

Surrogate

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Version 1.0.0

Dragon's Surrogate

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Humming to herself, Kila stretched out in the overstuffed chair, her slender legs hanging over one armrest while her head nestled in the comfortable nook between the other rest and the broad back of the recliner. Half resting on her stomach, a heavy leather tomb dominated her vision; it was entitled “Advanced Theoretical Alterations of Physical Forms in Crisis Situations.”

It was a very heavy book with fine print.

Kila’s eyes drifted over to a large stained-glass window. The silent scene of her teacher assisting a pair of dragons against a group of warriors in black plate armor. A small smile drifted over her lips as she thought of her mentor telling the story in her broken voice. Her thoughts slowly shifted from her mentor to her mentor’s guest, Alixter. A flush grew on her cheeks as warm memories of Alixter’s naked body against her own grew. It was only last night, for the first time, but there was something in Alixter that attracted her ever since Kila first met her eight winters before. The presence, the power, and even the sensuality that Alixter possessed all brought a smile to Kila’s lips.

Realizing her mind was drifting, she brought her eyes back to the book and stared at the tiny, crawling words on the page. Her legs crossed slightly as she nestled deeper into the chair. Trailing down the page, she tried to find her stopping place. Not finding it, she started at the top of the page only to lose her place after the third paragraph.

After reading the same page three times, she finally gave up on the book and closed it gently. Setting it down on a small table next

to the chair, she cuddled against the chair and closed her eyes. The thick fog of sleep slowly brushed up against her.

Unfocused on her book, her thoughts drifted to the previous night and a smile grew on her face. A warm tingle drifted down her spine as she rubbed her legs together slowly. A soft moan escaped her throat as one hand trailed down, stroking along her slender body to the juncture of her legs. The damp heat of her sex greeted her as she pressed two fingers against the cloth-covered slit. Her body warmed underneath her touch as she rubbed lightly, teasing her senses with growing pleasure.

Her need growing more frantic, she slid her other hand down her stomach, pushing her fingers underneath her shorts to move against her bare skin. A soft gasp of pleasure escaped her as her fingers found the slick cleft to her sex.

Kila's fingers barely brushed against the bump of her pleasure when a sharp slash of pain slammed into her. Her shriek echoed against the book-lined walls for a moment before she scrambled to her feet. Motes of blackness gathered around her like fireflies as she drew power from the universe around her. Hundreds of tiny sparks of black energy curled around her hand as her eyes probed the tiny room from the source of her pain, but the pain quickly faded, leaving only a sense of unease.

From elsewhere in the tower, she heard a door slam shut. The black motes of energy continued to swirl around her as she padded quickly over to the door and cracked it open. The rapid sound of someone running up the stairs cautioned her, but it was only her mentor, Rilear, as she ran into sight. Kila gasped as she saw the mage's robe covered in blood, but the look of horror in Rilear's eyes sent a bolt of fear down her spine.

The old woman skidded to a halt before her, her white hair frizzled at the end. A haunted look filled the dark brown eyes as she stared at her apprentice for a moment, "Kila, Alixter was hurt."

Ice-cold fear dripped into Kila's lungs as she felt the world spinning around her. The motes of black energy winked out in an instant as Kila grabbed the door frame; the world continued to swirl around her and she felt her breath tight in her chest.

"No... not Alix. Not here. Not now."

The old woman's eyes shifted from horror to sadness as she sighed, "I'm sorry, but she was greatly hurt. Please bring the healing supplies to the work room, I'm going to bring her back there."

Kila felt tears in her eyes and bowed her head. Her teacher reached out with one hand and placed it on her shoulder. Kila looked up, her body trembling slightly, into the brown eyes of her mistress and teacher for ten years. The old woman tried to smile, but the sadness continued to grow in her gaze.

"Please, grieve later, try to save her today."

"Yes, mistress."

The brown eyes warmed and the barest of smiles crossed Rilear's face. Kila wiped away a stray tear and pushed herself off the door. Her padded feet slapped against the cool stone surface as she ran down the stairs toward the supplies.

