

# Silvanya and Arelle

March 5, 2021

Arelle bounded down the busy walkway, emerald tail wagging in the air. After the heavy snowfall of the last few days, the weather being nice enough that she could wear something that let her unfurl her wings again was lovely. And if that weren't enough, her exams were going excellently! She waved to a few passersby as she hopped along, wavy green hair bouncing. Dimly she noted that the way she was walking with such a spring in her step might have been letting a few people glance up her dark green skirt, but found she was in too good a mood to care too much.

Spotting Carvus, she smiled and waved. A half dragon like herself, the crimson young man was stepping out of one of the larger buildings on campus, wearing a t-shirt and jeans. "Hey, 'Elle!" he called out, striding towards her. "How'd your chemistry exam go?"

Arelle's grin widened. "I got an A, " she said, holding one hand up against her chest as though saluting. Her wings flared.

"Damn, nice job! I didn't do so well on that one myself. I got. . . 82, I think? Not bad but I wish I'd done better." Carvus shrugged. "Still, not the worst thing in the world. Where are you headed?"

"I'm off to see Silvanya," Arelle responded. "We planned to spend some time together once our exams were done."

"Ah, Silvanya. . ." Carvus sighed. "If you do any sports with her, be sure to let me know. I'll cheer you on."

Arelle blushed, green cheeks turning oh so slightly red. "You pervert. You just want to see Sil in shorts and a sports bra."

Carvus couldn't visibly blush with red skin and scales, but he seemed to anyway. "I mean, you have to admit, she is really pretty. Not like you're *not* pretty, 'Elle, I don't mean that, but—"

They both started laughing at that.

"It's okay," said Arelle after she caught her breath. "We both know she's prettier than me. Otherwise she wouldn't be catching the eye of so many men — and women — and others too, now that I think about it."

"Still, don't underestimate yourself," said Carvus.

Arelle blushed again. "Thanks," she said. "I'll put in a good word to her for you, all right?"

Carvus nodded. "Thanks, Arelle. Have fun!"

Arelle waved once more, and with a “See you around!” she was on her way once more. As she dodged around a few other half-dragons and waited at the crosswalk for the light to change, she reflected on the conversation.

Silvanya, always so confident and outgoing, and friendly. And, indeed, pretty. Arelle sighed a bit. She flirted with some classmates, but Silvanya seemed to have admirers around every corner. It was hard not to be jealous of her friend. Even there, as she and Carvus teased and flirted, it still started with wanting to see *Sil* in revealing clothing, not herself. Of course, given Sil’s propensity towards form fitting clothing that revealed more of her body than Arelle would have been comfortable doing herself, it perhaps wasn’t surprising that Carvus figured she would be wearing more of the same. Arelle, after all, wore a longer skirt and a light green blouse, while in weather like this Sil would probably be wearing a tank top and shorts, or less.

As the crosswalk nearly turned back to saying she couldn’t cross, Arelle realized she’d been standing there in thought for some time. She made her way along the street just before the sign changed before proceeding toward Silvanya’s house.

The light brown, nondescript building wasn’t much to look at on the outside. A few windows, a small door, not even a garage. Still, Arelle knew from previous visits that this was a much nicer place than it may have seemed. It was small, only a handful of rooms, but it did contain a fantastic kitchen and a surprisingly nice bathroom with a large tub. Plus, Sil kept saying the rent was fantastic. Arelle grinned and rapped at the door with her hand, a few quick knocks, and waited.

And waited.

And waited.

Just as she was about to knock again, the door opened, revealing the dark blue half-dragon, snout in a grin. Her shoulder-length neon blue hair was perfect as always, her smile wide and friendly. Arelle noted that she’d managed to guess correctly on the tank top (sky blue, with holes large enough to easily see Sil’s bra) but instead of shorts she wore a miniskirt, and was barefoot.

“Hey, Arelle! I didn’t expect you for another half hour.”

“Chemistry ended early today, since we’d just had the exam.”

“Right, I forgot that they ended early in that class.” Her wings rose behind her for a few flaps. “Sorry it took me a minute to get here. I was actually about to take a bath and had to throw something on.”

“I can wait a bit, if you want,” said Arelle, but Silvanya was already beckoning her in, so she followed.

She figured they would start with an episode of their favorite show, but Sil walked past the TV with nary a glance. Arelle was about to ask which room they were going to when Sil pulled open the door to the bathroom and strode in, leaving it wide open.

Arelle took a step back before hearing Sil call out, “Come in! I said I was going to take a bath.”

Arelle crept forward and poked her head in. Sil’s dark blue wings were fully unfurled, tail relaxed on the floor, as she leaned over to turn on the water,

heedless of the fact that Arelle could see up her skirt to her white panties. “Umm. . .” muttered Arelle.

