pump of her whole body dragged each of the stiff ridges lining his enormous cock over the plumped lips of her welcoming femininity, and with each jolt of lightning that the movement shot into Daryn's mind, he was rewarded by a series of sharp, staccato moans from his burgeoning lover. She grew thicker and longer and more luscious before him, and he was trapped, able to do nothing but give and receive pleasure through the intersection of their loins. The dragoness jerked and writhed, her voice trembling in her cavernous chest, and he wasn't surprised to see the rate at which she increased in size likewise increase. She was strong and beautiful, capable of miracles, and she was far from done.

He watched her, tensing muscle, fluttering fins, the occasional splashes of slit-pupiled irises, orbs of glittering emerald green that drew him in and captured him in their wonder. And then they would blink, set him free to be reminded of his predicament, and all the while, he felt something fearless and unrelenting growing more furious at the prison of his body. The bright, burning sun that sat in the center of his chest burned brighter and brighter, straining him to contain it. It was always there, sitting at his core, burning and burning, making promises of bliss and pleasure at all hours of the day, but it was only Clara for whom it was ever really a challenge to control. He felt no need to this time, so he exploded.

A slow, pleased smile flickered over Clara's features as he tilted his head back and let fly a low, triumphant roar that echoed off of the stony landscape that surrounded them. Tension etched itself into his huge, hard body, and his grip on her tightened mercilessly, enough to pull a

low purr of excitement from between her parted lips. He felt it most between his legs, where he was trapped against his mate. Cold and hot mingled, a slurry of fire and ice that eternally warred for dominance against each other where his scales met her, where his thick, rigid manhood pressed boldly against her slick, fleshy entrance. Power unlike anything he could have ever previously imagined flooded his body, pouring along the lines of his arteries and lingering against the underside of his scales. He burned, and he burned for her.

There was nothing slow and languid for him. He was unleashed, connected so intimately to one he loved, and he couldn't have contained himself any longer even if he were inclined to try. He only waited a heartbeat, the time it took for Clara to push back against him, snuggling her thick, weighty rear against his abdomen and sliding him deeply into the lush gap between her thighs, and then struck. Daryn latched onto the dragoness's hips taking her in a firm, vicious grip as he half rose to his feet, stooped, spine bent and tail held far out behind him for balance. He then pushed Clara away from him. His mate gasped at the display of his already unyielding strength as she was forced forward, her hands sliding against the rocks. It pulled him partway out of the inviting prison of her thighs, and he immediately took an aggressive step forward, slamming himself back where he belonged, between her legs, forcefully raking each thick ridge of his maleness against her needy entrance.

She squealed, a sound still made deep and coarse with her sheer size, and when his foot next met the ground it was bigger, his talons longer, sharper, and thicker. His leg was longer, more lined with power. His muscle tensed beneath his shining, golden scales as much as it did the onyx ones that lined his front, and he pushed her still-surging mass again, shoving her against the rocks and thrusting against her. She lost her balance and collapsed to the ground, her heavy bust squishing lewdly into the stone. He made sure she stayed on her knees though, holding her up if he had to. Her spine was bent, her tail lifted and slowly draping over his shoulder. Her rump was high in the air, pressed against him once more as he savagely forced himself between her legs. Clara looked every bit the needy, starving dragoness that she was.

It drove him mad, her posture, her smell, the sensation of her pulsing, growing and growing against him. He wanted it. He needed it to survive the firestorm, the blinding inferno that raged within him, and he took it. Holding the feelings within him, he savored her scent, he relished the sensation of her widening hips pushing his fingers apart, and he watched with gusto the way her eyes defocused as she glanced languorously back at him. Her tongue lolled halfway out of her mouth between parted teeth, and her breath crystallized in the air before her face in whiffs of pale, icy mist as she panted frantically.

Even in her state, she helped him. Her hands scrabbled amongst the rocks, blindly searching until they landed on a stone sturdy enough against which to brace herself, and she did her best to hold her position as he began to slowly piston himself in and out of the space between her lust-slicked thighs. Her fluids were more than enough to ease his passage through the sleeve of tight, pulsing flesh, and he let his head roll back on his shoulders, luxuriating in the process of losing himself alongside his eager mate. His wings boomed open, spreading wide and shadowing the rocks a lusty, blood red as the sun shone through the membranes of his long limbs, and he felt... everything.

Each sensation, from the breeze against his boilingly hot scales to each dull, heavy throb in his loins, was like a jolt of delirium-inducing lightning that arced through his body, streaking along the lines of his nerves before exploding behind his eyes in a blinding flash of bewildering euphoria. His bliss mingled with the roiling torrent of power that raged within him, and the two became inseparable. He couldn't tell where one began and the other ended, so he just let the

whole tumultuous mass consume him. His jaw hung slack, and his breathing grew heavier. With each exhale, flickers of bright orange flame lapped at his teeth, spilling murky illumination into his own shadow, which he watched, with lust-fogged eyes, as it shuddered.

The dragon shoved himself without mercy against the expanse of Clara's thick backside, rutting against it with tight, controlled thrusts that pushed the dragoness further into the gravelly dirt and dragged soft yelps of bliss from her throat. It felt like that was the only thing over which he had any control, so he poured his focus into it, that connection he shared with the dragoness, groin-to-groin, cool, yielding flesh meeting his, burning and steel-hard. Before each backstroke, when the root of his aching cock met the junction of her legs, he would rock his hips, grinding and grinding, long and slow, and only then would he pull back to repeat the process, each time with the same barely restrained vigor.

He had time. He could savor it, despite how the pressure compounding behind his loins ominously threatened him. He cocked his head to the side and ran his tongue along the sail gracing the tail draped limply over his shoulder, and its tip swatted his back urgently, as if to beg him for more. She could wait too... Pulling back, he shuddered at his tip scraping longingly through her soaked, feminine folds, and felt the concussive pleasure rock through his bulky frame. When he pushed himself back through, dragging each and every bulge of his bulbous dragonhood along her trembling gash, he stretched her wide, more open around his girth. Staying at the same, slow, goading pace, it took longer, and when her luscious ass met the brick wall that was the cobbled muscles of his abs, she didn't look quite so oversized.

Daryn changed his pace as he began to pulse larger, matching the throbbing rhythm of his furious, internal power. His strokes stayed slow and steady, but they shortened dramatically. He stayed against her, humping slowly but inescapably, raking only the first few ridges of his meaty manhood against her drooling pussy and letting the rest of his length twitch and pound upward against her trim, tight stomach. Leaning hard forward, he shoved her chest and head into the dirt, pushing and pumping, and she only whined weakly for more, utterly dominated despite the fact that she still had feet on him. His body seemed eager to make up for that, however, and every passed second saw inches bleeding onto his already mountainous frame from nowhere.

