

A Long Walk

Written By: Skabaard

Emma sat on the frigid, rocky ground, huddled close to the crackling fire she had managed to kindle. The dense, resinous wood of the coniferous evergreens in the little stand of trees that she was currently sheltered by burned readily, and the snow-laden boughs were doing an admirable job of keeping the nearly continuous breeze that blew across the squat, rolling hills manageable. The snow had mercifully stopped falling, and there were few clouds in the pale, winter-blanching sky, a godsend. There had been several brutally cold nights after her rather unpleasant landing in the stretch of craggy no-man's-land north of what had to be the Ordian Mountains.

Shuffling her wings against her back and curling her tail around her protectively, she stared into the heart of her undersized campfire. Her flight had been stripped from her, leaving most of her wings ragged and nearly skeletal, and she couldn't even get a bird's-eye view of her surroundings. She had only the faintest of ideas of where she was. There was yet to be a cloudless night, and she had been unable to use the stars to figure out where she was. All she could be sure about was that she was too far north, in the dead of winter, for her own liking.

The young dragoness was certainly her parents' daughter, and the cold rarely bothered her, but all of her protective clothing was being used to shield the woman sleeping next to the fire across from her, and she had discovered that if the cold was bitter enough, she would shiver. She wished beyond desire for a cup of something hot: tea, cider. Hells, she would take a cup of water if it was steamy and would take the bite out of the incessant draft. She hadn't packed any equipment for cooking, though she was seriously considering carving something out of the stone around her, a bowl, something in which she could heat something. It was enough to pull a rueful sigh from her lungs. Valorie would give her hell for being caught so unprepared.

If she could even get home. Emma had tried to walk, carrying the limp weight of the unconscious woman in her arms, but going was slow, and she missed her friends and family. She missed hot meals and the scent of lilies in the mornings. She just wanted to go home, and she sighed again at her own childishness. Home was where she was headed; she just had to make it there in no fewer pieces than she was currently in, preferably without losing hope or lingering too much on her condition. The cloudless sky, cold though it was, she wanted little else but to take to. She wanted to fly; she wanted to leave the ground, hang suspended over the terrain below. The membranes of her wings would heal, in time, but the damage had been as severe as it could have been, and she couldn't even hazard a guess at how long it might take for her body to repair itself.

She supposed she could wait. What the dragoness wanted more immediately, however, was something in her stomach, something hot and greasy. Dragons didn't have to eat often, but when they did, they could eat—according to the books in her father's library as well as her parents both—half their body weight in any given day. She hadn't eaten since before she had been deposited where she currently found herself, and she was getting hungry, not necessarily an unfamiliar sensation, but a disconcerting one nonetheless.

The pair of rabbits that she was currently roasting on spits over her tiny campfire would help, would take the edge off, but would be far from satisfying. She wasn't worrying herself about it, though. She was trying not to worry about anything; she was trying to keep focused on

the present, what she needed to do to ease her situation and ensure that both she and the woman that she had picked up along the way could make it somewhere safe. There was little doubt that she could, but she was certain that it would be a drawn-out process and that it would be a long time coming.

The polished bronze scales that covered her extremities and back rasped over one another as she rubbed her hands together, very nearly sticking them into the fire in the process of feeding it more from the pile of wood she had gathered. They had to have been dropped far to the north, for she had rarely experienced such relentless cold, even in her parents' eyrie in the heights of the mountains. She thanked the gods that the clouds had retreated for a time, letting the sun, weak and wan in the dead of winter, do what it could to warm her. For a split-second, she envied those with fur before dismissing the thought. Even the thickest coats would have done little to stave off the bone-numbing chill in the air.

She got a pleasant reminder of her mother as the air leaving her lungs condensed into puffs of thin, pale mist in front of her nostrils, and she had to swallow past the abrupt pang of heartache, pushing it away and heaving a heavy sigh that did little to quell her disquiet. What did even less, however, was the unsuspected, quiet sound of the bundle of thick cloth wriggling meekly and groaning softly. Emma nearly leapt from her scaly hide, scrabbling for purchase on the icy soil as she jumped up and staggered over to the bundled shape of the woman huddled next to the fire.

Her heart was in her throat, hammering against her esophagus as she knelt, protectively shadowing her ward. Days had gone by with little sign of life from the slight form aside from a steady heartbeat and the occasional audible breath. Movement shocked her, and she laid gentle hands on the mound of cloth, murmuring a soothing, "Easy... Easy. Just take it easy. I've got you. You're safe. Just relax. Slowly now."

"Nnh... Wh-wha..."

"Shh... Don't talk yet." She could only imagine what the woman had been through, and that last thing she wanted to do was overtax her. The soft contours of a familiar face turned up toward her, depthless blue eyes focusing sluggishly on hers, and she smiled, trying not to show too many of her teeth. "There. I'm right here. Don't move so much. You've been out for a long time."

A hint of expression flickered across invitingly full lips, the beginnings of a smile. "You... I remember you. You were there... There was... I... What hap... where...?"

She remembered too. She remembered pulling the woman from the vat of slime that had been her prison for gods knew how long. She remembered those eyes looking up at her like they currently were just before the hells emptied themselves around her. "Yeah. It's me, and I'm still here. I'm sorry I can say more, but I don't really know what happened, and I'm not exactly sure where we ended up. Just keep breathing for me, alright. There were some close calls between then and now. Don't try too hard, but can you move everything okay? Just wiggle a little bit. Does anything hurt?"

The woman was so thoroughly entangled in every scrap of warming fabric she had, Emma doubted movement would come easily, but the amorphous shape beneath her shifted gratifyingly regardless. "I... I'm sore... I remember you though. You were there - instead of the other one. You were there."

"Yes." she agreed, disentangling the form below her enough to allow a little freedom of movement, "I was there, and I'm here now." She continued her smile and gently probed for

information as she tried to answer some of her roiling inner questions. "Do you know who the other one was?"

"She was the one with green hair. She would be there sometimes. She would ask questions... h-hurt me sometimes. She would make me drink things before she put me back in the tank. It was dark. I... I don't... I can't remember... I don't..."

"Don't worry." crooned the dragoness, "You're far away from her now, wherever she is. It's just you and me for now, I think, so just relax."

A hand wormed out of the tangle of her shirts and heavy blanket to run over the fine scales of her cheek, as if to feel the solidity of her presence. "I never dreamed in the tank... Are you real...?"

Her lips peeled back as she hissed a breathy giggle through her teeth. "I sure hope so. I can think of a few people who would be pretty upset if I was just a mass hallucination. Yeah, I like to think I'm real."

"You're... hard. What... who are you?"

She pulled the probing fingers from her tapered snout and took them up in her own clawed digits. "I'm a dragon, and my name is Emendata. Call me Emma. I'm with the Silver Lance, and I'm here to take you somewhere safer and more hospitable so we can figure out what's happened to us. What's *your* name?"

"Wh-what?"

As she helped the woman sit up, kneeling comfortably next to her, she straightened the layers that were wrapped around the fragile figure. "It's okay if you're nervous, but I promise you don't have to be. What would you like me to call you?"

"I... I-I don't know."

"Well," she added with a continued smile, "I'd like very much to be your friend. What do your friends call you?"

"No one's ever called me anything. I don't... I don't know."

"What about your family? Just... forget about the tank. Tell me about your home. Where are you from? Arvador? Further south?"

"I don't know. I... I-I..." Her delicate features scrunched up, threatening absolute anguish. "I can't remember..."

Emma hissed a breath gentle from her lungs, leaning forward and bundling the other woman up in a firm hug. She'd harbored hopes, but suspected anyway. Few people rescued by the Lance had their memories intact. "Don't worry. Don't worry." she purred in a continuous whisper, "It's just something they did to you. There are people that can help you; I promise. I can take you to them, just don't cry."

