

Reunion

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Before she could even groggily crack her eyes, Emma registered the familiar warmth of the weight that occupied her arms. Her head ached like a nail had been driven into it, and she grumbled as she squeezed Mel more firmly to her chest and pulled in a deep breath. The tough, wiry body pressed into her squirmed at the interruption of their conjoined sleep, but her arms brooked little movement. When her eyelids parted to bare the polished amethyst disks of her irises, she took note of the sheet of rain that still glossed her window along with the glow that was the sun that dwindled behind the sheet of grey that covered the skies. Either she had slept for more than a full day, or a few hours of rest had been enough to partially recover from her entirely welcome ordeal.

Her scales rasped softly as she shifted and bared her twin rows of razored teeth in an explosive yawn that popped her jaw. Over the course of the few seconds that she had been aware of her surroundings, the throbbing in her skull subsided, replaced by an almost pleasant, continuous pressure, as of something stretching and working away her internal tension. Grinning, the dragoness peered down at the form of the shark nestled against her torso. It didn't appear as pitifully undersized as it had when she had closed her eyes, and she dully realized that she didn't overfill her room to the same degree as she had hours prior. Her bedding, and most of her mattress, was crushed against one wall, and she was reclined comfortably against it, cradling her partner's slight weight.

Mel winced and wriggled again, and she laced her claws through the mellow, oceanic blue tangle of the shark morph's hair, pushing it away from eyes that fluttered hesitantly open. As soon as those bright, expressive blues settled on her, she let her snout dip down, and she pressed her thin lips into those of the woman who filled her arms. Her partner tensed briefly, but quickly melted into her, a meek whimper whispering between them. She held Mel upright, supporting the shark as she willed wakefulness to flow through the point that connected them, and she smiled as thin fingers grasped at her shoulders.

When she pulled away, Mel mourned the loss of her probing lips with a sad whine, but the shark's hands stayed on her shoulders, kneading her scales. "Damn..." whispered the piscine woman, "You sure haven't lost your touch, or your ability to make a girl ache in just the *best* way."

Emma chuckled and reclined her head back against the wall behind her, her curling horns clacking against the silvered marble. She felt... tired wasn't the right word. Every now and again, her scaly hide would tingle from the tip of her draconian snout to the end of her tail, which flicked happily next to her, and she felt like she had been given a whole body workout that made each fiber of the muscle that lined her robustly-endowed frame protest each little movement. Despite this, she felt energetic, like she wanted to go run or fly a few circuits around the city's walls just because she could. Instead, she just let her lips fall down once more to linger against the Mel's sharklike snout.

Her partner hardly protested, surrendering coyly and batting her fin-bearing tail against the dragoness's. Rough sharkskin scraped over her scales as nimble digits massaged her shoulders and the thickness of her arms, and her own wickedly curved claws granted her eagerly awakened lover the same. They occasionally parted for brief seconds, to breathe, to recover,

before diving back in to one another, and in those scant moments of open-eyed clarity, she fought to remember what had happened.

It felt like a dream; the memory of that overwhelming, soul-crushing power flowing through her veins was hazy and indistinct. She knew it happened, but her mind gave the whole thing an ethereal quality that made it seem distant. In spite of that, she couldn't help but remember the sensation of her body filling and overflowing with her own engorging strength. Pride blossomed in her chest, making her feel hot and happy, and she purred contentedly, a sound that vibrated her body and into the shark's.

Mel giggled and rose away from her mouth, making her clumsily give chase. Her eyes drifted downward, taking in the shape of the shark's bare body. Pert breasts graced a narrow frame that was plastered with cords of wiry, tough muscle, each of which was left unhidden by even a scrap of fat or softness. Emma wrapped her fingers around a taut waist, squeezing affectionately, and let her partner straddle her legs as each stared at the other. Blushing, her partner broke eye contact first, turning away with comical shyness and lifting a dainty hand to tuck one of many errant locks of hair behind a tapered, finlike ear. "So... that was new." muttered her piscine lover.

"Yeah." Emma replied thoughtfully, "That might start to happen more often. I, uh... When I'm in the mood to really... savor someone."

"I take it's a dragon thing?"

"Yeah, I should think so. Either that, or there's something seriously wrong with me, maybe both." She laughed at Mel's uncertain expression and gave the shark's sinewy arm a loving pat. "Did I get out of hand? When it happens to me... It's going to get hard to control myself, more than usual. Did I... Did I hurt you? I remember you being... so tiny. I didn't want to hurt you."

