Hailstorm

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Summary

It's Love is in the Air, and Raszageth and Vyranoth decide to spend the night together intimately.

Notes

Crossposting from AO3. Raszageth's visage form here is inspired by this art. Marked under pseudo-incest seeing as they're not actually blood related in canon.

The city was decorated in pinks and the occasional whites. To Vyranoth's eyes, it was gaudy. Next to her, Raszageth stood, tail swishing.

It hadn't been that long since she'd been reunited with her sister. Alexstrasza had explained that Raszageth hadn't quite been dead when the Vault broke down. Apparently, Khadgar was just as soft-hearted as Alexstrasza had been all those millennia ago, particularly after Kalecgos's comment that the Incarnates had once been so close to the Aspects. A true comment, and yet one Vyranoth hadn't really wanted to think about again. It had been so long, and there had been so many broken promises, yet she owed her sister's presence to it too.

Raszageth was the one Incarnate Vyranoth had never expected to see taking a visage. Apparently that, too, had changed. Vyranoth suspected the only way Raszageth had been convinced was the promise she didn't have to hide who she was, to pretend to be a mortal.

Because Raszageth's visage was unmistakable. She'd kept her draconic head, her scales and feathers and claws, her tail even - merely with a humanoid build. Vyranoth wondered, idly, if some part of Raszageth had admitted to herself she liked something of mortals' breasts - why else would such a mortal feature be present?

Vyranoth shook her head, and looked around again. Apparently this was a holiday. "Love is in the Air," they called it?

"I don't get the point of all this," Raszageth huffed. "They do it every so often. Even got vendors in the streets."

Vyranoth followed her sister's gaze to a visaged bronze dragon selling flowers. "A festival?"

Raszageth snorted. "Something like that. I hear dragons talking about 'holidays.'"

The word was foreign to Vyranoth. It must have shown on her face, because Raszageth huffed and continued. "Something about celebrating days. Something from after our time -

some mortal thing. Apparently they decorated for the adventurers coming through here first."

…right. It had been so long. Vyranoth supposed she could understand, now, even if Raszageth didn't seem to. Dragons seizing a chance to unwind. Such opportunities had been rare, so long ago. Were they still rare?

(She'd have to ask Alexstrasza. Irritatingly, the Dragonqueen had made it a habit to visit her. Vyranoth wasn't certain she was ready for those old feelings, but the Life-Binder seemed so desperate to put her ruby snout in them.)

Raszageth tugged at Vyranoth's dress. Vyranoth figured her sister was getting impatient now.

They'd heard of a bonus of some sort on a night for two at the Roasted Ram. Or, rather, Vyranoth had. Alexstrasza had encouraged her to take the opportunity. Vyranoth still didn't know when Alexstrasza had figured out there was something between her and Raszageth, but she didn't really want to ask - she'd merely nodded.

So they went on their way. Raszageth had been there before, apparently, and she'd told Vyranoth the place smelled good.

Now, Vyranoth smelled what her sister meant. The scent of meat was strong, and other aromas joined it - spices, she thought. It almost reminded her of the meat cooked for whelps, but the scent was different. More enticing.

For mortals, everything was conducted in gold. For dragons? Raszageth simply had to approach the drakonid taking care of guests. He startled for an instant, before any trace of that surprise was gone and he was leading the two upstairs.

"This includes dinner, yes?" Vyranoth checked. She remembered Raszageth saying the dining hall was where they'd just passed by.

"It does. It'll be taken to your room," the drakonid said.

Vyranoth didn't bother to reply verbally, simply nodding as he left.

Next to her, Raszageth swished her tail. They had the room for the night, entirely to themselves. It was well-furnished, perhaps even fancier than any home they'd been in, but it was draconic furnishings - no obnoxious scents like mortals so adored. Raszageth was running her talons over various items in the room. She wasn't used to how soft things were.

Vyranoth wasn't either, she supposed. Still, she was trying to get used to it. No matter how foreign it all was, including tolerating the Dragonflights and having homes they didn't have to worry about leaving at any time.

Though it wasn't long before dinner arrived, it felt like an eternity. They only realised how insulated from scent and sound the room was when the door opened and the drakonid brought in the food.

Raszageth's eyes sparked just a bit more than usual.

It was a bit after they'd finished eating before Vyranoth was certain she recognized Raszageth's anticipation. Her sister glanced around as she scoped out the room, eyes lingering on s piece of furniture every so often. It brought back memories. Of days long past, and moments Iridikron and Fyrakk most certainly hadn't been privy to.

When Raszageth was satisfied, she looped an arm around Vyranoth. (In those bygone days, it would have been her snout nudged against Vyranoth's side.)

