

A Masterpiece in Motion
by Korpse_Infested_Karnival
(KIK)

Ever vigilant. Always trying to assume the worst and deliver the best. The mind of an artist, a warrior, a philosopher, a scholar, a writer, put to the test. Daily, monthly, yearly, without cause to rest or relax. A hurricane of frustration will set in each day, bringing new blocks to his cognition, where clumsy mental keys cannot open the doors to inspiration that is so demanded of his type. Battle, a very prestigious and easy art, where metal meets bone and blood, courage fights fear, cunning over brawn. However, in the sense of having to deliver a 'poetic fantasy' when the talent is so clearly reserved for others, there exists only the machinations of struggle.

Here Geist sat, in the grace of his crafted oak chair, eyes assailing the scars and scratches of torn cream paper below his hands, the symbol of his tired rage and his uninspired thought process. He had been up since dawn, at this table, kept up in his chamber room with pen and ink prepared to go to work, but without success. For you see, they say: "He is the Knight of Blood, he serves the greater will. Therefore, he is to be articulate and civilized in all manners of the mind, from the profound arts and the symbolic literature."

It is improper for a knight to be a heathen warrior with no culture to his name. He will have education, intelligence, strength, manners, creativity, wisdom, so on and so forth. The knight was the living incarnation of all that is prosperity and flourishing, the ultimate individual of the highest culture status, the greatest martial techniques, the most exquisite of personal wealth.

In the garden of his own conscious dreams, Geist was merely the shadow of higher dictation.

Whilst he steadily tried to pull together some legendary line, some incredible statement that would withstand the very fabric of time itself, she was also there with him. As the Knight of Blood seeks the greatest achievements in his living life, Geist's personal output of combat was for his ladies. All knights are given a personal handful of fair maidens, of which their duty is to protect and serve the warrior in question. Each woman has her own sect of intelligence, her own way to provide inspiration and purpose to the knight, an honor given to relieve all the burdens of the living temple so he may achieve his life's ultimate magnum opus.

Ethra was the first to be with Geist when his pilgrimage of the body and spirit took place so few years ago. She was the first to gaze upon the Knight of Blood in his armor of ornate pearl-steel and smile, the first to bow and the first to kiss his hand. No doubt, Ethra was perhaps one of the more sought after maidens in the choosing of whom would go to who, as only the exotic rarity of a dragoness can cause.

Geist had his assortment of ladies at his beck and call, and he always had a fairly difficult time describing each, summing them up as 'living masterworks.' Indeed, this dragoness was no less than a mobile work of art, believed to be crafted by the hands of hidden divines themselves.

A tangy, supple skin of the most vibrant scarlet radiated a halo of fiery ambers to compose the hue of her color, a seething red flesh that was sensual and entrancing to Geist's hand yet as strong and sturdy as mythril rock. If the catch of the sun's hungry gaze did ever reach her luxurious form, the skin of Ethra would literally light up and shine in waves of honey shades and magma oranges, like a burning flame, an angel of fire. A painting of ingenious muses allowed to move and breath.

After being stunned and weakened in the knees by the very treasure that was her magnificent color and silky scales, her body was nay the thing to deny the hunger of man's slumbering appetite. So immaculate was her shape and design, one could test that a very lord would pay all the riches of his kingdom, the worth of all the lands he owned to have but a glimpse at her, only to despair in the rest of his days that he would never have Ethra for his own.

Ethra's head bore a softened collection of feminine features which helped to seduce and calm even the most wily of beasts, yet was also angular and dynamic, the shaping of a reserved, composed predator. Her horns were long with a curved slant, spirals of glimmering diamond and marble, as though the very essence of their making were the ore of silver. Her neck was longer than the norm of a man's, but was not overzealous to be ugly or out of place, merely a slender compliment to the entourage of her magnificence. While her arms were like that of a dancers, ending with clawed hands in the hue of her horns, her torso greedily held Ethra's most bountiful prizes, a grandiose bust that not even her master knight could grasp with both his hands. Her breasts would playfully bounce and wiggle at gravity's toying gropes, they adorned with seething mounds of piping-hot pink nipples withholding a honey sweet milk reserved only for Geist.