Her partner showed her numerous triangular teeth in a broad grin. "That depends on how you define hurt, I suppose." She wiggled sensuously and rubbed her tail along Emma's calf. "I'm going to walk funny for a while, but that's not anything new, especially after a roll in the blankets with my favorite dragon, no offense to your parents, of course."

Heaving a sigh of relief, she leaned forward to slide her snout affectionately along Mel's cheek. "I'm sure they'd understand." she whispered intimately. "Just promise me you won't let me change too much. Keep me me, alright?"

"Deal, if you promise me the same." breathed the shark into her horns between soft kisses. "On another note, you should requisition a bigger bed, or a bigger room, even. Maybe the captain would let you have one of the suites and knock out the wall between rooms. You looked a little cramped before. Not that I minded too much being squished into a dick bigger than my body, but it seems like it's going to end up being an issue eventually."

"Mmh..." she mumbled through an inquisitive hum, "Maybe, maybe we should keep playtime to the outdoors for a while, just to be safe."

"Aw... But if you have too much room, what's going to keep us together?"

She snapped off a sharp laugh and wrapped her arms around the shark's narrow body. "Let me take care of that. I'll take very good care of you."

That seemed to suit Mel perfectly fine, and her partner made no attempt to peel herself off of the cerulean scales that covered her front from under her chin to the end of her tail. She hugged the fish-formed woman with gentle gusto, reclining back and breathing in the scent of lilies that filled the room, only opening her eyes after a long moment in confusion. The light, floral aroma that perfumed the room was subtle, and didn't war with the more earthen, potent

scent of the shark pressed against her, but it still pulled a puzzled frown to her features. There was something missing.

Looking across the room, she didn't see the ocean of dried dragon-spunk that should have been plastered across most of the ceiling, floor, and far wall. Instead, all that she saw was the shape of the flower in its pot on her desk, looking as lush and vibrant as ever. She chuckled warmly, not regretting the vigorous mopping that she had been saved by what she suspected. Rather, she allowed herself to relax, her tail flitting playfully against the large fin that protruded between Mel's shoulder blades and her delicate fingers gingerly groping taut, work-hardened contours.

She only stirred when the sound of a quiet knocking on her door pulled her attention upward. It opened before she'd had an opportunity to answer it, but she grinned beatifically regardless at who swept into her room. "Sorry I'm late." Toby rumbled in his smooth baritone as he took in the sight before him, "I see I already missed the start of the festivities. I hope you two didn't wear each other out."

Grumbling, Mel turned in the prison of the dragoness's arms to put her back to Emma's chest with her dorsal fin poking beneath a scaly arm. The shark reached up toward the approaching equine, making grabby hands as she impishly muttered, "Oh, it was awful, Toby! She did the most lewd of things to me! I may be scarred for life! Thank the gods you're here to rescue me!"

Chuckling as he plodded over, his hooves clopping on the stone of the floor he responded with a hand on his chest and a feigned serious tone. "Lucky, then, that I'm here now to save you from the clutches of such a lusty beast. I can only imagine what you must have been through, my lady. The gods themselves must weep at your misfortune."

"Or jealousy..." Emma mumbled, which earned her a bony elbow in the ribs.

Toby stood to loom over them with an almost boyish smile plastered over his horselike muzzle. Sharp grey eyes peered down at the pair of women entangled around one another at his hoofed feet, and his lengthy, crisp white tail swished idly as he took them in with a wry shake of his head. His equally white hair was cut short and out of the way, and its color matched that of the blaze of white that ran along the top of his muzzle. The bits of fur that could be seen just inside the sleeves of his dark shirt and pants betrayed the rest of his coloration, rich, dark black broken only from his knees and elbows outward, giving him a complete set of stark, snowy stockings and gloves. His feathery fetlocks were trimmed shorter than Emma remembered.

He bent at the knees to crouch before them, and Emma held more tightly to Mel's slim figure. "I don't know if I'm done with her just yet, oh most gallant of heroes. You might have to wait your turn."

