

Welcome

Written By: Skabaard

Water pounded down on the sapphire scales that lined her bare front, giving her a full body massage as she laid spread eagle atop the gently sloped roof of the Sanctum Arcanum. Her broad wings were limp and outstretched, and the rain falling onto the coal-colored skin that was stretched between the fingerlike bones that gave them shape made the sensitive flesh tingle pleasantly. Emma's head rested on the curves of her onyx ram's horns, and the peak of the slate beneath her put an enticing pressure on her spine. The dragoness's chest rose and fell quickly as she reined in her breathing. Flying so hard after so long on the ground had been a rare challenge, and her muscles ached gloriously.

The dragoness lay and blinked slowly up at the sheet of dark grey that blanketed the sky. The water smelled like spring, fresh and new, despite the slight chill it still packed, a gift from the fading winter. Through it her sharp sinuses picked out the scents of the city that sprawled out below and around her, and altered as they were by the verdancy of the water that poured down around her, she gulped it down, filling her chest again and again as her heart pounded excitedly against the inside of her ribcage, eagerly worked and giddy to be used to such extent. It was an uncommon occurrence that let her truly work herself. She would relish getting back into shape.

She wasn't certain exactly how much time passed, but her heart had long since slowed when the rainfall dwindled to a mellow drizzle and the clouds lightened to a more peaceful ash color. She sat up, smirking for a moment at how water sluiced off of the scales of her well-rounded chest, and tucked her wings close to her back. The muscle beneath the layer of metallic bronze that coated everything but her underbelly complained meekly, but performed as she requested when she spun and set her taloned feet to the smoothly tiled roof. Shifting her weight, she let gravity pull her into a controlled slide, and she skidded off the slope of the roof to leap from the eave and glide casually to the drenched grass that covered the park that dominated the center of the Sanctum's massive concentric walls.

After the shock of her arrival, people had been quick to return to their business, but she still received a plethora of nearly tear-filled "Welcome home!"s and ecstatic hugs shared with the other Lancers. Emma strolled, scaly body still dripping with the gift of Spring's first rains, through the gently curving main corridor, up a flight of stairs, and to her room, eager to familiarize herself with her things once again. The door was exactly where it had always been, and she turned the knob and swept in. She took a deep breath as she, purely by habit, hung her tattered, travel-stained pack on a peg by the door alongside the soaked fabric of her rich blue cape. It would take forever to drip dry.

Her own personal space greeted her warmly, and was exactly as she had left it. That didn't, however, stop her from stalking a circuit of the room, her lengthy tail swirling behind her, and running her fingers over the disorganized array of tiny trinkets that littered her bookshelf and the desk that sat below a simple, expansive window through which could be seen a rain-blurred panorama. She sank into her chair, which creaked familiarly under her weight as if to welcome her home. Over the months that she had been absent, the little potted plant that she had geminated from a seed had grown noticeably, and was graced with a single snow white lily blossom that perfumed the room with a delightfully floral aroma.

She reached out and trailed a claw along a single waxy leaf. "Hey, Flora." she whispered, "I see you've been taken care of. I'm glad, but I'm back now. I'm here for you again." Trembling in a breeze that didn't exist, the plant shivered nearly imperceptibly before shifting with the rustle of leaf on leaf. Its stem bent to drop the open bloom to the back of her hand, and her little houseplant rubbed her affectionately. "Yeah, I missed you too. I met another Lily while I was away. She was... different, but I think you'd like her. Maybe I'll introduce you sometime."

Emma didn't retract her hand until the flowered plant rustled again and returned to its former position of leaning toward the window, almost as if to plead for the sun to come out. She checked the soil with a finger to make sure it was sufficiently moist, and when she was satisfied, she lifted herself sluggishly to her feet, turned, took a couple steps, and dropped bonelessly to the bed that dominated one corner of the room. As her front met the bedding, she moaned gratuitously. Her mattress smelled like home, familiar and welcoming. Despite the time that had passed, it still smelled vaguely of her friends, and it pulled her mind to what her bed had housed the night prior to her unintended vacation.

She groaned in awe, not bothering to pull her nose from the soft cushion into which it was buried. Every time she thought she felt normal, like everything was better, that she was home and safe, her body would find another knot of tension she hadn't known about to unwind, and it would pour chilling relief through her veins, enough to make her shiver happily. Her wings relaxed, and her tail drooped lazily as her legs worked to push her further into her mattress, dragging the bedding along with her as she went. She was utterly unwilling to do as much as even move, and she relegated herself to lounging contentedly in the peace of her own home while listening to the drumming of the continuing rain on the pane of her window.

A stubborn groan escaped her lips to be muffled by her pillow when she heard her door quietly open and close. A pair of feet softly approached, and she didn't even need to look to know who it was. The scent made itself known even through the myriad of intimate odors that wafted through her room. A slight weight dimpled the edge of her mattress. A slim, but confident hand drifted to the back of her shoulder to trail along the line of her shoulder blade before it meandered to the nape of her neck to rub her affectionately. "Hey, Em."

She turned her head from her pillow to squish her cheek into the downy cushion. Her eyes, which glittered like polished amethysts, met the bright, happy blues of the shark morph who now lounged on her bed. "Hey, Mel." the dragoness replied just as casually.

The piscine woman smiled, but turned away before the first tear could roll down her cheeks. "Gods' Blood..." she growled at herself, "I just can't stop. Toby had to go do some mage shit, and I went for... fuck, I lost count of how many laps in the trough. I'm gonna be sore for... I just... Listen... For a long time I didn't know what I was going to do. I just... I'm really glad you're back, Emma."

"Me too." she murmured as she reached up to tousle the shark's short hair. It was still damp from a mixture of Mel's swim and the rain, and it fell around a smoothly contoured, sharklike snout in a messy bob. It was a dark, mellow blue, and was parted by a pair of long, tapered ears that were reminiscent of the finlike growths that joined them, each tipped with a patch of black that contrasted with the silvery grey sharkskin that covered most of the rest of the fishy woman's body. "I like the new color. It's way better than that awful red."

Mel laughed weakly and clutched at her hand to lean into it, seemingly drawing strength from the contact. "I'll admit; I think it's grown on me. Toby likes it too. He says it brings out my eyes."

"It does."

As Mel turned shyly away, an action that far from suited her, Emma reached out and brushed her fingers over the shark's jaw. Folding her wings up once again, she wriggled enough to let her roll onto her back, half-reclined against the headboard and a mass of her mussed bedding. "I missed you." she breathed hoarsely, her throat suddenly tight and unwilling to give voice to her emotions. It almost hurt. "So much, Mel. I just knew I had to get back to you and Toby. I was afraid... Dripping Ichor, I would have paid my last scale to have you back."