As the river of scarlet pressed on, she held her curvaceous thighs and taut hips and high regard, juicy portals of tight flesh for dancing and mesmerizing her knight when stress and folly fell to heavily upon his shoulders. Where the backbone of Geist's metal spine would be cut short, Ethra's own would continue on as a jeweled tail that was rimmed with circular, icy amber stripes, the grooves of this ligament giving her inner thighs a much more controlled and powerful stipulation to her nether lips, a handy trait when giving her master knight endless fields of pleasure. Her legs, like her neck, were smooth and limber, lithe but tight with muscular prowess, the ending triumph that completed the ensemble of her masterwork divinity.

Ah, but then, there was the last of her characteristics that was the most striking. If one could be lured away from her shimmering satin-skin and ample womanly mantle, then it was her eyes that would manage the feat, orbs of striking rose and saturating gold, rims of dainty pink washing over the rays of the sun's burning hue. They were potent, engulfing, a millennium's worth of draconic knowledge radiating in the very pools of her pupil.

Indeed, a clashing mouthful of words for but one individual, but Geist had filled nearly a book with ways to describe his first fair maiden, driven by more than the gusto of man's eternal need and desire.

She, at the moment, was captured in her work, assorting and replacing fixtures of Geist's chamber that were incorrect or without proper presentation. She was wearing only the thinnest of garments, or rather, wasn't even in fabric at all, merely a sensual and thin platinum, decorated metal chains but barely hiding her thirsty loins, rings of metal only over her nipples and nothing else. Modesty, or wearing any form of heavy fabric, was not a celebrated demeanor amongst those serving the Knight of Blood, so the maidens were always just short of being completely bare. Geist had never commanded such action, but then again, the ocean of problems and instances he went through on a daily basis kept him distracted from even noticing.

Ethra hummed gently in a melodic voice whilst she kept busy, an inadvertent attempt to relax the confounded knight as his mental struggle threatened to capsize his thinking. She heard his grunts, his annoyed breaths, the furious scribble of his quill, even the grit of his molars as parchment after parchment found themselves on the floor or in some off askew direction. Perhaps, after a near hour of this

debacle or so, the dragoness decided it best to intervene.

"So troubling is this work, my knight?" said she quite smoothly, pausing from her labors to do her life's main task.

Geist was one who always retained to his current job without much movement, so his head did not even raise from its position at the call of his maiden.

"It is beyond that," he started, "It is a task that doesn't even belong to me. I am a soldier of the gray fields and iron forests, not a poet who seeks peace in words," said Geist, arguing with logic that was perhaps placed against him.

Ethra slightly tilted her head. This was the first she heard him openly admit a defiance of what he was 'supposed' to be.

"What is so very hard about it, my love?" she queried softly, acting as a catalyst for Geist's frustration.

"Inspiration," he muttered, "there is none of it. They all desire some kind of fruit of the word that makes them swoon or sigh, rejoice or sing. Yet they don't realize one does not simply manifest it from their head from nothing. It takes. . ." he trailed off, eyes cast to a different direction, a search for the right to term to unify his debacle.

"That is true," agreed Ethra before he could finish, folding her cool hands before her in demure fashion, "Original things are not constructed often, if ever. Do they realize that all the great art of the world is rather built on itself, from one master to the next?" she asked again with a show of intellect.

This time, Geist's head did move, upward, to stare at the wall.

"Of course not," he spat, not at Ethra but at the idea of what he was asked to do. "The Knight of Blood is supposedly everything they are not. I am to be a chapel of mankind's greatest accomplishments, and for this reason, they think I go through life with ease. It is as though every knight must carry the burden of an empire's dreams on his shoulders, Ethra," intoned Geist, the aggravation of his duties coming forward.

The dragoness contemplated his words, searching her own thoughts for a solution. She was preparing an armada of thoughts.

"You should stop then. Please, my love, take a rest and refresh yourself. I'm sure the right idea will come to you," she reassured Geist, though knowing the manner by which the knight would respond.

He shook his head with reluctant vigor.

"If I could stop I would disarm all the needs I am asked and simply leave with my fair maidens. But the honor of my duty calls me to it. To stop now is to invite doubt, and the promise that I cannot complete the task at hand," he replied, the breeding of a warrior tangled within his tone.

"As outrageous as I find the things I am obligated to do, they must be done. For all reasons, an entire people will look upon their knight and see all the achievements of a kingdom made into flesh and metal. To walk away from this. . . is to show a world that all they are is false, as ridiculous as that seems,"

Ethra gave a mild chuckle. True, she knew most of the answers to the things she asked, but to have Geist voice them, that was important. It was necessary to get the burden out of his own thinking and lay them bare, have an outlet for all his troubles.