He chuckled again and leaned into them, shadowing them both with his almost eight-foot figure. "Why wait?" he whispered around a toothy smile. Without hesitation, his arms coiled around both Emma's and Mel's bodies, and as he straightened to his full height, he dragged them both off of the bedding that had held them. Mel wriggled ecstatically, and the dragoness hummed with more than a little pleased happiness as she was compressed into the dense muscle of the equine's chest. He beamed down at her for a brief moment before savoring her lips in a brief, bold kiss that lasted only long enough for Mel to complain wordlessly and receive one of her own. "I missed having you both here in my arms like this. Life just wasn't right without you, Emma."

Her toes, which dangled a few inches off of the ground, curled inward with girlish glee. "Tell me about it. I'm telling you, Toby, the city's made me soft, most undragonlike. I found myself wanting all kinds of crazy things, a hug, a kiss, a hot meal, a *bed*. Ludicrous..."

The horse pressed warm lips against her again, and her tail twined playfully through the air behind her before slapping around Mel's leg in a tight, giddy coil. "That's not so bad." Toby breathed against her as he kicked her mattress off of the wall to lay it flat against the floor, "There's more to it than just creature comforts, there's your friends, and family. If anything, you had to come back to me and Mel so we could admonish you for disappearing on us like you did."

As she was gently laid down on her back, her wings splayed out to either side of her chest, the shark huffed a terse affirmative and wormed her way between her lips and Toby's to push against her more firmly. She shifted the ebon membranes of her flight-granting limbs as Toby flopped down beside her and hauled the skinny fish-woman up onto his chest. Mel giggled and wriggled her body against his as she spread her legs around the girth of his torso. She pulled his head from the cushion below it and drifted teasingly down over his lips lingering for no more than a second. "Careful, hero. After having a dragon, I don't know if you'll cut it anymore."

She bounced as he chuckled at her jab, grinning past her lips. "I guess you'll just have to give me a chance and see, won't you?"

Mel bent more and more down toward his chest, her hands tightly gripping his shoulders before sliding down to begin to fumble at the buttons of his shirt. "Damn." she grumbled, "You got me there. I guess you better just get started, before she gets hungry again and keeps us here all night."

"Hmm..." Emma purred as she levered herself up on an elbow, "It might already be too late for that. I'm a growing girl, you know." She sat up and watched with an intrigued eye as Mel, with decreasing dexterity, pulled Toby's shirt open to bare the rigid outlines of his alluringly muscled torso. The horse morph had a build much like that of the shark that straddled him. He was thin and wiry, and was likely only stronger than the woman who had mounted him by virtue of his larger frame, but his sleek, black fur clung to his taut muscle in an entirely eye-pleasing manner. Taking up both halves of his shirt, Mel jerked it open to slap her hands down on his chest, snaking one behind his neck to pull him more forcefully into her mouth and using the other to firmly grope the muscle beneath her.

Not bothering to hide the lascivious grin stretched over her snout, she rose to her knees and slid closer to the pair that was growing increasingly entangled before her. Toby must have been as excited as Mel was; it usually took much more coercing to get the equine's clothes off. Though, with how the shark's compact backside was pinning down most of Toby's shirt, it was becoming a difficulty. Licking her thin, draconic lips, she pressed herself into the smaller woman's side and snaked a hand between her partners to aid in the removal of the obstructing fabric that blocked her view of most of the horse morph's unrepentantly robust frame. She fiddled gracelessly with buttons and pulled the shirt more and more open, taking the time as she idly worked to trail her claws over the insides of Mel's thighs and making the shark quiver with anticipation.

Toby's well-worked digits interfered with her own when they slid back to cup around the shark's slim hips and drag her slight form forward across his chest. Humming happily at the banquet on display before him, he shamelessly pushed his muzzle between Mel's legs as soon as his goal came into range. Emma watched as the slender willowy woman tensed as flesh met flesh, and she pushed herself higher on her knees to loom over her piscine partner. Her breasts pressed into Mel's back and brushed along the backward-curving fin that graced her marine

features. The dusky buds that capped their inviting swells rasped over intriguingly textured sharkskin, and she couldn't help but release a possessive hiss into a tapered ear. "You take care of this end. I'll just... get him ready."

Her fishy lover's head rolled back to let out a longing moan as she boldly bucked her hips forward into Toby's accepting face. The dragoness just chortled and let her partners work against one another as they would, instead turning her attention back and down. The equine's pants were form-fitting enough to permit as much flexibility as the horse could possess, and the cloth at their crotch was clearly tented over what was pulsing in an unceasing rise. One taloned hand fussed with the thick leather belt that was secured around a tight, muscled waist, and as it worked, she lingered the fingers of her other over the impressive bulge that waited for her.

