

The sun beat down on the dry sands of the desert town. Germaine shielded his eyes and peered up at the sky. Even though it was late afternoon, it was still as hot as ever, which wasn't helped by the heavy armor he was wearing. Not for the first time, he felt a small pang of envy for the town guard, in their comparatively comfortable leathers. Like all the town's paladins, he was forced to wear a padded vest and trousers beneath a set of polished plate mail, emblazoned with the sigil of the god he served. Thankfully at least his clawed feet meant he was spared the metal boots of his human counterparts. He peered down at his toes, digging them slightly into the sand, and sighed. He had always disliked the dull yellow-brown of his scales. While it was perfectly suited for camouflage in the parched landscape, it hardly made any difference when he wore a suit that could be seen for miles thanks to its sheen. He peered up once more at the sky, but the sun seemed barely to have moved since his last look. Germaine gave a grumble, and idly rubbed the hilt of his scimitar. Guarding the mansions of the rich was hardly what he'd thought he'd been signing up for when he joined up with the church. He wanted to be out on the streets of some big city, upholding the law and protecting those who could not protect themselves. He wanted to be someone who could be relied on, someone who people could come to in their time of need. But there was no use wishing for that, when all he was given here was duties that amounted to standing around looking intimidating. Although, he didn't mind saying he was pretty good at that. At nearly seven feet tall and very bulky, he was one of the largest men in the church. He was big even for a lizardfolk, and most people already didn't want to mess with one of those thanks to their reputation as dirty fighters. He mentally snorted. Nonsense. Most of the lizardfolk he knew were among the most straight laced individuals he could name. Except.. His mind wandered. Except for her, of course. Kliessa. He couldn't help but grin slightly just at the thought of her. She was by far the rowdiest, nastiest, sexiest person he knew. And she was also his lover. Well, sort of. Paladins took a vow of chastity, so they had never actually made love, but Kliessa had always made it clear that if he ever wanted to ditch the church, she'd be there. Germaine sighed again. Thinking about her was not making the day go any faster. If anything, it only made it harder. He shifted slightly, his trousers feeling slightly tight. He looked up again and wished the sun a faster journey across the sky.

It was hours later, after changing out of his armor and a meal that couldn't be called decent, that he heard the news. As he trudged down the hallway from the mess hall, he overheard two people talking.

"Well, it isn't that much of a surprise, is it? I heard half the elders went to her for "herbs" and "tonics". It's no wonder there was more to it than that."

"Do you think she was really using..." the second voice trailed off.

"Magic? Not my place to say. The higher ups sure seem to think so, they've scheduled the trial for tomorrow."

"Tomorrow? Damn, they work fast. I suppose Kliessa'd have to have some kinda magic to talk her way out of a formal trial."

"Ain't that the truth. Even a beauty like her'd-"

Germaine didn't hear the end of that sentence, he was already sprinting for the door.

When Germaine got to the prison, there was a group outside making a bit of a ruckus. Panting from the run, he paused to catch his breath and listen in a little.

"Now see here, sonny!" The voice was old, but not frail. "She may be magick or she may be ain't, but that girl takes care of us old'uns like no one else does! You let her out this instant!" The guard was visibly concerned about the small crowd. "Look, I'm just following orders, okay? If you want to help her out, speak up for her at the trial tomorrow."

Germaine stepped forward before the old woman could begin another tirade, placing a hand on her shoulder gently. She paused and turned to look at him, her eyes softening when she saw who it was.

"Look here, Germy, they're trying to say Kliessa is a warlock, or shaman or some nonsense. They're fixing to hang her for it! This won't do!"

Germaine nodded, and spoke to her softly enough that the guard couldn't hear. "I know. But it's okay. I'll talk to her and get a plan for the trial tomorrow. Can you take the others back home for now?"

The woman hesitated, but eventually nodded, and motioned for the rest of the group. As they began to disperse, Germaine approached the prison guard, who saluted him.

"Sir Germaine, thank you for your assistance just now. I was a little worried they were going to storm the place."

Germaine made an embarrassed gesture. "Please, I'm not a knight. There's no need to call me sir." He paused, then continued. "Though if possible, I would like to see the prisoner." The guard thought about it for a moment.