"It is not," she implied with lithe gentleness, "it is far from it. I think it is a valorous thing to do, at the very least. Yes, you have the power to abandon the duty and laws that you are bathed in, yet you mind all of it with profound diligence. Even something so menial as this, be proud of it, my knight,"

Geist stopped, placed down his quill, and finally swiveled his head to Ethra, meeting the instance of all her angelic beauty, the flare of her eyes, the majesty of her curves.

"Though, I still believe a moment's break would do you some good," suggested the dragoness, lulling the knight into the sway of her seduction.

"Much thought can be accomplished when fulfilling your other needs. Who knows? Perhaps if you let yourself briefly relax you'll find that inspiration you so desire," continued Ethra, a subtle hint mixing with her flirtatious body language.

After a pause, the Knight of Blood interjected.

"I cannot," contested Geist, "if I am to stop I will invite doubt, and doubt is the first step to failure. It's . . . it's not the way of a knight in duty,"

Ethra smiled warmly, bemused, but with loving adoration. Logic built by steel enforced discipline and the words of aged scholars inciting warrior doctrines.

"There is nothing to doubt," the dragoness reassured, "you have no reason for it. I sense you fear you will abandon yourself and what you hold dear, even if it may be something so trivial as a people's will," she soothed, taking but a few steps toward Geist so her figure could be more clearly observed.

"But, you must break away and allow yourself another method of creative invention, hm?" said the red-satin maiden, aiding her words with a dreamy wink.

Geist adjusted his posture on the chair and furrowed his brow.

"What? What do you mean, Ethra?" queried he in boyish confusion.

"Perhaps you don't have to stop your work," she responded in the harmonious caress her dragon blood provided, "Perhaps you need a moment to explore another medium of interest,"

Geist watched her steadily, until letting his stare travel to different patches of the room. A toughened palm went to his blanched hair, ruffling it with his fingers. He didn't quite clearly grasp the gist of what she meant, for other senses of imagination would easily be just as tedious.

"Another?" Geist rather rasped out. "This driving of words is all ready painstaking enough. Are you suggesting I accumulate more to my duty, milady?" he asked, as though in desperation for some relieving escape.

Ethra laughed sweetly and shook her elegant head.

"Oh no, my love. What I am referring to will certainly put you at ease," she stated in sultry patterns, watching Geist with a newborn voracious hunger. "When I first came to you in service, it was my life's objective to serve and protect you for all your days. Help your intelligence prosper, maintain your valor, satisfy all your desires at will,"

A sensual enthusiasm was in place at her last statement. Her strong tail swung to and fro softly, a rather simple way of representing a growing excitement. Geist was mainly silent, but, the ever so timid bounce of Ethra's enticing bust was beginning to catch his watch, every inhale and exhale moving the mantle fruits ever so slightly.

"You know I would do anything for you, Geist," she continued, a trail of goosebumps forming on the knight's back with the use of his name. "Let me serve you now. Let me ease your burden," the dragoness cooed, allowing light nuances of her frame to show so as to arouse Geist from his enslaving disciplines.

The living temple of all prosperity had gone somewhat dry in the mouth. It was easy to tell what Ethra was implying. True, though the theatrics of many titles were given to the fair maidens so as not to disgrace the knight in question, it was no secret they were best at acting as lovely concubines. Geist had no problems to ever take advantage of such a service, but, truth be told, he never had in the first place. It was quite natural for his body to burn with newfound smoldering desires, especially since this was an exotic spice he'd never taken the opportune to explore, both literally and metaphorically.

"I . . . I don't know," he uttered out, now completely at attention to the dragoness. The conundrum was not to disrespect the very girls he swore to protect and die for. Was this a demeaning thing, to have such control? Would asking Ethra to do whatever he 'commanded' an outrageous blasphemy against . . . well . . . himself?

"There are many things I could do for you," said the ruby-shaded angel of dragon blood. "Perhaps I could dance, let you see the exotic rhythms I was taught as a youngling. Or," she paused, taking a slender hand and letting her clawed digits fondle one of her breasts, "would you like the milk of my body? It is refreshing, nutritious, a wine I would gladly let you sip," she went on, this succulent masterpiece of feminine graces offering all she could to a misty minded Geist.