She wiggled until she was nestled between Toby's legs, bent over that enticingly burdened crotch. As far as horses went, her partner was far from the most hung, but he was still a horse, and put to shame many others with what lurked between his powerful thighs. She breathed wordless whispers as her claws snagged at sturdy fabric and pulled it down over his hips, and he eagerly flopped free as she bared his loins to her roving eyes. The girth of a thick, sable horsecock rose to meet her excited fingers, and she wrapped it up in worshipful digits to give it a longing stroke as it pulsed in her hands. Toby quivered and grunted, both at her deft ministrations and Mel's increasingly violent humping of his mouth, but his desire was far from stifled, if the rapidly stiffening column of scalding flesh in her palms was any indication.

She practically drooled over its swelling bulk, and only when what had to be twenty inches of steely, flared horseflesh sat in her languidly pumping hands did she indulge herself. The scent of his need, the strength of his nearly bestial musk coupled with the shark's very obvious aromatic excitement, buzzed in Emma's skull in what was no less than a furiously erotic manner. Her teeth parted in a hungry grin as she bent forward and let a length of her coal-colored tongue slither from her mouth to trail along a throbbing contour beneath her.

Toby's thighs quivered beneath her bracing hand as she tasted of his pulsing masculinity, and she purred for patience. His hands were full with what was currently using his face as a living sex toy, and she wordlessly promised to be a little more gentle, if only a little. She worked for a few heartbeats to get his pants the rest of the way down his legs so he could idly kick them off in a show of surprising self-awareness, but it wouldn't have done for anything to even have a chance at getting between her and the object of her very directed attentions. The hue of his adamant flesh nearly matched the fur of his taut sac, and the pitch-black feast that trembled against her scaled hands seemed desperate for a little more of her attentions.

She was only too eager to provide. She took the broad, flattened crown of the monumental manhood rising up toward her up in her lips, cautiously engulfing its first few inches in her savage maw and carefully avoiding putting her razored teeth to its taut flesh. He moaned audibly over Mel's frantic gasps, and she took it as slowly as the shark took it hard and fast. It rested there within her mouth, throbbing fitfully against her palate, and her tongue twined around it, sliding slickly up and over every square inch as it savored each bloated line. Her hands slid downward, wrapping around its base and squeezing playfully, feeling it distend excitedly in her fingers as she dragged them lustfully up its ample length. An influx of heated blood made it flare thicker in her mouth, and she hummed enthusiastically at its scalding girth.

She toyed with his thick glans with her tongue as she slowly, casually pleased its veined shaft with eager fingers. She lavished her attentions over it, occasionally sliding downward and giving his heavy pouch a few gentle squeezes, goading his firm, rotund gonads into production with mumbled pleas. He moved his hips in time with the gentle suction she gave

him, and she let her head bob up and down as she followed his movements. Mel's tail, squirming spastically through the air in her euphoria, slapped heavily against the cobbled muscle of Toby's abdomen, and the shark's very vocal pleasure grew louder and less coherent as time went on.

Toby jerked when the piscine woman riding his face like an unruly mustang came wetly and explosively. Mel threw her head back and howled her release while doing her absolute best to cram the horse's muzzle into her gushing womanhood, and Emma just giggled and rocked her head with the twitching of the equine's hips. Rather than slow down, the height of her orgasmic relief only seemed to excite the frenzied piscine further, and Mel went back to viciously humping Toby's head with even more gusto than before even as her lean muscle twitched sporadically under her tight skin.

It was quite the show, and Emma delighted in it as she forced more and more thick horsemeat between her lips. She pushed him tantalizingly against the back of her throat, and prodded forward as if to threaten herself with penetration, but rather than shove forward, she slid back, slurping lewdly over each inch as she went. All the while, the dragoness's hands squeezed and pistoned with growing ardor along the span of the beautiful maleness that yearned for her with increasingly dire pulses against her tongue. She let the traitorous moan escape her lips, and a hand slipped away from the object of her need for only as much time as it took to caress her sizable chest and tweak a fleshy nipple between giddy fingers. The sounds Mel was making, coupled with the very obvious pleasure of the wonderful man attached to the tool in her mouth, proved to be what she needed, and her own vocal excitement blossomed in her chest, roiling and primally violent.

