

Creature Comforts

Written By: Skabaard

Though Polly had termed it a "house", the complex of structures that rose up on the horizon would have put to shame no small number of the holdings of Arvador's nobility. The McClain ranch was nearly enough to qualify as a sovereign nation in its own right, huge and sprawling, uncountable acres of pastures and farmland. McClain horses had been legendary for centuries, and were the animals of choice for both farmers and cavalries the continent over. No one could contest the superiority of more than two hundred years of expert breeding, though any were free to try.

The immense compound was larger than any manor that Emma had ever seen, and was staffed by what seemed like a small army of people who were all bustling about. Polly waved a few friendly greetings as she navigated through the seemingly disorderly maelstrom of activity and steered Emma and Amena toward the central structure, which alone had the appearance of a clean, whitewashed castle. There were many other horse morphs going about their business, which didn't surprise the dragoness, but none possessed the delicate, feathered wings that shuffled casually against her guide's back. A pang of impish jealousy prodded at her gut, and she smiled sheepishly at the desire to fly that made her own draconic wings, their membranes mostly gone, though healing with agonizing slowness, twitch fitfully.

"It's no argentum castle," Polly mused as they swept through the broad, open doors after a short staircase that led up onto a long porch, "but it's homey enough, I think. Come on. Ma'll want to know we've got special guests. Lunch just finished up, so there might be a little left for you to chow down on. This way."

Emma allowed herself to be led down a long hallway and into a spacious room, following the light clipping noises of Polly's hooves clicking on the smooth, wooden floors. She groaned as she was pushed back into a chair, with a cushion and not some frigid rocks or lumpy dirt, before a squat table. Amena's eyes were huge, mellow blue disks as she plopped down next to the dragoness, and they both watched as bowls of thick, hearty stew, coupled with big hunks of fresh-looking, soft bread were pushed before them by a happily smiling canine in a flour-dusted apron. It smelled delicious, and the taste of something that was actually seasoned with herbs and, Gods' Golden Blood, a little salt, had her grunting and practically moaning as she viciously gorged herself.

As she finished her bowl, another was brought out without her even having to ask for it, and she continued to indulge herself, not particularly caring about the sly glances that Amena shot her. She had every intent of eating her fill, and it shocked her utterly when she finally had to surrender with a half-full bowl in front of her. *That...* was an uncommon occurrence. Polly's mother, Valorie's niece, had entered after she'd sated herself, and she'd been encouraged, over a cup of - Sweet, Merciful Gods - hot, heavily honeyed tea, to share her story to the matronly equine. She answered a slew of questions, and had a few of her own answered, namely what had been going on in the realm while she'd been flitting her time away on her walkabout.

Amena, as had begun to dominate her personality, proved to be a fount of endless enthusiasm, and asked a deluge of her own questions, which were answered cheerfully as they were led up into the massive, mansionesque house. She felt no qualms about being ushered into a separate room than her charge. What awaited her on the other side of a large, thick door was an

enormous brass basin, clearly sized to hold someone of a more impressive stature. The water it held steamed gently, and a tray beside it held a bar of soap and a collection of cloths and brushes of differing stiffnesses. Without so much as a heartbeat of hesitation, she tossed her battered, horrifically stained pack aside and gratefully slithered over the tub's edge and into the delightfully hot water.

She moaned shamelessly as she reclined against the edge of the bath. After so, so long in the absolutely frigid conditions of the mountains, her body gleefully absorbed the heat present in the water that lapped gently at her scales, so readily so that it felt like the fluid would freeze around her body as she drank in the heat that bled through her hide. Emma had no idea how dirty she was. She tried to keep her scales clean and carefully preened, but the gods only knew how many layers of dust and grit might have been caked into them.

A long time passed before she could bring herself to move enough to poke her claw into the bar of soap and drag it into the water with her. It worked readily into a lather, and she languidly rolled her fingers over the contours of her robust body. The bronze scales of her limbs and back and the equally armored sapphire ones that lined her front were, seemingly one at a time, scoured until they gleamed and sparkled. She worked over her full, heavy breasts; the curves that were packed resolutely onto her body, each individual muscle that was taut beneath her scaly skin was kneaded as she massaged herself the way she had been yearning to do for so long. She felt stiffness and stress oozing from her form, and she didn't stop until every inch of her tail, the groove of her spine between her wings, and the spaces between her sorely overworked toes were scrubbed back into their rightful, flawless shine.

She brushed herself, buffing her scales and polishing her horns, and as she hauled herself out of the tub to drip on the floor, her sharp, amethyst eyes raked along her figure, looking for anything that might be out of place. Her fingertips trailed along the divots between her prominent muscles and along the outline of her feminine swells, and as she dried off with a fluffy towel, she let herself have a fiercely proud nod at herself. Finally, she felt like she should: clean, beautiful, and possessive of a stomach full of food.