The shark morph didn't resist as she dragged Mel across the bed and wrapped her tiny form in tightly squeezing arms. "Yeah, well... We're partners, right?" sobbed Mel into her horns, "No one left behind, and no one forgotten. We didn't forget you, Emma. We searched harder than anyone. Toby pulled almost as many favors as the Archmage did. We just..." her voice faltered traitorously, "We just couldn't find you. Fuck, Em, we tried so hard. I promise we did."

The dragoness hissed a short, "Shh..." in an attempt to soothe the piscine woman's sorrow. Doing that, she slid her hand under the compact curve of Mel's rump and gently maneuvered the slim shark's insignificant weight into her lap, where it seemed to belong. "I knew you would. I know you did, and I'm here now. I'm back where I belong. All I wanted was for my friends to be okay. I was afraid of what you two skinny sticks of nothing would get up to without me, so I made sure to double time it across the mountains."

Melana squeezed her frantically after wrapping wiry arms around her chest. The half-weeping laughter that bubbled in the comparatively tiny torso pressed into hers felt a little more right, and she let her snout fall to the shark's to let her nuzzle the other woman with tender care. She held Mel to her body, cradling that fragile source of familiar warmth, and didn't bother to stop the slow, rumbling purr that picked up in the bottom of her lungs, a manifestation of her happiness. It banished the last of her partner's dismay, replacing it with a more natural, characteristic chortle. "Fuck, I missed that sound, Em." She just let it increase in volume as she transferred her hands to Mel's back.

As she slowly rubbed her fingertips along the outline of the fin that rose from between the shark morph's shoulder blades, their calm, intimate meeting of snouts gradually developed into a full-on kiss that resonated in the depths of her heart. Mel's hands tightened on her shoulders, and her partner huffed out a surprised breath that she accepted with her thin, draconic lips. "I missed this." mewed the dragoness, "This. Your weight on me, your smell, I dreamed of this sometimes, when I couldn't keep myself from feeling lonely, even with Amena there."

"That's what you get for not taking us with you, you scaly bitch." replied the shark, who seemed unwilling to fully part to enunciate her words.

"I know, tiny." she answered with a coarse grunt, "I won't make that mistake again."

One of Mel's hands left her shoulder to take up her jaw, helping anchor them together. "You damn well better not. You scare me like that again and I'll get *really* angry. Who knows what I'm liable to do? I might lose my mind for real, and then where would we be?"

"Toby would have your back, just like you both have mine. He'd keep you in line."

"He'd try, but he'd be just as lost as me." Mel grumbled before pushing forward with sudden, desperation-fueled force. Her strength couldn't hope to compare with Emma's, but the dragoness let herself be pushed back against the headboard of her bed in a playful surrender of her superiority. The shark's tooth-filled mouth sealed over her own, and a pleased, coy growl vibrated in the back of her throat as Mel crushed herself into her chest in what was becoming more than a simply endearing embrace.

They pawed meekly, teasingly at each other, their hands staying just shy of impropriety and yet encouraging even more daring probes at the other's restraint. Emma had to admit to

herself, she certainly hadn't missed this any less than her partner's cocky grin and firm hugs. Sharp fingernails that weren't quite claws raked over her scales, down her arms and along her sides, and the shark let out an intrigued hum as if chewing over a sudden realization. "You're bigger," she hissed.

Hot, nearly boiling pride erupted in her chest at the way Melana clutched hungrily at the corded bundles of her sinewy muscle, and she only whined an affirmative as the shark's tongue invading her mouth shoved a spike of sudden need into her mind. Her own fingers enthusiastically cradled Mel's puny weight as her lips parted to let the connection between them deepen. The shark's tongue was practically human, nimble, but short and unimpressive, and her own sinuous appendage swirled impishly around her mouth and danced circles around her partner's far clumsier organ. It only seemed to make the woman who had claimed her lap for her own even more determined to chase it down and give it the oral worship it deserved.

She let herself be caught, toyed with, and they gleefully swapped saliva for a few tantalizingly brief moments. She felt the shark's heartbeat quicken against her even as her own did the same, and she let out a longing moan as happiness and joyful pride mingled with desire in the depths of her chest, in her very core, and poured throbbing energy through her veins. Melana whimpered as she took the lead, pushing back and forcing her tongue between the shark's jaws to tangle gaily with its diminutive twin.

She couldn't help but indulge herself and her slim lover. Undulating her tongue in a manner that felt alien to her, she rolled the appendage in her mouth and pressed it against her teeth. All it took was a tiny little mental impulse to nick the sensitive flesh and slice a harmless, miniscule notch into the meat of her tongue. It felt odd, and she grunted through the discomfort, but when the metallic tang of her blood filled her mouth and eventually passed between her lips to trickle into the sharks, it hit Mel much harder.

Her partner's body seized up, stiffening against her as bright blue eyes rolled threateningly up into Mel's head. What air was in the shark's lungs left them in a strained groan. Hands flew to her cheeks, holding her still, and her excitable lover dug even more mercilessly into her mouth, as if to get at more of the ambrosia that filtered between them. It nearly made her laugh. The taste of her own blood was hardly off-putting, but it appeared to set off her piscine bedmate to a much more immediate and decisive degree.

With a slight grin, she contorted her bloodied tongue, pushing it further and further into Melana's angled maw and trusting the shark not to attempt to sever it in her excitement. Her partner's body couldn't decide whether it wanted to remain utterly rigid or turn to putty in her hands, and it resulted in Mel practically vibrating in the dragoness's arms. Emma snuck a finger between them, slicking it in pinkish saliva before tracing it over the hemophiliac's snout in an intricate spiral. An urgent breath was sucked into the delicate chest pushed into her, and Mel had to pull away to quiver and let it out in a nearly panicked moan. "Fuck, Em! How do you drive me crazy and keep me sane at the same time?! F-fuck!"

"Practice," she sighed softly. She couldn't get out another word as Mel dove back into her for more of what she had to offer, and she chuckled through her nose at the way the shark tore numbly at the clothing standing between them. "Easy, easy. Let me help. It's been a while, remember?" Her hands stole between them and took hold of the shark's wrists to pull them back up to her cheeks, encouraging them to latch on and stay there. With a gentle pat, her dexterous fingers slithered back between them to slide up and down the familiar contours of her partner's body.

Melana hissed and pulled away when her fingers tugged the uppermost button of the shark's dark grey shirt free of its hole. Lips brushed down Emma's throat and to her shoulder, where vicious, triangular teeth nipped daintily at her scales. She encouraged it with eager moans and the gentle rocking of her body to the tempo of the throbbing in her chest. She felt so tight, like she was already on the edge of exploding, and she drank in her own furious potential as her fingers trailed with laziness that belied her excitement down to the next button.

