

PHAZE FLARE

FREE FICTION



GIFT WRAPPED DRAGON

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Dedicated to my current and future readers.
You are what this is all about.

Gift Wrapped Dragon

A Story of Bells & Nikki

by Michael Barnette

Lengths of bright red rope, two neat satiny coils of the stuff lay on the floor around the slender blond man. Shadows danced across the walls from the bank of candles burning on the dresser. He studied the ropes, trying to decide exactly how he could accomplish his goal alone.

The red made a strong contrast to the golden color of his skin and the pale cornsilk of his hair. Hair that was put up in a tangle of braids that fell to his waist. Braids studded with cobalt glass beads, fluffy grey and rust feathers and bells that rang sweetly as he moved.

He picked up the first coil and ran the length of the rope through his hands feeling the cool silken feel of the rope. He brought it to his face, felt how smooth it was and smiled. The texture ideal for what he had planned. It had taken him a lot of searching to find the proper rope for what he was planning tonight.

Months of searching, asking questions of people he knew, talking to traders, bargaining to get just the right type of rope.

And now he had it, just in time too.

This had to be perfect.

No mistakes.

He'd only get one chance to surprise her, and she wouldn't tolerate him screwing up.

Not this time.

He slipped the blood colored rope around his shoulders, the feel exciting him, but not nearly as much as the knowledge of why he was doing this. And for whom.

Bringing both ends around in front of him he carefully knotted it across his chest before bringing it down to his waist along the center of his body. He wrapped it around himself and tied it there, repeating the process at hip height to complete the basic harness. He then looped it down between his thighs, shuddering at the sexual tension the act was creating within him. Trembling at some dim memories of a time long

ago, in a reality long lost to him, a woman whose laughter had once been like rain to his soul.

So long ago.

But he had someone new, someone who was life, love and joy to him in this place.

Uniting the two halves of the rope together along the crack of his ass he twisted his body, fumbling with the ends, trying to get the knots right as he tied them at the base of his spine, joining them to the harness at his hips and waist. He struggled to get the knots tight, to get them tied right, trying to imagine them in his mind and make his hands tie them, the action far more difficult than he realized it would be when he'd decided to make himself a special gift for the woman he loved.

Pure awkward annoyance is what it was, but he was determined to give her something special, something he'd never given her before.

Him. Tied up and waiting.

Helpless.

Tightening the knots he picked up another coil of rope and moved to the bed with the ends of the first rope trailing along with him.

The whole process would have been easier if he had help, but he wasn't about to ask any of his friends to help him with something quite this personal. Besides he doubted anyone else had the first clue how to do Japanese rope bondage anyway.

But it sure was a bitch tying yourself up, even if it was for a special occasion.

He pulled the first rope tight, bringing the ends up around his ribs and up across his torso, fastening them to the knots that were centered over his chest.

It looked good though. Not quite as good as it would have looked if he'd been tying someone else up, but it was certainly passable, and quite attractive, the red contrasting with his golden toned skin.

He didn't have long until she would arrive and she expected him to be on the bed ready and waiting.

And ready meant erect and wanting her.

Well he was on the bed, he had that much accomplished.

Wanting her was easy. He'd wanted her from the moment he'd first set eyes on her in a weed choked field by the road, him covered in blood and confused, her wanting nothing more than to help him.

Doc Nikki doing what came natural, helping others.

Even odd blond strangers found with cracked skulls lying in weeds beside a broken and half washed out road.

He'd never forget the warm compassion in her beautiful brown eyes, or the gentle touch of her hands.

His cock hardened at so simple a memory.

His the way he was hers.

Her very own protector.

Her Dragon.

He tied the rope carefully around the headboard, looped one end around his wrist, ran it along his arm, tied it to the knot at the center of his chest and pulled until his arm was firmly held above his head. Working with a sliding knot he managed to get his other wrist tied above his head just as he heard a sound in the other room.

Queen Nikki's parlor. And it could only be her coming in from the party held in honor of the Queen, no one else would interrupt them tonight, he had the word of the Queen's entire staff.

The door swung open and she stepped into the room, a sleek, glorious Venus of Pain, a riding crop clutched in her right hand, her waist cinched in by black leather, feet encased in shoes with brass heels that shone like real gold in the candle light.

Stopped, brown eyes going wide.

Magnificent. Stunning. Wrapped in brilliant red ropes. A captive waiting on her bed. Awaiting her whim. Her mouth went dry as her gaze traveled along the glory of his lean body, taking in the way the rope crossed over his skin, the way the candle light danced over him. The play of shadow and light over his muscular form. The way his pose set off the firm cock jutting from the tangle of golden curls framed by the lines of crimson rope.

He was a confection, a treat awaiting her pleasure.

