

Deep jungle under star and moon light. That moon is full and low in the sky. Two figures making their way through trackless forest. The one in front wears no shoes, torn jeans, and a black t-shirt over her scaled form. Flat chest, generous hips, a curvy butt beneath the tight jeans. Draconic features and the occasional burst of flame to light the way reveal her nature. Dark brown scales, teal lips and palms. A long fall of black hair, and a smug look.

The times she pauses to pose and look impatiently to the figure behind her reveal her character.

Her dark scales flare now and then. Fire banked just under them waiting to flow out of the grate in the furnace of self. In these lighted moments, a sliver of her silver companion can be seen, but nothing more beneath the eaves of the forest. Any watching position would be from above, a moon's eye view seeing silver on dark scales, and then-

The dragon woman extended her claws, and lashed the branches out of the way. The ram-like horns on her head, sign of some old demonic blood, battered a few more into submission.

They fell severed and clean as claws retracted to show deft small fingers.

"Come on, it's just up ahead!", her voice a bit more sultry than her impatient movements suggest.

"If you came here before, why did you not 'blaze' a trail?" This voice is exactly like its bearer. Upright and practical and dignified and sharp and slightly accented.

"I did! It grew back in one night."

"Nonsense. Did you burn it with magic too?"

"Yep." A glimmer of fire in the dragon's nostrils as her companion came into view. Silver light on silver fur, a tall fox with her glasses carefully pushed high on her nose. Cheek fur slicked back with moisture from the jungle vines, eyes shining black, posture perfect. Unlike the dragon, she has truly massive breasts beneath a silk blouse and sensible black pea coat. She dodged the shrapnel from sliced branches while her partner forged on.

Ms. Spruce's vision was much better in the dark, but she didn't know the way to whatever 'amazing shit' Andi had found. So, the scaly woman led the way under an arch of branches sliced into place...

To the steps of a vast stone temple. Pools of water casting silver reflections back, working fountains, polished steps with inscribed symbols. A hundred steps to a terrace with an even bigger pool, ringed by archways... each surmounted by a carving of one of the phases of the moon, just visible from here on the ground.

"Andi" strides forward and plonks a scaled foot down on the lowest step with a slap and a scrape. She etches the stone, a sound like fingernails on a giant blackboard. Dust and chips of stone fly off to the sides.

"I scratched it last time, too." The dragon's look sticks out its tongue in every sense but the literal, and is accompanied by a wiggle of her best asset. "Self repair. Plus, look! See? Magic!"

Andi extends her arms to the side in her best game show host gesture. The dragon is pointing at what,

to Spruce, seems to be thin air.

“You can’t see magic without lenses,” the fox insists, adjusting her large glasses to find... Andi’s arms are exactly under a cloud of released magic, apparently stirred up when the dragon damaged the temple. It is barely perceptible, but the magic is grabbing the bits of discarded stone and slowly fountaining it into place like a drill in reverse: forming the original shape of the step which...

Is outlined in green-blue restorative magic. Andi caresses the cloud appreciatively, petting magic itself.

“Gloater, braggart, same as always. Anyway, maybe they knew someone would scratch the first step. That is a waste of a powerful charm otherw-” Spruce lowers the glasses so they sit comfortably on her nose instead of pressed tight to her eyes like goggles. The vision of magic vanishes from her sight, though Andi keeps petting it.

She returns the lenses to their first position.

The fox holds her eyes closed for several seconds, then re-opens them.

The glow is not isolated to one step. It covers the entire temple, and other colors are there too. White and silver srying magic, the orange of a dimensional shift and... red. Emotional, memory, primal, instinct, sensation.

Andi obviously knows it is there, knew it was there, and didn’t mind.

Ms. Spruce, on the other hand, has paused ten meters away and shows no sign of coming closer. She is rustling in her bag before even speaking out loud after doing a proper scan of the place.

The dragon lacks any kind of jewelry or ornament beyond a few glimmering ‘tattoos’ easily lost in the flaming scales. Spruce on the other hand has produced a small book from a large bag and is holding it, open, in front of her as if it were a shield. A bangle has appeared on her arm, and a silver tag clipped to her ear glows gold. When she speaks her voice is slightly quickened though no less calm.

“Andi, come away from there.”

“Naw, I found it. Its mine.” A pause. “And yours,” the dragon generously allows. “Its not dangerous, Sill.”

“The whole thing is magical, and-”

“You can’t even sense magic without those glasses, I breathe it.”