Her head moved to the beat of the pounding of Toby's prideful cock against the roof of her mouth, slipping up and down while she moved with growing energy. She watched the corded muscle lining his body tighten in ominous strain, and a hand fell to cradle the pleasant weight of his swollen testes as they drew up against his loins in preparatory tension. A strained, half-gurgled grunt is all the warning she received before the rock-hard flesh in her mouth flared hugely in utterly orgasmic bliss. Trembling urgently, the equine slapped his hands down more firmly on the exercise-hardened curves of Mel's perky ass and pulled her with strength the shark couldn't have hoped to possess into his mouth, in the process digging into her with gusto she hadn't expected.

As one, her entangled partners found their release. Mel's rapturous outcry filled the shark's slim chest a moment before it drowned out the equine's more reserved groan. Emma received the fruits of her labors as a furious deluge of heady seed that filled her mouth and rounded out her cheeks before she knew what she could do with it. Stifling an ecstatic giggle, she pulled herself free of the rod of geysering flesh, letting the intoxicatingly-scented, fluid spill messily out of her mouth between her teeth and down her chin to splatter over her chest, where a hand rubbed it casually into her curves while the other, still pumping furiously along that heaving length, angled Toby's cock back up the length of his body. Letting such potency go to waste on her impregnable scales was deliciously decadent, and she jerked her hand up and down as she sprayed the horse's immense virility over the trim lines of the shark's back, hosing Mel down with an almost maniacal laugh.

Biting her lip as she convulsed, Mel held on to her equine lover with a hand that was bent by her ecstasy into a jagged claw while the other mangled her petite bust in shaking fingers. Emma couldn't resist. Before Toby was done splattering his spent lust across the shark's shoulder blades, the dragoness shifted enough to crawl forward with a shamelessly predatory cast to her eyes. Her thighs parted around Toby's waist, and the equine shifted his hips to allow his

delicious, trembling manhood to slide against her scaly crotch. She rocked her body enough to drag his length through the cleft between her legs, giving them both a little extra stimulation as he leaked the last of his pulsing release over the fur of his stomach, staining his dark fur a pearlescent white.

Emma ignored it, instead letting her hefty breasts compress into Mel's back, slicked skin meeting her scales long enough for her to say in a low hiss, "My turn, skinny. Come here."

"F-fuck..." Mel answered deliriously, turning her head enough to let Emma pull her into a slow, continuous kiss. Toby continued his work on the shark's loins while he throbbed between the dragon's legs, content to lay and accept what was to come, which suited her just fine. The shark moaned hotly at the remnants of Toby's release that lingered on her lips and tongue, and they spent a moment trading sensations and pawing at one another's body. Surreptitiously, Emma snaked an arm around Mel's waist, and with the effort of lifting a downy pillow, she hauled her piscine lover off her equine mount and tossed her lightly to an unoccupied stretch of her mattress. The muscle of her legs then bunched as she leapt off of Toby's body and landed, wings outstretched, atop the lither woman's compact frame.

She rolled Mel onto her back with her fin propping her up enough to let them kiss again, more quickly, and she quickly bore down with enough of her weight to make her desires known. The shark gasped and clawed at her back as she transitioned her lips downward to a willowy throat and nibbled greedily at the contours of strained tendons, all the while making sure to raise her tail invitingly and presenting her luscious posterior to the far-from-neglected horse behind her.

As Toby recovered and crawled toward her, she sighed excitedly as he pressed slimy lips to the upraised curve of her well-rounded rump. "You're going to feel it." she growled into Mel's exposed, helpless neck. "He's going to open me up, and you're going to feel it, all that explosive release. You're both mine, as much as I'm yours, and I'm going to make you mine, mark you as mine, over and over, until anyone coming within a mile of you will be able to smell me on your skin!"

As Mel whined and stared, unseeing, through blissed-out eyes up at her and Toby slowly, teasingly dipped lower and lower over the swell of her muscular ass, she cooed and wiggled her shapely body, aimlessly stroking the form beneath her dominance with greater and greater pressure. Her hand trailed lower, and a single finger boldly dove into the well-lubricated passage that rested impatiently between powerful, lissome legs. The shark tensed and whimpered wordlessly, and she eagerly slathered her saliva across the taut contours of her lover's throat as her wings stirred the air in the room with idle flaps.