Meek hands went around her back, clutching tightly. "I can't... remember anything. I don't know my name. I can't... there's just nothing there. All I remember is the tank, and her, and then you." Than hands squeezed her furiously, packing strength that seemed impossible for the slender arms to which they were attached. "I remember you. I remember you. You were there, and I remember you."

"That's good; that's good." wheezed the dragoness, "Don't stop. Hold on to what you can, alright?" She wrapped her arms further around the woman's shrouded figure and laced her fingers together, squeezing tightly. "I've got you, and I won't let them take you back without a fight, okay? Just take it easy, and I'll take care of everything. I'll get you to a safe place where you can get help."

"It was so dark..."

"I know. It must have been terrible, but you're never going back in the tank, I promise. Just... Just sit here with me and take some deep breaths for me. You're not going to be some toy anymore. The Silver Lance will help you. I absolutely promise you. Just listen to my voice and breathe." She took a few calming breaths of her own. She truly couldn't begin to wonder what happened to the meek form within her arms, and thoughts of darkness and entrapment were enough to rattle her. There were a few heavy sobs, and she squeezed them away with gently rubbing fingers and smoothly murmured words of calm and peace. "I've got you... I've got you."

A long time passed. The fire crackled behind her, and the occasional breeze whispered through the boughs of the furs around them. Eventually, delicate hands slowly relaxed on her, and she channeled her mother, crooning wordlessly as she tried with desperation to push peace-of-mind into the other woman. Experimentally, the dragoness pulled away, just enough to look down at the face turned up toward her. With gentle fingers, she peeled away the layer of cloth that had fallen down into her ward's eyes, and then pushed away more fabric to bare the young woman's features. She smiled again, only slightly forced. "Are you okay?" She felt the question was a farce. They were both far from okay, so she added an abashed, "Physically, I mean. Do you feel alright?"

"Y-yes... I think." came the shy answer as a hand came up to rub at entrancingly blue eyes, "I don't hurt as much anymore. Are... are you okay too?"

Emma laughed. "Considering what we've both been through, I'm far better than I think I have any right to be. Thanks."

As she pulled further away, putting a little space between them, those same eyes widened as they took her in. "Y-you're... Um... I-it's cold. Are you cold?"

Laughing again, she wrapped a forearm around the bare, sapphire-hued expanse of her generously endowed chest. The clothing she had landed in had been shredded to tatters, singed and torn, and she had used even those scraps in the bundle of fabric that was currently wrapped around the other woman, meaning, of course, that she was shamelessly nude. "Not right now, no. The snow stopped and the wind died down, so I'm fine for now. Don't worry about me. Are you cold? Here, scoot closer to the fire."

She got out of the way, making room for her meek guest to wriggle forward. "I'm not very cold right now. Just my face... and my fingers." Hands reached out, putting said fingers nearer to the flames.

Sliding next to the other woman, the dragon sat down on the frigid ground. She watched a hand drift up, pulling down the hood of the only heavy cloak she had in her pack, a thick, dark grey affair, and Emma had to stop and blink in confusion. The hair that graced the other woman's scalp was as white as the snow that surrounded them, crisp and utterly colorless, long, flowing waves of pure winter. When she had bundled her up, it had been the complete opposite, a rich, dark black that had seemed to absorb the light that touched it. "Hey, uh..." she said through her own hesitation, "What... what color is your hair?"

Another soft, "I can't remember." was her answer as slender digits slid into the sea of frost that covered the woman's scalp. She inspected herself, pulling a few locks of smooth, wavy hair in front of her face to look at them. "White. My hair is white." Eyes met the dragon's, blue to glimmering amethyst, and it suddenly hit Emma with the force of a giant-thrown boulder. The woman huddled before her, knees drawn up to her chest and clad in most of four shirts and as many pairs of her pants, wrapped in a thick blanket and a cloak both, was absolutely, unquestionably beautiful. At that contact, Emma's heart leapt up into her throat, suddenly

hammering against her tonsils, and she was forced to lean back on her hands, her eyes opened wide under the force of her sudden revelation.

She had noted it before, when she first pulled that soft, frail form from the sludge that had held her imprisoned, but she'd had more important things on her mind at the time. Now, however, in a moment of unguarded weakness, her mind was suddenly awed nearly to the point of being overwhelmed. Delicate cheekbones were softened by dainty, feminine features, and those lips absolutely begged to be kissed, acknowledged for their perfection. Each curve and contour was in its place, and she knew, suddenly and without a single scrap of doubt, that the gods themselves couldn't have fashioned a more flawless example of beauty that that which sat awkwardly before her, hidden away and desperate for the warmth of the fire. It was all enough to tear the air from her lungs in a long, protracted hiss, which eventually formed the word, "Wow..." She was angelically, inhumanly beautiful, impossibly so.

"What?" said that same she, eyes flicking back up from the fire to the dragon's, "What's wrong? Why... why are you staring at me?"

She blinked, breaking the spell that had clouded her mind and made seconds blur together. "Uh... wha-n-nothing. I just... I just realized what a travesty the loss of your name is. I'd like to call you something, if just to make us both feel a little better. Can you think of anything you'd like to be called, in place of your name? Anything that you might take to?"

Shaking her head sullenly, the nameless woman toyed with a length of her hair. "I don't know what I should be called. You're the first person that's ever talked to me. The... the others just... did things to me. They never even talked to each other around me." There was a pause, and the woman hummed, blinking slowly. "My voice sounds... weird... I've never heard it before. I don't remember hearing anyone's voice before. I don't even know... How do I know how to talk? I never learned how to talk. I don't... remember learning anything, but I know things."

"That's good." Emma replied smoothly, trying to shake the fog of awe from her thoughts, "That means that there's someone beneath all that memory loss. You learned some things, and you retained them. You've got a name somewhere in there, just like you've got a family and a home. It means that it might be able to be fixed, and if it is, I promise it will be. You weren't always in the tank. They must have taken you from somewhere. Hells, maybe if you spend enough time out of the tank, things might start to come back to you by themselves. It's happened to people before. And besides, I think your voice is perfectly lovely. It's light and airy, and it makes you sound like you're singing when you talk. I bet you have an even lovelier singing voice."

"But... I don't know any songs..."

The dragoness latched onto that. "But you know what a song is, despite not remembering having ever even spoken before. See what I mean?"

The smile that pulled those hauntingly attractive lips upward removed the entirety of the chill from the air, and melted Emma's aching heart. "I... You're right. I couldn't know unless I knew sometime before."

"Exactly!" she chirped, reining in her tail before it curled into a happy coil. The woman's glee was incredibly infectious, and she let it force her own smile across her face. "It doesn't have to be a name, but friends should have something to call one another, don't you think? What do you want me to call you?"

"I don't know." the woman sighed, her smile slackening, but not quite disappearing, "What... what do you want to call me?"

A plethora of names flitted through her mind, each more appropriate than the last, but she landed quickly on the one word that screamed to the forefront of her mind, and knew that there could be no other option. "What about Amena? I think it suits you rather well."

"Amena..." repeated the woman, chewing over the word and pursing her lips into a thoughtful pout, "Amena. Ah-Mee-Nah... I... think it sounds pretty. What... What does it mean? Does it mean something?"

"Uh... W-well." the dragoness stammered nervously. Emma silently thanked the gods for the scales that hid most of her blush and prayed that what was left of the hide stretched over her wings wouldn't betray her. "It's one of the words in my language that means, uh... beautiful and lovely. It's not the most creative name, but I always did prefer the simple ones. Also, I'll never be able to forget it, so that's a plus." She terminated her sentence with an apprehensive, tittering giggle, more to pull the attention away from her nervousness than because she found anything particularly funny.