Minutes later, she slammed her way into the work room and skidded to a halt. The basket with healing supplies clattered the floor as she gasped in shock. The normally empty stone room was dominated by the massive body of a black dragon who reached from wall to wall. About fifteen meters in length, the entire sinuous body was the color of the deepest night. Two wings, almost twice the size of the black body they were folded tightly against; each one was black on the outer side and a brilliant mixture of blue and pink underneath, the only color on the dark body.

"Alixter..."

Kila's voice was almost a whimper as she stumbled forward to the immense body. Her arms wrapped around the creature's neck, holding it right below the ridge of the head. As she finished falling to the ground, the warm smell of her friend, her lover, swirled around her; it reminded her of flowers in the morning, of the clear dampness of a spring dawn. Tears formed in her eyes as she held tighter, not wanting to let go.

The dragon sighed and lifted its head slightly, a rose quartz eye looking back at her. Like all dragons, Alixter had no pupils, just a single color eye, like a crystal. A powerful, feminine thought pushed its way into her mind, the familiar mental communication that Alixter always spoke in, but there was a strained effort to the voice.

Fear not, little one. I knew this would happen long before I met you.

Kila lifted her head slightly, a frown on her face, "You knew this would happen?"

The quartz eyes glittered as a wave of tired amusement washed over Kila, Midnight grants all his children the knowledge of their death.

It took her a few seconds to realize that Alixter was referring about the two immortal powers she called her grandfather and grandmother, Midnight and Dawn respectively. She gained her powers, abilities, and temperament from those two entities, which also defined her species of dragon, Midnight Dawn.

"What did Dawn give you?"

Another flash of amusement, Acceptance of my end without fear.

Sorrow grew inside Kila and she buried her head against the warm black scales of the dragon's neck, "But, why are you going to die?"

The faintest flicker of amusement. Because that's what happens. But, regardless, the ratilur's attack was simple to heal, but it's curse still attacked my core energies.

Hope and denial vibrated in Kila's voice, "But shouldn't you be immune to it? Aren't dragons immune to curse magic like that?"

The dragon shook its head, Not this time. I could fight it, but then I would lose my unborn children; without being in their eggs, they are more vulnerable than me. And I would rather die that lose them to such foul magics. So... I did.

Tears burned in her eyes, "Can't we fight it?"

No, not this time. It has already began the process, I'm just living on spare energy at this point.

"How... how much time?"

Until morning.

A tear rolled down Kila's cheek, "Why so little time? We just... last night..."

The dragon's head rested against Kila's shoulder, I'm sorry, little one. I didn't know last night would happen before. You can't plan everything.

A second tear rolled down her cheek, "But... what about us?"

Sorrow vibrated in the mental voice, I'm sorry.

"And your children?"

The sorrow deepened in her mind, I cannot save them further.

Kila sobbed and hugged the dragon's neck, unable to speak. Behind her, Rilear rested a hand on her arm, then wrapped her hands around Kila's shoulders. Kila leaned back against her mentor, letting tears rolling down her cheek. With a surge of movement, she turned around to hug Rilear tightly. Her mistress said nothing, instead she just held Kila tight until the sobs no longer shook the young woman's body.

Finally, Kila found the energy to sit back. Her hand automatically stroked along the black scales, her fingers stroking along the tiny edges of darkness.

"Mistress, what do we do?"

Rilear's voice cracked for a second before she spoke, "First things first. We need to get her more comfortable and get her fed."

The older woman looked at the immense head of the dragon, "Alix, do you have enough energy to change? It might be easier to work with your human form."

Amusement rippled through their minds. And easier to remove the body.

Kila glared at the dragon, "She didn't mean that!"

Rose quartz eyes glittered, Still the way it is. But, I think I have enough energy to change, with a little help.