“Something wrong?” asked Sil as she turned and began to pull off her tank top, revealing some of her blue skin dotted with scales around her navel. Then she halted for a moment. “Oh, right, of course. It’s not a big deal, at least I don’t think so. We’ve been friends for years! I certainly don’t think it’s a problem if you see me naked.” She looked at Arelle curiously. “Do you think it’s an issue?”

“No, no!” Arelle shook her head. “You can go ahead.”

Arelle was not immune to her friend’s charms. She knew Silvanya was pretty. Everyone did. Yet at that moment where Sil pulled her tank top off, revealing her toned stomach, dark blue skin and scales, and cream-colored bra, Arelle realized more than that. And as Silvanya’s skirt pooled around her ankles, leaving her in just her underwear as she unfurled her wings and stretched, Arelle recognized the truth.

Silvanya was more than pretty. She was absolutely gorgeous. Her bra cupped her healthily sized breasts tightly, her legs were long and muscular, and her curves were gorgeous.

Arelle’s wings rose behind her, tail beginning to wag on its own, as she stared at her friend’s body.

Silvanya dipped her tail into the water to test it, turned (Arelle thought her back was lovely), adjusted the heat, and turned around once more. She reached behind her, unclasped her bra, and let it fall.

Arelle’s eyes immediately traveled to Sil’s breasts. Nicely sized but not huge, her nipples were reasonably sized, poking out slightly, a slightly darker shade of blue than the rest of her skin. Symmetrical, with scales running along them here and there, they looked smooth, soft, and inviting.

“Like what you see?” asked Silvanya, placing her hands on her hips and striking a pose.

Arelle felt blood rush to her cheeks. She felt like she must have looked as red as Carvus in that moment as she realized how she’d been blatantly ogling her increasingly unclothed friend. “Um, I, uh,” she stammered, “yeah, I do like what I see.”

Silvanya grinned. “It’s really okay, Arelle. I’m flattered. You can stare all you want.” And with that, Silvanya grabbed her panties and pulled them down, revealing a few additional scales and a gorgeous triangle of azure curls matching the hair on her head. She stepped out of them with one leg, lifted her other foot, and grabbed her panties before lightly tossing them at Arelle.

Arelle let out a slight *eep* as she caught them, as Sil stretched again, wings outstretched, arms in the air, tail extended. “It’s nice to not be restricted. It feels good to just be nude, you know?” She dipped her tail into the steaming water again, before turning it off and stepping into the massive porcelain tub. “So, ‘Elle, how have things been for you?” she asked as she leaned back.

Arelle blinked, not realizing she’d been asked a question for a moment. Too busy staring at Sil’s wings, and her now submerged breasts, and her —

“Things are fine,” she said once her brain caught up with the question. “Carvus says hello, by the way.”

“I bet he’d be jealous of you right now, huh?” Sil chuckled.

Arelle couldn’t fathom how Silvanya could be so calm while talking about others wanting to check her out nude, let alone while actually *being* nude in front of another, and truly while that other was holding her panties (which Arelle only then realized she still clutched in her clawed hands — she dropped them). “Yeah, I guess he would. He admitted he wanted to see you in shorts and a sports bra.”

Sil burst into laughter at that. “All right, I’ll make sure to wear one tomorrow and say hello to him!” She grabbed a bar of soap and began to apply it to her arms. Arelle watched intently.

“Hey Arelle, can you do me a favor?”

Arelle blinked. “Sure. What is it?”

“Can you wash my hair for me? And maybe my wings too. I can never reach around to get them.”

“Umm...” Arelle hesitated. Stride right up to the huge tub, running her hands through Sil’s gorgeous hair and along her wings? “Would I be joining you? In the tub, I mean?”

Sil turned to her and sat up. Rivulets of water flowed down her breasts. “I guess you wouldn’t have to, but it would probably be a lot more uncomfortable for both of us.” Her smile dimmed. “You’re not nervous, are you? There’s nothing to be scared of, it’s just us here. But if you really don’t want to, you can say so.”

Arelle *hrmmed* to herself. It was tempting. The bathtub was huge, and could comfortably seat both of them. Yet, Arelle wasn’t sure she could bring herself to be naked in front of her longtime friend. Yet still, she felt a desire, awoken by Sil’s brazen acts, that made her want to match them somehow. Not to mention, Silvanya’s wings looked so very soft, and her hair silky, and so a chance to wash them for her was not a chance Arelle wanted to miss.

So very tempting. Yet Arelle wasn’t quite sure she could bring herself to say yes. She found herself almost hoping for just the slightest extra incentive to convince her to-

“I’ll wash your hair and wings too, of course,” Sil added.

“Absolutely.” Arelle smiled, her mind made up, as she bent down to untie her shoelaces. “I’d be happy to join you.” She noted as she pulled off her shoes and began to unbutton her blouse, that Sil’s tail seemed to be twitching slightly with each bit of skin she showed.

“That’s a nice bra,” said Sil as her gaze traveled along Arelle’s upper torso and across her light green bra. “Very form-fitting, and the color blends in very well with your blouse, and your scales.”