A deep breath, but from the fox. “The freeway is half a mile from here, correct?”

“That’s right,” the dragon answered.

“We parked at a perfectly reputable fish and chips restaraunt,” Spruce continued.

“Two for two, bae.” An impatient draconic snort, tapping of scaled foot on lowest step, crossed arms. Spruce did not notice, however, scanning the book and coming to a conclusion quickly.

“This isn’t real. Why has no one seen it? Orange means it could be a dimensional crossing, it might vanish with you inside.”

“Orange? Still color coding. Amateurish. Just taste it.”

Good thing Andi has her back to the professor, because the dragon-fanged smile is not at all innocent at that moment.

“Andi! Repeat after me, for the seventh time: you can neither eat nor taste magic or emotions.”

“Bet you a back rub and a scale scrub that you’re wrong. Also that it’ll hold our weight just fine. It was here before us, it’ll be here after us. Even if it is a crossing, this full moon will last another five hours or more and it’s clearly the trigger. Come on.”

The dragon set off up the stairs, stopping every couple steps to look back with puppy drag eyes, going no higher than the tenth. When Spruce shows no sign of approaching, Andi begins walking backwards two steps down at a time. A long provocative stretching movement. The dragon is looking over her shoulder with those pleading eyes.

Her tail lashed, large butt wiggling with each movement. A cant of hips, a bat of eyelashes.

The fox is unmoved.

“You’re on your own. You work in acquisitions, right? What do we pay you for?” Silver Spruce said as she bit her lip and backed a few more steps off from the accusatory dragonbutt.

“Sill! You’ve gotta come. If I find anything cool and they hear it’s just me, they’ll accuse me of stealing it. You’re a professor, you work in the museum, and you’re greedy so you won’t give it up if they try to take it.”

A deep resounding sigh, like the wind through some beautiful cave.

“Why did we hire you for acquisitions again?”

“I’m very persuasive.”

“And you’re the dragon.”

“You’re a librarian, same genus.”

“Brat.”

“We’re wasting moonlight. You’re going to come with me because if I get trapped in another dimension, you know my magic doesn’t work with portals so I’ll be stuck there.”

“Fine.”

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Some time later, the two come into sight at the top of the stairs. They are, by now, holding hands. The fox is slightly in the lead, the dragon trailing with a smug smirk carefully kept out of sight.

There are six archways surrounding the center piece of the temple, each arch bearing the symbol of a lunar phase: crescent to quarter to half to three to full to new. The central point in question is a vast pool of water covering the entire top terrace of the stepped stone temple. The moon is still just beginning to climb the sky. This led Spruce to her first objection.

“The moon is not overhead.”

“Right.”

Each archway has climbing ivy and heavy lilac all over it. Some lavender grows in one of the channels that carry this water down the temple sides into various pools below. All water flows from up here, a pool reflecting the full moon in the sky. Roses in blues and purples not found in nature grow insistently next to stone benches for gazing at the waters.

“That pool shows the moon directly overhead, no angle.”

“Bingo.”

Andi takes one of the roses from the nearest bush and tucks it behind her ear, into her long mane of dark hair.

“It also shows the wrong stars.”

“Hadn’t noticed that bit, Sprucey. Not much for anything above the waist, let alone above the horizon.” Another wiggle of hips, the fox’s paw tugging Andi’s claw to bring her over by the water.

Yes, the fox is still holding the dragon’s hand. Neither objects to, or references, this connection. They proceed together, Andi growing occasionally distracted. She adjusts the rose and inspects her reflection in the pool. This reflection is normal... except the rose glows from within, silver light trying to escape.

“Neat,” the dragon says.

“Quite.”

“Dare ya to drink it?”

The fox, perhaps at odds with her presentation so far, seems to consider this.

“What color is it?” Spruce asks.

“Yes.”

“One sip can’t hurt then,” said the fox, gleam of curiosity overtaking reason and sense.

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A silver storm of heated impressions. Rolling hips and the scent of sex. The moon, overlooking it all. Rutting heated need.

Andi's scaled thighs spread and her butt resting on both of Spruce's paws. So soft against the fox-girl's cheeks. Squeezing her head, but not too strong... tail underneath, wiggling between Spruce's legs and setting her hardened clit ablaze with gentle teasing.

The dragon's juices are hot, and they glow silver as they fall. The matted fur between the fox's legs is likewise dripping mercurial ache.