He wanted to roar and rage and fuck the lusty creature submitted before him until his endless strength gave out and she was little more than a boneless mass of quivering pleasure, oozing his seed from every hole. Her tail gripped him, her thighs squeezed him, pleading for him to do exactly that, and he grunted at the feeling of his spine popping as he stretched taller. His thick, impregnable scales grew sturdier, and the muscle twitching restlessly beneath them heaved and bulged with countless pounds of new strength. His chest barreled outward, deepening his voice, giving it an even more powerfully, resonant tone as he growled at her, encouraging her to maintain herself, to keep up with him.

She couldn't hope to, however; he was just so much more than she. The dragon shook against her, his packed stomach pushing against her plush ass as his thickening cock parted her thighs with its spreading girth. He quickly began to loom over her, coming back into proportion as feet spread onto him. His legs soon would no longer bend enough for him to maintain his position, so he dropped back to his knees. He was bigger than her now, but she still tried to keep up, squirming and growing. Her body spread out over the rocks beneath her, and he watched her fill an ever larger volume even as she was swallowed up by his expanding shadow.

Her weighty bust squished into the ground, compressing under her weight, visible around the lines of her comparatively slender back. The orbs of pliant flesh bulged out, and she yelped as her chest scraped over the ground as his amorous thrusting was enough to drag her whole

frame over the rock. More and more of her weight was resting atop the rigidity of his scarlet-skinned member, and he delighted in it, bucking into her with restraint that was quickly beginning to disintegrate. Her body was strong and heavy, antagonizing, goading him onward as she wriggled. She rubbed her thick thighs together, pleasuring the base of his steely shaft and giving him a taste of what she had to offer if he would just adjust his angle of attack.

As his frame broadened, he had to shift his stance wider and wider, digging furrows into the earth with his knees. Behind him, his tail thrashed violently, slamming heavily to the ground between his legs in excitement. His taloned toes kneaded the rocks on which he was perched, churning them to shards with the characteristic, intoxicating sounds of groaning stone that complained just before it shattered noisily. His weight grew, huge, hard, heavy, and lined with domineering muscle that was typical of his frame, tortured the stone beneath him, and he welcomed the destruction he so casually wrought on the mountainside as he used Clara as a tool for his pleasure.

As inches bled into feet, the scales lining his spine parted to allow the exodus of his own long, delicate sail, a web of bright, bloody crimson that pushed from his body to accompany the set of fins that jutted from his skull. The air was cold on his newly exposed skin, but each motion was utter rapture, harsh and unforgiving to his mind, and he let that only build as he watched the growing dragoness shrinking against him, lamenting her tardiness. He bucked against her spread thighs, pushing and grinding against her, but she needed more stimulation, and it was his duty to provide so that they could both have their needs sated. He could use and abuse her current, weak form, but he would feel no true relief from his urges unless he could feel her spasming and cumming against him, around him, gushing and spurting, wet and thick and heavy.

The dragon had nearly doubled in size, and she was dropping away, becoming smaller and smaller against him. He had more; he could push himself, truly explode into a behemoth of strength and lust, but now wasn't the time for showing off. Now was the time for pleasure, given and received. His hands, spreading over a larger and larger portion of her broad, womanly hips, slid up to her waist, gripping her firmly. He leaned down over her, hissing a brief warning as he lifted her free of the ground like he was hoisting a plaything. In the single, sinuous motion, he pushed her against the top of his dick, nearly now the length of her entire arm, giving her body one last, longing meeting with his thick ridges.

Her wings were held out to him, brushing lovingly along the powerful thickness of his arms, and he shifted his grip, using the motion to spin her around to face him. Her eyes were half-lidded, unseeing orbs of emerald, and her pupils could almost not be seen, so pinched were they, buried under her wanton desire. He then lowered her back to the mountainside, settling her into a dip in the pebbly dirt, half reclined toward him. He then hobbled on his knees to straddle her thighs, looming intimidatingly over her as he spread around her. Her breasts, full and heaving under her rapid breathing, were still large on her frame, still throbbing larger in her continued growth, and he let his hands fall to them. Even with how much larger than she he was, they still pleasantly filled his hands, and he eagerly rubbed and ground his palms against the dusky blue nubs that capped them.

Leaning down, he shifted such that his taut, adamantine flesh rested against Clara's loins, throbbing thicker as he started back up his slow pistoning thrusts. The smoother underside of his rigid manhood wasn't as alluringly textured as its top, which was meant to stimulate his mate's swollen pleasure bud as well as mesh with the alien, inhuman shape of Clara's flexing womanhood, but the smooth, vascular surface, distended by the girth of his prominent cumvein, pressed into the dragoness anyway, throbbing with merciless intent. His ridges shone wetly with

her slick lube, which dripped down to mingle with that which he began to spread along his ventral half, collecting it from the ever-leaking slit between his lover's shaking legs.

Letting his hips work themselves into a slow, tantalizing pace, meant to draw out each stroke and make the process of dragging the length of his massive shaft over her womanhood even a single time an event in and of itself, he leaned down to her. He throttled back his avaricious expansion, reasserting a modicum of control over himself as he basked in her mere presence. Her breasts once more began to fill his hands as she swelled eagerly into him, arching her back and moaning each time he moved his lower half. The dragoness's tail whipped around his, painlessly bending his sail as he did hers, until their intertwined limbs looked like a spiral of silver and gold, split by slices of bright, lust-darkened colors.

Daryn bent lower and lower, looming over her pulsing form until the heat washing off of his scales in ecstatic waves could do nothing but swamp the dragoness in an ocean of enticing heat. He could only imagine what his scent, drilling into her flaring nostrils, was doing to her, but he guessed it was something like what hers was doing to him, begging, demanding that he stop toying with her and give her the rough, hard fucking she needed and deserved. Her spasming womanhood sucked greedily at him, begging him to spear her on his tip heedless of what damage shoving something so monstrous into her would cause. His body threatened to overwhelm his patience, but it took no effort to rein in his enthusiasm. There was no real hurry, and no part of him wished any real harm on the dragoness, only pleasure enough to leave her screaming and thrashing beneath him.

Instead, he just kept slowly, tantalizingly grinding into her, pushing her down as he continued to bend over her. He brought his head close to hers, sliding his snout affectionately up the line of her neck, nuzzling her dainty fins with his nose, breathing of her and situating himself such that the **only** thing she could hope to smell was him. He filled her vision as much as her sinuses, and he growled possessively at her, filling her hidden ears with his voice. He pressed himself down, pushing his chest into her, sliding a single arm away from her breasts to brace himself to not crush her with his sheer bulk, but one had stayed there, groping, firmly tweaking her sensitive nipple, fondling her flesh. He splayed himself out along her body, making her feel his weight even as he thrust half against her, teasing, promising so much more when she was ready to take him.