As the coming spring had warmed the air, Amena had lost the need to wear so many layers, and she dug around in her pack until she managed to pull out the cleanest shirt she could find. People looked at her weirdly, and she supposed that with the onset of a few creature comforts, it would be best if she hid herself away once more. She dressed herself, or at least tried to, but was intrigued and excited to find it absolutely impossible to button it up down her back. Her clothing had always been tight, to preserve her freedom of movement as much as to exhibit her figure as much as possible, and now... it felt unforgivingly clingy, even without being secured to her body. After weeks and weeks of being out of her scratchy second skin, she must have grown.

Tugging off the shirt, she gripped the globes of her ever-impressive bust, peering down into her cleavage. The ground beneath her wiggling, taloned toes did look a little further away. She felt broader, longer. The grooves between her smooth, feminine muscles were a little deeper, perhaps as a result of her mostly internal changes, perhaps not. It brought an eager grin to her reptilian visage. She had once been evenly between six and seven feet tall. Now she suspected that more than an inch had snuck its way onto her already well-formed frame.

There was nothing for it then, and she was glad she had a real excuse to keep the filthy rags from her scales, and she stepped from the room, feeling utterly revitalized, both mentally and physically. Emma peeked into the room next to the one she had been in, and noted with a small smile that Amena seemed even more inclined than she to linger in the steamy water. She

might have spent more than an hour in the bath, and she sure as hells felt far better for it. The people she passed in the halls, some of whom she recognized, greeted her with cheerful joy, and seemed content to let her explore while they busied themselves with the myriad of chores that running such an extensive operation seemed to incur.

She wandered outside and lingered on the porch, leaning lightly against the railing. It was a beautiful day, and despite the ever-present smell of horse on the light breeze that washed over her scales, she savored it. She felt comfortable with the familiar faces that swept by her again and again, sometimes busied with carrying heavy loads. It reminded her of the pulsing life of the big city, brought her mind to home, even the slightly off-putting scent of manure and musk that tickled at her sinuses. She sighed happily and seated herself on a swinging bench that was suspended from the porch's roof by sturdy chains.

She drifted back and forth and watched. The sun arced through the sky, and she wasn't sure how much time passed before Amena found her way out of the house. With the soft clearing of a slender throat, Emma's attention was pulled to the side, and her scaled eyebrows rose, greatly interested in what she saw. The woman standing before her was no longer clothed in the tattered remnants of her wardrobe. Someone on the ranch had managed to dig up a pale yellow dress that fell to her shins and had managed to squeeze her into it. It was much too small across the chest and around the hips, and Emma had the sneaking suspicion that the dress's true owner wasn't quite so well-endowed. Amena's long, pure white hair had been brushed, and was twined behind her back in a thick, elegant braid that the dragoness thought was very fetching. She said as much.

She grinned as Amena blushed and sashayed over to sit next to her. She slipped her arm over a set of slender shoulders and held the warmth of the woman to her side, purring happily. The contact was reciprocated, and the snow-haired human leaned fondly into her as they swung slowly with the kicking of her legs. Eventually, she watched Polly drop confidently from the skies to jog across the lawn that stood before the house. She greeted a few people, gave orders to a few others, which were quick to go carry them out, and clopped up the steps, her chest heaving as her breathing, deep from the effort of flying, gradually slowed.

"Well, aren't you two just the cutest couple?" she quipped merrily, "Sorry I had to disappear like that, but ranch work is never finished. You both look much better, though. I hope you saved me some bathwater; I feel all kinds of gritty. Damn ungrateful stallion gave me a run for my money." She made a show of brushing dust from the coat that was taut over the white fur that graced her full-figured body. "Things tend to slow down around here after the sun sets, so after dinner we might have time to chat before everyone turns in for the night." Her long, sky-blue tail swished absentmindedly as she reached for a pick that was hanging by the door, using it to dig dirt and mud out of her hooves before kicking it off the porch and sauntering inside.

"Thanks, Polly." Emma called after her, "for everything. I... I really appreciate it."

An equine face poked back out of the house to grin at her. "Don't worry yourself over it, Emma. I'm keeping real good score, and I might let you make it up to me later."

"Whatever you want, I'll see it done. I owe you big-time."

Polly just chortled and vanished inside on some business, leaving the dragoness and her ward to sit and observe and relax. Emma thought they both very much deserved the chance to just lounge around for a little bit, and as the sky began to darken, people poured in from the various outbuildings and stables that were clustered around the larger structure. Emma watched with great intrigue as, with precise, practiced efficiency, rows of long tables were carried and set up in the grassy lawn and an endless train of food was laid out along them. What she had

mistakenly considered a "small" army seated itself along lengthy benches, and dinner was served with an almost military efficiency.