"Well, the captain did say not to let in any rabble, but he didn't say anything about paladins. I see no reason to prevent a fellow officer from entering." He gave a short bow. "Just try not to cause too much trouble."

Germaine grinned and bowed back. "I'll do my best. Thank you."

The inside of the prison was dark, but dry. The air was surprisingly comfortable, all things considered. Germaine made his way to the only cell where she could be. The one at the end of the hall, the darkest spot in the prison building, reserved for illegal magic practitioners.

He was almost afraid to take the last few steps around the corner, but when he did he saw exactly what he had feared and known. A familiar form was seated on the singular bench, eyes closed almost as if asleep. Her scales were a beautiful mottled pastel green and pink, and her long, elegant tail was curled around her feet. Her eyes were closed, but popped open when he spoke.

"Oh Kliessa. How did this happen?" Her eyes softened at seeing that it was Germaine, and she gave a smile with no less than her usual charm.

"My love." She nodded her head to him. "I believe it has something to do with my witchcraft." There was a long pause.

"You're joking." Germaine shook his head. "Now is hardly the time."

"Not this time, my dear." She grinned with perhaps a hint of sadness, and hopped off the bench, making her way over to the bars, raising one hand to cup his chin. "I am guilty of that which I am accused."

The large man slumped forward against the bars. "But then... That means tomorrow..."

"Hush love, I promise I have no intention of dying tomorrow." She scratched his chin with one claw lovingly. "Though, I do have a last request, if you would so indulge me."

Germaine gave a strangled huff. He could barely understand what was going on. He wasn't even sure what to feel. He felt numb. Confused. Shocked. He felt... something on his crotch? He looked down. Kliessa had knelt down in front of him and was suggestively rubbing his inner thigh and bulge with one hand, peering up at him with a mischievous grin.

"Now?!" He croaked, his tail lashing out behind him.

"If not now, then when?" She retorted.

He looked down at her once again. It was true that no-one had ever tempted him quite like she had. With her gorgeous scales, piercing eyes, and frankly sinful body, she had made him reconsider his vow more than once, especially since he had never understood the purpose anyways.

"After all" she continued, almost lazily "it would be a shame to waste our 'last' night together."

He hesitated. Somehow he knew, if she said she did not intend to die tomorrow, she meant it.

He didn't know how she planned to escape, but she definitely had a plan, and-

His thoughts were interrupted by a forked tongue running over his bulge. She had never been so forward with him before, and the surprising intimacy of it made his cocks twitch with an intense pang of desire. She nuzzled him, her hands making their way to his waistband and giving his shorts a tug, and he couldn't stop himself from reaching through the bars and draping his hands on her head. She took this as approval, and tugged down his shorts, revealing the slightly stiffening members beneath them. They were fairly normal for a lizard folk, their only unusual feature being their soft purple color, contrasting with his sandy colored scales. Kliessa sighed happily, nuzzling his inner thigh once more before leaning in towards his upper penis and flicking her tongue across the tip several times in quick succession. She then placed the base of the fork just below his head, wrapping the two sides of her tongue around each side of his member and curling them slightly, the thicker part of her tongue pressing up and against the tip. She held there for a moment before retracting her tongue, letting it slide slowly back into her mouth, slithering along his sensitive flesh all the way.

Germaine had never felt anything like this. It was beyond intense, and what might have seemed like barely a tease to someone more experienced was easily enough to get him fully hard. He let out a ragged moan as she pulled back from him slightly, but instead of pulling away she moved her hands to her mouth and gave each one a wet lick. Those hands then moved to wrap gently around his lower dick, though her fingers could barely reach around him. He let out another moan as she came into contact with the sensitive flesh, which rapidly evolved into a panting gasp as she began to stroke him slowly. His eyes closed, and hands still cradling her head, his hips lurched forward seeking more of that agonizing stimulation, his thighs pressing against the cold cell bars. Then he felt her lips against his top cock. She had barely opened her mouth and wrapped them around him when he came, hot spurts of glowing blue liquid spurting from both members as he yowled in pleasure.