As if to finish the assault on her senses, she meekly licked at him, the pale blue length of her sinuous tongue lapping fondly over a single fin, favoring a bony strut and smearing her saliva over his hypersensitive membrane. His growl choked off into a long, low moan, right into her ear, and he felt her tense against him. Her frame gave a heaving, titanic throb, pulsing beneath his bulk with enough force to nearly lift him free of the ground, the force of her need made manifest. She shuddered and grew, feeding off of the strength of their connection. Her arms wrapped around his thick chest, enveloping more and more of it as she grew longer without hesitation. Her claws struck sparks from his scales as she raked her fingertips down his back, holding him as she exploded, filling out under his weight.

Her breasts ballooned, dimpling against his own chest, squishing between his eagerly groping fingers as her figure grew only more lusciously luxuriant. Her leaking pussy threatened to swallow him against his will, and he had to check his own enthusiasm before he slid into her suddenly expansive feminine folds through the simple pressure of his rocking hips. She abruptly matched him in size, writhing and moaning, and then surpassed him in a spurt of delirious expansion that left her entirely breathless, gasping for the thin, chill air that was heated as it

passed over his scales, feeding ever more of his heady, masculine musk into her lungs. She gulped it down with no sign of hesitation.

Parts of her hardened against him, her powerful limbs, her harsh, guttural voice, wordless and lost in rapture. Other parts softened, inviting him, her hefty, supple breasts, her pliant, slick womanhood, eager and quaking against his enormous maleness. The breadth of her hips and thighs pushed his legs apart with their growing girth, sweeping, feminine curves that reminded him of the perfection of the form against which he was pressed. He savored it all, drinking in her rapture, letting it fill him further, beginning the process anew. He ached and throbbed, his senses as full of her as hers were of him, and he relished each second of her outgrowing him, becoming stronger, bigger, heavier. Her lusty transformation fed him what he needed, wave after wave of blinding sensation, leaving him numb to all else but her.

It took root in the dragon, burning within him with less and less control, searing his mind and seizing his limbs, making his motions sharp and jerky. He whined at her, begging her for more and more off of which to build, and he took it in, fueling the fire in his chest with thoughts of her. Clara's body and mind blazed against and within him and he feasted on the raw, pulsing sensation that strained against the inside of his scales, pouring through his body, quivering from the tips of his taloned toes to the tingling membranes of his long, diaphanous fins.

Leaning down into her body, long and lusciously curved, larger than him by a now-significant margin, he lifted his supporting hand free from the ground just to bring it slamming down against the rocks adjacent to her head. Stone practically exploded from the force of the blow, and a trembling, ecstatic roar, deepened with nothing but mind-numbing bliss, threatened to fly from his lungs. Instead, he let just a thin trickle of that exultant cry whisper between his teeth, filtered and condensed down into its pure, base essence. The sound of his need was harsh and almost torturous, cruel and unforgiving as it hissed into Clara's ears, and the dragoness throbbed again at the sound, pushing larger, lifting him well and truly free of the bounds of the earth, his legs spread wide around the girth of her hips and she thickened against him.

And then, with a sharp, strained grunt that he forced into her ear, making her hear alongside nothing else, his knees slammed back into the rock, pulverizing it to rubble as he abruptly surged atop her. She gasped at the sudden sensation of his weight increasing exponentially against her chest, and he compounded it onward and onward, pushing against her. The thick slabs of stony muscle that were his pecs pressed into her yielding breasts, compressing them suggestively under his strength, showing off his power as he flexed atop her. His broadening torso pushed her arms apart as he bulged and heaved larger and larger, foot after towering foot pounding onto his frame. Clara clutched desperately at him, trying to hold on, to contain his bulk, but he just billowed free of her grip, forcing her claws to retreat further down his body, latching onto the small of his back, taking hold of the muscular curves of his own compact rear, squeezing his steel-hard shape as he, in turn, filled her fingers with the physicality of his form.

She mewled weakly, unable to get enough breath into her lungs, and each time she panted, the air left her in a thin, wispy cloud of frosty cold that was scattered by the searing air that roiled from his body, distorting the sunlight through the heat that poured off of him. Slowly, but gaining speed, they both began to rise out of the little divot of rocks they had communally crashed into. They writhed as a single, interconnected being, joined and intent on a single goal: mutual rapture. Clara's back slid up the incline of the shallow bowl in which they resided, and sturdy granite shrieked and cracked under their massive, combined weight as the dragon jerked himself against her again and again, feeding her the stimulation she needed through their

conjoined loins, and his hand and barreled torso against the hypersensitive flesh of her hugely-endowed chest.

As they contorted against one another, feeding and feeding in kind, their motions, at first clumsy and stuttering, meshed, finding a rhythm they could both be pleased with. In unison, they moved. Every thrust of his met with a long, slow pull by her, prolonging the contact, lingering and teasing. He pulled back and she rolled her hips with his, never letting flesh leave flesh, dark, needy red with pale, icy blue. She nipped playfully at the fin of his that fluttered near her face, raking her teeth, huge and sharp, with tender care over his delicate skin. He returned the favor, letting his volcanic, cinder-shot breath wash over her neck, heating her further, melting the ice that sat at her core in an indomitable, continuous wave of searing, pleasing warmth.

As with their movements, their huge, throbbing bodies matched, synchronizing their pulsing growth to one another, leaving her continuously striving to catch up as he outstripped her by a noticeable margin, always bigger and harder and heavier. She would surge, billow up against him, pushing him upward with the mass of her swelling form, and a heartbeat later he would push her back down, squeezing her against the rocks, unmoving but merciful. The overborne dragoness spilled out over the lips of the dimple of ground that had seemed so large only moments prior, but she ignored it as she twisted against him, using the scales of her back and the strength of her wings to batter the mountainside, pounding it to manageable shards as she expanded outward over the stones. She created their jagged, crumbly bed even as they ever overfilled it, billowing outward, filling themselves and each other with their own power.

Within seconds, their speeding growth doubled their size, and then continued further. The swells of her big, round rear filled the once-roomy crater they had shared, shattering its slopes and enlarging it with tons and tons of heavy, muscular assflesh as she swelled beneath the prison of his hulking body. Without warning, on the forward stroke of his huge, frightfully hard tool, her breath hitched sharply, and she stopped breathing for a tense, split-second. There was a moment of silence, pierced by nothing, and then it was shattered utterly by a low throaty roar as the dragoness came messily around his massive girth. She broke the rhythm, pulling him against her with the grip she had on his backside and shuddered longingly as she cried out in her bliss.