Polly, having peeled out of her coat, but not her thick shirt and pants, exited the house as people began to feed themselves from the cornucopia that seemed to flow from the massive external kitchen that had to have been working all day to produce such a feast for so many. Emma was coaxed down onto a bench beside the winged equine and Amena, and she was treated to a second more-than-filling meal in a single day. She hardly knew what to do with herself, and having eaten so much prior, she found herself consuming a more reasonable fare of beef roast and breads and cheeses. Her hostess left after she was finished with supper, but Emma lingered with Amena, chatting amiably with the rest of the ranch hands and laborers and craftsmen, each person who was needed to let an operation of such magnitude run independently and effectively.

Emma gave herself the pleasure of a contented grin as the occasional eye would snag on the sable bumps of her bare nipples, linger on her body, but she tried not to flirt too hard. The end of the day meal seemed to be an event in and of itself, and it went on until the sun set and they had fires burning in raised braziers to light and heat the vast area. The dragoness talked and spoke of her journey, at least as much as she was comfortable sharing with the occasional stranger, and watched Amena interact just as energetically. There was hope for the amnesiac, she felt, if the woman was capable of, rather than dwelling on what she had lost, focus on rebuilding and retaining. She seemed to take to that effort with gusto.

The meal that, alone, felt like a celebration but was assured to be a nearly everyday occurrence, lingered, but people eventually began to filter away as the tables were cleaned and removed to their previous places. Thin clouds hazed the stars that replaced the glow of the sun, and she was eternally grateful toward the burly bull morph that led her and Amena to the pair of rooms set aside for them in one of the guest houses. Her ward reassured her that she would be fine sleeping alone for almost the first time in months, and she parted from Amena with a fond hug. Emma had to admit to herself, she was greatly looking forward to the prospect of a real bed, a real, warm, soft bed, with blankets and a mattress that wasn't full of rocks, and it was with an exaggerated yawn that she swept into the room that had been prepared for her.

A large bed, sized for a horse at least, greeted her fondly. A table next to the bed held a simple candlestick that lit the room with a soft, wan light, and a window along one wall was closed but drawn, letting in a little extra moonlight. "I was wondering if you'd ever get done flapping your gums." purred the barely-clad form sitting patiently on the edge of the bed, "I could have taken two baths in the time it took you to work your way here."

Polly grinned and shifted as she approached, and Emma let herself be pulled into a warm, longing hug. "Sorry..." she murmured, "It's just been a while since I've been able to just... sit and talk and... eat." The equine smelled like her bath, clean and fresh, vaguely like flowers, and she dawdled there with her nostrils against the base of the winged horse's throat, pressed into soft, delightfully warm fur.

Hands held her gently. "I know... It's just been a while since I've gotten to see my favorite scaly apex-predator. I'm sorry it took something so horrible happening to you to bring you my way, but it's all going to be okay now." Fingers squeezed her shoulders meaningfully. "You're in good hands, I promise."

Emma looked up into sparkling green eyes. "I know, I know. Thank you. I've just got a lot of decompressing to do. I think I was more stressed out than I realized... I miss my wings. I want to fly again. I've been on the ground for too long, Polly."

The feathered horse fluttered her lengthy wings in question. "I could take you up for a little if you want, Emma. Just to get a taste again."

She pushed a thankful kiss into the collarbone beneath her lips, but shook her head anyway. "I can't... It wouldn't be the same. I need it to be me... I'm sorry."

Embracing her more firmly, Polly nodded and returned the kiss to her horns. "Don't be. I understand. I'd feel the same way. Is there... Is there anything else I could do to help you?"

The true offer went as unvoiced as it was completely welcomed. Polly's eyes glimmered coyly in the dim light that lit the room like the summer solstice to her powerful eyes. Emma pulled slowly back, sliding gently from the feathered horse's limbs to peer downward. Her hostess had changed into a simple, fleecy robe that covered the majority of her more than seven-foot body, and she quietly yearned to see what might be underneath it. With a throaty hum, she let her hands fall to the waist that narrowed between ample, womanly endowments. The thin, silky sash that held the robe closed over Polly's front surrendered to her as it slid through her claws, and she pulled it off to toss it aside before she spread open both halves of the concealing garment to feast her eyes on what lurked inside.

What she saw standing between them was precisely what she had hoped to see: nothing. Polly's immaculate white fur practically gleamed in the meek glow of the candle and moon intermingled, and Emma's lips parted in a toothy smile as she looked back upward into the expressive green eyes that seemed to come with the McClain name. Her hands slid back up, scales playing along soft, warm fur to tuck under where the robe clung to the shoulders beneath it. She pulled ever so gently, and Polly rolled her arms in their sockets, letting her only piece of clothing tumble from her limbs to pool on the bed around her. "I made sure to scrub real good for you, Emma. I remember how sensitive your nose is."

On cue, the dragoness sucked in a long, delicious breath of the fragrant, perfumed air that wafted from that magnificent fur. It was lovely, sweet and floral, and it felt wonderful in the back of her sinuses, tickling in her lungs before she let it out in a slow, shaky breath. "I missed you."

The downy plumage that graced Polly's wrists and ankles tickled at her cheek as the flighted equine affectionately rubbed her horns. "Good. It's you not thinking about me that would make me worry. I thought about you all the time, for what it's worth, and I'd wondered why you hadn't returned my last letter. I guess you'll get to open it when you get back."