As Arelle pulled her wings through the holes in her blouse, her grin turned nervous. She hesitated just a moment, then reached back and unhooked her bra before tugging it off and dropping it by her feet, exposing the scales around her breasts and her dark green nipples, small and pert. One deep breath later, and she pulled off her skirt and panties, exposing the green curls between her legs

matching the wavy hair on her head. She stepped out of her skirt and panties and stretched her wings out to the side, trying not to blush.

Sil gasped, causing Arelle's gaze to return to her friend. Sil's eyes, beginning wide as saucers, half closed, her mouth hanging open, a dreamy expression on her face. "Wow, 'Elle, with your wings around you like that, you're *magnificent*. You look like you stepped out of a classical painting or like you're a sculpture come to life. I wish I was as beautiful as you."

Arelle, about to take a step toward the tub, almost tripped and fell in surprise. "What are you talking about?" she asked. "As beautiful as me? Sil, you're way prettier than I could ever be. Why else would you have so many admirers?"

Sil laughed, a melodious, high-pitched sound. "That's just because I go around in clothing so skimpy it's practically underwear. People like looking at my legs because they can see them. You're always way more covered. But trust me, one look at you like this, and you'd have just as many guys after you as I do. And more than a few women, I'm sure, if that's more your taste." She gestured next to her. "Come on, join me."

Arelle walked forward and dipped one scaled foot into the tub. The water was steaming still, not scalding but very hot. Arelle stepped in and lowered herself into the water. She felt her muscles relax, tension of the day drifting away, as her heart rate slowed a bit and she leaned back against the side of the tub, sighing happily.

"I know, it's nice in here, isn't it?" Sil's grin and good humor was infectious and Arelle found herself grinning, her nervousness at her exposed breasts and bush having completely vanished.

"I have to say, 'Elle, I certainly didn't know the carpet matched the drapes. You look so lush and full down there. I love it."

Well, perhaps not completely.

"Thank you," responded Arelle, blushing. "Do you really think I'm that pretty?"

Sil nodded. "Yes, I do! You're so petite and slender. Your curves are in just the right places."

"But you're so much more full than me. Your curves are larger and more noticeable and your breasts are bigger."

Sil hesitated for a moment, just long enough for Arelle to grow worried she'd said something wrong. "So, who's getting their hair and wings washed first, you or me?"

"I'll wash yours first," said Arelle, in part because she wanted to see how soft her friend's hair felt, and in part because she felt the slightest bit of nervousness at being touched, though she could tell deep down she wanted it.

"That bottle is the shampoo, and that's the conditioner." Sil pointed to a few gray plastic bottles to the side of the tub, before turning her back to Arelle.

As Arelle squeezed a bit of shampoo onto her hand and began to work it into a lather, she said, "Is something wrong? You seem a little muted all of a sudden."

"I'm just thinking. You really think I'm prettier than you?"

Arelle ran her hand through Sil's lovely blue hair. Her friend gasped a tiny bit, then settled back, leaning her back against Arelle's breasts. "Silvanya," she said, trying not to let out a light squeak at the sudden stimulation of her nipples, "you're stunning. Your hair, your wings, your breasts. You could grace the cover of a magazine easily. You are truly gorgeous."

"Thank you," said Sil. "It means a lot to hear you say that."

Arelle worked out a few knots with her index finger before continuing to massage Sil's scalp, working the shampoo into a lather on her long hair. One hand slipped down to touch Sil's tail. The dark blue dragon lady shuddered at that. When Arelle noticed, she slowly, slowly ran her hand along her friend's long, scaly tail, from the base to the tip.

They spent the next few minutes in peaceful silence. Arelle ran her hand through Sil's hair a fair bit more than necessary but neither of them minded. After all, her hair was so soft, it begged to have someone give it some appreciation. The conditioner smelled faintly of coconut and Arelle couldn't help but take a few deep breaths to enjoy the scent.

Even so, Arelle found her gaze shifting away from Sil's hair, and towards the two beautiful appendages sprouting from her upper back. "I'm going to get the soap for your wings," she said.

Silvanya fanned out her wings. Arelle's eyes traced over them.

"Ooohhh... Your wings are so..." The words escaped her. Sil's wings were the dark blue of almost twilight. The rich, soft skin, with the occasional scale was beautiful. Looking closely, Arelle could just barely make out the fragile bones giving the wings structure. Yet the inner membranes on the underside of the wings caught her eye even more so. An uninterrupted, pure midnight blue, the skin of the inner membranes looked warm and so soft. The bones were more visible on this side, as the skin was a bit thinner, but it looked yet so silky regardless.

"...So gorgeous." Arelle smiled slightly as a word came to her, even if it felt insufficient to describe her friend's beauty.

"I'm glad you like them so much." Silvanya turned to her, a smile playing across her lips. "Once we're done washing each other I can wrap them around you if you want."

Arelle's eyes widened, just a bit. "I would love that."