The shark's shirt was a flawless fit to her thin frame, and tightly hugged each smooth line of the body beneath it. It promoted maximal range of motion in combat, and was tough enough to offer a sliver of protection by itself. There was a slit cut in the back to allow the black-tipped fin to protrude from her needy lover's spine, but considering how her own shirts had to be fastened to her body due to her wings, it was a simple alteration of a design as old as clothing. It was a travesty, and she hated it.

Still, she couldn't help but feel like she was unwrapping a gift as her fingertips, their claws kept carefully away from the fabric, danced happily over buttons and their holes. One by one, they were plucked from their spots, and the cloth that dared to interpose itself between them grew looser and looser. The paler skin of Mel's throat continued downward along her entire front and painted the shark's underbelly an alluring, creamy alabaster that pulled Emma's eyes downward. There was practically nothing to her partner; her breasts were small, but supple and perky enough to require nothing in the way of support, and as she bared their upper slopes, she dipped her head down, sliding her bloody tongue from her mouth to push it lewdly into the shark's sparse cleavage. The chest beneath them just rose and fell with its owner's panting, and she lavished slick affection for enough time for her to get a count of how rapidly her piscine bedmate's heart was fluttering.

As she worked her way downward, she tugged with nothing but the barest hint of force. The shirt in her hands slid hesitantly off of a pair of narrow shoulders as she teased and loitered there, but eventually, with a couple more dark buttons, she bared the dusky grey disks of the shark morph's nipples. A happy coo bubbled in her throat like she had just found a treat, and she rested there, moving her hands upward just enough to taunt Mel with the slightest beginnings of stimulation. Her tongue writhed like a blind serpent, a slim black python that did the majority of the work for her as she fondled her lover with nothing but an impossibly dexterous oral organ.

Her piscine partner's muscular, finned tail whipped through the air as she growled at the dragoness's teasing and pulled herself forward into Emma's hands. Scaly digits closed without shyness over those meager, yet deliciously pliant masses of flesh, and she found the stiff, excited bumps of Mel's firm teats with the thumb and forefinger of each hand, and she squeezed with a modicum of bliss-inducing strength. The way the shark flexed against her excited her endlessly, and she was unwilling to remove her hands from their proper spot to continue their mandated task. Lucky for her she was so well-practiced.

Emma shifted slightly, just enough to free her tail from where it was pinned behind her, and it coiled around her side to come into play. After years of putting on her shirts by herself, it was a simple enough task to finish what she had begun with a few deft flicks, and before she had time to grow impatient, Melana's shirt was slack and draped in the crooks of the shark's elbows. With a silently whispered promise, she pushed Mel away enough to pull off the offensive fabric, sliding it off of her lover's fin and arms to toss it carelessly across the room. At what was then bared nearly completely to her, she stared down hungrily.

Though the shark was almost frightfully thin, she was far from waifish. It was just a result of her rough skin being nearly vacuum sealed to her muscle. Her body reflected the

vigorous lifestyle by which she lived, and Emma could see each sturdy bundle of sinewy muscle as it shifted impatiently beneath her fingers. Hard, lean strength seemed to be the athletic piscine's birthright, and though she lacked much in the way of sheer mass, her incredible definition put even the dragoness's to shame. Emma's hands fell to grip Mel's waist, and she watched her partner pant, each muscle moving with each motion. They then lifted, danced over the swells of those slight breasts and up and across sinewy shoulders before drifting down onto stiff, wiry arms. "You haven't lost your touch, I see." she murmured, unable to keep the appreciation from her voice. Mel's body was a piece of art, of perfection that showed each hard-fought hour that had been devoted to it, which had tightened each curve into a firm masterpiece. There were so few like it.

What Melana's tongue was doing to her shoulder was intriguing to say the least, but the shark lifted free to grunt hoarsely, as if that was all the reply she needed. Which it was, she supposed. Her partner's excitement showed itself in the strain that was etched into that divine form, and urgent fingers curled around her horns to pull her down into another kiss. The dragoness let it happen, and let her tongue, whose self-inflicted injury was likely already clotted over, be encouraged to leave her mouth to continue its acrobatics with its own partner.

Emma's hands fell into her lap, and her fingers, as if they were pulled by lodestone, snapped to the taut curves of Mel's lovely, trim backside. She pulled the shark higher onto her body, high enough to make her lift her head to maintain the contact between them, and she felt a warm, possessive growl rumble in the back of her throat. It was replied to with one of her lover's own, and as thin, unafraid digits dropped to the fleshy protrusions of her own, far more generous bust, she felt herself stiffen with enthusiastic energy.

Her spine tingled and her wings quivered frenetically. Her tail spastically stroked the other woman's powerful thigh through the pants that still hid it, but that suited the dragoness just fine for the moment. Her brain was already having trouble processing the flawlessness of what was already being presented to it, more would have to wait. Her eyes slid closed, and she relished her digital exploration of the paragon of feminine power pressed into her. Mel found her own nipples, coal black nubs of nerves that pulled long moans from her throat as they were blindly manipulated, and she just tried to reciprocate with eager worship of her own.

Her body was screaming at her. What, she didn't, perhaps couldn't know, but she ached for more. A faint pounding pressure, like the beginnings of a migraine, manifested within her skull, but the sensation of it intermingled with the fire that had long since been ignited in her chest. It raged from her very core and dragged increasingly needy vocalizations from her lungs. She felt helpless in the face of her own desire, and it was with a dull, sluggish realization that she felt her skin tingle threateningly.

She pulled away to catch one of her increasingly short breaths, but the tension in her throat made her fight to even grunt a ragged, "Fuck..." that was stretched out into a dire warning. It felt like her flesh was crawling beneath her scaly hide, like it was alive and had a mind of its own. She groaned again, wordlessly, and with the exhalation that powered it, a half-dozen short, violet sparks popped between her scales.

Mel blinked and pushed off of her, stopped short by the dragoness's arms, which locked around her like bars of steel. The shark shook away the wild, half-crazed look she had been carrying, and stared at the larger woman. "Em? Emma what's wrong? What's up with your eyes?"

"Fuck!" she hissed again. She hadn't known what to suspect, but she'd expected it to hurt, or at least be unpleasant. Instead, with every heavy pound her heart beat against her ribs, what felt like a mini orgasm rocked through her enflamed body. "Oh fuck, it's happening! *Fuck!*"

"What?! What's happening? What's wrong?"

Gods' Blood, she wanted to scream, but she couldn't make her diaphragm work. All she could do was clutch at the body squished into her, feel it wriggle and flex against her scales, and *want*. "Nothing!" she croaked, "Just hold on. I'll be gentle. I promise. Nngh-f-fuck me upside-down! Gah! Hah! Hnngh! I-I promise!"