Blushing fiercely, Kila gathered up her energy into her hand. Tiny motes of blackness swirled into existence, pooling into a storm cloud of power. At the same time, Alixter's eyes began to darken as swirls of night filled them with energy. Just before the eyes turned completely dark, Kila leaned forward to gently brush the storm clouds against Alixter's snout. A swarm of motes spun out and poured into Alixter's body, filling her eyes with the deepest darkness, windows into the most horrible of nights.

The world held still for a moment, then Alixter began to change. Her wings melted quickly, pouring blue and pink and blue over the body that was shrinking. Claws shook and grew softer, more like hands. The lower claws also melted into black feet, almost perfect in proportions. The scales melted into skin, softer than silk, as the dragon's body slowly became a human's. Alixter's face grew from the dragon's, slight curves with elegant cheekbones. Her hair sprouted out into a cascading wave of morning blue. Her skin never

changed colors from the dead black, but her finger and toenails became pink.

Kila found her eyes trailing to the firm breasts tipped with pink, they were slender like hers but held higher. Without realizing it, she found her hand reaching out to stroke along the body, feeling the sensual softness of the curves as they firmed underneath her touch. Her mouth opened slightly as she looked down, at the tiny patch of blue-gray hair at the juncture of Alixter's legs. With some effort, she looked back up at her lover's face as the crystal eyes drained of blackness, leaving the familiar rose quartz eyes in their place.

Sweat dappled Alixter's face as she sat down on the cool floor. Rilear clicked her tongue and stood up to leave the room, "Don't get comfortable, we need to get you to bed."

Kila scrambled to her feet and helped Alixter back up. Her arm automatically wrapped around the black woman's waist as soon as she stood up. Alixter leaned against her, her body shaking with the effort to stand.

Unlike her dragon form, Alixter had the ability to speak, but this time there was a strained softness to her purred words, "Weaker than I thought I would be."

Saying nothing, Kila helped her walk out of the work room and into the guest room, where Alixter was staying the last few months. The smell of the dragon filled the room, morning dew mixed with night. A large, four-poster bed dominated the room and Kila promptly guided the weak dragon to it. Without resisting, the transformed dragon crawled into the blankets and scooted toward the center; Kila arranged the blankets and kissed her lightly on the lips. Alixter's eyes glittered for a moment, then closed as she fell asleep quickly.

Worried, Kila cast out her senses into her love, feeling the pulse and ebb of magic around her. Her own energy felt comfortable, as did the protection wards in the house. The sweet taste of Alixter's life brushed against her senses and she marveled it until the sour taste of the curse magic crashed into her. Fighting back the tears, she explored the energies, seeing how they tightly knotted with Alixter's life force, slowly draining it like a virus. The sheer complexity of the curse almost overwhelmed her, but she pull back when she felt part of it reaching for it. The last thing she checked

was the hard knot of protection around Alixter's unborn children, six of them. Realizing she could do nothing against the curse, she relaxed her senses and stared at the black dragon sleeping.

Kila watched her for a moment, then left the room quietly. The door shut behind her with a click and she spent a moment leaning against it, trying to understand the storm of emotions that burned inside her. She could feel the growing love and passion for Alixter, that started ever since Kila met her eight years before, but there was also the dark cloud of fear and sorrow growing inside her. Only last night did their passion finally exploded, only last night did she find the words to say to the black dragons and now she was being ripped away from her. Regret at not speaking earlier began to gnaw at her stomach as she leaned her head against the door.

"It happened when it was suppose to, Kila."

Rilear's voice startled her, but she didn't move. Instead, she closed her eyes tightly and felt the tears dripping from her eyelashes. The warmth of her master's body touched against her as the older woman hugged her shoulders. Kila released the door and grabbed Rilear into a fierce embrace, her body shaking with the strain.

"I don't want to lose her, mistress. Not after all this."

A hand stroked her hair as Rilear kissed the top of her head, "I know, but I cannot fight the curse. And I know you can't either, not with your closeness or your skill. You checked just as I did. She opened herself up too much trying to protect her children."