The woman put hands to her cheeks as if to feel for herself the attractiveness of her features and whispered a disbelieving, "Am I beautiful?"

"Well, I think so."

The hands stayed where they were, rubbing her face with enough youthful innocence to make the dragoness giggle more lightheartedly. "I... I don't know what I look like. Am I really beautiful?"

"Absolutely. Here, give me a few seconds. I'll show you." Emma hopped to her toes and stalked over to where her pack was laying. Stooping to dig around inside it, she pulled out a fine, palm-sized, silvered mirror and handed it to the awed woman. Amena held it to her face, staring at herself and going through a more thorough exploration of her stunning, visage with shaking fingers. As she watched and waited, the dragoness fed some more scraps of wood into the fire and moved the rabbits out from over it before they scorched. When slender hands drifted further down the body with whom she shared her campsite, she forced herself to turn away, letting her ward inspect herself without gawking.

She swallowed heavily when she heard cloth scraping over itself, and the urge to turn, to try and catch a glimpse of perfect, pale flesh nearly overpowered her. Stifling her sudden, voyeuristic tendencies, Emma poked a claw into the roasted meat to see if it was cooked through. It was, and the reminder that she was starving was fast and cruel. "Does your name mean beautiful too?"

She turned at the innocent question, and got an eyeful in spite of her attempts at modesty. Amena had pulled off every piece of clothing that had been concealing her torso, and Emma's eyes deflected almost audibly off of slim shoulders and a stretch of alabaster skin, pushed into a pair of more-than-generous mounds of alluring, feminine flesh. Ruddy, pinkish nipples had reacted to the cold, and were puffy and erect, sticking out from the immaculate globes of sensual mammary that demanded to be touched. Seeing the source of her shock, Amena looked down her body and lifted her hands to her chest, cupping spheres that couldn't hope to be contained in such dainty fingers. Emma heard skin sliding over smooth skin; she saw bumpy gooseflesh wash over long, sweeping curves, and the dragon took a deep, bracing breath. "N-no. My name's the draconic word for flawless. I... I'm sorry. I don't know what's gotten into me, but you should really put something on. It's too cold to be running around naked."

"But you are." Amena pouted, "Is there something wrong with me?"

"Hells no!" laughed the dragoness, "If anything, you're just... too perfect, and my brain doesn't know what to do with itself. But... you were talking about the cold, weren't you...? Um,

I'm built to take the cold a little more readily than humans are, so I'll be fine, but I don't want you to get sick or get hurt because of the temperature. Here," She stepped forward, sinking into her haunches and pulling her shirts back over those tantalizing shapes, once more hiding them. She wished she knew what was happening. She worked with gorgeous people for what seemed like a living. Beauty was her nearly omnipresent companion, but this, the woman wriggling before her, was just *too* attractive. It almost physically hurt to look at her, and her hands threatened betrayal as they wandered over soft curves. "Just stay wrapped up, for both our sakes, alright? When we get home, it'll be less cold, I promise."

"O-okay." She leaned back, inspecting her work, and nodded sharply. Amena looked a little less like a vaguely feminine shape in a cocoon of cloth, and more like someone who was just wearing a lot of layers, and she tugged the cloak strait on those dainty shoulders. She froze, however, when, without warning, a similarly dainty hand touched her, brushing gently over the scales of a single, sapphire breast. "You're pretty too, though." whispered the amnesiac.

"Thank you..." she hissed breathlessly. Taking the aimlessly wandering hand up in hers, she cautiously pulled it from her chest. The spot that had been touched tingled fiercely, pleading for more contact, more stimulation. She shivered with the wave of roiling euphoria that swept over her body, and with quiet rustling, her scales ruffled, lifting upward before returning to their flat, smooth texture in a line that dropped from her nose to the tip of her tail. She pulled her eyes off of the perfection before her and looked up at the clear, pale sky, at the trees, at the thin wisp of smoke rising from her campfire, trying to swallow the sensations rising up from her core. What in the blood-soaked hells was wrong with her? Why couldn't she focus on anything else?

"Um... I don't... I'm sorry, but I think I'm really very hungry. Could I...? Were you cooking?"

Emma latched on to that strand of hope, and turned once more to that impossibly perfect face. "Yes! I was, in fact. I'd hoped you would wake up sooner rather than later. Here, let me help." Flicking her tail, she pulled forward one of the spitted rabbits. It had only been off the fire for a few moments, and it was still pleasantly hot. Tearing a thin strip of lean meat from its leg with an idle claw, she handed it to her dinner guest, murmuring a low, "Take it slow, now. Gods only know how long it's been since you've had anything solid in you."

Accepting the proffered strip of steaming flesh, Amena slipped it between her lips and chewed it carefully. Her eyes lit up, and after swallowing, she grinned like she'd been given her weight in gold. "It's so good! C-can I have more?"

"Of course you can." chuckled the dragoness, "You can have it all, so long as you promise not to eat too fast, alright?" She handed over the rabbit, spit and all, and those eyes that would haunt her forever became huge, round saucers, bright with excitement.

Amena dove in, tearing right into the thing's flank and ripping out a huge bite before remembering her warning and chewing it more slowly. There wasn't much meat on them, and what was wasn't the most fulfilling, but it was going to be far better than nothing, especially in the height of winter. Now if she could only manage to hunt down something more substantial, a deer, or maybe one of the huge mountain goats that made the Ord's their home. Then she would be satisfied.

She sat and fidgeted, but when she made no move to join in the first meal her guest could likely remember, Amena perked up, voicing another innocent question, "Aren't you going to eat? Do you want some?"

Waving away the question, she replied with a straight-faced lie. "No, no. You go ahead. I'm fine. You should eat up, as much as you want." She forced her fingers to splay out over her

thighs, rather than tangle into knots like they wanted to. "Listen, if I go to collect more wood for the fire, will you be okay? It'll only take a bit, I promise. Can you handle eating alone for a few minutes?"

Rather than the apprehension that she suspected, she only saw pleased, girlish joy in the eyes that looked up to her. "Yes. I promise. You should do what you need to. Don't worry about me."

She silently thanked the gods for their mercy as she rose to her taloned feet with what she hoped was a charming smile and a wave. As she meandered from the little stand of trees, she tried to shake off the bestial urges that had been building in her gut and putting immense pressure on her thoughts. She idly pulled pieces of dried, dead wood from the lightly tree-studded area around her little campsite, but she just luxuriated in the fresh air, praying it would empty her sinuses of the powerful combination of cooking meat and the woman's intense, herbal aroma. She'd never smelled anyone who reeked so strongly of pure, sensual appeal. It made her want to do only the most lascivious things to them both, and she bit it back with clenched teeth.

Dripping Ichor, what was the matter with her? Since when did the sight of a pair of breasts make her hurt with need, and why did it have to be *that* pair of breasts? She wasn't about to push herself on someone who had likely known themselves for almost as long as they had known her. At least that's what she told herself as she stepped through the snow and kept a sharp eye on the thin strand of smoke that marked her campsite. Her rational mind doubted that firm assertion as the sight of those luscious curves filled her mind. She hissed a coarse curse at her lack of self-control. She was better than this! She was *not* some lust-crazed fuck-beast! And yet, lewd ideas continuously came to her.

She had rarely seen a body so slender pack curves that looked so robust. Thick hips that could really be grabbed onto and heavy breasts that swung with their own mass bordered a slim midriff that housed just the slightest hint of underlying muscle, just enough to add a layer of firmness to the softness around it. A different texture, the smooth skin twitching beneath the fine, sensitive scales of her fingertips, claws just barely dimpling succulent, meaty flesh, her imagination could scarcely produce a facsimile for her to envision, so brilliant was its perfection.