Her voice grew coarser and more guttural as seconds drifted by, and her ability to speak dwindled. Mel looked at her in worried shock, and she soothed it the only way she could think of at the time. She pushed forward, forcing the shark backward until her fin met the mattress below her, and planted a vigorous kiss onto her partner's parted lips. A moan vibrated around her tongue as she very nearly penetrated the other woman's throat with the serpentine organ, and her hands did nothing to cease their eager march over a hard-packed musculature.

Each breath she released shuddered in her chest in what she couldn't tell was a growl or a purr, but it only grew deeper and more primally bestial with each passed moment. Her mind quailed and retreated, accepting what fate seemed to have in store for it, and lingered only enough to experience the tide of tumultuous sensation that raced along the lines of her arteries. It made her hands shake and her wings and tail flit sporadically through the air behind her, and her whole body shivered in blissful anticipation over what seemed its own intent.

When she lifted away, she left Mel panting half-deliriously on her bed as she rose to her knees to loom in silent threat over the lean woman. The occasional arc of power would jump across her body, and her own light flickered through the room to the beat of an irregular drummer. One taloned hand pressed against the side of her head, where the pressure building in her body was beginning to grow unforgivingly impatient, she spun and hopped off of her bed, leaning heavily on it for support. With little warning, she sunk claws into her mattress, and with a single arm dragged it, shark and all, off of its frame.

The other woman, who had yet to lose the brunt of her attention, yelped and bounced as she hit the ground, and rolled as Emma kicked the cushioned pad into the center of her bedroom. Instinct demanded space, room to stretch, and she shoved with contemptuous ease her unadorned bedframe the rest of the way into the corner. Mel was giggling like a maniac and feverishly touching herself as Emma approached, and the dragoness leered down at her from on high, her legs trembling as her nerves tasked themselves with pouring waves of numbing euphoria from every nook and cranny of her body.

Before she could fall into a heap of scales and pure, liquid lust, she dropped gracelessly to her knees at the edge of her bedding. Her tail swaying above her in a most predatorial fashion, she crawled forward, stalking up and over Mel's legs. She dropped her head, and her tongue spooled from between her lips to trail a long, wet line from the lowermost portion of the shark's abdomen up along her body. She tasted her partner's tight stomach, lingered over each individual muscle, and swept up between the little domes of pert breast that waited just for her. Her lover's fingers fondled her shoulders and savored the tender spots at the base of her wings, and she shivered as her need only continued to grow, fill her with hot, pounding ecstasy.

She couldn't remember ever being as excited as she was in that moment, but she could remember little as it was. All of her focus was poured down onto the lithe, compact frame that wriggled helplessly beneath her, and she lavished only the utmost of affection onto the object of her burning desire. She was nearing an almost palpable point of no return, and she could find no desire to stop herself. Melana emboldened her with meek, little whines and probing fingers against her sensitive joints, and as she closed her mouth around a tender button of flesh that must

have been aching almost as much as her own fleshy nipples, she crossed that line with far less ceremony than it deserved.

A sudden jolt of piercing rapture shook her to her core. She severed her luxuriant contact with Mel's perfect little boob with a wet pop that proved itself the beginning of a longing moan. Alongside her voice, a series of soft, almost gentle sounds issued from her body. There was the sound of her tendons popping and the quiet, muffled crackling of her bones as her body prepared itself. Seething fire detonated with volcanic force against her innards, flowing outward from the fount of her draconic birthright, the seemingly endless sea of furious potential that defined her kind. A terse grunt whispered through her abruptly clenched teeth, and the dragoness pressed the tip of her snout down into her partner's chest, bracing herself against that whom she so desperately wanted, holding her down and begging patience.

Melana cradled her head, and began to whisper a question that was made quiet with concern, which was banished by another longing groan that hissed through the wall of ivory teeth that gnashed together in the dragon's audible strain. Before more than a few seconds could pass, however, Emma's voice dropped into an almost hysterical moan that sounded like it came from her toes, which curled inward on themselves in nigh-mindless ecstasy. Her eyelids fluttered uncontrollably, and the fingers that clutched desperately at her back scraped over her scales and slid away from her spine, though through no intent on the shark's part.

Her entire body throbbed in time with the hammering of her heart. Each delirious pulsation rocked through her form, made it bulge outward, and in time with the sensations that it brought on, Emma's frame tensed and relaxed. Each time, however, she was left a little larger, and the motion of the hands on her shoulder blades was due to her chest expanding within the perfectly-defined arms that held it. "Wh-what the fuck?!" barked the shark, whose shaking digits then scrabbled for purchase on her, as if to reaffirm what she was seeing. "What the *fuck!*"

Each little explosion pushed at the inside of Emma's scaled skin like her already robust frame housed an angry goddess that punished her for thinking to contain it. She gasped increasingly fervent breaths into her enlarging lungs, dragging the air across Mel's skin, and her sinuses filled with the shark's aroma. Strong enough to almost drive her mad on its own, in her hypersensitive state, it made her nose burn and filled her chest with an extra layer of fire that scorched the undersides of her tough scales. Her tendons creaked, and her lengthening bones cracked wetly under the layer of dense muscle that was wrapped over them, and she let her body be the answer the shark seemed to need.

Her slick, ebony tongue crawled between her razored teeth to lap eagerly over the contours of Melana's meager bust, and she savored its flavor as much as its plush, yielding texture as her elongating oral organ dimpled soft flesh and rolled over the rigid bumps of her undersized suitor's delightfully erect nipples. The sheer decadence of a fish morph that had breasts was a delicious irony, and she hovered over the shark with a heavy hand pushed into a sinewy shoulder. She held Mel down, kept her from squirming too much and allowed just enough motion for her to feel that tough figure moving against the scales she pressed downward into her piscine lover.

Her would-be mate ceased her babbling almost as soon as it had begun, and she burbled happily in the back of her throat as she shifted, creeping forward and transferring her tongue to her lover's slim throat. Her spine stretching her body longer made that task a simple one, but the convenience was outweighed by her arms and legs pushing her upward in the middle of her crawl. She had to dip lower and lower to push her swelling breasts, already far more impressive than those of the tiny figure below her, into the shark's chest. The softness that seemed to serve

as a reminder that she was not all hard scales and rigid horn squished lewdly into the feisty fish-woman, and she let out a long breath as she reached her wings up to the ceiling and let long snaps of power crackle between their struts and over their sable membranes.

Her saliva slimed the line of a taut tendon that twitched within her lover's throat, and she opened her mouth further to brush her teeth gingerly over that fluttering delineation. She nipped lightly at her mate's rough skin, playfully threatening as her body pulsed outward in an inexorably march. Hands that were not her own gripped her arms, felt the hard, indomitable muscle that lurked there and felt it expand with her, felt her strength, the raw physicality of it, grow alongside the rest of her well-endowed body. Her wings splayed out across the ceiling as her tail flicked beside them and her claws dug into the insignificant pad of her mattress. It would not do for her weight, but for her mate, she would accommodate.