"I can't wait to write the reply"

The feathered horse let out an airy laugh and ran her fingers through the pale blue hair that fell from her scalp, highlighted in the glow next to them. Emma pushed with just a miniscule fraction of her unyielding strength, and she felt Polly yield to her, sliding back on the bed until the crook of the equine's knees would allow no more retreat. The dragoness practically poured herself into the ample lap that lay open to her, settling her weight atop girthy thighs that flexed happily under the curve of her well-rounded rump. Polly didn't quite have the frame to support a bulky musculature, but what room there was on her long skeleton was filled with well-used strength. She wasn't bulky, but she had the sturdy physique of someone who was very used to daily physical labor.

The slightly upraised mounds of the beginnings of a girlish six-pack revealed themselves to her fingertips as her hand dropped past the masses of a curvaceous bust. She gripped Polly's waist as the other hand reached around to her hostess's back, running loving claws up and around the bases of powerful, aquiline wings. "You get more beautiful each time I see you."

A blush worked its way over the horse's face, visible through the colorless fur over flushed skin. "That's what you always say."

"I haven't yet been untrue. I never claimed creativity, just honesty."

Laughing again, slowly and through an abashed grin, Polly pulled her in, hesitating, lingering for just a moment before pressing full, eager lips against her mouth. A meek, timid moan vibrated in the back of the sky-maned woman's throat, and she replied to it with one from her own, coarse and primal. With uncharacteristic boldness, a broad, fleshy tongue meandered past her teeth to find hers, and she was inclined to encourage such bravery. Her own sinuous oral organ twined in a sensuous coil around that of her equine temptress, and her yearning vocalization hitched into an aggressive growl that had Polly panting into her in seconds.

Hands explored her body, as if feeling it for the first time, running along her tensing strength and feeling her smooth, flawless contours. A finger would play along the chiseled edge of a muscle before roaming over her hard surface, but it didn't take very long at all for both hands to find their proper resting place. A palm slipped down to cradle the outermost curve of her sumptuous rump, rubbing tenderly along the crease that marked the beginning of her thick, sinuous tail. Its sister rose to take up her chest, squeezing her scaled softness in unshy digits and trickling just enough stimulation into her mind to be enticing.

Her own hands did the same as her tail threatened to curl in on itself in a happy coil. She stroked soft fur over firm muscle, finding each spot of inviting softness before savoring it and moving onward to the next, Polly's hips and thighs, her shoulders and back. The dragoness's eyes had long since slid languidly closed, but that made the blind probing of her fingers all the more exciting. A few fingers rolled over the perky swell of a big, firm breast, and she latched on, squeezing enthusiastically and eventually being the first to find a round, ruddy pink areola. Another throaty moan rushed into their kiss as she pinched playfully at a big, thick nipple that poked up into her fingers. She stayed there, happy to entertain herself for the time being, but her other hand continued to dip lower and lower, teasing down the length of the shamelessly powerful body beneath her.

When her hand wandered between strong, toned thighs, sliding inward, Polly sighed excitedly, increasing the force with which her hefty bust was toyed with in long, confident fingers. Emma thought she must have reached the right place then, and continued to creep inward over warm fur that practically glowed with lusty heat. As a smooth, bronze-scaled digit swept fondly up and onto the cleft between those thick thighs, her hostess shuddered, fingering her ebony-fleshed teat and moving her own hand in its own dire mission.

She waited, hovering and happily lost in her kiss, while Polly got into position. She wanted it to happen together, and she spread her legs a little when, without much ceremony, smooth fingers trailed languorously over the scales of her loins, searching aimlessly for what the equine knew was hidden there. Their almost equally ample busts were pressed into one another, and their fingers gaily pleasure the other. Her eager lover's chest was big and heavy enough to be impressive on its own, but attached as it was to a long, robust body, it was breathtaking and far more than ample enough to fill Emma's hand to capacity, to bulge out from around her clasping fingers. Polly's pebbly areola and puffy, erect buds she could feel aching against her, and she ground her fine scales into meaty, pliant flesh, answering each of her lover's moans with one of her own, deeper and more yearning as seconds went on.

She stiffened and voiced a shuddering growl into the kiss that connected them when she felt herself opening, and as she erupted into the fingers that had been impatiently waiting for her, she pushed her own fingers the rest of the way inward, making contact with the soft, burning flesh that occupied the cleft between those long, alluring legs. At the sheer magnitude of what

rocketed from her loins, Polly gave a surprised, half-strangled grunt and broke the kiss to look down, eye's wide and disbelieving. "Dripping Ichor, Emma..."

Resting for the time being but throbbing in time with the beat of the dragoness's heart in the fingers that cradled it sat almost two feet of excitingly textured maleness, dusky black and tapered toward its tip, which poked Polly in the belly as it began to stiffen. Lips freed from the kiss, Emma's parted to let her pant ardently as she drifted her head inward to nuzzle against the equine's sinewy shoulder. "Yes?" she answered innocently.