For the knight, he was taking these words in with a blunt concentration. The iron forged teachings of his yonder days were clashing with the rage of the hungriest lust to ever take hold of his body. He had never known the heart and chest to burn and drum so very heavily.

"Or is it something more direct that I can give you?" she asked, lowering herself to an almost bowing position, consuming Geist in the net of her golden rose eyes, her voice now so soft and alluring it was clear her own lusts were working away at her mind and manner.

Geist breathed in with an air heavier than lead, his inhale quaking and quivering, a tremble drenched to the tip of sexual starvation. He stood from his chair, in awe and in ecstasy, without care for his work or anything else. His cognition was assailed with interest and idea, civilized conscious at war with primal intrigue.

"Your beauty. . ." he blurted out in rasped tones, "strangles me, Ethra. I cannot find words for such immaculate design. . ."

The dragoness was not entirely expecting this, her head drawing back but a shard of an inch, a rush of

blood washing to her cheeks. These words made her blush, for some reason, that Geist so eaten by his manly needs found the control to compliment her looks.

The Knight of Blood found this ordeal almost insane. He once had a dream that he courted a lady and was allowed to embrace her, and, even for being a fantasy of his slumber, the obscure images allowed him the most erotic and powerful of sensations, the pleasure so immense it was almost painful.

"As such," he went on, staggering somewhat till' he was only a foot from Ethra, "would. . . w-would you kiss me, Ethra? Would you kiss me?"

In oceans of hormones it is hard to find anything but physical want, but, the dragoness found the request of Geist amusing, but not in the sense of what was actually asked. It was simply his frailty yet curiosity, as though he pleaded with her at his very command.

She took her soothing clawed hands and placed them on her knight's shoulders, before murring an affirmation of his wish. Ethra only had to bend her neck a tiny measure (as she was a few inches taller than he) before sending her scaled muzzle into his lips, recoiling back once until plunging forth again. Her long, soft tongue slipped over Geist's mouth and ran into his cheeks, lapping with his own and tasting all regions of his inner jaw. Her own lips pressed against his with vigor, taking 'bites' as she drew back and forth, allowing her heated body to come closer to his, anticipation of a hard member making her nether ships shiver in excitement.

They could not help but go on like this for a while, the only sounds in the chamber room their diligent smacking and swirling of tongues. Geist was careful not to let his hands wander, and with excellent control, Ethra managed the same, only ready to ride her knight when he gave the command.

Geist's hazy conscious had thought up something of more interest, however. In half reluctance, half wonder, the knight pulled back from his lady, breathing with an intoxication of her sexual aura, semi-drunk from the spicy musk perpetuated by Ethra's fine frame. He softly chuckled, before backing up a bit, rubbing drops of exuberant sweat off his sturdy brow.

With hesitation, the dragoness was staring at him with lusty wonder and hidden impatience, as she now wanted more than just an array of satisfying kisses. Oh yes, she would hold this memory tight now, how their lips mashed together and their tongues ran wild, yet still, more could be done, and more was yearned for.

"I have been quite selfish," said Geist suddenly in a tender whisper. "Oh, how I thank you, Ethra. To taste your lips. . . all the fruits of every empire cannot compare. . ."

He stopped, looked at her again, and smiled, albeit a tad nervously. The gorgeous scarlet draconian found herself doing the same, heart alive with an insatiable passion, rather intrigued as to what Geist might ask for next.

"I. . . I have something. . . s-something to ask you," he mumbled out in a way that was totally out of his serious and laborious character. Ethra fidgeted with the silver chains wrapped about her supple thighs, curious, anxious.

"Yes, my love?" she enticed, urging Geist to go on.

It was difficult for Geist to even phrase what he was about to ask. He had once thought of it before, in the

silence of a rather strange day, when attraction of the female gender hit him on all sides, but yet. . . for it to actually happen, for it to be possible. . . how could he say it? Both out of reducing Ethra to such a primordial state, and the sheer lack of 'sophisticated' terms to apply to it. Wait, there was one. . .

"E-Ethra?" he called to her again. She raised her scaly eyebrows, waiting in obedient fashion.

"I've always wanted to know. . . I. . . c-can you give me. . . will you give me. . . give m-me what they call a 'fellatio?'" he sputtered with such clumsiness of the mouth he was surprised it was himself talking. In regard, though, it was a subject of most erotic and submissive acts to every be carried out. Why, the very prospect of having a set of sweet, hot lips moistly lick at the loins of a male's endowment was enough to drive one to war.