"It's quiet," Raszageth stated. There was an edge to her voice, one Vyranoth was all too familiar with - one she didn't hear around Fyrakk or Iridikron.

Vyranoth knew what that meant. Alexstrasza had said something about this event being about love, hadn't she? Mayhaps that was why the rooms were rented out to pairs like this. Still. She did appreciate the opportunity, too. She nodded.

That was all the invitation Raszageth needed to firmly guide her to the bed. It was soft, much softer than Vyranoth was used to, but ever since coming to Valdrakken, that softness had become a part of everyday life. Vyranoth still wasn't certain how she felt about it. Life, to her, had been a harsh thing that could never fully be worn away. And yet… this era was so different.

Vyranoth didn't get much time to muse about it before Raszageth pushed her into the mattress. Scarcely a breath, before Raszageth's own weight warped the mattress. The Storm-Eater moved quickly. Her talons found Vyranoth's slit, one toying with the clit in front of it.

That was a concession both of them had had to make. Turned out draconic genitals were difficult to properly enjoy when attached to an upright body. Oh, they had *tried*. They'd failed and soon discovered how much better this layout worked in this kind of body.

Vyranoth sucked in a breath when she felt Raszageth's talon trace across her slit. Her sister's warm - to her - body pressed into her side.

Vyranoth stiffened as Raszageth purred into her neck. A talon slipped into Vyranoth's slit, another resuming rubbing her clit.

Vyranoth reached up to Raszageth's breasts. They were soft, and yet the scales let Vyranoth squeeze them without worrying about her own claws. Already, Raszageth's nipples were stiff and erect. She truly was a tempest, Vyranoth felt - moving quickly, feeling strongly.

She couldn't imagine her sister any other way.

A jolt of pleasure made Vyranoth hiss. Her grip on Raszageth's breast tightened as Raszageth rubbed her clit with a slightly stronger motion. Vyranoth could feel herself getting wet, slick dripping between her legs.

That only made Raszageth pump her finger faster. She nipped at her sister's shoulder, before nuzzling Vyranoth's cheek.

The feeling of scales rubbing against Vyranoth's clit made her shudder. Raszageth's speed only made the pleasure thicker. Vyranoth half-whined at the sensation, managing to stifle most of it.

Still, Raszageth responded with a croon. "Good."

Raszageth continued working for several minutes more. Vyranoth shuddered - normally, she wouldn't let herself, but she was alone with someone she trusted. The pleasure shot up her spine, and she let out a breathy moan.

Now, Raszageth plunged her finger into Vyranoth's pussy. She made sure to rub against her sister's clit with her thumb as she did so - and the effort paid off in front of her. She could hear her sister not even bother to stifle her pleasured reactions. See her shudder.

Vyranoth writhed under Raszageth's attention. Raszageth could feel her sister's grip loosen. Icy talons slid across her chest. Oh, she was *enjoying* this.

Raszageth picked up the pace, pumping her talon still faster. Slipping another in. This, too, was met with a noise of pleasure and Vyranoth's pussy clenching.

Raszageth was sure her sister was getting close. They were both still getting used to what one could do with bodies shaped like this. So many things to try that dragon bodies didn't do, even if they missed sensations from their true forms. Yet by now, she was fairly certain of what this meant in visage form. (She hadn't thought she'd ever get *used* to a visage form. Her past self probably would have laughed in someone's face if they'd told her she'd ever willingly take a visage.)

That musing was soon cut off by a particularly sharp cry from Vyranoth. Raszageth stiffened, before increasing her pace yet again, resorting to rocking her hand against Vyranoth's pussy as she thrusted - and her sister came, back arching. For a dragon of ice, Vyranoth melted so under the pleasure.

Her sister was normally so cold outside, but Raszageth knew that of the four, Vyranoth's heart had always bled the most. She'd just closed herself off. It was satisfying to see her sister so relaxed and comfortable - not just the thrill of pleasure that it brought, but also seeing Vyranoth comfortable enough to let go of her chill. Feeling the aftershocks of her sister's orgasm as the two lay there.

Impulsively, Raszageth leaned down and pressed her muzzle into the side of Vyranoth's neck. A soft, rumbling purr in response made Raszageth lick at her sister's neck. Vyranoth responded with a soft laugh.

It had been thousands of years since Raszageth had seen Vyranoth so comfortable. Entirely too long since they'd done this last, really. Now that rhey had all the time in the world, Raszageth found herself eager to see it more.

It was worth everything Raszageth had done - even tolerating the Dragonflights. She let herself relax into Vyranoth's grip when her sister finally reached up after a long moments of recovering from her bliss, and gently pulled her into an embrace. She could get used to this, she decided.

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