Germaine panted. The orgasm had been far more intense than anything he'd ever managed with his hands. He felt a little light headed. It was only the odd sound of words he didn't understand that pulled him back to reality. Kliessa was waving her hands, glowing with a combination of his cum and something else. A pink glow, like her scales. And she was murmuring something. Whatever it was was over quickly though, as she smiled up at him once more. Then, in one fluid motion, she stood up and lifted her tail, presenting to him a most exciting sight.

Normally, when he used his hands, he was pretty spent after one orgasm. But for some reason, he felt as though he wanted more. Actually, he felt as though he would never be satisfied! And as she pressed herself back against him, her sopping vent kissing the tip of his upper cock, he felt his hands moving to her hips as he positioned himself just right... and speared her drooling sex onto his desperate dick in one smooth movement.

If her hands and mouth had been intense, this was another level entirely. She gasped as he thrust into her, then moaned loudly as he began to move, grinding himself against her sensitive walls. Her hands found their way to his lower dick and pulled it up against her clit, so that with each thrust he slid the sensitive nub all the way down and up his cock. She squeezed down on both dicks and he felt himself building towards another orgasm, but then she said something he couldn't quite make out and his pleasure seemed to plateau. He could still feel every inch of her tight insides, feel her fingers wrapped around him stroking him languidly, but the pleasure seemed to stop building. It merely stayed constant as he continued to grind into her.

Then she arched a certain way and he felt her begin to shudder. He redoubled his efforts, aiming for the spot that seemed to make her twitch the most, and in a few moments he was rewarded as she cried out in ecstasy, her sex clamping down around him as she came. But she hardly seemed satisfied, as with barely a moment's rest she resumed her motions, stroking his lower cock into her clit, grinding back against him, her tail wrapping around his waist and pulling him in closer.

They were there for several minutes, grinding desperately against each other through the cell bars, before she muttered something through a gasp and he suddenly felt as though he was about to explode. He urgently pulled her against him until he was buried as deep inside her as he could possibly be, both his cocks almost squirming as they came, and he was wracked with an orgasm so forceful that he almost didn't notice her second one, her mouth open and drooling. They both held their position for a few moments, panting heavily, his thick glowing blue cum dripping out of her and coating the floor of the cell. Then she said something under her breath again, and everything went dark.

The sensation of warmth on his face woke him. That was odd. His room was usually fairly cold. His eyes flickered, and were met with a bright light. Surprised, he blinked them open, slowly getting used to the sudden influx of light. He shifted, and felt warm sand beneath him. This finally snapped him fully awake, and he sat bolt upright. He looked around, and it dawned on him that he had no idea where he was. He could see what looked like a fairly large city not too far away, but he was certain it was not one he recognized. A fluttering sensation caught his attention, and he reached for a piece of paper that had been pinned to his... actually, what was he wearing? It looked similar to the town guard's leathers, but it was far more comfortable than he had imagined. The inside was soft, almost plush, as though lined with some expensive fabric, and the outside was a very strange mesh that seemed to glimmer in the sunlight. He shook his head, however, and refocused on the note.

"My love," it read, "thank you for a wonderful night. Though I enjoyed it immensely, I doubt the town guard would feel the same way about you being discovered in the cell of an escaped prisoner, so I took the liberty of moving you to a safer place. Consider your new clothing a parting gift. It is heavily enchanted, and will keep you both cool and warm, as well as offering protection from slings and spears. I hope it serves you well in your new life. I know you have

always spoken of doing good, being more than just a glorified watch-lizard. This is your chance. The city you see in front of you is in desperate need of some help. I have already put in a good word for you with the higher-ups, they should be expecting you. I hope this is to your liking. Finally, should you care to rejoin me in the future, I will be stopping by the town occasionally. Keep an eye out, and we may meet again. With love, Kliessa.”

Germaine grinned. A new start. A new life. One where he could do good. One where Kliessa could be safe and they could be together. And one where they could repeat the experience of last night any time they desired. Yes. This was everything he had always wanted.

He made his way to his feet and shrugged off the last of his waking stiffness. Though not too far, the city was still a bit of a walk away, and there was no time to begin like the present. He smiled, the cool desert air was refreshing, and the warmth of the sand seeped through his feet. The sun shone down, and his scales glimmered. In the light of this new day, this new life, their color seemed suddenly less dull. If anything, they seemed to shimmer a bright, hopeful gold.