At this question, Ethra's touching iris' flickered with satisfaction at hearing the command, whilst she felt quite proud to seduce and please her knight so. She was, after all, now the first to do in Geist's collection of maidens.

"Oh my," responded she in heated flattery, "to kiss and suckle at your very sheath, my knight? Of course, I will. Make yourself bare and comfortable so that I may taste your manhood," she finished, the fabric of her sounding out the very request of Geist's wish an eroticism within itself. Indeed, to hear her oblige with unquestioning obedience racketed the knight's mind like a crazed demon.

With eagerness now hounding him, Geist did away with the green and white tunic that had covered his chiseled body with a steady gusto, completely nude and without tether in only a few moments. His genital was beginning to flush with blood, steadily growing stiff at the dragoness' approach, but trying to remain soft so it could be aroused and stimulated by every sensual touch Ethra could provide. That proved to be very difficult, as, in full view, from a luscious bust to tight buttocks and swerving thighs, Geist had to muster up every magnitude of discipline to not simply pounce Ethra and begin pounding away.

As she stood in front of him, heat of her body warming his own, Ethra took a few moments to trace over his skin with the light graces of her claws. The knight was merely in a kind of watchful trance, not really believing that this was going on. The dragoness lowered herself, going to her knees, using her supple palm to caress Geist's back as if keeping him in place.

She let a few of her soft digits run over the genital, halo eyes of pink and honey admiring the throbbing member. Ethra blew a few hot breaths on the knight's pubic forest of coarse gray, the human chapel sucking in breath as she slowly teased his manhood, invoking newfound sensations. A blood red hand of silky scales went to the knight's plump testes, fondling them, tickling them, Ethra giving the softest of kisses to the tip of her watcher's shaft.

It was hard now, solid and strong, ablaze with the adrenalin rush going through Geist, whilst he remained expressionless, sweating, salivating. The bright flesh of Ethra's tongue emerged from her muzzle, landing a lick to the under-flesh of the muscular pike, it swishing over the pulsing mast to even roll under Geist's peach sac, the coolness of her mouth's saliva colliding with the heat of his body. The knight did not saying anything, sighing, if only short of a gasp, jolts of his form giving way as the dragoness applied a few more tender licks.

Softly, her lips came forward and clenched down on the knob of Geist's genital, retracting her tongue, sucking on the first inch with vigor. She paused here, taking her mouth away, only to return to the stern

member, much like their kissing, only this time enveloping more of the sensitive endowment. When her entire maw covered the whole of Geist's manhood, he gasped out, feeling a soft fleshy muscle lap around his mast.

A sudden vacuum pressure flared up all over his loins, the hungry suckle of Ethra's actions now apparent as she slowly started to draw out the liquor of his sex. Geist's hands quickly went to his maiden's shoulders, clamped there, not wanting his body to buckle or fall apart as this pleasure was quite ineffable. Trails of drool and saliva emerged from Ethra's mouth, murring confidently as she thirstily lapped and sucked to please her love.

There is an application of things to be done before one goes after their desire with hunger. As moments passed, Ethra disembarked from her playful kisses and sensual oral tricks to instead begin a firm, hard pressure that went in between rounds of energized quickness to slow and demanding. Ethra was able to forget most of her own desires, for the moment, as Geist was within himself to gasp and groan, literally at the mercy of the dragoness' own movements. His body was forming pathways of sweat, the sign that he was heated in sexual aura's so great it was almost too much to bare. His dichotomy now, as the dragoness continued to fulfill his need, was either to greedily be saturated in pleased splendor or let himself release, orgasm.

He wanted to do other things as well. Nay, there was so much of Ethra he wanted to touch, embrace, taste, caress. In fact, she was almost too much, too much too absorb that he'd never get enough of her. But still. . . he wanted more.

Ethra's voice perked when he let his orgasm unfold. The white hot seed of his loins burst out, sending Geist into a few moments of fleshy paradise, as Ethra made sure not to let any of it escape, drinking in the copious semen as she milked the thick member of all its offerings. She let the intriguing taste of it linger in her mouth, pleased, as Geist remained standing, breathing out only so much, drunk on more than just Ethra's beauty and obedience.

This was an odd thing, now, to have so much stamina. Not by any magnitude was Geist tired or exhausted. In fact, this was almost like being on the battlefield, similar to a rush of enemies as his trained body pumped itself full of blood-spark and warrior's adrenalin. A trait of a knight that was perhaps the greatest to possess.