Kila nodded but couldn't find any words. Her knees shook and she started to fall, but Rilear caught her.

"No, not here. Come to the library, we should talk."

Even though she didn't want to, Kila allowed her mentor to guide her to the library and back into her favorite chair. She fought the urge to crawl to the back and go to sleep. She tried to put on a false smile, but it faded as she looked at the sorrow-filled eyes of her master.

"I-I feel useless. There is nothing I can do to save her."

Rilear nodded and Kila noticed a wetness in the brown eyes, "I know. But when a Midnight dragon says they are going, they are going."

Anger flared briefly in Kila as her voice rose, "But why now!? Why does she have to leave me now?"

Sighing unhappily, Rilear looked around the library, "I could say the same for me, but it is not my place to say. Fighting death is not something I care to do, not when my own end is so close."

Kila started to say something, but Rilear shook her head curtly, "Nor will I allow you to make that battle in my house. Do not trade your life for hers, Kila. She's been alive for more years than your mother's grandmother. She had a full life and accepted her death, you have not."

"But, she would..."

"No. Midnight has called her. Let her go to her grandfather in peace, not in violence."

Silence stretched between them as Kila sunk into the chair, a growing anger burning in her eyes. She couldn't not understand why her lover was being torn from her, so soon after she finally found her. Rilear sat in silence for a moment, alternating between watching Kila and staring at her hands.

Just as Kila was about to storm away, her anger at Midnight and Rilear almost to a point, Rilear spoke up softly.

"You might try to save her children."

The anger, almost about to burst at the first sound of her master's voice, snapped as Rilear's word sunk it. Kila lowered herself from the half-standing position she lunged into, her face slack with stunned shock. Rilear's eyes flickered to watch her as she felt a blush growing strongly on her face.

Kila looked down, "Sorry."

"Don't be, dear. Everyone handles death in a different way. That is why Dawn's gift is so powerful, the understanding of that fear. But, I think we could save her children, but it would require a great deal of sacrifice from you to do so."

Hope started to grow inside her, displacing the fading fear, "Really? How!? I'll do it."

Rilear's stern face pushed her back down and she felt the blush growing stronger.

"Don't jump into this. I know you want to help her, but saving her children could destroy your life."

Kila closed her eyes and forced herself to concentrate on the relaxation rituals Rilear taught her. Her heart slowed down and when she opened her eyes, her breathing was normal once again. Rilear nodded in approval and waited until Kila looked at her. The old woman wrung her hands together before speaking.

“I was thinking. With your focus on shapeshifting, even though you don’t transform into a dragon, you might be able to... create a place for the children.”

The apprentice stared at her mistress for a moment before choking out the words, “You mean, inside me?”

Rilear nodded, “Yes. I can’t create a containment spell for them, the nature of the dragon would require constant, and I mean constant, focus on the protective and supportive spells. They have a year before they form eggs, so it would take a year of your concentration to keep them alive.”

Prickles dripped down her spine as Kila looked at Rilear. The impact of her words were difficult: she could keep any spell up, but it doomed her to a half-sleep, unable to full sleep and unable to get rest. In her studies with Rilear, she managed almost a week in that state, but it gave her nightmares every time she thought of it. And now, her master was talking about a year or more.

A shiver shook her body for a second as she found her eyes dropping to her hands. Her mind spun with possibilities, with the memory of the half-sleep, of what to expect. Rilear was silent for a long time before she slowly pushed herself out of her own chair. A warm hand pressed against her shoulder, “Think about it. I love her as much as you, but I don’t want you to destroy your life for hers.”

Then, she was gone, leaving Kila alone in the chair.

Silence filled the room, except where the sobs slowly grew from her body, shaking her with the effort as she balanced her thoughts on the suffering of the half-sleep and her lover’s children. On one hand, there was no choice, she would do anything for Alixter. But on the other, maintaining that spell was far beyond anything she ever tried before; she could die giving birth to the children or, even worse, torn apart by her own spell.