She creamed herself with violent passion, and he gasped at the sudden, fitful spurting of fluid frigid enough to give him pause smearing along the underside of his ridged tool as she made an unholy mess of them both. The force with which she found a piece of her release stunned her, and her potent, heady girlcum spilled over her loins, running to the rocks below and churning it into a slurry of dust and lusty fluids. The screaming euphoria it brought on shattered rock under her back as she swelled with shocking speed, but the sensation of her shuddering, mid-orgasm, against him let him immediately and decisively catch up to her, surpass his previous proportions, bury her under a blanket of muscle and scales and crimson shadow.

It actually took effort for him to resume his pace, dragging against her quivering womanhood with almost insulting slowness. She screamed a long, shuddering roar, trying to brute force him into her, but he refused to be moved until he was ready, no matter how much she raged and complained at him. Her unrestrained ardor gushed against him in liquid form, promising him lubrication enough to fit even his ludicrously oversized member wherever he wanted to put it, and the unfocused pleading in her eyes and voice told him just where she needed it to be. Daryn drew back, angling himself upward, and she actually resisted him for a brief moment until she realized his plan.

On her understanding, she went slack, the only signs she was alive the rapid rise and fall of her plush chest as she panted desperately, her growth still fast and shuddering, matching his

own. His thick, slightly tapered head met her lush folds, the petals of a flower large enough to have swallowed him whole moments before. Her frigid flesh met his tip, invaded him, threatening to chill his ardor, but every beat of his massive heart pushed it away, shoved his heat into her, bleeding it inward one slow, thick throb at a time. Cautiously, he pushed himself upward, rising from her chest, finally setting her breasts free to sit heavily on her torso, uncompressed into his body. Resting against her lower lips, eager, hard, pulsing and aching with need, he looked down at her. Clara's eyes were wide, now, bright, glittering. They pleaded for mercy, for release that only he could grant her. Her orgasm had done nothing to dampen her spirits, and she gasped in her readiness for another, and another, and another.

Together, resting against one another, feeling each other's need through only the barest hint of contact, their growth jittered and slowed, finally pushing them to their final sizes. Coming with that sense of finality was a tension across their bodies, lining their forms and taking root in their powerful musculatures, his thick and heavy, hers smooth and feminine. It was like a great weight pressed down on them, pouring across their shoulders and pushing inward on their bodies, as if reality was rejecting their impossible sizes. In rebellion, their forms finished their growth with one final burst of power. As one, they exploded against each other, surging larger and larger in the space of an instant, a sharp cry of triumph leaving their throats as they finally announced their readiness to make love as dragons truly should.

Clara's eyelids fluttered as her quailing mind tried to comprehend its own frightful potential, and Daryn looked around, poised for penetration, taking in their surroundings and relishing the view. The dragoness below him was reclined almost casually against the mountain beneath her, which now, rather than a towering spire of imposing grey granite, looked like little more than an oversized throne that held its charges. Part of his mind quailed at what must have been his new height, another part of his mind, one far more dominant, and completely in charge of his body, only looked down at the dragoness pinned beneath him, huge and heaving and... wet, and smiled, giving her a long, soft growl, something rumbling and deep enough to rattle the rocks that looked so far away and were scattered around him.

His eyes slid closed, slow and dreamily, as he focused all of his attention on the single point of contact between them. He straightened his spine, hovering tall and proud over her, pushed into her enough to part her lips and rest against her throbbing entrance. Clara's fingers found his hips, and her slim digits gripped him, bracing herself for the monster pressed into her loins. His hands followed her lead as he wavered there at that spot. He didn't need to open his eyes for his own fingers to trail along the hidden lines of her body, sliding down to wrap around her waist, holding her there firmly, pushing her against the ground to ensure her stability. He squeezed her, and she returned the gesture, her fingers tightening on his hips in a silent exchange. They were both ready, and felt oddly calm, the still, quiet before the storm, only broken by the heaviness of their combined breathing.

Bending his head downward, tucking in against his chest, Daryn hunched over, contorting in on himself for leverage, and began. Slowly, insistently, he bore down on his needy mate, and immediately began to stretch her wide around his sheer girth. It looked impossible, Even the slimmest part of his huge cock was thicker than her wrist, but she was pliant and yielding to him, and only let out a gratified moan as she was shoved into the ground and slowly, lazily harpooned. With a rush of exhilaration, he felt his thick, fleshy glans push into her, mitigating her cold with the sheer force of his raging desire, and her release-slicked walls began to gratefully clench around him with inhuman dexterity. Rippling pulses of her internal muscles

tried their hardest to greedily suck him in deeper, but were unable to do much without his assistance.

With that done, he paused, letting her grow accustomed to his presence within her, stretching her fluttering walls. The desperation in her loins was as clear as it was enticing. She struggled to fit him even as she struggled to fill herself in an unconscious need to be stuffed. Waves of tension washed through her body, and with them, her muscle-lined passage clenched and relaxed again and again around nothing but the head of his monolithic member. His heart was racing, but it felt like he throbbed so luxuriously slowly, one eager pulse at a time against and within her. When she was ready, he fed her more and more, pushing forward. One at a time, endless feet of his monumental shaft pushed between her lust-parted lips, which hungrily devoured him as if they had no other purpose. He was glad they hadn't.

With each thick ridge of turgid flesh that slipped into her, slowly pushing her open, a jolt of euphoria shuddered into him through his crotch, lancing deeply into his mind, and only grew and grew in intensity as he nourished Clara's avaricious womanhood. The more of him she consumed, the further off of the mountainside her spine bowed, pushing her chest out as she tensed in blissful strain. Her bared teeth made it seem like she was fighting against the size of him, but the way her hands tugged wantonly against his hips, doing their best to pull him further and harder into her, belied that notion. He resisted just enough to undo her efforts, working himself in at his own languid pace.

The energy of their frenetic growth boiled against his scales, finally contained in a frame magnificent enough to hold most of it, but it demanded a different sort of outlet. They both needed release, and Daryn didn't restrain his slow, building ardor as he crammed foot after foot into his silvered lover. Clara tensed and moaned and writhed, doing her absolute best to work him deeper faster, heedless of the unnecessary strain that would put on her frame, but he safeguarded her from her own zeal, teasing his tool into her, ridge after ridge. As he thickened toward his root, it took more and more effort, even from his huge, mountainous form, to force himself in. Clara stretched around him, opening herself as wide as her scales would allow. Her thighs spread, trying to pull herself apart to help him, but his progress slowed nonetheless.

Then came the fun part. As his forward march ceased, still nearly a third, many feet, of his overwhelmingly enormous dragonhood stood outside of her, spilling heat enough to melt stone to slag into the air. He knew Clara could take it, and so did the dragoness. She just needed a little help. Settling lower, bending nearly in half at his waist, he pulled back a few feet, his tail flailing excitedly against hers. He then bucked his hips forward, slamming into her with strength enough to shove her enormous body yards across the stone, cramming a little more of his stunningly hard meat into her feminine folds. He did it again, slowly, insistently, but eventually picked up speed as he repeated the process.