Toby's strong, courageous hands slipped between her own thighs, tenderly caressing where she was most sensitive as his lips favored the base of her tail. He rubbed and stroked with flawless, practiced precision, gradually stimulating her and stoking the fire that had ignited within her thundering heart and boiling blood. Her body grew taut, pressurized from within, and her voice grew low and hoarse with the cataclysmic depth of her need for not just release, but immediate and volcanically explosive release. "Are you ready for it?" she grunted through the strain in her throat, "I'm going to open for you. Are you ready? Tell me you're ready, that you want it."

"Shut up and do it, you scaly bitch!" Mel croaked in what likely would have been a scream had Emma not chosen that moment to jerk another finger up into the depths of her piscine lover.

A dull, whitish spark arced between her nostrils as she huffed and opened her mouth, letting her teeth rest and scrape lovingly over the delicate flesh of Mel's neck. The tips of her threatening fangs caught here and there on rough, tough skin, making the shark clutch desperately at her back and beg with even less politeness for what she seemed to be withholding from the pair of Lancers that groped wildly at her flawless body. Toby was inching his lips further downward and inward, and she arched her back nearly to the point of discomfort to posture for him, her tail coiled into a tight spiral between her shuffling wings. Something boilingly hot and utterly rigid slid between her spread thighs, and she pushed her legs together to give her statuesque partner's proudly impressive tool a little more friction as its owner ground it up against her and pushed his hips against the outward curve of her callipygian behind.

Emma withheld herself for a short moment, long enough for a few aimlessly excited arcs of energy to crackle over the struts of her wings. "He's so hard already." she growled into Mel's collarbone as she shifted her teeth downward, "We must be quite the sight, skinny. Why don't you give him something to listen to while he fucks me senseless? You always had a better voice than me..."

In answer, as Toby slowly humped the gap between her powerful thighs, pushing the girth of his thick, bestial cock against her loins and stomach in teasingly slow thrusts, the shark convulsed against her. Mel's lean frame went rigid, and she bent forward on herself to bite down on the hard curve of the muscle of Emma's shoulder. The sound that escaped her throat as she came hard beneath the dragon's overwhelmingly strong body sounded like a mixture of a protracted, burbling moan and vehement sobbing as she bucked with stiff, clumsy violence her compact hips into the pair of claws that plunged boldly into her abused womanhood.

She could feel it like a chain reaction through the connection she shared with the pair of Lancers she called partners. She felt Mel's tight walls rippling along her nimble digits, and she felt Toby's girthy tool pulse against her. She could feel the lusty wetness drooling from its flared head just as she could feel the gush of liquid pleasure that practically squirted over her busied fingers as the shark groaned and whimpered into her shoulder. It was all far more than enough for her, and she released the silent restraint that she had been holding over herself.

Her teeth snapped together an inch from Mel's willowy throat, and the sharp grunt that forced its way up past her tense diaphragm brought with it a strangled, euphoric cry. The hidden slit that lurked between her legs was pulled open with the flexing of delicate muscles, and for a split-second, she bloomed with graceful slowness, like a prairie rose welcoming dawn's first light. The dainty motion was put to the sword by what emerged from the intersection of her legs, however, for it was far too impatient to wait for what was trapped beneath her. Like an arrow from a drawn bow, the turgid length of her sable-skinned, elephantine member poured from her loins to joins its brother in the suddenly cramped space available to it. As it emerged, most unshyly, it bent Toby's own maleness downward under the weight of its mass, and she rocked her hips with the euphoric, pulsing sensations of freedom that washed over her scales.

As she finished blossoming, the folds of her much less forward of her endowments engorging with blood much as her trembling, ridged cock did, her voice fell into the depths of her well-endowed chest and rumbled in an enthusiastic growl. Toby continued his idle thrusting against her, but now his abruptly undersized manhood stroked the length of Emma's far more impressive maleness. She throbbed nearly explosively, and she gleefully fondled the body of the shark trapped beneath her strength while using a pair of fingers to casually extend Mel's orgasm into a series of hoarse, guttural outcries that did as much to feed the slowly ballooning girth of her pulsating cock as attentions of the equine behind her.