Her cries filled the room for a long time before she felt the last of the tears roll down her cheek. Her arms and legs ached from where

she held them tightly, her body trembled from the strain she was experiencing.

Slowly, she looked up with red-rimmed eyes at the shadows of the library. With a groan, she pushed herself from the chair and stumbled to her feet. Moving silently, she padded her way from the library and looked down the hallway toward Alixter's room. Her right foot lifted to take her down the stairs, to her own room, but froze in mid-air.

The world felt like it was spinning away from her, the ground falling down underneath, as she moved her foot to walk down the hall, toward Alixter's room. Her other foot followed, painfully slow and painfully loud as she stepped toward the room. The second step was easier, then the third.

Soon, she was at the door to her lover's, her friend's, room. With trembling hands, she opened the door and pushed it open. Inside, nestled in the darkness, was the dark form of her lover. One breast, the color of onyx, hung from the blanket and one foot hung off the bed. There was a strained expression on her face, but the slow rise and fall of her chest comforted Kila.

Still feeling the universe spinning around her, Kila moved into the room, shutting the door behind her with a tiny click. Her bare feet padded to the edge of the bed as she looked down, admiring the blue hair.

As she watched, one rose quartz eye opened and Alixter whispered.

"Hi."

Trembling, Kila reached down to stroke Alixter's hand, "Hi."

Silence grew between them, but it was comfortable and tender, a moment of awareness. Slowly, the young woman found the words.

"I can't save you."

Alixter nodded slightly, her body sinking slightly into the thick pillows and blankets, "I know."

A small thread of strength grew inside Kila, "Could I save your children?"

Emotions burned in the quartz eyes which glowed for a second. Kila strained to hear the response, hoping for love and not anger. Alixter managed to say only one word, but it was the one word Kila prayed she would hear.

“Please.”

With a sob, Kila threw herself into Alixter’s bed, her arms wrapping around the dragon as she buried her head against the dark breast. Neither tears or sobs continued, but Kila continued to hold Alixter close to her, unwilling to let her go. Alixter lifted one hand wearily and wrapped it around her shoulder, holding her with what strength she had.

The darkness in the room grew as Kila slowly crawled up, her face moving into the curve of Alixter’s neck. The dragon smiled tenderly, kissing Kila’s cheek before relaxing in the grip.

“Do you know how?”

Kila looked up into the rose quartz eyes, “I could transform to hold them. Rilear thinks I can do it.”

“Can you?”

The apprentice’s voice dropped into a whisper, “For you, yes.”

Alixter thought for a second, “But you couldn’t transform into a dragon. That means you would have to maintain the spell... until they are born.”

Nodding, Kila looked down at Alixter’s throat, “I know.”

“And you would be willing to do that?”

She nodded again, breathing deeply a sigh. The smell of morning dew grew stronger as she rested her head back on Alixter’s shoulder. Her hands reached out to curl around the dragon’s hip, to pull her closer against her body.

Alixter kissed the top of her head, “It will hurt, you know.”

Kila nodded again, “I know. To maintain the spell... then to give birth. But your children are so important to you. That is why you’ve been here for so long, trying to make sure they were born before you died.”

The black dragon-woman said nothing, but Kila knew she was remembering. She nuzzled closer before speaking, “And your children would be the first natural Midnight Dawns. If they die, then your species might never succeed.”

Alixter’s voice vibrated slightly with warmth, “So you are doing this for the Midnight Dawns.”

Looking up, Kila stared into the quartz eyes, “For you, mainly. But for Rilear, the Midnight Dawns, and even for myself. I never realized how much I loved you, but I’m willing to do this... for you.”

Reaching down with her head, Alixter kissed Kila on the lips, the soft caress of a lover.

“Then, please save my children, little one.”

Kila nodded, feeling the hope growing inside her. Her hand stroked along Alixter’s stomach before pulling back against her own body.

“I’ll need help.”