After each thrust, he had to drag her back to her place before he jerked into her again. Slowly, but surely, he hammered himself home, pounding more and more of his ridged manhood between her legs, watching it with half-hazed eyes as his masculine flesh disappeared from his sight. The glossy black scales of his loins slowly, with growing excitement, approached the curves of her rump. The force with which he shoved himself against her was enough to make even her huge, firm body jiggle enticingly, and if they weren't needed where they were, anchoring him to her hips and waist, his hands would have been on her luscious chest, sinking his fingers into the plush mounds, soft and bouncy mountains in their own right.

The dragon growled, determined to feel the plumpness of his mate's big, perky ass against his crotch, and the only way to manage it now was to finish the task to which he had set

himself. He doubted his ability to pull out now as it was, so tightly was he gripped and suckled at by muscles whose coordination made him gasp in rapture. Snarling in determination, he pulled far back, bending deeply over her, and dragged nearly his entire length from her stretched tunnel. Not giving her time to collapse back down, he thrust forward, spearing himself into her needy depth, and with a victorious cry, he felt himself smack against her thick rump, slamming scale to scale with a surprisingly wet slap, a crack of impact that echoed dully off of the mountains that surrounded them.

Clara screamed. She unleashed a sound that, while not a roar, was too deep to have been made by anything other than a true leviathan in the midst of complete sexual bliss. It enveloped the mountains that stretched into the distance, and could certainly have been heard from miles and miles away. It was high pitched enough to sound like a longing trill, but deep enough to thunder around them. It rang into Daryn's ears, signaling his triumphant success, and he paused, panting heavily against her as her cry dwindled to little more than a series of soft, lustful moans. He had done it. Her flushed, lurid flesh had met his crotch, enveloping him completely, and he had in turn filled her utterly, leaving no space for anything other than his steely, crimson cock.

When he had impacted her, time seemed to stop, and something clicked, resonating between them. Each huge, fleshy ridge of his meaty obelisk filled a niche, a groove that ribbed the walls of her womanhood, and he knew in that moment, as he always did, that he was suddenly, wholly complete. Clara's passage collapsed down on him, her moaning growing harsher and higher as he just sat there, throbbing thick within her, filling each of her perpetually empty crevices with the bar of nearly-molten steel that jutted from his crotch. It was an absolutely perfect fit; her rippling muscle would have ensured it if they had to, but they needn't have. Each of his stiff, pulsing ridges fit into her textured loins like the interlocking pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, and as he sat there stunned at the divinity of the moment, swearing he could hear a choir of angels, she locked around him with the tensing of urgent muscles, securing him within her and began the process of eagerly milking him.

Time and time again, the lean, powerful muscles lining her silken, feminine tunnel pulsed along the length of his shaft, urgently, impatiently stroking him with no outward movement on her part. Her loins sucked at his, trying to draw the treasure of his seed from his form as fast and brutally as possible. She began an alternating, undulating rhythm, fast then slow, fast then slow, caressing and tugging as her fingers clenched down on his lean hips with utterly violent force, digging her claws into his scales as his cock began returning the favor. Muscles he had little to no control over began working, pushing blood into his massive member in throbbing waves. His ridges inflated and relaxed time and time again, rubbing and filling the bands of hypersensitive flesh that ribbed her draconic womanhood, scraping flesh against soft flesh and stimulating her into vigorous action as he was similarly pleased.

It was enough for them both. She would work him over forever, long, endless minutes, teasing him, holding him at the brink of release for as long as they both could manages, until his lust built to far beyond the point of no return as he surrendered to her wet, oozing hole what she so frantically needed. It might take an hour; they could spend days interlocked with one another, her cumming and cumming again and again, building his ardor as she filled him with her scent and the sounds of her euphoria. They would eventually rasp half the mountain away under her body, leaving a cavity in the side of the steep slope, a sign of their presence and of their ecstatic wriggling. It was his duty as her mate to hold off for as long as he could, stave off his release, letting it slowly come to a heaving boil, until his denial had built up an orgasm to end all

orgasms, something to fill her many times over, leaving her bloated with his seed, unable to move as the germ of life took root deep in her womb.

He could feel it around his tapered glans, her womb, the deepest part of her loins, her very core. He had punched his way past all resistance, leaving him buried into her femininity to his hilt. Even a drop of his virility would paint her insides white and ensure his line would continue. Two adult dragons, healthy and youthful and full of vitality, could stay locked together for a week or more, bringing each other to countless climaxes, pumping and flailing with primal violence against each other as they mated and made love until exhaustion overwhelmed them both. Clara seemed intent on exactly that. Her back was rigid, half-bent off of the mountain; her eyes were rolled back in her head, unseeing as instinct washed over her, taking even the last scrap of her reason. She was lost, her hands locked up, as frozen as her body, lost to him for the time being. Together, they were a single, throbbing nerve that screeched at their nigh-collective consciousness, bound at the crotch, tied together until their copulation was complete.

He could sit there against her, letting himself be milked again and again until there was enough spunk filling her belly to drown an army, trapped within her by the barriers of his ridges, and he had only to sit and let it happen, absorb himself in the act and intimacy of it. He admired what he had done to her, blown her up, huge and luscious, and then robbed her mind of all thought but one: breed. The taut tendons of her neck called out to him, and he felt an odd clarity wash away the haze over his thoughts as he reached out to her, wrapping his fingers around her throat, feeling her tension, feeling it grow and relax in time with the muscle-powered suction on his trapped tool. Weeks... Days and days of endless bliss, no sleep, no need for food, only each other, close and together. He wished beyond all hope that he could. But he was the Archmage, and he couldn't just disappear for weeks without having to worry about disastrous consequences.

That left only one thing for it. Fuck her absolutely senseless and fill her mind with rapture until she was satisfied with his performance. Grinning excitedly, he relaxed his hold on her throat, his fingers trailing lightly down along her collarbones. He traced the outer curve of her breast, squeezing her gently, taking a moment to feel her gripping his titanic tool in return before he sprang into decisive action. Knowing she was well and truly anchored to him by her taut, unmoving arms, he bent at the waist, dipping low to her to wrap both his thicker, stronger limbs around her chest, utilizing the gap her bent spine left between her back and the stony, grey slope, half-powdered, beneath her. Throwing his back into the effort, he hoisted her body, uncountable tons of insensate, womanly mass, free of the ground, hauling her half-limp, half-rigid form into the air to press her into his chest. She gasped with a whine when most of her weight settled over her crotch, forcing her loins to press into his with nearly all of her enormous heft.