The white hot flame of desire as bench-to-ground-to-splashing-submersion happened to the two women. This is just something happening to them, lost in memories, a thousand euphoric visions of times others have lost themselves in pleasure. Now, replaying across the erogenous zones of the two explorers, those memories and urges were far too much to exist. Falling together into a heap atop their clothing.

Gradually their two lines of thought connect, collide... spruce works a finger slowly into Andi's rear and the dragon moans in transcendental delight. Eyes silver too now: it is invading them both from the inside out, and the fox's fur had a head start. Drool runs down a long serpent tongue and into a pool on the ground. The professor's drool lands on her associate's back instead, as she ruts her pussy against one of Andi's soft-scaled legs.

The dragon moans as if she were being penetrated. The mere thought of another deriving pleasure from her body is the highest aspiration. She moves in a flexible hovering vault, suddenly wrapping both her legs around Spruce and pressing her hot soaked scaled slit against the fox's furred snatch. Their clits occasionally collide and the two let out mingled animal noises of comfort, pleasure, confusion. Words are unavailable just now.

Andi's scales are already soft and delicate enough for this maneuver to be safe even under normal circumstances, but tonight the two glide together like silk. Might have something to do with the extreme lubrication pouring from between their legs. Out of their mouths. Slicking their fur.

Aching desperation paints them both silver, the full moon watches: probably approvingly. Claw marks down both backs, somehow through the scales, through the shirt. Clothing dishevelled, fur displaced, a tail down low in submission, another lashing in a dominant ache. That liquid they drank makes each of them an agency, participant in a passion play from the moon searching.

Their whole bodies, entire minds, all of them is laid bare before the searching magical presence which exerts itself in the temple. The movement of the moon, moving the water in them, inducing liquid to flow. The tide of each woman has come crashing thunderously to shore. A reversal, the ebb and flow of orgasmic contraction. Spurting, mingling of fluids, aching eye rolling and a silver glow in one pair of eyes, dark purple in the other.

Power deep inside set free, and bodies moaning. Voices high in the forest, startling then shaming some young couple whose mere moaning fumbles could not compare to the divinely explicit begging on top of the temple.

Never stop, continue...

And in some time bubble, they still are. Some sealed universe of mating and coupling and shivering which only sends its sensations to them in deep dreams, reverent fantasies, moments of isolation from the rest of the world. One blushes embarrassed, the other hugs herself and shivers, neither really mentions it... much, yet.

After all, from their perspective they are still on the temple roof, not locked in its magical dimension, fucking, rutting, losing themselves to sapphic lust. In their mundane world they are...

Waking up, fully clothed, slightly sweated, many feet apart - Silver Spruce and Aine Duana turned to one another with similar expressions. "So something happened there."

"Some sort of shamanic vision, obviously. A glimpse of a higher power?"

"I think it was magic porn, Sill."

"Fertility rituals, maybe, I mean, look at these markings I've found on the floor... bodies twined, obviously mating."

"A lot of these have two sets of the same genitalia, hon. This isn't a fertility temple, it's some kind of fuck palace. Also your color changed."

"Thought you didn't believe in colors."

"I believe in them, I just think they don't tell the whole story. Hell, we smell like sex."

"We walked a long way through the forest."

"No way that made you sweat, I've seen you bench press a car."

"That was magic."

"They'll never block you in again."

"Andi, focus! What were you saying about our auras?"

"Take a look."

An adjustment of glasses. Underlying the natural white-orange of Spruce's chosen fields of study... red, hot and burning.

"What does it mean?"

"Well, mine too, look." Andi added impatiently.

The color there was purple-blue, the magic of creation, transportation. Not interdimensional, but local.

"Why did I drink it?"

“This place does something to memories. It did something different to each of us, Sill. We were gonna drink it the second I brought you here, probably.”

“What now?” the fox asked, confused, scared, excited, curious.

“Well the whole place woke up a bit. I don’t think anyone else is getting in here. We’ll have to do research, I can feel the temple watching us, the moon watching us... So, time for a game.”

“Hmm?”

“We’ll reconvene at the fish and chips place in a month. Let’s figure out what we can do, and go about things normally. I’ve got a cave the university wants me checking out. You’ve got classes.”

“Okay... only one problem then.”

“Yeah?”

“Where are my underwear?”

“I kept them.”

“When?”

“About when you pinned me over the fountain and...”

“Right let’s head home.”

Denial is a fox’s best friend.

END OF PART ONE