The first streaks of dawn pushed into the room just as Kila finished the last page of her notes. At the foot of Alixter’s bed, where she was working, was littered with crumpled pages and half-torn notes. Her fingers were black with ink as she sighed and rubbed her eyes. Next to her, Alixter was sleeping fitfully, her face drawn and filled with pain. Soft whimpers of agony shook her body but Kila forced herself to focus on her notes, trying to create the most complicated spell she ever imagined.

Behind her, the door clicked open and Rilear entered the room, carrying a tray of food. Kila smiled at her teacher with tired eyes and waves slightly. Padding to the edge of the bed, Rilear sat down gently and handed a small plate of food over. Alixter moaned briefly before her eyes opened.

“Rilear.”

“Eat, Alix. I think this morning is going to be busy.”

A slight smile, still filled with exhaustion, crossed the black face, “Wouldn’t want to starve to death.”

Rilear chuckled, “That would be embarrassing,” she looked at Kila, “The same goes for you. Eat.”

Ducking her head, Kila slowly ate the food as her mind wove around the last parts of the spell, trying to puzzle out the final knot of energy. All three of them ate in silence, watching the streaks of morning sunlight cascade across the room.

Finally, Rilear looked up, “I assume we have something?”

Kila swallowed the last part of an apple and nodded, “I think I created a spell that will do it. But... I won’t be able to transfer them to me, I won’t be able to do more than talk or move slightly.”

Rilear smiled slightly, “I found a spell for that. Is there anything else we need?”

Alixter spoke up from her blankets, “To start soon? I don’t have much time left.”

She motioned to the sunlight on the back wall. Kila looked at it and realized the dawn's light would soon turn into daylight. The significant of Alixter's aspect filtered through her mind and she gasped.

"How long?"

Alixter's voice was exhausted, filled with the strain of defending her life. "A bell, maybe less. We should start... soon."

A tiny silver of frantic need grew inside Kila, but she fought it down as she crawled up to Alixter. Her breasts nestled against Alixter's back. She was half surprised at the hotness of her skin, but she wrapped her arms around the weak dragon.

"I love you, Alix."

The dragon smiled and kissed Kila, "Thank you."

Rilear cleared her throat, "I don't mean to be a prude, but we might want to start."

Kila blushed, "Sorry."

She rolled on her back, her fingers pulling apart the ties of her shirt. In a few moments, she stripped down to her bare skin, blushing only slightly. With an embarrassed grin, she explained, "For the shapechange, clothes would make it harder..."

Alixter giggled tiredly, "Not to mention getting the children inside you through your shorts."

Chuckling nervously, Kila rested on her back, her hands spreading out over her stomach. She closed her eyes and began to pull on the energy around her, the power that flowed through the house and herself.

Black motes of energy, her energy, gathered around her like gnats in the swamp. Each point seemed to hover for a moment before slowly spiraling into her hands. In her mind, Kila focused on weaving them together into a spell, one with thousands of loops and knots, a storm of blackness that gathered inside her.

She felt the spell sink into her, dripping into her skin, crawling underneath with the sense of cold water. The black motes of energy slipped deeper into her body, swarming around her vagina and womb. With an icy dripping sensation, it slipped inside her physical body, merging with her inner walls.

Kila held her breath, her hands pressing against her stomach harder. With a twisting feeling, she felt her internal organs shift,

pulling out of place as she bore her will down on her body. She felt the energy tug and pull, creating a protective place for a new life. The energy crawled further down, widening her passage into her womb, to make it easier for Rilear to help. The intense sensations of her body shifting ripped a gasp from her throat, but she continued to bore down with her will, forcing her body to adjust, to prepare, to provide.

Her attention on her inner walls started to have a strange effect, a growing warmth inside her. With her focus so deep, she felt her body beginning to adjust to the sensations, a tingling heat that reminded her of Alixter and their night together. Even as she concentrated on opening the inner gates to her womb, she felt the heat growing in her labia and opening, a wetness growing even as she tried to only focus on the child.