As Mel shamelessly groped her thickening arms, she flexed for her overcome lover, drawing her hands inward and balling her claws into fists tight enough to make her muscle bunch unstoppably onto itself. She growled into a tapered ear, hissing sharp, demanding sounds that she knew her mate could not hope to comprehend to their extent, but the shark responded well enough, clutching tightly to her mounded biceps and feeling her continue to heave and throb. Her long moans were punctuated with throaty grunts that had her quivering hopelessly, and she gorged herself on her own dizzying power, letting it inundate her body with every ounce of its torrential ferocity.

She wriggled her spine again and moved forward to push her chest against her lover's face, burying the comparatively shrinking woman in a wave of ballooning, lusty mammaries. Doing their due diligence, lips kissed at and suckled the fine scales of her womanly assets and hands crushed her alluring softness in unforgivingly urgent fingers, and she laid there, pushing herself lower and lower as her body lifted higher into the air. Her tail curled inward on itself until its nimble tip nearly touched her horns, and she wiggled her burgeoning hips as she pushed her curvaceous, heavily-muscled ass into the air, presenting herself to no one in particular.

Inches pounded onto her frame and slowly bled into feet as seconds passed. She undulated her spine, dragging her big, luscious breasts into the form that they began to dwarf with their mass. Her mate worshiped them regardless of their increasing weight, and she took mercy on the object of her desire. Her arms unbent long enough to allow her to use her hands to push herself upright. She knelt over the shark, straddling that taut waist with thighs thicker than her lover's abdomen. She was easily as tall as she would have normally been standing, and she watched her perspective jerk a little higher with every delirious pulse against her insides. Her hands rose to her chest, and she put on a show for her piscine partner, hefting the mounds of her boobs in eager, unapologetically lascivious hands. Her fingers squished her bust with little mercy for their sensitivity, and she arched her back to shove them forward more decisively. As she grew, her lush flesh bulged between her kneading fingers, and she peered downward past her feminine curves to leer like a starving woman down at what was soon to be hers.

Mel's eyes were wide with shock, but the shark's hands were plastered to her own diminutive chest as if that was their sole mission in life. It brought a smile to the dragoness's lips, and she allowed herself a grin as she worked her nipples between her claws. She had to constantly sway to allow for the continuing broadening of her stance as her entire frame widened, and she made sure to swing her thick hips from side to side with as much suggestive sexuality that she could muster. It came easily, displaying herself, and required no thought other than imagining what she was going to do, what she could do with her true body.

Her head rolled back on her shoulders, and her teeth parted to let her hiss out a long groan as a wash of tingling euphoria crawled along her spine and behind her jaws. She shivered, her scales rasping against one another as they slowly, shyly parted. From below her lowermost set of horns, whip-thin spines rose up from between her armored plates, pushing aside her coat of bronze like a set of needles. With them they dragged sheets of delicate, diaphanous skin the color of the rest of her flesh, dark, inky black. Each spindly strut lengthened and swept outward from the sides of her head. Fine muscles fluttered them through the air, and when the process ceased, she had a pair of dainty-looking fins that gave her an elegant appearance.

That was far from the end, though. As if continuing on in a chain reaction, more of the slender needles of flexible bone, each as shiny and black as her horns, lanced up from the line of her spine starting at the base of her skull and continuing down her back to terminate at the very end of her thrashing tail. Matching her color and consistency of her fragile head-fins, a single, continuous membrane of sable hide rose from her back and connected each thin support, longes between her wings and dwindling to almost nothing at the end of her spine. Her sail caught the air as she moved, and the effervescent sensation that poured into her mind had her vibrating in a pleased purr as she brushed her claws over her new fins.

Mel just looked like the world had gone mad. She bent at her hips, reaching down the length of her body to brush her fingers over her mate's cheek. Her hand could have cradled the other woman's skull, and the difference between their sizes only continued to grow. She yearned for it to continue. She wanted to give *all* of herself to her sharklike lover. Her mate deserved it, and as she throbbed and grew, she cooed sounds of encouragement to the woman who was beginning to look like a child beneath her. Shaky hands went to her thighs to rub the contours of her firm muscle, and she gave herself over to being stroked and lusted over.

Bliss threatened to bend her over on herself from the force of her spasming musculature and pulsating frame. Every crack of bone or meaty pop of a tendon was an eruptive release of tension that jolted her body larger and heavier. She got longer and thicker, and each breath left her increasingly cavernous chest in a deeper, more urgent vocalization of need. Her hands ravished the heavy bust she had inherited from her mother, and her tail thumped heavily on the ground behind her, slapping against the wall as it flailed ecstatically. She shivered and ached in only the most delightful of manners, and she gulped down enormous lungfuls of air as she used each of Mel's stunned, eager whimpers to fuel her desire.

It was like her mate was inflating her. As the shark's excitement grew, so too did her need to fulfill her potential. Each waft of Mel's distinct aroma, each brush of quivering fingers along the inside of her thighs, each awed gasp, they fed her what she needed, and she increased in size to her own extremely vocal pleasure. She loomed over the woman between her knees; she filled the room with the sheer impact of her magnificent presence, and she toyed with herself, teasing and urging each inch to bloom into two, and then three.

As she threw her head back to wail in her ecstasy, she growled instead as her horns hit the ceiling. As if taking advantage of her momentary surprise, she surged upward, shuddering until the back of her shoulders was pressed against the limits of the room. She could have laughed, but instead, she moaned greedily and strained against the unbreakable stone that surrounded her. It would not yield to her, she knew. Even she was not powerful enough to undo the spells that held the structure together, and she cared not to try. Rather, she stretched and worked her shoulders and arms, pushing herself upward and hissing her rapture as she felt her room begin to fold her over onto herself.

The dragoness demanded to be shown how much of the room she would fill, how huge and flawlessly enormous she would become before her body decided she was ready to partake of the feast wriggling meekly between her legs. What would the taste be like on her tongue? What would flesh meeting flesh feel like from so eager a form? With each grunt, she was granted part of an answer, just a hint of her own power as she was filled and stretched, forced outward by her boiling desire mixed with the power that solidified in her chest. She needed more. She needed all of it, and she *demand*ed all of it!

She had more than tripled in size by the time her growth began to visibly slow. Rather than falter, however, the sensations of tightness, of pressure and oncoming release, only grew more intense. She whined, grunting again and again as she raged for more. Her teeth were bared in a cross between an eager grin and a feral snarl, and the growl that shook the air in the room spoke of the endlessness of her need. Mel was clawing desperately at her thighs and humping the air like just the forcefulness of her aura, which even someone with no skill with magic could have sensed quivering through reality, was enough to bring her pleasure, to push her to climax.