She whined when her trembling legs dropped her to her knees, and the sticks she'd been hauling clattered to the snow. Her scales burned like she was on fire, but rather than pain, she only pulled in the heat of the inferno that swept over her and disturbed her scaly hide once more in rippling waves. The heat that filled her veins banished every scrap of the chill that pervaded the air around her, and she felt tense, taut. Her muscle, dense and overwhelmingly powerful, tightened beneath her skin, standing out in definition against itself as she whimpered, lost in her own barely-restrained lust for a woman to which she had only just spoken for the first time. Pressure built within her, and she shook her head, grunting with the strain of forcing it back down into her. This wasn't her; she wasn't like this! She was no animal!

Her hands went to the sides of her head, bracing against her curling ram's horns. Her whole body quivered energetically, desperate need warring against her reason, her sanity. Pressure built, overwhelming her, thudding against the inside of her scales with each beat of her hammering heart. Her taut hide felt like the surface of a drum, such a brutal beating was it taking from within. Her body punished her, pouring agony along the lines of her arteries for resisting it, and she whimpered as she bent inward on herself, trying to escape her primal urges.

There was nowhere she could run from herself, however, and with a jolt of sudden, gratified euphoria, she felt her resistance shatter in the face of the beast that had awakened within her. For a few, timeless seconds, she panted frantically, gripping her horns and whimpering in a

pathetically undragonlike manner, and then her body continued its betrayal of her desires. Her diaphragm locked up, pushing the air from her lungs in a whorish moan that whispered between her viciously clenched teeth before it terminated itself in a strained grunt.

Her already rigid muscle tightened further, threatening to break her bones with the strength of her inner tension, and that internal pressure demanded a release that her overwhelmed body was only too happy to provide. The scales bordering the nearly invisible slit between her thighs parted as her body opened in preparation, and she caught another moan in her throat, strangling it off into a wet gurgle as her loins emptied themselves. Her hide was shoved apart by the exit of nearly two feet of half-hard cock, black flesh already shining with her own pent up lust, and a split-second later, her shier womanhood, slick and aching, joined it.

Without any mental impulse, her hands dropped down to her crotch and wrapped all ten fingers around a massive shaft that dared her to even try and contain it. She felt her own thunderous heartbeat in the increasingly rigid meat that jutted from her body and arced upward under its own pendulous weight, and she whimpered as she gave herself a painfully slow stroke. Her legs trembled fiercely, and were she not already on her knees, she would have fallen over again, borne down under the weight of sensation.

Savoring her unique texture, parallel ribs of stiffening flesh sending sparks up her spine as her fingers rolled smoothly over them, she cursed herself under her breath between giddy groans of bliss. Her body demanded still more, and in answer, her tail curled in on itself, sliding between her bent legs and fearlessly spearing upward into her need-parted netherlips. She yelped as she penetrated herself and began plumbing the depths of her feminine passage even as she encouraged her quivering dragonhood to attain its complete size, just a little more than two feet of steely, sable flesh that rested within her hands in a graceful upward curve that defied its own heft.

She surrendered to herself. Fighting was achieving nothing, and if she just needed to get off, that was something she could manage with gusto. It took little effort to tease her burning shaft further upward, and she tucked it between her azure-scaled breasts, enveloping herself in a smooth sleeve of her own contradictory endowments. Her tongue, as slick and inky black as what was angled up at her face, dropped from between her teeth to run gingerly over her tapered crown, swirling in an intricate spiral that made her hips buck numbly upward.

The flavor of her own liquid desire intoxicated her just as its scent consumed her olfactory organs, and she voiced a guttural growl that she didn't even give time to end before she let her triangular, draconic maw drop open to permit the entrance of the first few inches of her elephantine length. Her throat vibrated with the sounds of her lust, which only added another layer to the ecstasy to which she subjected herself. Her tail jerked noisily upward into her drooling slit, stretching her wide around as much of it as she could fit within herself and slicking the scales of the nimble limb with a sheen of her lusty fluids.

She quivered bonelessly, each fast roll of her hips pushing more and more of her thick tool between her teeth and dragging its ridged shaft through the valley between her breasts. Her wings fluttered weakly, failing to move much air due to the damage that had been done to them, but trying nonetheless. Each motion sent a bolt of lightning up her spine and along her limbs before her sight was robbed by an explosion of phantom light that burst behind her eyelids. She devoted herself utterly to her self-pleasure, letting it wash over her, and she pushed her head further and further down, taking nearly a third of her length between her slim, reptilian lips and coiling her tongue around its girth with well-practiced confidence.

Wringing thick gobs of delicious pre from her throbbing cock, she let her eyes roll back into her head, blinding her to the view of her pistoning body, catching only a glimpse of the cloudless sky. Her fingers closed over her inky nipples and tore at them with bestial vigor, squeezing and grinding each spot she could remember having in an effort to drive herself mad with rapturous sensation. She gurgled around the thickness of her pulsing cock, feeling her body tighten and her huge organ dilate ominously, stiffening further against her tongue and sending a nearly constant stream of viscous liquid down her throat, feeding her ravenous appetite for everything lewd while promising a feast to come.

Her silken, ebon passage rippled frantically around the length of her thick, powerfully muscled tail she thrust upward into herself with force enough to distend her abdomen, and she filled herself again and again with mindless violence, grunting and burbling around what intruded into her mouth and throbbed urgently against her palate, trickling a hint of her essence across her tongue. It was so close and approaching her at a mindless sprint, and she welcomed it with open arms. She opened her mouth, cramming as much of her slimed tool past her lips as she could manage and harpooned herself on her tail, bending her spine forward in a vain effort to kiss the scales of her crotch.

If she could have forced a breath past the monster heaving against the entrance of her throat, she would have screamed. Instead she could only sit and feel, trapped under her own lust. The obsidian monolith pushing proudly into her waiting maw bulged obscenely, thickening in girth to carry the impossible volume of scorching seed that her taut muscle sent rocketing down its tremendous length. She bucked wildly into herself, hugging her adamantine cock to her chest as she swallowed the first few massive ropes of her own scalding jizz as it poured into her mouth. She didn't have to work very hard at the task; her shuddering masculinity very nearly fired it down her throat by itself.

Her skin burned beneath her scales, quivering with released lust as she fed herself what her body was all too inclined to give her. Her mind melted, and she felt only what connection she had with her loins. The length of tail she pounded with primal violence into her abused womanhood shivered and scraped along her hypersensitive walls, and each dire thrust only built her release up, sparking climaxes within orgasms. She gurgled weakly past the obstruction lodged into her mouth and tried with frantic need to swallow everything, but her body rarely disappointed her, and this event was certainly no exception. She gulped down her own thick, virile cream, but the flow only picked up as her spine caught fire and jolted waves of cataclysmic euphoria into the depths of her overcome mind. Her cheeks bulged out under their load, and the seal her lips formed around the shaft of her rigid tool was broken by a nearly explosive backblast.

Taking that as a message from her body, she let the pressure of her geysering cock force her head off of it, catching jet after jet across her face before she let it fall from between her breasts. She formed a tight ring with her fingers and viciously pistoned it along her length, catching on each sensitive ridge of flesh as she gave the landscape before her a vigorous hosing. She plastered quart after quart of boiling cum across the snow, watching it quickly melt under the heat of her release, and it was only with a long, forlorn whine that her orgasm began to dwindle.

Frantically, she jerked her hands up and down the onyx obelisk that shamelessly stood from the intersection of her legs, but her body seemed to be sated, and the cataract dwindled to a stream, and then to a trickle as she drizzled the last dregs of her release down her sagging length. Shaking numbly, she toppled over, falling onto her side, and she shoved her face into the snow in

an effort to clear away the haze of her thoughtless desire. The chill wormed its way past her post-climax numbness, and gave her something to brace against, to hold on to.