"Heavens' mercy, Em. When did you get so big?!"

"I'm a growing girl..." she growled, feeling blood, hot and needy, flooding her crotch, pushing her pulsing cock further and further outward, until it began to slowly drag a line up along Polly's abdomen as it curved upward against its own heft. "It hasn't been that long, has it?"

The hand which she had shocked hesitantly took her up again, pulling a long, torturously slow stroke along her length. "Well, no... but *damn* Em..." She let her continued growl dismiss Polly's concerns. As she felt herself stroked to hardness, a tremendous twenty-six inches, perhaps a hair more, she let her fingers slide inward, parting the puffy, lust-flooded lips that sat nestled betwixt luscious thighs. She found her feathery bedmate's hot, pulsing entrance, and she prodded experimentally against it, feeling an urgent heartbeat and the rapid buildup of tension through her tenderly pushing claw. "Damnit! S-stop teasing me, Emma!"

Huffing a chuckle, she assented and cautiously slid her claw forward and upward, parting Polly around its girth and sinking into her depths up to the last knuckle. The horse whined gratefully, rewarding with a slightly more energetic pump along the enormous length of her draconic member, which was pinched between them, poking up at the undersides of the pendulous boobs that hung tantalizingly over it. If she was just a *little* bigger, she could just rock her hips up and slide into that furry canyon. She bet it would feel heavenly. Rather, she let her hostess pleasure her with a slowly building pace behind the pistoning of a powerful hand around her breadth. Each pump around her taut cock was answered with an eager push up into the womanhood that grasped fitfully around her finger, and she hissed as she began to leak beads of clear lubricant from the slightly pointed tip of her titanic endowment.

Polly had the capacity to make her finger a paltry source of stimulation, but that was the point. She teased, just as she was teased in return, until her finger was damp with the first traces of feminine slickness. The smell of it alone was intoxicating, and as it mingled with her more powerful scent, it tingled along her spine and left her shivering. "I wouldn't mind a taste," she whispered, blinking shyly up into hazed green eyes, "If you wouldn't mind giving me one."

She pushed suggestively with the claw of a second finger against the hybrid woman's nethers, and plump, bewitching lips were licked with the tip of a reddish-pink tongue before they lovingly kissed her reply. "I will if you will."

"Deal." she said with a grin. Emma had to force herself to slide her finger from the boiling depths of the womanhood steaming below her. She couldn't help herself, and as she rocked backward and off the bed, she popped her finger between her lips, teasing her palate. Polly did the same as she fell backward and splayed out on the mattress, legs apart and hands on her generous bust. "Come get me, dragon. I'm all yours."

A satisfied rumble picked up in her chest as she circled the bed so she could crawl up from the other side. Dipping down, her lips met with those that seemed inclined to grin lasciviously at her for a brief, passionate moment before she managed to move on. The tip of her pounding cock was too long not to drag over the bedding no matter how she arched her back, and she let it happen with gusto as she then pushed her lips into the outer contours of big, squishy

breasts. A ruddy nipple slipped between her lips, and she took the chance to nibble tenderly on it, doing little but gently rake her teeth over the delightfully sensitive flesh, but it had Polly mewling wordlessly, regardless.

Perhaps staying there longer than she needed too, her lover seemed to grow impatient with her laziness, and reach arms between her legs to play with her dragonhood as she ran her tongue over supple mounds. She grunted and shuddered as her prominent ridges were toyed with, but she didn't let it spur her onward. When she parted with a breathy moan and shaky legs to continue her sluggish wiggle, it was of her own choice. She kissed her way forward, dipping down again and again to press her thin lips to a taut midriff and perfectly-muscled abdomen. She swirled her tongue around Polly's navel, something she didn't have, and which intrigued her to no end, but eventually the top of her slightly pointed crown smacked against the top of her bedmate's head, where long, equine ears flicked to its sides. "Uh..."

"Shush." Polly barked, "Just keep going. Let me take care of this bad boy and its little sister.

As she took another sensual, wriggling step, the equine shifted, moving her head to allow the dragon's oversized cock to scrape down the side of her face and rest just under her jaw. Emma hissed at the sensation of fur against her tender, lust-tight skin, but she breathed an even more reverent, relieved sigh when she managed to place her mouth over Polly's loins. The thick, fleshy lips that dominated the engorged mound below her were half-parted from their excitement, and she let herself drop once more into a longing kiss, scaly lips to turgid nethers, and she moaned as her lover expertly maneuvered her cock to its own set of dedicated lips.

Her tail lifted high into the air to bare her loins as resolutely as it could as a flat, clumsy tongue swept over her enormous glans, and she was almost surprised when Polly managed to open her jaw wide enough to engulf her first few inches. Sudden, wet suction dragged a grunt from her lungs and made her spine shiver with ecstasy, and it was only the winged creature's half-gurgled plea that reminded her of her own self-appointed duties. She moaned a brief apology before returning her mouth downward to press her snout once more against what awaited her.