When she was done preparing herself, she had at least half a foot on the equine shaft that couldn't hope to pleasure its entire length, and while her length tapered slightly toward its tip, she had more in girth save for the very terminus of her tremendous, aching cock. Sensing her readiness through the sounds rattling constantly in her throat as much as through the way she pressed her ample ass back against him, rubbing and grinding with increasing energy, Toby pulled back, dragging his luscious manhood down the length of her own. She wiggled ecstatically as strong hands took hold of her flared hips, and she whined desperately when she felt his huge flare press between the lips of her not-quite-delicate pussy.

Emma trembled as he prodded slowly against her, mingling their fluids, and she did a little maneuvering of her own. She let the onyx obelisk standing from her loins droop under its unstoppable weight, and she slipped her fingers from Mel's grasping tunnel with a wet squelch to use the shark's own lust to lubricate the underside of her hulking member. She parted her partner's feminine folds with the immense girth of her furiously demanding cock, and as she rocked back and forth to the rhythm of Toby's increasingly insistent testing of her waters, she ground her scalding flesh against that of her piscine lover. "Toby..." she mewled in a drawn-out whimper. Her tail slapped heavily against his chest and coiled around his waist to pull him frantically into her with strength that he was only barely able to resist. "Stop teasing me..." She felt like she was going to explode. Her whole body throbbed in time with the waves of euphoria that cascaded down her spine, and she pushed back as far as she could go, arching her back and pressing down and back, putting herself into as much contact as she could manage with both her devoted lovers.

Finally, when she was left breathlessly growling in no uncertain terms what she was going to do if something wasn't put inside her in the next few seconds, Toby succumbed to the inviting heat that pulsed from her loins over his broad crown and soaked him in her lustful juices. Steadying his hands on her hips where they tapered into her robustly muscled midriff, the big equine bucked forward with sudden, surprising vigor. Emma found herself easily parted and immediately filled with every inch of his burning shaft as he buried himself into her to his very root. Toby grunted a coarse oath under his breath, something about her inhuman tightness enveloping him, trying to pull him deeper as each muscle that lined her slick passage forcefully caressed his rock-hard flesh. She could only quiver and bugle a string of musical, incoherent words as she nearly collapsed atop the piscine woman squirming orgasmically beneath her, her arms shaking ominously.

He stayed there for a time, grinding against her again and again as he stirred her innards with twenty inches of stunning rigidity, and she reciprocated each motion, letting it roll through her hips as she savored his steely cock with each fold of her clenching passage and languorously pumped her own tremendous endowment along Mel's quivering entrance. Her claws trailed along the shark's skin, lusting over each trimly-muscled contour and moaning like a shameless whore who had been spitted on something glorious. Toby's hands grasped her firmly, and she felt her own body fighting his efforts to slide himself free. She was betrayed by her own copious lubrication, however, and it was with only a slight amount of strain that he bared nearly a third of his glistening, midnight shaft just to push back in until the fur of his hips met with her scaly, bronze rump.

A few idle sparks danced over her back as her own excitement spiked alongside the overwhelming sensations of jagged euphoria that tore through her mind. Her voice was coarse with raw, overpowering need, and her hands latched onto whatever they could, finding Mel's modest breasts and mauling them with only the most doting of attentions. With each impact of

Toby's loins with her upturned ass, she jerked forward, grinding her enormous, girthy cock down against the fluttering gash that the shark humped numbly up into her. Her wings spread to span nearly the breadth of the room, and with each powerful thrust up into her spasming tunnel, she felt her frame quake with unleashed ardor. It took only moments for Toby to build himself into a hard, fast rhythm, and her tail, which was still coiled around his waist, added impetus to his brutal rutting.

The insides of her thighs were slicked with a mingling of her own steamy fluids and the thick, musky pre that she could feel Toby pulsing into her in increasing amounts. It was enough to allow the horse morph to ignore her textured tunnel and buck with vicious ferocity into her sturdy form. She could feel their entwined lusts dripping down her legs, and it was reciprocated by the trickle of viscous juices that her own quivering, monumental dragonhood spilled out over Mel's chest as she humped into her with frenetic fervor. The shark's hands snapped to her back and clawed at her scales with sharpened nails, and she let the smaller woman's tangible orgasm feed her pleasure. Through the tongue she was using to slather her saliva over the taut lines of Mel's throat, she felt each strained grunt that escaped her lover's chest. Through the twitching hands that tightly groped the bulk of her shoulders or her powerfully-muscled arms, she felt the blissful quaking of her partner's reality as bright, tear-filled eyes stared as if in shock up at her.