Thoughts of Alixter, of pleasure, and of passion filtered through her mind. She found herself concentrating on it, pulling it into her spell as energy, weaving the passion and love into the complicated spell. Her body warmed at the thought and she felt a wetness growing between her legs. Her fingers started to trail down unconsciously, a need growing inside her body even as her mind continued to alter her body.

Her fingers reached the edge of her hip and continued to slip down, but another hand stopped it. Kila's eyes opened slowly, her mind half-caught in the spellcasting. Alixter's smile warmed her even more as the black fingers trailed down to the cleft of her sex; Kila could smell her own excitement, but was too caught up in the spellcasting to do anything but watch as Alixter slid one finger into the wet opening. The lone finger brushed past the ridge of her pleasure to the soaked opening of her sex. Kila could feel the sensations from the inside, as her body continue to adjust and change.

Alixter smiled warmly, her body shaking slightly from the effort. She slid her finger into Kila's sex, twisting slightly around the opening before slipping it deeper into her depths. Kila moaned softly at the feelings and parted her legs for her lover.

The dark lover added a second finger to the wet opening, burrowing two fingers against the slick walls of her sex. With gentle

movements, Alixter pulled her finger out slightly before easing them back into Kila's opening.

Kila, in a half-dream state of spellcasting, continued to concentrate on the black motes of energy as Alixter added a third finger into her body. She guided her body to open up to the black woman, allowing a fourth finger, then her thumb, into her body without pain. She felt the fingers curl slightly inside her, rubbing against the sensitive walls of her vagina. A quiver of pleasure threatened to break her concentration, but Kila managed to bear her will and keep the spell together.

She managed to glare at Alixter slightly, but the friendly smile brought a smile to her lips. The black woman, her skin almost shimmering in the dawn light, eased more of her hand into Kila, pushing the wrist easily into the opening until Kila felt the entire hand wiggle inside her, burrowing deeper into her body. Exploring fingers brushed against her inner walls, finding the opening at the back of her sex.

Whimpering, Kila could only watch and feel as the fingers curled inside her womb, Alixter's forearm slipping deeper into her body, forcing her legs apart. Still whimpering softly, Kila felt the fingers circle around the innermost opening before pushing inside; she adjusted her body to allow the wrist access to her body.

Alixter gently explored her insides, easing the opening as Kila felt her body beginning to shake with the intense sensations. How waves of heat and pleasure rippled through her body as she felt her back arching against the hand and arm inside her.

With a sly grin, Alixter slowly withdrew her arm and hand, her skin glistening from Kila's juices. Kila gasped as she felt the wrist slip out, then whimpered as she felt an empty void grow inside her; it grew from the aching of her sex, where her lover just left, then crawled up further, into the empty hole of her womb, where the spell finally finished its transformation.

Leaning over to kiss her, Alixter whispered softly to her, "I would say you are ready, little one."

Kila looked over with tear-filled eyes. She whispered softly, almost too low for herself to hear it.

"I thought you were weak."

A sparkle glittered through the rose quartz eyes, “Not for that. Never for that.”

“I feel... empty.”

Kila was surprised at the whimper almost buried in her quiet voice. Alixter smiled warmly and kissed her lightly on the lips.

“Soon.”

Before the apprentice could respond, Alixter drew her attention down to her mentor, kneeling on the bed below them. Golden flames dripped from Rilear’s hand, a spell designed to do the same thing as her transform did. Alixter nodded slightly and leaned over Kila, almost lying on her stomach next to her lover. One pitch black leg spread out to hook on Kila’s hip, pressing the warmth of her sex against Kila’s hip.

Kila whimpered softly as Alixter’s body shifting, pressing one firm breast against her own as her lover reached up to kiss her. Kila’s mouth worked automatically, tenderly brushing against the pink lips with a soft moan.

Alixter’s closed closed briefly as Kila felt Rilear moving on the bed. The other black leg spread apart, exposing the dark opening to Rilear’s glowing hand. Kila couldn’t see, but she could feel her mistress beginning to work her hand into Alixter, seeking out the unborn children they were desperately trying to save.