Shaky fingers dug through the fluff to find her cheeks, and she used the white powder to scour her face clean as she took a slow, awed breath. As her mind returned to her, she felt... satisfied, confused, but satisfied, sated, hollowed. Staggering back to her clawed feet, she kept her hands on her cheeks, rubbing her eyes with her knuckles as she tried to reconcile what had happened in her mind. She looked down at her sagging cock with a disapproving frown before she flexed delicate muscles, pulling it back into her body to be hidden away with its no-less-pleased sister. That had certainly never happened to her before, and she struggled to understand the sudden, overwhelming tide of pure, solid need that had come and went with so little warning.

Blinking slowly, she gathered up the stack of firewood she had been idly collecting, looking over her body in the process. Her releases were usually a bit more... thunderous, but there had been no warning arcs of electricity popping over her scales that time, no furious build-up to a cataclysmic climax. She just... couldn't stop herself from masturbating to the memory of that perfect form, the form that she now remembered with only a fraction of the disastrous desire that had built up within her so resolutely before. Stepping with a sensual sway to her hips that she couldn't stop from manifesting in her long-strided gait, she peered down at her seemingly sorrowful body, her unwanted ardor cooling now that she had completed its goals, and her frown stayed on her face as she tried to make sense of her more intense side. Something was happening, and she wasn't sure what.

That was, however, a problem for another time, and she stifled her introspective frown in favor of what she hoped was a friendly smile as she meandered back into the campsite, chirping a cheerful, "Sorry I took so long! Got a little... distracted... Amena? Amena, what's wrong?"

The woman was curled up next to the fire, on her knees, with her hands wrapped over her stomach, the nothing left of her meal but bones that had been picked clean. "I... My stomach hurts." she whimpered.

Emma stifled a giggle. "Well no wonder. You must have eaten too fast. I thought I warned you to take it easy."

"I know..." whined the reply, "But I was so hungry, and it was so good. I... I'm still hungry. I want... I need more, but it hurts, like a headache, but in my chest. It won't... It won't go away."

Dropping smoothly to her knees, she draped an arm over Amena's slender shoulders. "It's going to be okay. You want a belly rub? I give grade-A belly rubs; ask anyone."

Amena just groaned in answer, hunching further over on herself, and the dragoness wriggled closer to her, leaning down to peer up into her face. Emma froze at what she saw under the hood that was draped over the woman's head. From the roots, the waves of white that were draped over those slim shoulders began to stain a light grey, and before her eyes the grey darkened, deepening to an inky black that swept down each individual strand of hair until Amena once more had the thick, raven locks that she remembered. The woman must have seen her shock, because she seemed about to voice a concern before the air left that delightfully endowed chest in a long, lewd groan that set the dragoness on edge.

Sucking in another breath that hissed between her teeth, Amena voice dropped into a throaty purr, "I... Oh... It... doesn't hurt anymore." That was when the arm Emma had thrown over her shoulders felt something alien enough to make the limb leap from its perch. The dragon leaned back, staring at the bundled-up form sitting next to her. Something was... wriggling

beneath the cloak draped over her back, and she leapt to her feet solely so she could take a stunned step backwards.

Amena, however reacted with far less surprise as that something slowly, blindly, made its way up her back until it peeked shyly up out of the collar of her innermost shirt. Like an oily black worm, the tapered tip of some wriggling tendril slid up and into the brisk air, probing blindly until a delicate hand rose boldly to meet it. "Oh..." whispered the woman to whom it seemed to be attached, "I don't remember this either." She paused to giggled, a light, girlish noise that seemed to war with the utter confusion clouding the dragon's thoughts. "Careful! That tickles!" The cause of this brief mirth made itself apparent as more of the seemingly boneless growths rose from her clothing, one sliding out of her sleeve and two others creeping from her collar with the first one. Each explored its surrounding with feathery caresses that left her giggling further, and the dragon gaped as the four unwholesome appendages poured from beneath Amena's heavily layered clothing.

Words came to her slowly, and she swallowed heavily before she gave voice to them. "Uh... Amena, are you okay? What... What's happening?"

Warm, blue eyes rose to hers, and their owner beamed at her. "I don't know, but they tickle! I can feel them, like they're part of me, like fingers or something, but I don't know how to make them move the way I want." She paused as one, on its cursory adventure across her body, ran gingerly along her cheek, looking like nothing more than an affectionate lover's attentions, and she outstretched an arm toward the dragoness. "Come here. I... I think they want to say hi."

She remained where she was, instinct as much as training screaming for caution, if not outright concern. "What do you mean?"

"I... I don't know." Amena muttered, looking just as confused as the dragon, "I just know. I can just feel them. I can't move them, but it's like I can give them suggestions. I think I can... Here, watch this." She scrunched up her face in concentration, and the one on her cheek pulled jerkily away from her, extending outward a few feet and coiling inward into a tight spiral. "See? But... I think it goes both ways, and I can feel them... in my head... I don't, I don't know how else to explain it." Her expression grew expectant, and the inky tendril that had been on display returned to her face, as if seeking comfort in a mother's arms.

She knew in her gut that curiosity was going to be her doom, but she felt her legs pull her a step forward regardless. She sank down onto her knees next to Amena, carefully and still thunderstruck. She'd never seen anything like this, and she was willing to bet that even her father hadn't. As if sensing her presence, all four wriggling growth perked up, their tips squirming slowly through the air in her general direction. Her hand lifted, and each of them froze when one made contact with the tips of her fingers. "Oh..." the other woman sighed, "You feel... cold. Through them, I mean. Are you sure you don't want a shirt?"

"Yeah..." she mumbled, watching as the sinuous growth explored her fingers. Despite possessing an almost mirrored sheen, it didn't feel slick or slimy. It was dry and perfectly smooth, and she felt warmth through it, the warmth of life, of Amena's or its own she wasn't certain. "Hi there, little, um... thing." she crooned warily, "I'm Emma, and I have no idea what you are."

She wasn't certain whether or not she expected a visible answer, so she wasn't certain how to take it ignoring her in favor of casually crawling over her hand and up onto her forearm. The rest sought her out, finding her hand and cradling her arm, and she had to admit to herself, it did, in fact, tickle a little. They seemed eager to explore each of her scales, probing along her powerful limb and inching aimlessly down her arm, presumably building a map of her exterior a

square inch at a time. The quartet of writhing tentacles seemed surprised at her temerity as she brought her other hand to bear, exploring them in kind, but eventually took well to her directionless stroking.

"Oh..." Amena moaned softly, "I... they feel so good. Rub a little harder. We like it."

"Uh-huh... We... Yeah..." she murmured, watching with a furrowed brow as the tendril occupying her fingers thickened incrementally, as if to give her more surface area to touch. The slight motion, the sensation of slow pulsation, was enough to make her pull her hand away, but her neglect was far from enough to discourage it. With a gentle creaking noise, as of leather rubbing over itself, the spindly little cord of glossy black bulged with calm, regular surges, growing thicker alongside its brothers, whom all received the same treatment as they caressed her scales. More length spooled from beneath Amena's clothes, and apprehension tightened her gut as, instead of continuing to fondle her scales, two decided to coil confidently around her wrists. They didn't cinch tight; they only held her, curling around and down her forearms and looping over her corded strength. "Uh, Amena?"

"Don't worry." breathed the woman in reply, which was not as comforting as she'd hoped it would be. "We just realized why I was still so hungry. I was just eating for more than myself, and I didn't know any better yet. I couldn't remember, but now I know. Would you feed us, Emma? You promised to take care of us, and we need more still."