Just as her ludicrous expansion ended, she felt the tension in her body break the last of her form's stubborn resistance. A guttural roar shook her chest as her body gave one last lurch outward, and she gained almost another foot in size, and all the proportion that came with it, in a single avid heartbeat. The whole of the breadth of her upper back was crushed into the ceiling, and her wings were almost frustratingly cramped between her scales and the stone above her, which bent her and made her loom even more threateningly over the shark below. Mel just seemed to be trying not to hyperventilate, and the dragoness attempted the same as the transformative fire that filled her did anything but dwindle. It stayed, nearly enough to roast her in her own skin, and she panted deliriously as thunder seemed to split the air from the finger-thick bolts of lightning that joined scale to scale for single split-seconds.

As catastrophic as the power that roared through her body was, it no longer vented its fury at the prison of her body. It sat and roiled in the center of her chest and shot lines of continuous fire along the lines of her limbs, yes, but she managed it, directed it, and it was with a sigh that she let her arms fall to catch her weight as she peeled her back from the ceiling. The lightning fell away as she contained it, and she panted gleefully while she looked down at her little mate, whose eyes looked ready to fall from the lovely face into which they were set. "E-Emma?" the shark whispered, licking her lips and resting a cautious hand on a titanic knee.

The dragoness humored her tiny lover and swallowed the cutting need that demanded relief. She smiled with a happy coo and dipped her head to put a pair of jaws that could have snapped the shark in half near the source of her desire. Her tongue poured from her mouth and slapped wetly against Mel's chest, and she gave her mate a long, moist lick up the length of her thin body with an organ the size of a python. Her lover squirmed and cried for mercy, and she repeated the process for good measure before lifting away to ogle that span of the saliva-shined flesh with a lusty eye.

"I... Wh-what... I don't know what... what the fuck?" Mel hissed. The dragon leaned down again to rub her snout over the shark's torso. Her mate wriggled further, pushing elbows backward and levering up onto them to look up at her, the urge to please shining in those bright eyes. "What do I do?"

Her smile broadened at the most appropriate of questions. The dragoness shifted her immense bulk, turning to lie down as best she could and recline heavily against the silvered marble of the wall opposite her window. In further answer, she opened her legs and twined her muscular tail coily around her thigh to gently rub herself. Her huge limbs rose up above the

shark, who stared up at their intimidating girth, and she wiggled once more in reminder as her hands lifted to idly play with her tremendous breasts.

Licking her lips again, Melana pushed herself up to her knees and crawled toward her over the pad of her discarded mattress. There was no hope of her fitting in it as she was, but it made a nice layer between her mate and the cold stone of the floor, and she made sure to keep her important parts over the cushion. Tiny fingers glided reverently over the scales of the innermost reaches of her thighs and hesitantly drifted over her crotch. "Fucking Ichor." breathed the shark morph in sudden, shocking realization, "You're so big... It's going to be... so *big*! Oh my fuck."

The dragoness clenched her teeth around a low, purring groan as Melana's fingers, slim but suddenly confident over the expanded but familiar contours of her loins, slowly but surely stimulated her sublimely sensitive scales. Her voice shook the air with its depth and primordial strength, but her enthusiastic enjoyment of her mate's digital dexterity only seemed to encourage the shark's purposefully meandering hands. She wriggled against the wall, contorting in her bliss, and she let her impatience speed the process. Pleasure only kept her lingering for a moment, but she stretched out the seconds that the mounting pressure behind the scales of her crotch built and built to the tempo of the fingers that eagerly pleased her.

It felt right, being touched with such careful, worshipful precision, such familiar, yet cautious care, and she had to resist the urge to rock her hips into those delightfully miniscule hands lest she bowl over her devoted mate with her colossal, if idle, strength. Her body quickly went taut, muscle stiffening beneath her armored hide along with what else grew rigid in the place where it was secreted. Blood roared audibly between her legs, and her horns thudded loudly against the wall behind her as she pushed her head back and moaned like a dragon in heat.

She opened herself with vigor to put to shame even the most volcanic of eruptions. The nearly invisible irregularity in the scales of her loins showed its true purpose. Her body parted, spreading open as it was forcibly punctured from within by what shot from her loins. Realizing her unfortunate position, her mate ducked backward and fell to the side as foot after foot of sable-fleshed cock pushed free of her body to throb with vicious delight at its own freedom. The shark leaned heavily against her thigh, mumbling half-wordless cries as she finished baring herself, and the lust-plumped lips of her draconian femininity pushed aside her scales to ache beneath its far less shy brother.

Bowing to her sudden desire, she reached down to wrap the fingers of a single hand around the girth of what hung pendulously from the intersection of her legs. Its immense heat made a please coo rumble in her chest, and as she gave herself a slow stroke, she rolled her thumb over the numerous fleshy ridges that ribbed its upper half. It pulsed in her fingers, pushing them apart as it gained more and more mass, and her mate recovered with enough speed to stagger back to her knees next to her elephantine length.

She hissed hotly as the shark touched her, a dainty hand caressing with awe what quickly throbbed past the six-foot mark to attain its full, ludicrous size. It stood out from her loins, longer than her forearm and easily thicker, and she savored its ever-so-tapered glans with her fingers as it arced upward under its own stiffness, like it *wanted* to just push between the mounds of her mammoth breasts. "Holy shit..." Melana murmured voicelessly, "I... I think you've got the Captain beat with this one. What...? Holy fuck."

She lazily stroked her taut flesh, feeling her weight, the tightness in her already-slicked skin. Her mate helped with dainty fingers, scraping rough skin over her erect ridges, and she squirmed and groaned long enough to remind her of what she so desperately needed. She

understood her partner's limitations, and she didn't mind them, so when she cupped a hand beneath the length of her enormous, draconic tool to lift it upward and put on display the much more manageable folds of her far from flowery womanhood, she purred invitingly.

The shark's thick, finned tail swayed as its owner wiggled forward into the cleft between her thighs, and silently awed hands lifted to the underside of her engorged shaft. Her monolithic maleness was longer than her mate was tall, and was significantly girthier, but that didn't seem to deter the diminutive woman from embracing her raging masculinity anyway, doing as well as she could to fold her arms around it. Her heart pushed endless gallons of blood in a furious torrent through her adamantine flesh, and the unyielding rigidity of it throbbed against nearly the entirety of Mel's torso. "Oh... fuck." her little lover groaned in a tense croak. "It's so hot... *Oh FUCK...*"

Using lean, sinewy arms, the dragon's lithe lover pumped up and down along the thickest section of her distended dragonhood, its very root. Melana kissed her roasting flesh, and a thin tongue swirled in tiny circles over a sadly insignificant portion of her immense tool. She moaned blissfully despite her mate's undersized efforts as her hypersensitive skin ached where it was touched, burning even more furiously with each shaky stroke along her first few thick ridges.