As Rilear gently worked on her lover, Kila found herself looking at the crystal eyes of her lover. With a slight smile, she reached up enough to kiss the lips, enjoying the electric sensations as her lover leaned into it. One hand reached up to stroke along Alixter’s cheek as Kila drew her closer in an embrace.

Alixter’s hips pressed against her body as Rilear reached further into her lover, reaching some place Kila knew she would never reach. The gasp of sensations from Alixter brought a rush of heat through Kila’s body, a mixture of desire and hope flowing in her veins. Her hand reached along the black ear to pull Kila closer, kissing her with more passion, more energy. Alixter returned the kiss, one weak hand reaching up to cup Kila’s other breast. Black fingers gently stroked around the hardening nipple, stroking along the smooth skin.

Kila moaned softly, then held her breath as she felt Rilear press slick knuckles against her sex, preparing to push some new life

inside her. A whimper escaped her throat as her master's hand eased into her body, pulling apart her labia before pushing inside. She felt the heat of Rilear's hand inside her, filled with something tiny, almost heated. It slowly traveled further inside her, reaching for the empty void deep inside her body. With her spell, she could sense as the knuckles pushed past her cervix and enter her womb.

Her body vibrating, Kila whimpered with the sensations as she felt the fingers open, releasing a tiny life to her body. Her mind caught, reaching for it with curls of energy. With a gasp, she felt the tiny life draw into her, nuzzling against her inner walls as she spun her body around it, protecting it. The energy of the life, so different from her own, flared slightly as it knotted with hers. With a snapping sensation, she felt Alixter's protection leave it and her own spell protect the child.

A sob ripped out of her throat as she looked up at Alixter with tear-filled eyes. Alixter's eyes darkened slightly, but she did nothing other than kiss Kila once again.

Rilear gently pulled out of Kila's body and began to rescue the second unborn child. Kila found herself stroking Alixter, teasing the back of her fingers against the bare skin just as her lover was doing the same. There was a sense of passion, of closeness, as the world spun away from them, leaving only the black skin and rose quartz eyes for her. She barely felt as Rilear eased the second child inside her. Instead, she kissed along the cheek, her hand stroking along the ridge of her lover's ear.

As the warmth of her body grew, she found herself stroking along Alixter's side, finding the parts that she knew her lover enjoyed, the places that brought a gasp to the pink lips. Alixter lowered her head, to catch one hard nipple in her mouth; tiny bolts of pleasure shook through Kila's body as she gasped with growing need.

Too soon, she felt Alixter's body begin to shake. A crack in the rose quartz eyes snapped in the room and she felt the dark body spasm. A sob caught in Kila's throat as she whispered in panic.

"Alixter."

The dragon smiled weakly. Her mouth worked silently for a moment, before another spasm rippled through her body. She worked to speak again, then finally managed to whisper out the words.

“They’re gone.”

Kila felt Rilear easing the last unborn dragon into her body and felt its life pull into her own with a snap. The tears started to pour down her cheeks as she held Alixter tightly. Below her, Rilear stepped off the bed and left the room, leaving them alone. Kila’s eyes caught the last pink color of light high in the room.

Dawn’s last light.

She looked back at the cracked eyes as another spasm rippled through Alixter’s body. Inside her, the unborn life flared with love, protected by her spells. She felt the final knot of the spell tie, finally stable. The dragons would leave.

She looked up at Alixter, feeling every pulse of her lover’s heartbeat and the slow move of her own breath. A whisper filled her heart a moment before she found the strength to speak them.

“I’m a mother.”

The rose quartz eyes cracked again as Kila mouthed her final words silently.

“Thank you.”

As she reached down to kiss Kila, the apprentice saw the eyes crack once again and her black body faded away into sudden mist, leaving her terribly alone. A sob of utter pain and sorrow crashed out of Kila’s body, but her lover was already gone, the last kiss a fading memory on her lips.

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.