It was like lifting a sack of uncooperative flour, but he managed to shift until he could get his feet beneath him. Snarling at the sensation of her frantically stroking his loins with her array of eager muscles, he rose to stand, letting his speared mate hang from him, cradled by his arms and supported with the eagerly throbbing shaft currently buried into her. Her legs twitched limply, unable to touch the ground—not that anything could come of it if they could have—and her arms stayed glued to his hips, hooking them to one another. Satisfied with her security, he turned, spinning in place to face the true face of the mountain. Standing, his eyes nearly crested the jagged, granite spire, and he took a step forward, bouncing Clara on his dragonhood as he approached the cheer, nearly vertical cliff face.

He didn't slow, their ponderous combined momentum carrying them together into the mountain as he slammed her against it with a dull, booming concussion. She gasped at the

roughness, but her eyes remained barely-open, unsurprised and still-pleading. Her irises were pointed in his direction, but it was clear she saw little of the reality that surrounded her. At that moment, her entire being was focused on her burdened loins, and she stared through him, uncaring of anything but what pleasure she could give and be given through the intersection of her legs. He smiled, pressing himself close and hugging her to him, squeezing her tight as he braced the titanic thickness of his arms just under the bases of her wings. He gave her another growl, and she responded, but only in the shuddering of the tempo of the pulsations within her stuffed passage.

Daryn apologized wordlessly, a low, crooning sound, letting her know his sorrow at cutting their coitus short, but he tensed well-practiced muscles, rewarding her for her performance. It forced a rush of blood, heated like magma, between his legs. He throbbed heavy and thick within her, giving her a nice, slow stretching that, by her stunned, moaning reaction, she hadn't expected from him. He teased his snout against hers, nuzzling her affectionately, reminding her of what she meant to him. She was special, more important than almost any other. She was the only one with whom he would share himself. The dragoness did little but writhe and whimper at the contact, and he smiled harder, breathing a jet of air that was practically on fire over her throat, telling her not to worry, that he would take care of everything.

Her breasts heaved under her breaths, squishing pleasantly into his chest. Her nipples felt like little nubs of diamond against the inky scales of his front. Keeping one arm held against the base of her wings, he let his other arm drop lower. Her scales passed smoothly under his clawed fingertips as he traced the line of her filmy sail, tantalizing it with a single digit before his arm fell under, cupping a supporting hand under the swell of her full, firm ass. He gave her a hard, stiff grope, crushing her rump in his palm, letting the power of her womanliness entrance him as she flexed the muscle he worshiped against him. His mate was so big and thick, more than enough to give him a good handhold to use to fulfill his dire purpose.

Nearly every muscle lining his broad, bulky form tensed beneath his scaly gold and black hide as he began the arduous task of dragging himself out of Clara's packed femininity. He bared his first thick rib of flesh, and Clara whined and snapped taut, fighting him the entire way as he snarled at her resistance and pulled another out. The dragoness's arms were rigid with strain, but she couldn't hope to compare to the sheer strength that lined his frame. He rolled his hips backward, and he felt her frantic folds redouble their efforts to keep him trapped and pleased within her. Foot after endless adamantite foot slid, dripping and aching for more of what it had been treated to within her depths, from her body. His tight, blood-filled skin shone wetly, gleaming in the shadowed light that filtered down onto it through the hide of his wings like it was a metallic stand-in for his own ruddy, ruby member. Over the course of several strained seconds, he forcefully, resolutely bared nearly half his length, letting a thick, throbbing portion of his maleness hang free of any embrace or stimulation aside from the air wafting over it.

Daryn held his body rigid, whispering calming, wordless platitudes to his mate, eager to please, and then let her fall. Gravity powered her sudden drop, aided by the zealous efforts of her desperate arms, and he thrust his hips up to catch her, impaling her again on his stunning masculinity with enough force to turn coal, were it caught between them, to diamond. She yelped, gasping with sudden vigor at the loud, meaty slap of her plush ass meeting his loins as he pumped into her. Her womanhood immediately, before either dragon's heart could beat once, went back to viciously pleasuring him, sucking and stroking and worshipping his pounding cock with mindless, reverent zealotry.

Before she could gasp for a second breath, he began the grueling feat again, this time made easier by her shock-slackened grip on him, both internally and externally. He pulled another half-length from her, this time a bit more than the last, and then dropped her again, bucking up into her and slamming their scales together as their soaked flesh squelched lewdly. A mix of their own lubricating juices ran down his length, drooling between his legs and down his own thighs and tail, dripping to the powered stones so far below. Again and again he pounded her, until she was jarred from her position, robbed of her single-minded dedication to his pleasure. Much of the lusty tension bled from her body as she went slack against him, letting him piston his endless, textured shaft in and out of her. She cried out again and again, moaning and mewling seemingly before she could draw in the required breath, and her hands finally moved from their spot, sliding up to grip him around his back and squeezing hard.

She could no longer do anything but wail and grunt in her rapture. Nerves fired spastically in the dragoness's brain, and muscles twitched aimlessly. Explosions of euphoria rocketed into Daryn's mind from the suddenly arrhythmic spasming of her overcome womanhood. The electrically sensitive ridges of flesh ribbing the top of his monolithic tool caught on each of her internal grooves, sparking cascades of lightning that poured through his veins and danced under his scales, making even his skin almost achingly sensitive as he practically vibrated with blinding sensations. It was only augmented by the knowledge that the same was happening to her.

He dared not break contact with her, but each time, he lifted her higher, pulled himself back and out a little further to heighten the impact as he slammed up into her again and again. And now that she had stopped intentionally resisting him, he was able to shift against her, ease his passage. With one last echoing crack of scales against thick, impregnable scales, he hilted himself into her and then stayed there. Clara's head was limp on her neck, rolled back and swaying lazily. Her mouth was open, and she was trickling a thin stream of saliva from the tip of her languishing tongue and onto her breasts. As he altered his position, he took the opportunity to lean into her, sliding his snout forward against hers and pushing her tongue back into her mouth with a length of his. Hers responded lazily as he kissed her, allowing itself to be drawn into an intricate oral dance in which she took only a secondary part, letting him do the work, as usual.

As the interest she took in their slow, tonguing exchange slowly grew, her loins sluggishly recovered from the brutal pounding they had been taking, returning to the process of eagerly kneading his thick, turgid length with quick, rippling pulsations of velvety, muscular flesh. He let her, but wasn't about to let her forget his intent. As the hand he had around her back dropped low, letting her wings splayed out against the rocks, membranes displayed in a sign of submission, support a portion of her weight, he humped against her, not pulling out, but taking the opportunity to rock his hips around in a long, slow circle, grinding his rigid shaft around within her. As his hands moved, so too did his hips, and he bucked jerkily against her, bouncing her up and down, but doing nothing to bare any of his length... yet. He agitated her womb, stirring her guts in languorous circles, and her womanhood reacted with force, clamping down, trying to hold him still in impressively coordinated displays of instinctive muscle control.