Panting in what must have been her own building excitement, the shark slumped down to plop her dense rear onto lean legs as she sat down limply on herself. As if realizing that there was a better way to pleasure the immensity of her draconian lover, something more easily stimulated, her hands trailed away from the ebon shaft that rose like a column of onyx to loom over her. They instead fell almost casually to the thick, fleshy lips of the dragoness's spacious womanhood. Those same delicious hands rubbed over her outermost folds, and the dragoness wriggled lower on the wall to push her loins further into her mate's delightful fingers.

She felt herself parted, and her pulsing entrance, needy in so resolute a way, shot a bolt of lightning up her spine and into her mind as it was gingerly fingered. Leaning forward, her piscine lover lavished a longing kiss over her budding clit, lapping her tongue over the nub of nerves and lust that peeked from it hood to greet the shark's lips. The dragoness didn't think she could handle much more in the way of foreplay, and the demanding, nearly threatening growl that bubbled in the bottom of her lungs pleaded for the teasing to end.

When Mel's balled fist slid with no small effort into the beginnings of her well-muscle passage, she arched her back and mauled her chest in restless fingers. She languorously stroked her chest as the shark devoted herself to her pleasure, and she burbled a wordless promise for reciprocation as she hissed and writhed. Mel scraped fingers along the interestingly textured tunnel of flesh that she pushed into, and the dragoness moaned deeply as she felt the shark's arm stretch her as she was invaded. Perky breasts squished suggestively into her most intimate of places as her mate leaned hard into her, and the hand sunk further in until it was crammed into her up to the elbow. It was a minor penetration, one she could have taken before her growth, but that fact didn't stop her from groaning whorishly and jerking a hand long the length of her titanic cock.

She oozed a steady stream of clear lubricant from both her mixed sexes, slicking the scales of her busied hand as well as her mate's entire nude front, but that didn't stop either of them from enjoying the connection between them. Her powerful walls rippled eagerly around the shark's buried arm, and her lover had trouble pulling even partly out of her clenching slit. Her horns rested heavily against the wall behind her as she whined in the depths of her chest, a sound that could be felt in the air through the sheer depth of the need that it carried, and it grew only

more longing as the tiny woman between her powerful thighs pushed back in with a gratuitous squelching noise.

She felt her mate work her into a strenuous rhythm, and she altered the motion of her occupied arm to match the pace with which her less forward of endowments was devotedly pleased. Her legs trembled spastically as her mate slowly armfucked her, and it transported her to paradise, that slow pistoning of her interconnected genitalia, and her eyes closed. She let her own ecstasy consume her, and she made no effort to conceal the endless bliss that was carried with the growing volume of her desirous vocalizations. She got wetter and wetter, and her increasing lubrication eased her mate's task, which let the pace build and blossom into something needy and frantic.

She bucked weakly, carefully, into her hand and the arm of her little lover as her tail squeezed her thigh with desperate strength. Her wings shivered between her back and the wall behind her, and only her weight against them kept them from snapping open in a display of her euphoria. Her throat vibrated constantly with the sounds of her lust, and she felt her cock bulge in her hand even further, filling with the endlessness of her desire and the blood that it poured between her lengthy legs. Her release teased her, shooting thick gobs of her viscous fluids over her fingers to drool down the shined skin of the obsidian idol that pulsed thicker between her fingers.

Her moans dropped into gruff grunts as tension etched itself into her body, and she knew then without a shadow of a doubt that something cataclysmic was approaching her at a rate that boggled what was left of her shattered mind. Intent on prolonging her pleasure and sating another need she could feel tickling at the back of her thoughts, she cracked her eyes open to peer down the length of her body. She peeled her fingers off of her immense bust to reach downward and brush fingers against her mate's back. Mel slowed and looked up at her, a mindless expression in her expressive eyes, their pupils pinched inward into bestial pinpricks.

Not about to forget her own duties, she wrapped her hand around Mel's torso and gently pulled. She grunted as her lover's arm slipped free of her clenching passage, and she nearly laughed at the sight of the woman she lifted up to deposit atop her chest to wriggle against the upper slopes of her breasts. The shark was a slick mess with her fluids, and she tasted of herself as she gave her lover a quick lick up a cheek. Her hand held her at the edge of release with expert care as it pumped along the endless length of her person-sized cock, and she savored a quick nuzzle with her mate before she lifted that weightless form higher still.

Somehow, she had neglected to remove the shark's tight pants, which were plastered to lean powerful legs that dangled before her. That was an easily solved problem, though, and she held Melana still as she leaned forward to kiss her lover one more. Her lips and tongue lingered against the tiny woman's torso, but eventually slid down. Brandishing her bladed teeth, she nipped lightly at the waist of her mate's clothes. She easily severed the sturdy leather belt that held them on, and grabbing on with another playful bite, she dragged them off, half-sliding, half-ripping them from her lover's body until there was nothing left to stand between them.

She spit out the remaining scraps of cloth and grinned at her work. Mel just wriggled and gnashed her own triangular teeth in an attempt to scrape herself against her tough scales. She purred for peace, though she understood the lack of patience; the volcano that was brewing behind her crotch pleaded with her to surrender to the depths of her desire, but she had more important priorities, namely her partner's bliss. She could smell, underneath the scent of her own voluminous fluids, the intoxicating aroma of the shark's need, and could see it in the puffy, inflamed mound that housed her mate's own lovely womanhood. Her lover hissed a single,

choice word over and over again, and the lust in that hoarse voice was music to the dragoness's ears. It was a simple task to bow to that shared desire.

Lifting higher one last time, she nuzzled her snout against Mel's body, pushing the tip of her nose into petite breasts and a hard-packed abdomen, but it left her mouth free, and she licked her lips in tantalizing anticipation. Rather than sliding it back into her mouth where it belonged, she let her tongue dawdle on pale grey skin, feeling the rough texture and tasting her own slick desire that mingled with the shark's luscious flavor. She swept it down, slithering between her mate's legs, and pushed the girth of her dexterous organ between lips that had trouble parting around it, just so she could get a feel for her lover's fluttering entrance. Melana cursed her for her teasing and latched onto her face with desperation that was etched into the well-defined muscle that coated her mate's body. The bite-sized woman pulled on her cheeks, begging for it with wild insistence, and she coily curled her tongue over itself and further toyed with her.