Well, shit. At the first sign of resistance, the lengths of flexible tendril coiled around her arms snapped inward, rendering her suddenly and viciously motionless and forcing her arms up over her head until her wrists met. She stopped struggling, intent on at the very least hiding her strength until it would be of greatest use. "Gods' Blood, what the hells are you doing?!"

At the worry in her voice, Amena frowned up at her. "What do you mean...?" The dragoness prepared to screech an answer, but something suddenly seemed to dawn on her alluringly-formed captor. "Oh! I... I'm sorry! They're just excited! They don't mean that you're food! At least... not like that." Her voice dropped into her chest, purring an enticing, "But that doesn't mean that you cannot provide for us."

The swings of mood were jarring, but she clung to the words and not their tone. "Yeah, sure. I'll go find something bigger and drag it back! Just let me go, and I'll take care of you like I promised." She kept her breathing even, even as her instincts were beating her sensibilities over the head. She was already crippled; she was not going to be held down!

"No, you don't understand." Came Amena's voice, alternating between an innocent chirp and a low, sensual, growl, "They don't need food, we need to feed. You have what we need. They can feel it, in abundance." The appearance of blindness gone, the two remaining ropes of thick, slick-looking tentacle approached her, one prodding hesitantly at her chest while the other dipped courageously between her legs, rubbing over her scales and knowing seemingly by instinct just where to find her hidden slit.

As she was so unnervingly, yet deftly, stimulated, relief explosive enough to be nearly audible washed through her. The dragoness thanked the gods, and sighed heavily enough to push her head back to roll limply on her shoulders. "Dripping Ichor, don't scare me like that! If it's just a good lay you're after, you should have just said so! Your friends aren't the first inhuman creatures to be after my junk. Hells, one of them is growing on a pot on my desk..." She paused. Emma sincerely hoped someone would have the wherewithal to take care of Flora until she could manage to get back home. It was looking like the walk would be a long one.

Her relief was reciprocated in Amena's eyes. "S-sorry... I didn't know how to say what they wanted. It's all jumbled up in my head."

"It's alright." said the dragoness soothingly, "Just relax and tell your friends to reel it in a little. I'll give them what they want. All they have to do is let me go, and I'll show you a good time. I'm not going to run away or anything, especially when you're so eager to give me some new toys to play with."

Before she could even finish her statement, the tough cords that held her arms loosened, and the tendrils withdrew from her body, hovering expectantly over her, mirroring the anticipation in the wide, blue eyes that openly gawked at her. She rubbed her wrists with a sly grin before, hips rolling in a more intentional display of shameless sexuality, she closed the distance between them, pushing aside the ropes of inky darkness with the back of a casual hand. Carefully, she removed the blanket wrapped around Amena's shoulders, doubled it over on itself and laid it on the rough ground next to the fire, and pulled the more dainty woman over to her with gentle insistence. "Now..." she began, brushing a few strands of smooth hair away from the wide eyes that stared up at her, "Why don't you tell me what you'd like to do? Or better yet, show me. I always have been a sucker for a little foreplay... just a little."

"I... I can't... I don't know..."

"That's alright." she mewled gently, "Just don't think about it too hard. Do what feels right. I'm not about to pass judgment on a woman who can't remember much of anything, let alone how to get a girl all fired up. You won't have to work too hard, I promise." The memory of her explosive climax only moments ago seemed hopelessly distant, and she watched her would-be suitor with slowly reawakening hunger. Once more, her eyes were drawn down, past the full, lurid lips that were pulled downward into the barest hint of an uncertain frown, beyond the layers of her shirts, baggy everywhere except where they were drawn taut over assets that likely rivaled hers for sheer, impressive mass but were set onto a body nearly a foot shorter and much more slender. Her heart quickened, "Yeah... You won't have to work too hard at all." Already she could feel the beginnings of the same mindless need building against her thoughts. If it hadn't been stemming from a place far deeper than her mind, she would have suspected a demon of hunger, so relentless was her blooming desire.

Delicate fingers touched her hesitantly, and she purred encouragingly, leaving herself open to wanton stroking. Fingertips trailed up her side and over her stomach, outlining her rigid, defined muscle and leaving lines of tingly effervescence on her scales. Taking up practically petite shoulders, the dragoness pushed with only the barest hint of a silent plea. Amena bent backward, until she was laying on her back with Emma looming over her, and still the hands continued their aimless exploration of her bare body. It brought a toothy grin to her draconian maw.

When the first timid tendril made contact with her body, cautiously probing over the scales of her back, she flexed her wings against it, welcoming its brothers as they all drifted inward toward her. They were bolder than the woman to whom they seemed to be attached, sliding up her powerful thighs and over the curve of her tight, muscled rump, rubbing her affectionately, seeking and searching. She did nothing to discourage them, and she eventually felt flimsy, human fingers tentatively bush against the curves of her generous bust. She cooed gleefully, voicing an amorous, "Don't be shy." to which the fingers responded with more force, dimpling her plush breasts.

Amena looked to be in utter, absolute shock. "Y-you're so soft... We feel you, so hard, but so soft."

In a show of self-indulgence, she lifted a hand to cup it around the firm, yet pliant mass of a single, sapphire-scaled boob and squeezed it between her fingers with enough force to pull a

quick moan from her lungs, between smiling lips. Following her lead, the tentacled woman laying supine beneath her squeezed her a little harder, as if to make her moan again, which she did with happily. Her spine bent as she dipped lower, and Amena's fully, heavy lips parted around a short gasp as the dragoness let some of her weight press down atop that curvy form. Breast squished into cloth-shrouded breast, and Emma couldn't help herself. She bent lower still, drawn by the magnetic property of those lips, and pressed a slow kiss into them.

Amena stiffened at the contact, but quickly went limp, breathing a terse huff through her nose and slipping a hand around the dragoness's nape to pull her down more forcefully. Emma only hoped that all the practice she'd gotten through the years could make up for the awkwardness of her form. Draconic lips were meant for little more than to serve as sheaths for her kind's teeth, and kissing so was alien to most of her brethren. She didn't care. She liked it, the intimacy, the connection. It was delightful, and she let Amena gradually take the lead, occasionally parting to let out a meek moan or pull in a sharp breath as the tendrils writhing through the air around her gained urgency with their ministrations.

A single serpentine appendage slid up her abdomen and tucked between her breasts, squeezing them with merciless vigor, and she hissed between her teeth as its brothers seemed to feel that her foreplay had gone on long enough. She growled a warning as a pair curled around her thighs, gradually pulling her legs open and baring her crotch to the last one, which crawled over her loins in search of what it wanted to badly. "Easy there, bad boys," she grunted, parting from Amena, who looked extremely displeased at the sudden lack of intimate contact, and pushed herself back up to her knees. Reaching up to her chest, she pulled the snakelike tentacle from her breasts, holding it in her fingers as it wriggled around her hand and forearm, seeking. "Listen up, and I'll show you what makes me tick."

It seemed to understand her, because it ceased its aimless drifting, and rested placidly in her scales, and even the others halted, perked up toward her as if listening for instruction. She chuckled, petting the oily serpent in her hand with motherly adoration. She rubbed it, her scales sliding over smooth flesh, and it jumped up into her other hand as if eager for more. Amena hissed a nearly incomprehensible, "Ah! Nnh! Th-they feel s-so good..."