His hue-shifting eyes were quite hazy and transparent, cast off to the distant wall. He felt Ethra nuzzle his cock-shaft and rub it with her cheek, little harp songs that were her chuckles tickling his ears.

"A lusty thing to ask for, my knight," spoke Ethra, wry smile pulling at her moistened lips. "Clearly you have imagination in other places,"

Even though swimming in an ocean of his own chemical sex drive, Geist did rumble out a dry laugh, if only briefly. Ethra's persistence to vocalize his authority here was making him wild, and, yes, he felt quite relaxed now, though burning with energy as well.

"Ethra," he whispered out, now looking down to her. "Ethra, can you stand?" he queried, his whims coming in forms of a question rather than orders.

She batted her feminine eyelashes and nodded, raising up from her knees, wanting to envelop Geist now and ride his manhood, but keeping herself calm, in control.

The knight was bare, and he wanted the dragoness the same. Even though she was only hidden by the most simple of treasures, the living chapel preferred to have Ethra in her purest state, without foreign attachments or clinging metals.

He felt his hands go to her hips. So very close were their nether regions, calling out, quivering for the other.

"Let yourself be natural. . ." muttered out Geist. "Let us hold nothing of the world and be stripped for the other,"

His intoning was clear to the dragoness. Ethra, with chance, kissed her knight on the forehead and obeyed, undoing a few notches in her ringed hip chains, allowing those silver strips to go to the rug-touched floor. The plates of pearly metal were next to go that rested on her pert breasts, those only requiring a nimble tug of sensual fingers to remove. The instant they were gone, Geist's dry mouth was immediately pummeled by rivers of salivation, the glimpse of her juicy nipples being like that of the most succulent banquet foods.

How much of her did Geist desire? He didn't know, and he was done with words. Maybe, in the future, he would know of more things to do, but all he cared about now was pressing her lush skin into his own and unifying them both, fumbling about as one whole entity.

For all intents and purposes, he did just that. Or, not so quickly or primal, but in a caring, soft manner that would be steady and enjoyable. His hands were clasped to her tight hips and immediately began to explore the grooves of her body and sultry gifts they possessed. Fingers drummed and squeezed her shiny buttocks whilst returning to her thighs, massaging and caressing as they went, drawing blood and heat to wherever they touched. Palms traced over her perfectly sculpted sides, one hand rubbing the dives of the muscular region, and another sailing to new territory by petting Ethra's smooth striped tail, causing her to sway and twitch it in harmonious stimuli.

So close they were, that Ethra could feel Geist's erection so barely rub at her sweltering nether lips, the mast under-flesh and clitoris briefly brushing against the other, spasms of ecstatic pleasure bursting through their loins. The dragoness quivered in anxious wait, these elemental samples of intercourse beginning to cause seeds of impatience to swell within her, appetite overwhelming reason.

Explosive and unrelenting. A crushing river of hormones, adrenalin, desire, lust, emotion. They were drenched in it. Both were now sweating with glistening pecks of sweat, dewy moisture forming on Ethra's nipple tips and Geist's masculine chest.

Scrambling, almost desperate, Ethra fiddled her way out of their sensual dance of groping and grabbing, The oaken chair to which Geist had been sitting in was her prime target, as she clasped her hands into the carving, claws digging into the petrified bark. She raised her tail to hang over her back, revealing the puckered hole of her anus and shimmering pink that was her vagina's mouth, her legs spread, back arched, body hiked in the direction of Geist as a hungry, inviting plea.

"Nnnh, Geist. . ." she breathed out, in the rasp that was the knight's tone when he fell for her seductive intones. "Oh. . . Geist. . . take me now. . . I can't stand it. . . take me!" she cried, her eyes trapped to him, begging, wanting, desiring.

The Knight of Blood wasn't precisely sure how he was able to keep himself from withstanding the mirror

of her actions. In short, were it not for his disciplines of the past, he would most likely be the one begging Ethra to take him, not the other way around.

Still, there was enough control about him that he wasn't ravenous as an ancient animal. With heavy breaths he steadily walked forth, in such a manner that he felt it was an eternity to reach the dragoness. He eagerly placed his palms back on her fine rump, beginning to softly massage and grope them, applying his pinches, his hands own kisses and embraces. The whole of her body shivering, Ethra roped her tender tail over Geist's shoulder, keeping him close, thanking the makers of creation that she was able to hold him close as her arms were preoccupied. She whined, she lightly bucked her hips at her knight to press him on, hearing his heavy pants, even the thunderous hammer of his beating chest.