Letting her arms bend to let her rest her weight on her elbows, she contorted her spine as much as she could, raising her thick rump into the air in order to give her devoted lover as much room to work as possible. Her lips probed firmly against flesh that yielded to her, offering paltry resistance as they parted to let the length of her slick, obsidian tongue snake out to run adoringly over folds that happily spread around it. Huffing as hands rose up to the curve of her opulent backside, she eagerly pleased the needy slit and kneaded the thighs around which she tucked her fingers.

Polly massaged her taut rear with all the attention due something of its magnificence, pulling gently and encouraging a little more of her pulsing maleness to slip between pillowy lips. A thick, equine organ lovingly cradled her as she was savored with gentle suction, and a hand dropped to the base of her rigid shaft to begin the task of stroking up and down along its elephantine length. She could feel herself leaking thin trickles of viscous pre even as she felt them licked away, stolen by the negative pressure that surrounded her stiff crown. It pulled coarse groans from her throat that rumbled first in the depths of her lungs, and the dragoness did her best to return the favor with the length of her sinuous oral appendage.

Emma braved the sweltering heat that emanated from the flesh before her, prodding, briefly the tip of her tongue against the beginning of Polly's throbbing womanhood, and it was with a little grunt of effort that she pushed inward, invading her lover's most intimate of

sanctums with, at first, only a couple inches of what was almost several feet of wriggling black muscle. Thighs quivered next to her, seemingly eager to slide closed around her head, but their owner clearly resisted, taut strength only pulling them further open and pushing the conjunction more firmly into the dragoness's face. She rocked her head as Polly did the same, working a little in at a time as more and more, a hair's breadth after the other, was fed into a waiting, equine maw.

She gave herself the pleasure of the languid tasting of what began to gather around her tongue, oozing slowly from the hole into which she was buried. It carried with it a powerful, earthy aroma that sent shivers down the line of her spine to make her tail twitch frenetically through the air in waves of little seizures. What it didn't do, which surprised the amorous dragon, was burrow into her brain like so many others, threaten to make her lose control of herself. If anything, it braced her, as if encouraging her mind to hold on to itself to favor the blissful contact. It surprised her, but she savored it. Maybe she was just more tired than she thought, or, more likely, her body was just going to be on the fritz for a while.

Something was *definitely* still working however, and she didn't require the aid of any bestial instinct or deep-seated drive for satisfaction to appreciate what was so shamelessly on display beneath her lips. Polly bobbed her head up and down with sharp, little jerks, lusting over the first portion of her throbbing flesh as it ached and leaked an increasingly copious amount of her lubricating fluids. As the volume of her euphoric vocalizations steadily increased, she forced her hips to remain stationary, only remaining partially successful. Emma was unable to completely stop herself from pushing gently downward, forcibly invading the maw stretched around her, but Polly seemed to take it in stride.

Confident fingers glided smoothly along her taut skin and lingered along the thick ridges that lined her member's dorsal curve. As they did, they slowly spread a slick layer of mixed saliva and intoxicating pre over her immense length, making her shine and allowing those same fingers even easier passage over her deliciously sensitive flesh. Apparently sensing that a single hand was sufficient for such a task, which may or may not have been true, the well-worked digits of the other drifted back up to the root of her draconian tool and teased against her more feminine parts, shy and much more patiently waiting for its due.

Her fervid folds parted easily around a single finger, but then proved a little more resistant to the intrusion of a second, and she hissed around her tongue as she was stretched ever so slightly. Her hungry walls fluttered ardently, and she used the impetus her excitement granted her to spool a little more of her tongue into the cleft that burned with desire so passionately beneath her lips. Her claws ecstatically, if carefully, raked along the bulk of the thighs that bordered her head, threatening to close over her curling, ramlike horns, ruffling fur and eagerly groping the horse's plain, unobtrusive strength. The dragoness nuzzled the scales of her lower jaw against that desire-heated flesh, and she pulled a sharp, strangled squeal from the well-endowed chest below her hips as she languidly caressed the erect bundle of nerves that was an unshy clit.

The energetic vibrations felt rapturous around the meat of her pounding shaft, and she simply couldn't stop herself from rocking her hips downward a little more forcefully. Maybe her more bestial side was stirring sluggishly, but she thought it far more likely that she simply yearned for more of what the wet, sucking hole that rippled organically around her girth could give her. Emma felt slick, and hot, and as she was so deftly manipulated, she wiggled, tensing helplessly as the very natural fire that contorted in her gut was enthusiastically stoked with probing fingers against and into her, alongside the rippling motions of a thick tongue.