"Oh? You like that, huh?" She stroked a little more firmly, savoring it like an impossibly flexible dick. It responded much the same, creaking quietly and thickening even further in her grasp and pushing apart her fingers with new girth. "That's right, just a little thicker, come on. There we go... perfect." It twitched when she grabbed it and coiled around her hand, but allowed itself to be drawn downward toward the intersection of her well-muscled legs. She pushed it against her loins, right over her subtle womanhood, and she used it to pleasure herself, scraping it over her scaly hide until it got the idea and began to do it of its own accord. "That's it. Right there. Nice and slow. Just *tease* it out of me."

Pulling her freed hand back up along the length of her more-than-athletic body, she let herself be awkwardly stimulated as she ran a wickedly pointed claw around the turgid nub of a dusky, ebon nipple. She boldly teased herself, and watched with great interest as Amena's eyes widened and whose breath began to come shorter. That impossibly intense aroma was beginning to crawl through her sinuses again, and she let it pour excited energy through her veins. She could practically see the heartbeat hammering beneath those full, luscious breasts, very nearly hear it. Her inner predator called for her to straddle, to pin down and ravish, but this situation called for care, for slow affection, and her hands fell back down as she leaned forward slightly, wrapping her fingers around the source of her desire, around a waist whose slim proportions defied all logic. She felt Amena's life, felt her breathing, heard her whine meekly, and she purred

deep in her throat, "They seem eager. Are you? Do you want this as much as they do? You need to, otherwise this won't work, no matter how worked up you get me."

Amena's hands shot up to her arms, clamping desperate fingers down around her biceps, pulling with yearning apparent in those pools of beautiful blue. "Please..." she gasped, writhing as hard the wriggling appendages that seemed to stem from her body, "Please, please, please. We need it. They're so hungry, and it feels so good. Please..."

That settled it, then. Emma sighed happily, regretting for a brief moment that she wasted an orgasm what seemed so long ago, but vocally gleeful at the prospect of another. She relaxed the restraint under which she had been holding herself, letting the fire that had ignited in her chest spread outward along the lines of her arteries and inundate her with insistent warmth that steadily grew in intensity. It tightened her body, building up an intense pressure that pushed at her as if to probe her body for weakness, and she gave it an outlet, focusing on the sensations of crawling serpents over her loins and letting that push her over the edge.

She disgorged herself with just as much heaving, explosive force as she had before, but this time she had an audience, something to catch her. Amena gasped as the underside of her half-hard, obsidian member bent downward under its weight to rest briefly atop the mounds of her suitor's plush chest. Blood flooded her crotch, pushing open her pre-lubed netherlips and slowly inflating the massive maleness that pulled itself sluggishly from its soft, enticing bed, and she sighed again, finally free. In the back of her mind, she could always feel it, the sensation of disastrous fullness that came from hosting an organ that tremendous. It pushed constantly at her innards, and it would grow erect within her if she held it back for too long, a less than pleasant experience as her abdomen bulged ludicrously under the length and breadth of her scorching, pulsing masculinity.

But free, she tasted emptiness. She got to feel as the hollow in her gut was filled with fire, her own virility, demanding its own release. She felt something, cool compared to her own burning heat, gingerly touch her, and she looked down from her self-absorbed reverie. Amena's eyes were huge, wide and shocked. Hands were held reverently at a respectful distant, awed by her sheer potency. She smiled, fierce with pride. That was the correct reaction to something so magnificent. Her guests, however, were bolder, exploring her freed flesh with gentle brushes against her. That, too, was appropriate, and she settled back to watch, and feel.

An inky tendril, crawled over her thickening girth, slowly stroking, seemingly surprised by what it had found. Each feathery caress pushed more blood into it, bending it ponderously upward, filling it with lustful tension that would eventually demand a release. The ridges that ribbed its upper side engorged, giving her texture, displaying her strength. As her throbbing cock was clumsily worshiped, another sinuous tentacle pushed between her spread thighs, investigating, and finding what it seemed to want.

The outer folds of her fleshy, sable-skinned womanhood parted readily around the exploratory prods of the tentacle that favored her more womanly parts. Without ceremony, it probed upward, gradually worming an inch of itself into her aching entrance. She hissed at the hesitant penetration, growling for more, and, as if to support that desire, a heavy glob of viscous pre issued from the crown of her steely endowment, free to drool down her length. The heady fluid was caught by the length of oily-looking flesh that was busy writhing bonelessly over her much more impressive tool, and that seemed to excite it to no end. She felt the tentacles wrapped around the bulk of her thighs quiver with anticipation, creaking and dilating even further. And then, she was forcefully subjected to her suitor's desires.

With force that was nearly enough to lift her from her knees, the tendril pushing against her, testing the waters, lanced up into her, stretching her suddenly wide around girth enough to pull a surprised yelp from her lungs. She was filled to her most intimate of depths, and she shuddered, feeling the thing so resolutely buried within her twitching irregularly. "Oh, Gods' Golden Blood!" She hissed as she slapped her hands down on the ground to either side of Amena's head, curling in on herself in sudden euphoria. The wetness she was already leaking profusely from her harpooned slit slicked already perfectly smooth flesh and made its passage nearly frictionless as it wriggled within her.

Eyes, half-lidded under the weight of roiling sensation, looked up at the gasping dragon past the arms that bordered her head. "You're so hot inside..." she whispered breathlessly, "So smooth and... oh... so hot. How do you stand it?"

"I..." she forced from her throat in a strained grunt, "I told you the cold doesn't bother me that much. Now hush, and tell your friends not to be gentle, okay? I'm tough. I can take it."

Amena blinked and nodded, but before the slow, tentative motion could finish, the silent translation seemed to be complete, because the coils of glossy black that surrounded her came alive, invigorated by her consent, and moved with fierce vigor over her scales. The soft, supple figure beneath her gasped in time with her, mewling with wordless ardor, and the dragon's thick tail whipped around behind her. The huge, girthy tool throbbing from its mount between her legs pressed down as she leaned forward, rubbing against the woman trapped under her, looming but not pressing down, protective, but not possessive.

Content that she would not run away, the cords looped around her legs released her, trailing over her powerful limbs and rising up next to her as their burrowing brother pulled nearly free of her innermost folds and slammed back up into her without mercy. The sudden jolt of slick, gliding sensation that the forceful motion brought on pulled her upright, forcing her spine to bend backward as it was repeated again and again, growing faster and more urgent with endless impatience. A loop was curled around the base of her more forward of organs, cinching blissfully tight and sealing around her as it began to rapidly stroke her.

That tendril's job was made both difficult and rewarding by her inhuman shape. The wet-looking length snagged on each of her prominent ridges as it passed over them, nailing spikes of bliss into her brain with each sudden jerk, and she was quickly brought to a simmer, her blood roaring through her veins under the force of her thundering heart. It wasn't enough, however, and the two tapered serpents that slithered over her body demanded more, dropping below her waist to join the pistoning python that was busied with her nethers.

Viciously sharp teeth snapped together as she pushed a strained moan between them. The tendons in her neck stood out in contrast with the lissome lines that formed its shape as her head fell backward until her horns were resting on her shoulders. Her eyes closed. She gave herself over to her pleasure, surrendering in an almost uncharacteristic display of submissiveness. She was rewarded for her placidness with the addition of another length of oily shadow to the already dripping lips that parted around the twin girths.

They alternated spans of time within her such that she was never empty, always stimulated. Constant motion stirred her innards and scraped along her inner walls, giving her fluttering muscle something around which to ripple as she neared her peak. Rising to her chest, she gave Amena a show, clutching her heavy, perfectly-formed breasts in kneading fingers and raking her scales with her inward-curving claws. She let her lower half be treated to something she had never experienced, such nimble manipulation and intriguingly flexibility.