Just as the tiny piscine was going to berate her for being an unrepentant tease, she hissed in the back of her throat and rolled her tongue back upward, spearing it up into what waited for it. Mel's eyes shot wide in shock, and what seemed to begin as a scream was harshly cut off in a strained grunt as the dragoness viciously parted her mate's delightfully dainty folds with a sinuous organ that was by itself as thick as the shark's wrist. She pushed at least a foot of her tongue up into the passage that stretched to hold it with abruptly violent passion, and her mate collapsed onto the top of her snout, scrabbling for a hold onto reality as she used her slick appendage to piston up into her lover with force enough to bounce the miniscule woman up and down on her nose.

Just the strength in her tongue was enough to leave Melana cursing her name, but the way the shark was frantically humping her face forbade any mercy, so she showed none. She just slid further down the wall, letting Mel's weight rest on her face as she brutally tongued her mate's shuddering, oozing gash. What leaked out over her tongue was delicious, heady and intense, and only grew in strength as her lover convulsed on her snout in what was a clearly defined orgasm. The skinny shark tensed up and screamed for it, and she drank down the sound of her lusty partner's violently exposed rapture. The sound of it, the sensation of tiny, desperate walls squeezing at her tongue and their owner quivering against her face, it was enough to make her moan without a hint of mercy. She swallowed her lover's need, gorged on it as she had gorged on her own moments prior, and she heaved inside her pumping hand, growing disastrously thick as her own orgasm approached.

Rather than surrender, she resisted, staved it off, intent of wringing as much bliss out of their meeting as she could before giving in. With draconic brutality, she crammed as much as Mel could hold up into her mate's drooling slit, vigorously tonguing each inch of her lover's internal passage and writhing her girthy organ in fast circles as she pumped it in and out. The shark grunted and wailed her name, begging for more, and still more, more to break her, ever more, and she gave as much as she dared, spitting her partner on her sinuous girth and bouncing her atop her nose.

Mel came again without warning, shuddering and squealing in sudden ecstasy and oozing delightfully powerful-tasting girlcum directly into the dragoness's waiting maw. Emma grunted and growled in reply, feeling her own catastrophic tightness war against her reason and sanity. Still, she held off. She knew her partner's limits as well as her own, and she sat and played with herself as she pulled climax after mind-numbing climax from the shark's loins, each one fueling her own swelling ardor. She felt it in the stiffness of her cock, the way her inner folds shuddered

against themselves, and she only wished for the endurance of a god as she bulged her absolute thickest in her own cataclysmic orgasm.

She roared her release with enough vigor to rattle the window in the far wall, and as her enormous dragonhood distended with the seed that shot along its colossal length, she bucked helplessly into her hand, careful to hold her mate protectively to her snout for stability as the rest of her body spasmed powerfully. A geyser of creamy, boiling dragon-cum spewed from her huge crown to arc in a thick rope and impact against the ceiling with a wet *thud* of impact. She shivered and spasmed in her release, and each titanic throb pushed another huge blast of her pearlescent jizz to rocket from her loins through the column of flesh no sane person would have called a reasonable set of masculine equipment.

Again and again, she exploded. She couldn't stop herself from painting most of the ceiling and far wall with a plaster of thick, whitish goo. Her skin burned beneath her scales, and her spine threatened to jump from her back with the sheer torrent of blinding sensation that shot directly to the depths of her broken mind. She humped herself wildly, and she couldn't even remember giving her body the order to stick her tail as far into her spastic pussy as far as it would go just to stretch herself out and give herself something solid around which to clench with climactic desperation.

She concussed the air with the strength of her release, but she refused to cease the forceful penetration she visited upon the loins of her limp, shuddering lover, and she carried both of their intermingled climaxes on far beyond what could have been considered normal. What felt like minutes of spurting and shuddering passed before her output dwindled enough to splatter against the wall instead of the ceiling. When she felt her rapturous bliss fall to something that her jumbled mind could handle, she slithered the length of her tongue back into her mouth, leaving the shark suddenly, decisively hollow and whining meekly.

The cataract of cum that roiled from her crotch dipped to a more reasonable river, and then a bare trickle that she wrung from her sagging maleness with careful fingers before sliding her own tail from her overstuffed loins. She released the mass of her masculine tool to cradle her mate's body with both slimed hands, panting out the occasional reassuring croon as they gasped against each other in frantic attempts to regain control of at least their breathing if not the rest of their bodies.

Blood gradually flowed back into her brain, allowing its function as her sated cock drooped down under the hundreds of pounds of flesh that made up its weight. She sighed, spent, and she brushed her fingers over her lover's form, encouraging a little bit of sanity to seep back into them both. Mel peered with hazed eyes at her along the length of her tapered snout, and grunted something as exhausted as it was incoherently wordless. She just nodded an answer and peered at the rest of her room. A sea of her seed was slowly spreading across her floor, fed by the flow that dripped from her ceiling and down her walls. She would need to do some serious mopping, but she had managed to save *most* of her treasured belongings.

The shark that clung to her nose wriggled weakly, and she let the shape go to tumble down the length of her body and back to her discarded mattress, which was an island in the slowly expanding lake of her jizz as it crept outward. Her mate rolled onto her side and clutched at her own loins with both hands, grunting a delirious, "*Fuck*, that was so worth it!" The dragoness nodded in agreement, as her mixed sexes gradually slipped back from where they had come. She yawned and stretched lazily, fulfilled and well-pleased, and splayed out her legs as far as they would be allowed to go by the sheer size of her body. Mel glanced up at her along the span of her powerful form, whispering an almost shy, "When... when do you go back?"

She didn't know, and she couldn't find any concern over it within herself, so she shrugged and stretched her arms over her head again before reaching down. Her little mate squirmed in her fingers, but giggled happily when she dropped the nearly weightless figure atop her chest and pulled her mattress and bedding upward against the wall to squish it into a deformed pillow for her massive head. The more her tiny lover wriggled, the deeper into her soft, warm cleavage she sank, and the dragoness helped the process along with a few well-placed gropes of the immensity of her bust. Melana wiggled helplessly, but eventually stopped struggling against the prison of her lush flesh, and she hugged the shark to her torso with both arms curled over her body, covering nearly all of her partner's form with a shroud of bronze scales and plush, sapphire cushions.

Mel laughed and kissed happily at her throat, throwing her arms around the dragoness's neck in a comfortable hug, settling into her heated bedding as Emma smiled blithely. "I'm glad you made it back to us." the shark mewled into the hollow of her throat, "I... I love you, Em, and I'm never letting you go again, you hear me?"

She purred her answer, and let it continue onward into a comforting rumble in her chest that vibrated beneath her mate's spindly body. She hugged Mel more tightly to herself, promising the same, and settled back into her makeshift nest for a well-deserved nap, occasionally licking her lips and squishing her mounded breasts around her partner's body. Just before she dozed off, she heard Mel chuckle and press lips against her throat again. "You know, Toby's gonna be all kinds of pissed he missed out on the fun."

She huffed out a short, deep laugh. There was always next time.