Ethra arched her back when she felt the throbbing tip so barely touch her clitoris. It was there, angled and slow, pressing forth, absorbing every moment of time it could to enjoy itself. Luckily for Geist, this was as pleasing to Ethra as it was to himself, for every woman was different in the ways that she was tantalized, and it took time and exploring to learn her greatest desires.

The dragoness was beside herself with ecstasy, tongue hanging out with a long, sultry moan as Geist's cock-shaft thrust all the way inside her inner thighs. The temple of all a kingdom's hopes gasped himself as his length was enveloped in her moist warmth. He couldn't move, not yet, for he had to savor this, this absolution of the self to be combined with another. For this one second of time and eternity, he was giving love to his love.

He quickly retracted and then applied another firm plunge. The sparks of exquisite sexual euphoria was so mind numbing it nearly caused the two to buckle. Saliva pooled down from Geist's mouth as his perspiring hands were firmly locked on Ethra's haunches, another thrust making her moan and buck forward. Their faces were hot and heavy with boiling blood, cheeks engorged with a rosy blush, eyelids defiantly shut as all they wanted were the sex of the other. All ready, storms of inner fluid was rushing out of Ethra's vagina, nether region quite soaked with the wine of her rare desire.

Then it became the pace, the numerous pushes and pulls, the tight scrotum delving in and out of hot cervical walls, a rhythm of thrusts, a clash of hips and loins.

"Ahh!" were the sounds that emerged from Ethra, each impact of the length going inside her causing excited flushes of divine feelings. It was quite unbelievable to the two that the body was able to produce reactions such as these.

How Ethra was wishing for more, but knew it wasn't possible. She grabbed her marvelous draconic bust, squeezing and fondling them with gusto, pinching and pulling the nipples as Geist continued to drive for the final moments of their lust.

The moments. It seemed to go on forever (much to the delight of the two partners). It was only one motion, a simple repetition of the body, but it caused so much more. How long did it last? Seconds? Minutes? Hours? Possibly. The stamina of Geist was intense and long lasting, and to doubt the sexual prowess of a draconian breed was foolish. Thank goodness for the firm walls and strong marble of the chamber. Thank goodness, for their orgasm echoed in the far corners of the room, every silent spark eradicated by their passion.

Finally, engorged and sated, Geist once again let forth a steady burst of his seed, flooding Ethra's inner thighs, her nether region in turn returning the gift with an orgasm of her own. The liquids seeped and

swam together, some dripping like a river down Ethra's leg, even the same over Geist's testes.

Their bodies calmed. Their flesh cooled. For one reason or the other, they went to the floor, grappling and kissing the other as they did, arms and legs intertwined, tail around ankle, murring, moaning, breathing. All that was needed were the last words.

"A masterpiece in motion. . ."

Ethra, from sleepy eyes and hazy movements, cocked her brow in befuddlement.

"What's that, my love?"

He paused, then, with more thoughts attributed to his idea, responded in calm breaths.

"I've got my inspiration."

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The dragoness lowered the cream stack of parchments richly engraved with onyx black ink. Her pert body rested comfortably at bedside, Geist's head resting on her leg, at peace with the conflicts of his early head.

"Well, what did you think?" he queried to the lovely divine reading the papers above him. Her glimmering eyes met his for a moment, and she smiled.

"Wonderful. You captured us so very well. Though I wonder how the scholars will react to such literature, my love,"

Geist chuckled dryly and folded his hands on his chest.

"I don't think it will be for them. After all, we did all the creative work."

One last warm sing-song laughter from the silky scaled beauty. She admired these light defiances to obligations so heavily placed on her knight.

"You have something in mind for next time?" asked she lightly, in wonder what ideas of literature the knight could possibly conjure up next.

The Knight of Blood raised himself, looked at Ethra, and smiled with a brave truth that poured out his affection.

"How about the knight and the dragoness kiss into the knight, wake up with the other, and spend the rest of the day in a romantic phantasmagoria?" he suggested, an amused, cute kind of thing to ponder.

Ethra, in admiration, planted her lips sweetly to his, letting her tongue linger on his visage for a few moments.

"I think they would enjoy that."

= END =
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