A treat she could savor at her leisure.

And she planned to savor every honey colored inch of him.

"Happy birthday, my Mistress," he murmured in that dulcet voice she loved so much.

"Yes, I do believe it will be a very happy birthday," she agreed as she sauntered closer to her bed, looking down at the most beautiful thing he'd ever given her: him, tied and ready for her pleasure.

"Who helped you?" she asked as she approached.

“No one.”

Surveying the skillful way he was wrapped the rope she wanted to doubt him, but her boy never lied.

Crossing the intervening distance Nikki reached the foot of the bed and stood there, still staring at the picture he made. Such beauty it took her breath away and sent a blaze of heat right to the center of her being. Heat that got her wet and wanting.

And did she ever want what she was seeing.

She ran the tip of the riding crop over the sole of his foot, watched his reaction, foot and cock both twitching at the tickling sensation.

A bead of clear fluid rose from the head of his cock, glistening like nectar in the candle light.

She licked her lips, knowing how it would taste. Sweet, slightly salty with a faint trace of something almost spicy.

Not exactly human.

But that was to be expected.

Her boy, her Bells wasn't human.

He was Dragon.

Immortal.

And undeniably hers.

“You must really like what you're looking at,” he remarked in a tone that oozed sexuality and burned down her body to coil hot as flame in her lower belly. He wasn't the only one dewed with arousal, Nikki feeling the slick wanting of her pussy.

She struggled for control, tried to distance herself just a little so she could make it more fun for them both.

But his pose, the heat of his gaze on her which darkened his eyes from their normal icy blue to cobalt flame, heated her to the point she couldn't think, didn't want to wait. She could see how aroused he was too, the Dragon at the center of his soul rising to the surface. Emerald and aqua mist, tinged with cobalt started to drift from him. Invisible to most people, but she'd seen the dragon at the center of his soul. A beautiful creature of shifting blue, green and gold wreathed in mist. Ethereal and dreamlike. Real.

Hers for the taking.

And she planned to take him.

Nikki crept up the bed, straddling his legs, feeling the cool air of the room on her hot cunt. The contrast teasing her, making her want his cock inside her, filling her.

Instead she kissed the head of his cock, tasting the honeyed flavor of him, heard him groan, the muscles of his belly tightening as he held himself still. She knew what he wanted and that was her impaled on the rigid shaft of his erection, riding him to completion. Instead of giving him his desire--and giving in to what she too desired most-- she lapped at the head of his cock, heard his cry, felt her own juices flowing, wetting her panties.

She wanted him to reach the place where the Dragon ruled him, so she opened her mouth wide, took the full length of his throbbing flesh in her mouth and sucked, licking and loving the taste of him. Loving her boy. Her man who'd given her so much. Love, hope, friends, family, everything, including her freedom from Roderick the tyrant who'd once owned and used her body as he chose.

"Love you, Nikki," he moaned as she swept her tongue over the head of his cock, felt it jump and twitch in her mouth, his body tense with pent up need. He groaned when she caught the corona of his cock against her teeth, felt him arch into the tiny kiss of pain heard his gasping cry and grazed the head a second time the sound of his voice gone rough with desire sent a flood of moisture, feminine arousal to her already soaked panties.

She knew he could smell her need, she could see It awakening more, the mist pouring off of her beloved husband like steam from a kettle left at the boil too long.

And he was boiling. Lust heating him, desire enflaming him, the Dragon manifesting more fully as she teased and tormented.

But he wasn't ready. It wasn't ready.

Neither was she.

Moving away, letting his eager cock go, she smacked his hip to refocus his attention on her.

Eyes that burned bright as cobalt fire regarded her from a face suffused with passion, the rise and fall of his chest, the way his hands gripped the headboard, arms straining at the ropes told her how much he wanted her.

What she wanted wasn't there yet. She could clearly see the Dragon superimposed over him, but it still had a hazy quality, a mistiness that said It wasn't ready.

He needed more, and she planned to give him what he wanted.

She motioned and he twisted around, belly down on the bed, arms at an angle that wouldn't be comfortable, but that hardly mattered. He wanted the taste of pain.

Give him what he wants. Make your boy happy and then you can make both of you happy, she reminded herself as she straddled his thighs.

"Have I displeased Mistress?" there was a quavering note in his voice, her boy playing their game. A Dragon game to please his Mistress, his lover and wife. To please her.

"No. But without discipline you'll forget and misbehave later."

"This boy promises to be good."

"Now where have I heard that before?"

"This morning. But I've been good," he whispered.