Polly accepted as much as she could without absolute penetration, filling her boxy, equine muzzle with inch after inch of steely dragonhood that pulsed against her palate and around her tongue. The dragoness imagined the sensations that must have been pouring through the curvaceous form beneath her. She knew the dexterity of her tongue, and she gleefully devoted it to her lover's increasingly vocal pleasure. It became a sort of race, each woman's hands in a vision-blurring mission to furiously build the pleasure of the other.

Her tongue was good, was so was she sublimely sensitive, and she took to stimulation with unending gusto. She thickened as she approached the wall that rose up before her, stretching Polly's lips thinner and thinner around the bulk of her girthy tool, and it only drove her onward, determined not to be the first to reach that point. Each tried their hardest and resisted to the best of their ability, pushing their constitutions to the limits, and while the equine was clearly strong, little could compete with Emma's fortitude. The dragoness groaned exultantly when she felt the body beneath her stiffen in phantom strain and heard a shocked, wet gurgle bubble weakly in the throat tensing against the head of her tremendous cock.

Were it not for the way her horns curled in on themselves to the sides of her head, the dense, powerful thighs situated to either sides of her face would have slapped down on her cheeks as Polly bucked roughly up into her mouth. She let her smooth scales scrape as they would over the flesh that spasmed beneath her, and as a lewd gush of hot girlcum issued over her lips and tongue, she giggled and lapped it up just to dive back in for more as the feathery equine shuddered around her.

Now that she had bested her lusty bedmate, she could release the control she held over her own burgeoning climax, and she let the hoarse moans gurgling around the crown of her bugling cock push her over the edge. She grunted, arching her back and bucking weakly downward forcefully enough to push Polly's head back into the mattress under the weight of her loud, moaning orgasm. Her fluttering walls clamped down around under the fingers pumping furiously into her slick slit, and her legs trembled traitorously as her lover's other hand flew in a desperate pace along her heaving length. She dilated hugely, cumvein ballooning and ridges standing completely erect as unleashed ecstasy fully inflated her, and those delicious fingers and suckling tongue pulled from her body a scorching torrent of potent seed.

As she came, hard and fast, her release brought out her inner power at last, and the room was lit further with the light, crackling pops of bluish sparks that danced over her body and chimed to a ghostly tune. She squealed shamelessly as she fired her first thick rope almost directly down Polly's throat, and the horse went to town on her pounding maleness, pumping and milking with flawless, practiced efficiency. The dragoness pulled her tongue from the abused slit before her, falling down onto it and nuzzling it shakily as she came and came, entreating the rest of her lover's juices to slick the scales of her face and devoting herself to keeping her hips upraised and her tail out of the way during its euphoric thrashing.

In a show of dedication and coordination that stunned her overburdened mind, Polly refused to spill a drop. Each torrid blast or rich, virile cum she shot between waiting lips bulged out pretty cheeks, but was gulped down before it could be replaced by another, and yet another. She panted and grunted like a wild animal in the middle of wild rutting, and she could do little to deny the accusation, were it to come up. She felt bestial, powerful, and dominant, and though her body didn't respond as it usually did, she felt it in her mind, fierce, overwhelming pride at her own power and potency and affection for the creature that showed her such devotion.

Where her pillowy breasts were compressed into Polly's taut waist, she felt it bulge just enough to make itself felt as it ever-so-slightly distended with the volume of her release. That,

too, pleased her immensely, and roared along her spine to only increase the flow that she output, rocketing from the hollow in her gut that produced her seed as fast as she could empty herself. The gratuitous slurping sounds filling the air behind her reverberated in her inner ears, and she could hear Polly swallowing desperately, frantically trying to take all she could offer. She growled a sharp, "Yes!" at the endless desire that prickled beneath her scales, and it was without warning that, as her release began to wane, she straightened her legs, pulling herself from her hole with a grotesque slurp and Polly's meek whine.

Hands pawed at her as she shifted, trying to pull her back down as she drooled streamers of her vital essence across her lovers cheeks as a tongue tried to catch them. Her tapered head dragged over smooth fur and the occasional feathery wrist as a hand attempted to catch her and bring her back. Spinning, she knelt beside Polly's hips, her fingers eagerly kneading those same, thick thighs. Her lover didn't, perhaps couldn't resist as she hefted, rolling Polly onto her side and moving to straddle a single leg. Likely knowing what was coming, the equine whimpered, but did nothing to dissuade Emma from lifting a leg.

Her lover proved her flexibility as she spread those legs wide, slipping herself closer. She didn't need to go far as she pushed up on the calf around which her fingers were wrapped, letting its weight rest against her torso, rubbing over her breasts as she lined herself up with the oozing hole that was so, utterly ready for her. Polly's hands snatched outward at a pillow, grabbing and holding on for dear life as she pushed the head of her swollen cock against her lover's pulsating womanhood. She grunted again, less strained and more rapturous, as she popped inside and forced her first few ridges, all of which gave her a nearly segmented appearance, between lush netherlips.

"F-fuck, Em!" Polly whined in a breathless moan, "When... when did you get so *thick*? Oh Gods' Golden Blood, have mercy!"