Her walls milked what was rapidly pistoned into them with delirious insistence, and with each strained push into her feminine depths, her voice lowered in pitch, until she sounded like some animal in heat. It felt good. It felt right. She urged it on, feeling her onrushing release, seeing it with stunning clarity even as she closed her eyes and nearly collapsed onto Mel's chest under the weight of her rapture. The shark could no longer scream, only groan and thrash in her arms, held into the plush mass of her chest with inhuman strength and cradled there as they were both ridden into the ground.

It approached, and it was practically foretold by the quickening flickering of whitish-violet sparks that snapped between her scales with increasing insistence. She cried out sharply, viciously pleased when Toby grunted hoarsely and began to spew his seed into her depths. He flared hugely within her, his tremendous head scraping over each inch of her seemingly bottomless passage as his big, heavy balls did their best to fill her absolutely. She cried out for more in what was very much a strained roar, and though Toby's spastic muscles betrayed him, her tail picked up the slack, and she forced him in and out of her despite how he nearly fell over atop her back. He wrapped hands around her waist, holding her tightly and humping her with every ounce of force his overstrained body could muster.

It was enough, and when her walls abruptly seized up and clamped down on him, she arched her back, threw out her head and roared in the midst of her ecstasy. She came with explosive force, and Toby audibly whined as her fluttering walls locked around him, trapping him within her and rippling along his entire length with rhythmic pulsations, milking him of every drop he had to give her as he shuddered and spurted his essence into her deceptively spacious womanhood. Mel received no less. Her huge cock surged tremendously a split second before she could begin to empty herself into the space between their entangled bodies.

Wailing in her relief, she jetted her thick, pearlescent seed over Mel's body, glazing her again and again and soaking her own stomach with the sheer volume of the scalding jizz she could output. Humping to an irregular beat, she milked and was milked in turn as, in a display of awareness that seemed to be beyond either Mel or Toby, the shark shot both hands between them to wrap thin fingers as far around her heaving cock as they would go and vigorously pump along her impossible length.

She rewarded her lover's efforts with an even more forceful soaking. She came and came seemingly without end, so much so that when the flow from her overburdened loins began to dwindle, she didn't believe it. She felt filled and fulfilled, and when the geyser that was her ridged masculinity fell to a simple stream and the arcs of energy that flickered over her scaly hide dissipated, she let herself slump down atop her piscine partner. Toby had long since finished, but he was held, trapped, within her as she continued to ripple and suck hungrily on his flagging manhood, refusing to let go. Releasing him with her tail, she leaned forward and pushed him gently backward, and with a long, lewd squelch, she pulled him from her loins to droop down over his own emptied sac.

He swayed for a moment before he simply fell forward alongside the shark, off of whom Emma carefully lifted herself. She was beginning to soften, and she only added a thin drizzle to the ocean of cum that glazed the shark's entire body from waist to throat. It dripped from Mel's frame and soaked into her mattress, and her little lover stared blankly up at her, in shock from which she was slowly, *slowly* recovering. Shakily, Toby leaned in and kissed the shark, and Emma grinned and sighed as she pulled her sagging equipment into her body, sealing them away for the next time. Shaking the haze of lust from her head, she rose to tower over her partners and stretched her arms up and her wings out, flexing her well-used strength. The other two just lay there, dazed by the violence that had been shown them.

Emma, on the other hand, felt revitalized and energetic, despite the welcome warmth that sat in her gut, a reminder of the gift she had been given. "You two just relax and rest." she muttered down at them as she casually scorched her leavings off of her scales with a quick pulse of energy.

Mel blinked slowly and looked up in awe at her. "Why... Why didn't you change like before?"

She shrugged in answer. "Beats me. That part of me must be tired. I sure as hells know I'm suddenly starving. I'm going to go grab a bite or four and then maybe go for a fly around the city. Considering how much of a meal Flora had a few hours ago, I'm sure she'd be willing to help you clean up, if you want."

She turned with a wink at the plant sitting on her desk, knowing full well that Mel and Toby were far from done with each other. As she bounced giddily on the balls of her taloned feet over to the door, she heard wet rustling behind her, and before she shut it as she sauntered out of her room, she heard Mel growling, "Don't even think about it, big boy. Now it's mine turn, and I want *two*."

Emma laughed all the way down the hall.