As he teased her, keeping her from locking him down while stimulating every square inch of her well-lubricated passage, his hands wandered down over her body. Daryn took her ass in his palms, squeezing and hefting her weight as he fondled her. For a longing moment, he held her like that, hands cupped under the swells of her rear, but he eventually moved on. Smoothly, encouraging her to assist him as much as she was mentally capable of—which wasn't much—he lifted her legs, letting the backs of her thighs rest against his chest. It stuck her legs far up into

the air, taloned feet lifted high and toes wiggling numbly. The position folded her nearly in half as he pressed forward on her, but if it was even slightly uncomfortable, she made no indication, only burbling meaninglessly as she kissed him and was lavished with loving desire in return.

It left nearly all her weight resting on the spike of blinding heat that was crammed into her, filling her utterly, and tons and tons of force pressed down around his trembling dragonhood as if it was trying to crush them into a single being. Clara was trapped and helpless, pinned and spread wide around him, and she orally worshiped him like the demigod he was as he convinced her to take a more active role in their kiss, knowing it wasn't soon to last. His hands wrapped around her lower back, his fingers lacing together and forming a cradle for her weight to keep her comfortable for the brutality he was about to inflict upon her. Between the mountain against her back and him against her legs, she was folded at a sharp angle, the pair almost looking like a huge, scaly "M", and as he pulled away, her eyes were wide open, but dull and still unfocused.

Looking down, he steeled himself. He yearned to begin. He had been riding the line for quite some time, straining his utterly inhuman endurance to its absolute limits. With each throb, he pulsed thick against her walls, filling with blood, dilating in preparation. He could practically see the outline of his own manhood, could trace it with his eyes in the absurd bulge that was distending the dragoness's abdomen. If she were any more fragile a creature, he would have had no hope of ever fitting. He would have split her in half, or at least had to use magic to make her a little more elastic, but not her, and any assistance on his part would have been cheating even if she had needed it. He could nearly see himself throbbing within her, distending as she pleased him with alien, impossibly nimble muscles that removed his need to do anything.

Against that notion, he rebelled, refusing to be a passive observer in both his bliss and hers, and so, holding her still with his hands, he drew himself out of her, leaving more than half of her aching passage hollow and grasping at the sudden absence of his girthy mass. He had to work himself in more small circles to accomplish it, but he managed, and she hung there poised over him, half-speared, already hungry and needy and dripping. His spine was bent, his snout pressed against her, and her tongue snaked out to lick him longingly, expecting another round of kisses. He snapped at her, snarling until she pulled the pale oral appendage back between her teeth. It would do no good for her to sever it mid-rut.

When her tongue was safe from her vicious fangs, he growled furiously and pushed himself back up into her, flesh meeting flesh with a wet *slap!* He had no more teasing in him, no more slow grinding or tantalizing, motionless throbbing. As soon as their scales made contact, as soon as her cushiony rear absorbed his momentum, he used her thick, womanly ass as a springboard, bouncing off of it to pull himself back out. He saw the impression of his draconian flesh bulge out her stomach as he hilted and then suddenly disappear as he withdrew. The shockwave traveled up the length of her gargantuan body, making her bounce where she was soft, her breasts rising and falling with the sudden, shocking impact, before the surprise of the abrupt violence opened her eyes, almost enough to make them focus on something other than the sharp jolt of rapture. At the strike of scaly hide to hide, her back slammed into the mountain face, and with a deafening *crack*, thick shards of stone were shorn from the cliff as her back was shoved into the rock.

Digging his talons into the gravel that was actually a mess of boulders below his feet, he braced himself, grinding rock to dust under his enormous weight as he recovered from the sharp jerk and powered himself into her again with a fast undulation of his spine that cracked their scales together again. She yelped at the second thrust, and the third, higher and more loudly, and the fourth, slurring and uncomprehending of what was happening to her body as her eyes nearly

heavily closed once again. Baring his teeth, he gave her no warning, and the time for slow building was long over. He attacked her with every ounce of pent-up savagery in his body, and he pulled more from nowhere. He did everything, just holding her up and suddenly ravishing her. She bounced and jerked atop the crimson skewer that lanced again and again into her stretched folds, her voice being lost in her need. The only sounds that escaped her throat were gurgling squeals that seemed incapable of being produced in such a resonant chest.

He hammered at her slick gash, pounding himself in and out, trying to choke back his unrelentingly building ecstasy as he mercilessly reamed her. He utterly brutalized her, pistoning his hips, once he picked up enough momentum, as fast as his powerful muscles would allow him to move his massive frame. Between their conjoined loins, a blood-red shaft, thick and rigid, was occasionally visible in between hard, rapid thrusts. He could only imagine the torrent of pre he was spewing into her, lubricating her passage with as much his need as with hers as he gave her the vigorous fucking she utterly needed. Their combined fluids leaked from her abused slit, spilling out around the girth of his massive member and drooling down along their legs and intertwined tails.

The earth around them shook with the force he was exerting, pouring into her, and rumbling booms echoed around them, like he was pounding on a massive war drum. In reality it was Clara's back slamming back into the mountain, shaking the stone and splintering the ancient rock. The dragoness's aimless hands sought out somewhere to be and reached out to him, clamping down on his heaving shoulders as he held her in place and savaged her. He panted as much from his exertion as his lust. There were few things that were capable of winding him, but holding up Clara's full weight while shoving her into a mountain and cramming the length of a cock so full and heavy it felt like an entity separate from himself into her was certainly enough to give him a run for his money. Still, he didn't shirk from his duty, and only redoubled his attack on his mate's roughly-used femininity.

When Clara screamed, tensing against him, spasming muscle trying to force her off of the mountain as her spine tried to straighten, he barked a low, victorious laugh. She came around him properly this time, spurting fitfully against his crotch, adding more much-welcome wetness to his motions and further easing the passage of his cock within her silken tunnel with a veritable lake of slick girlcum, enough to drench their meeting loins and dribble down his legs. The dragoness was rarely this wet, but in such a state, her body would do anything to make him feed her the feast she demanded, and if that meant drowning him in an ocean of her lusty fluids, so be it.

As her deafening, roaring wail increased in urgency as her orgasm built on itself, her walls fell onto him, clamping hungrily around him in a wordless demand for him to surrender to her. It was pressure enough to slow his pace, forcing him to add effort to his motions as she drank in his momentum, feeding on the display of his ardor. Her entire core felt as hot as he did, and her release didn't stop, shuddering and shuddering through her over and over, second after second, only continuing to build in fury. Her hands scrabbled for purchase on the adamantine mounds of muscle that were his shoulders, sending more sparks cascading from his scales as she clawed blindly at him in her delirious rapture. Her eyes rolled back in her head, quivering beneath her fluttering eyelids, and she jerked her head back, spearing her long, ivory horns into the mountainside behind her, punching two, thick holes into the rock to more loud cracking.