She hissed for a little trust as she patted the leg around which her arms were wrapped securely and rocked forwards an increasingly girthy inch at a time. Each little motion dragged her own femininity over Polly's pinned limb, doubling the stimulation she received. She liked this position when she was certain she could put her enormous maleness to good use. It gave her a little piece of everything, a hole to pound and something alive against which to grind herself, and she did so with demanding enthusiasm as her lover began to stretch ludicrously around her masculine thickness. She could see the outline of her cock pushing into Polly's innards, and she grinned maniacally. Polly may have had plenty of height on her, but she more than made up for her deficiencies in size where it counted, and she was mournful, but not surprised when she bottomed out, her crown butting up against Polly's womb when she still have at least half a foot to go.

Her lover burbled wordlessly, hopelessly full of throbbing, adamant flesh, limp tongue lapping weakly at strands of cum that were plastered over face and lips. Fingers that were practically paralyzed into gnarled claws of ecstasy clutched innocently on a downy pillow, frantic for an anchor onto reality as she rolled her hips back and forward, withdrawing an inch and pushing back in with gentle insistence. The goal was to accustom her ardent mate with the power inherent to her monstrous endowment, and she repeated the motion again and again, slowly, letting her fervor build once again from the bottom of the potential heights of her euphoria.

Likely before Polly was completely ready for her to begin, she pulled out further, sliding ridge after thick, fleshy ridge from the overstressed tunnel that was taut around her only to buck back in with brutal force. The winged horse morph yelped, muffling it with the pillow as she

detached from reality. Familiar green eyes rolled back, unseeing, and a hand found purpose in the frantic fondling of a heavy breast as the length of the powerful body that yielded to her bounced up and down along the bedding, powered by her mindless rutting. The dragoness felt as if she hadn't just cum with explosive force. Already, she could feel her gut filling with another ocean of seed, and she could imagine the sight of her impassioned lover, bloated and gravid with her potency alone. She briefly wished for a pair of external testes, so she could do as others seemed to enjoy doing, letting their burdened sacs swing and churn. She could feel it taking place within her, but to have it visible and audible to her lovers would be rapturous. It was a point of rare jealousy for her, in that it would allow her prospective mates to see and experience even more of her impossible, inhuman virility.

Polly croaked out a gurgled scream into the muffling plushness of the pillow as the equine came again around her. Her bedmate's quivering tunnel milked her frantically, as if urgently seeking to get her off just so she would withdraw and allow recovery. Instead, she only increased the force behind her ministrations, bouncing the equine on her cock like an oversized toy. Her lover allowed herself to be used, and Emma lavished rewards over the woman with whom she was connected. Her teeth raked over a long, upraised leg as she nipped playfully at a well-turned calf. Her claws favored a thick hip and powerful thigh, fingering the muscle below smooth, perfectly white fur. She watched ruddy, pink nipples, thick and puffy with need, bounce to *her* chosen rhythm, and she listened to her lover gurgle and moan like a punctured whore, sharply and shamelessly.

Emma let it carry her away, and when she came again, unstoppably, irrevocably, she continued her brutal humping with a growl that would have threatened to break the bones of a lesser woman. Polly gasped, eyes shooting wide in utter, absolute disbelief as her first thick spurt issued from her spasming cock to squirt into the equine's womb and fill it absolutely with a single spurt of scalding spunk. The dragon strained and growled as her throbbing entrance fluttered against a plush inner thigh and she shuddered and groaned through the process of filling her mate's abdomen with a sea of scorching jizz.

She bent over on herself, watching her lover develop quite the paunch before the pressure of her geysering cock overpowered the wet seal she had developed with the tight walls around her. Her backblast jetted in long ropes of its own across her loins and the bare length of her hulking organ. The heat of what surrounded her dizzied her mind, and she sat there and humped like a rutting stud, soaking herself, the leg beneath her, and the bedding all in a single, furious climax that stretched on for minutes until it could finally fall away to a lazy trickle.

Breathing heavily, she leaned hard into the upraised leg pressed against her for support, its shiny, black hoof lifted high over her head. She began to soften, her mission done and lacking the stimulation to keep herself erect longer than necessary, and with each drop of blood that oozed back into her brain, a tide of boiling cum leaked from the truly abused hole before her to pour over her. "Oh..." Polly groaned as if in answer to her impossible virility. As her own reply, she let the motion of her withdrawing her half-flaccid cock back into her body pull herself free of her lover's womanhood.

Leaving a gaping hole in her wake, Emma let Polly's leg drop shakily to join its sister as she crawled up along that lovely, deliriously fatigued body. She flopped down, looking at the haphazard mess before her, and laid her horns on the pillow still gripped with frantic strength in tight fingers. Her lover responded sluggishly to her soothing kiss, and she let the sea caked into the equine's fur sit there meaningfully. "I guess you'll need to take another bath in the morning..."

She didn't receive a verbal answer, but the beatific smile that touched those haunting eyes was more than enough for her.