The only tentacle that stayed undedicated to a specific part of her was far from idle. It savored the base of her trembling cock, flicked dexterously over the unhooded button of her painfully-erect clit. It teased her stretched lips, flowing like water over the contours of her mixed sexes and lingering on the places that pulled more vocal signals of pleasure from her lungs. Fingers clung to her own curves as if to hold on for dear life as she was savaged with utterly ravenous desire, and she burbled gleefully as she received what her body demanded from both her and her lover alike, glorious, spine-tingling sensation.

The half-squealed, "Yes!" that escaped the confines of her throat was far from stereotypically draconic, high-pitched and frantic, but she was far from being able to stop it. It just felt *right*. The anxious tension from before was gone. She didn't feel like a prisoner within her body, and the first light crackle of electricity sparking over her chest excited her even further. She fed on the feeling of the pair of boneless eels writhing against her feminine passage, pushing against her muscular walls and slipping over her contoured innards, sparking starbursts of ecstasy that filled her chest with nearly destructive potential.

Her nostrils were full of the tang of her dripping lubricants. Her monstrous member was drooling a steady stream of slimy pre, coming in spurts as she neared the limits of her restraint. With each hard, fast thrust up into her deliciously abused womanhood, her body shivered in anticipation, the hide beneath her scales prickling with the buildup of something gloriously rapturous. Her muscle threatened to betray her intentions by making her trembling limbs flail weakly, and she reined them, curling her fingers around Amena's shoulders and hissing out each short, heavy breath.

Fingers were on her very tip, the crown of her ludicrously-proportioned cock, and they fingered her with uncertain fondness, slicking themselves with the copious liquid lust that leaked from her body. "Do you like this?" The woman moaned, clearly nearly overcome with her own set of sensations, "Am I doing it right?"

"Fuck!" she growled in answer, drawing out the syllable into a long groan that terminated with a terse, breathless grunt. Power, pure, crystalline, raged at her very core, furious for an outlet and gorging on her pleasure. It fed and grew, strengthening, hardening into something resolute and unbending, and without mercy, it broke her with fury enough to shatter her resistance, and detonated within her chest.

Little whitish sparks danced over her scales, and the muscle lining her torso went utterly rigid, bending her backward on herself until her horns felt like they were going to bruise her shoulders. She sucked in a desperate breath that filled her lungs and pushed her heavy breasts outward, and she let it steel her for the madness to come. The exultant scream that boiled up from her toes lingered in her chest, tasting her strength, and was changed. What ripped its way free of the confines of her throat came out far different than it had started. A vicious trembling roar, deep enough to have come from a chest twice its progenitor's size, rumbled through her parted teeth with a nearly mindless, feral vigor, and signaled her reaching the absolute peak of her potential bliss. With a thunderous crack that reverberated against her scales, an arc of blinding, violet-white lightning ripped its way from her absolute center, briefly connecting her with the clear sky after crackling between her teeth for a split second.

Her own strength deafened her, and time seemed to slow. Sluggish though it may have been, the passage of time crawled by, forcing her to experience the first, catastrophic impact of her climax against the already tattered integrity of her overwhelmed mind. It swept over and through her, destroying her, and the dragoness did all she could do, ride it out. She felt her adamantine cock bulge hugely, carrying with it the first load of an endless deluge even as her

quivering walls clenched with impossible, desperate strength around what had so boldly invaded her feminine depths.

The tentacle coiled around her trembling tool was forced apart as she dilated to allow the passage of her release, and it seemed to trigger something within it. The slick serpent released her, and with a sinuous, blindingly fast movement, it writhed through the air to her tapered glans and positioned itself as if to catch what was roaring toward it at ludicrous speed. What happened next swept away the last vestiges of Emma's thought, erasing it in a tide of primal, unleashed glee that had her hands curled into balls of ecstasy.

The very tip of the pitch-hued tendril that hovered before her flaring crown split open, blooming like the petals of a spring flower and baring the dark reaches of a wet, sucking hole that was immediately pressed against her. Vicious pride pushed at her chest as it struggled frantically to encapsulate even her tip. With strength and coordination that surprised her, her hands, trying to win the race against what was even then hurtling down her distended cumvein, latched on to those spread petals that were trying to grasp onto her cock, and pulled with every ounce of strength that resided in her powerful body.

Thankfully, whatever fleshy material that the inky rope was made of seemed to have give to it, because it stretched obscenely as she forcefully penetrated it. Amena let out a euphoric cry at the rough treatment, full of beatific longing, and with limitless gusto, she began to empty herself into the warm, wet hole into which she had buried herself. Her head fell forward, and she looked at the "mouth" of the thing stretched utterly taut around her massive girth. She could see each vein and ridge of her tremendous, pulsing cock in stark contrast. It was sealed around her, and when the first of an endless series of massive spurts of thick, pearlescent seed issued from her heaving head, she watched it bulge with the load, ballooning from the force with which she emptied herself.

It sucked on her, milking her, and it rippled along its length, pulling away the virile jizz that bloated it before it was quickly and violently replaced with an even larger load of her inhuman relief. She could hear herself in the lewd gurgling noises as the thing drew her essence out of her, pulling it away and visibly swallowing it, sending bulges down its length to disappear under Amena's heavily-layered clothing from where it had come. The dragoness had no care where it was taken, so long as the hungry suction continued. She humped furiously. Her hands pistoned along her shuddering length, and she could feel it through the thin layer of alien desire that coated her. She used it like a living condom, filling it with brutal strength as she jerked her hands up and down herself with furious dedication. Its brothers stayed busy, pistoning in and out of her battered gash and compounding her heavenly release, and it went on like that for minutes, sucking and moaning and gurgling. Not a drop of her unspeakably potent release was spilled, and her unthinking mind mourned the passage of time, because she felt it beginning to die off, dwindling back to what might have even been called normal.

She was left on her hands and knees, hanging, panting, over Amena's body, her breasts nearly meeting those of the woman beneath her. Her mind was in shambles, and thought came slowly. She could still feel her boiling cum drizzling from her even as it was wicked away by what stayed attached to her crotch, but the rest of the wriggling tentacles withdrew from her body, leaving her achingly empty as they draped themselves lazily over her body, as if they, too, were eventually susceptible to fatigue.

Tired eyes looked up at her, and a gentle hand cupped her cheek. "Thank you." whispered Amena's quiet, shy voice, "They're very happy. They—we—thank you." As if to support this statement, one of the headless serpents with which she had shared herself drifted over to her

opposite cheek to brush fondly over her fine scales and leave a trail of her own girlish release over her face. With a disgustingly delightful slurping sound, the thin-stretched tube of flesh slowly withdrew from her loins, leaving her slick and shiny and moaning with the feeling of scraping over her tender skin, but leaving her deliciously empty all the same. She felt hollow, used up, like her potential had been satisfactorily utilized, and she had no qualms about retreating back into herself, filling that hollow with the mass of her drooping member and sealing herself away for another time.

Amena's eyes were already closed when she sighed a quiet, "Anytime. Just let me know when you get hungry again, and I'll be all too happy to provide... Bones and Ichor, I could use a nap."

Her lovely ward purred an agreement, and slowly, the tentacles that had so quickly come from nowhere pulled back, sliding away from whence they came and disappearing back into Amena's clothes. Gradually, her hair lightened, languidly returning to its snowy white coloration, and exhausted eyes blinked sluggishly up at the dragon. "Thank you, E-Emma. I... I don't know... Thank you."

She flopped down onto her side with a dreamy smile and curled her body around Amena, such that her new friend was bordered but the warmth of the fire and her body. The soft figure pressed back into her, intimately, and she brushed a tender kiss over a cheek before pulling the hood of her cloak up and over the woman's head to keep the heat in. Amena smiled softly at her, yawning and letting her eyes drift closed, and Emma did the same. Home was far away, and it was going to be one *hell* of a long walk.

At least she wasn't going to get bored.