Finally, she felt ready and willing. Her demeanor told him that she would no longer tolerate him holding out on her. She screamed for him to release, to fill her, calling out only a single word, the only word she had enunciated all day. She roared his name, his proper, draconic

name, a name that symbolized his passion and drive and desire for love and justice and compassion, the one word that summed up everything he was, just as hers did for her. Her teeth parted, her tongue rolling as she screeched the musical syllables, warbling in a tone laced with lust and hunger that bordered on starvation. She raged like a beast against him, shaking and clawing at his scales with no hope to do anything other than send explosions of sparks falling around them. He fucked her as hard as anything ever had been before, utterly filling her over and over and over, pushing her euphoria higher and higher with relentless dedication as her voice once more lost meaning, falling deep into her chest to rumble long, trembling roars that boiled up from the tips of her curling toes.

Only then did he relinquish his well-stressed control. He shoved forward, burying himself deeper into her than he had ever been as he surged longer and thicker in his release. The torrent of his lust, mingled with his draconic might, filled him and exploded outward with the force of a newborn star. He felt heat enough to give even him pause detonate against the inside of his scales. The rocks around his feet began to glow dull red from the residual warmth, and everything, every scrap of emotion and desire and fiber of his being sought freedom all in that one single second. As his final, desperate thrust hammered her into the mountain there was a **crack** that was sharp enough to slice through the haze of his divine rapture. With the sound, the perforations Clara had jabbed into the rock took the force of their lovemaking and shattered. The mountain shivered and split, a thick fissure racing across nearly its full diameter. Rock crumbled and fell around them both as the spire of stone as old as time fairly disintegrated in the face of their passion. The peak of the mountain, shorn from its mount, fell as he shoved Clara against it, tumbling in an earthshaking torrent of dust and shards of rock as big as houses as they collapsed down into cavernous ravines.

He didn't even notice. Jerking his head back, he gave everything he was an outlet, harsh and furious as it may have been. His bladed teeth parted, his tongue fell forward, low and out of the way, and he sucked in a deep breath that pushed out his chest. The breath he had pulled left his lungs immediately, and he felt his strength made manifest as it condensed, crystallizing in his chest. Between his teeth, vicious potential rent the air, splitting the atmosphere in jagged sparks that looked much like lightning, but were something far more primal, uncontrolled and furious. They flickered between his teeth for a heartbeat that went on forever, and then he let it all out.

With a dull, concussive boom that he felt in his bones, a column of blinding, golden light accompanied his coarse, guttural bellow as it rent the air. The beam of liquid radiance poured from his throat, vibrating through him as it lanced high into the sky in the blink of an eye. The same potential that shuddered through his body went with his power, sparking around the column of light in bolts of true, golden lightning, giving it a blurred outline even as its purity was painful in its brilliance. He could only watch, trapped with his head tilted upward as he emptied himself both physically and metaphysically. He felt himself throbbing, geysering an ocean of boiling seed straight into Clara's womb, but he could only experience so much, and he was overwhelmed.

It happened over a split-second that stretched out into eternity. His power flashed, jabbed upward into the sky, stopping as it reached its apex, halting as the column of fiery force arced more than a mile into the air above the mountains. And then it exploded. With a dull, delayed roar, his potential, made nearly solid through his ordeal, catalyzed and detonated in the air. A sudden bloom of golden radiance filled the sky, reaching from horizon to horizon in a cataclysmic display of frightful power as a ball of golden fire roared outward from its center. His strength seared the air as the beam that fed it died in his throat, but he still couldn't look away.

The flames that lapped at the atmosphere, sharp and golden in color, outshined the sun for a brief, radiant moment, overwhelming even the might of the gods for but the shortest of spans.

Only when the light died, and the rumbling roar dwindled to dim thunder in the distance did he return his focus from the skies to his true love with a grunt to carry on with his orgasm. Clara's breath was short and rasping; her eyes were huge, either from his display for the lake of volcanic spunk that flooded her gut, and didn't dare blink as she stared straight ahead, gurgling weakly as she, herself, continued to shudder in her extended release. Spurt after thick spurt erupted from his tapered glans within her, each carrying with it an inferno's worth of heated delirium that left her shaking and almost drunk against him. A hand left her back to brace him against what was left of the mountain, and when his palm sunk into the stone, he blinked in shock. Where his hand touched the rock, it glowed a bright, yellow and sagged under its own, almost liquid weight. He was sunk up to his knees in liquefied stone, and as he returned his hand to Clara, he sagged against her.

His legs shook and slowly lowered them together. He let her legs free of his chest to fall around him, and they instinctively wrapped around his waist, holding them together, holding him within her as his release finally began to flag. Clara looked nearly gravid, so swollen was her heavily-seeded belly, but nothing of his scouring jizz managed to escape the seal formed by their combined loins. Her hands fell to her stomach, rubbing her abdomen, once so lean and taut, now full and audibly sloshing as he sagged to his knees. He leaned against her, fatigue sweeping over him, holding her close and feeling his throbbing lose the edge off of its frightful urgency.

He panted whiffs of thick, black smoke that drifted from his mouth as he leaned hard into her for support. Her body was no longer cool, and radiated heat enough to nearly feel like a part of him, just another extension of his form. He slid backward, his knees drifting through the puddles of slagged rock he had created, slowly dropping, and he did little to stop it. Clara held on to herself with her hands, but cradled him with her legs, refusing to let go, and as her back once more met the half-molten ground with his weight atop her, she cooed and luxuriated in it. Between her legs, he was trapped within her. Her muscles, satisfied with their load, still performed their secondary purpose, keeping him nice and hard to maintain the seal between them. Every few seconds, his coital flesh would receive of slow, tender pulse of sensation, stroking along it with just enough force to keep him stiff enough for her purposes. His body rewarded her each time with another thick, languid throb that was enough to push with it another pond-sized dollop of his thick, potent seed for her to care for.

Their loins well taken care of, that only left each other. With shaky arms, he shifted, letting his weight lay more comfortable atop her, and he lifted his head to look at her. She saw him, well and truly, her eyes nearly closed, but seeing and aware nonetheless, and at his gaze, she gave him a satisfied smile, patting her belly. At her unspoken signal of well-being, he collapsed, sagging to the ground and flopping bonelessly atop her. He was tired, and they would both be bruised and sore for a long time, or at least until he just healed them, and would be hungrier than he could imagine before long, but above all, he was... fulfilled, and her pleased expression told him that she, too, had been sated.

Moving lazily more from fatigue than intent, he wrapped his arms around her, clutching her body and holding her close. A nap was what he needed first and foremost. After that, maybe she could be convinced to release him, maybe not. As he settled into her, resting his bulk against her plush softness, he kissed her gently and closed his eyes, letting the feeling of the roasting, arid air that now surrounded them and wafted against his exposed sail lull him to sleep.