"Have you?" she asked as she leaned in close, her breath moving making a few stray strands of his hair move, lifting goosebumps on his skin. His breath leaving him in a rush, a soft moan, the game exciting him. She inhaled his scent. The fragrance of her man, a blend of faint spicy-musk aroma rising from his skin mingling with the scent of soap and man. The spicy aroma so subtle it had taken months of love play for her to notice it, to recognize it as the scent of the Dragon.

She closed her eyes, breathed it in, exhaled, murmuring, "Have you been good my Dragon?"

His answer was a wordless groan followed by a slow intake of breath, his head lifting from the pillow, the Dragon taking in her scent the way she relished his.

She lay a hand on his shoulder, stroked along the firm curve of his back until she reached his butt. She kneaded the firm flesh, heard him groaning with the pressure, ass raising, wordlessly requesting her attention.

Her hand came down in a stinging slap that left her own hand tingling and drew another of the sharp cries from him. Pain meaningless to her boy, simply another layer of sensation to spice the pleasure they would share.

Nikki smacked him again and heard her lover groan. She really wasn't capable of hitting him hard enough to actually hurt him. Immortal and undying, very little could really hurt him in the first place, but she still had moments of guilt, the memories of Roderik making it hard for her to engage in the rough games Bells loved best.

It was *her* birthday, all of this was for her, not him, but she wasn't selfish. He gave her so much the least she could do was give him some

of the things he enjoyed. She smiled. *Besides it makes him so much more passionate if he's fully aroused, Dragon and all.*

"You didn't answer me," she told him and brought her hand down on the firmness of his right ass cheek.

"Mistress!" he cried it out loud.

"Mistress what?"

He was playing their game. Enjoying himself. Relishing the way she took control, removed his options, his choices. Made him hers and hers alone.

Every touch of her hand, caress of her warm breath on his cheek, the scent of her was driving him mad with desire. Even the heat of her body beside him felt like a branding iron applied to his skin, marking him as hers.

The Dragon roared, struggling for freedom, ready to consummate their love.

A consummation the female, his Nikki, was denying just as surely as he held the Dragon in the bonds of his will and denied it the freedom It sought.

An old habit, nothing more, his desire to restrain that part of himself. An old, foolish habit. He wouldn't hurt her, or anyone in Fort Colby. He *knew* that, but hesitated anyway.

Her hand came down in a stinging slap on his butt, the heat and faint pain fading too fast to have much impact on his state of arousal, but she was trying. Wanting to please him.

Her birthday, but he felt like he was cheating her, denying her the fun she should be having. He knew she didn't really want to hurt him, that she only did it to get him going, to awaken the Dragon.

He blinked. Stared at his bound hands, at the swirling mist and the gauzy wings arching above him and finally understood what she really wanted for her birthday was the Dragon. She wanted his full passion, everything he had, all that he was and could give.

Years of holding it in check, of binding it, squelching the power of his soul made it difficult even after their time together to just let the Dragon free, to release It.

The more he allowed the Thing out, the harder it was to put back, like a genie freed from the proverbial bottle, his Dragon wasn't easy to regain control of once freed.

“I’ll be good, Mistress.”

“Will you?”

The question was a silken purr that burned a trail right to his aching cock. The hand that impacted with his butt sent a burning trail of sparks in the other direction. She was trying, damn but she was trying so hard to get what she wanted.

A birthday Dragon.

If that’s what she wants, then she can have it, he decided.

He let the Thing dwelling at the center of his soul free, the mist thickening, the creature growing more visible so that when he gazed at his own hands he saw the claws of the Dragon, glistening like purest gold over them.

“I love you, Jason,” she murmured into his ear. Her hand came down on his butt even harder, leaving him gasping, making the Dragon quiver, wings rising, the tail lashing, hands clawing at the wrought iron frame of the bed.

“Love you,” he gasped out as her hand sent another shooting star explosion of stinging pleasure through him, blazing along his spine to ignite in his brain, the Dragon in his soul shaking free of the last vestige of his control.

Nikki licked the edge of his ear, breathed on the dampness she’d made, whispering, “Do you know how hot and wet I am right now?”

He groaned, “No,” as she trailed her hand over the heated skin of his ass, a fingertip slipping into the crack of his ass, teasing as it pressed the tight ring of his anus and he groaned louder, wanting her to fuck him. Wanting her to do anything to ease the torment of lust raging through him.

Through the damned Dragon.

His hands tightened on the iron bars, the metal groaning under the pressure and it was all Bells could do to keep from breaking the ropes holding him. He wanted rip the headboard apart, the Dragon wanting nothing more than to sink It’s cock into the tight heat of his female..

“Nikki--” her name a whispered plea.

“Shhh, Jason. Shhh...” she murmured, her voice soothing.

Her voice soothed, but her hand smacked down on his behind hard, not a single time as before but in a trio of fast blows that left man and Dragon trembling.

Her warmed hand stroked gently over his stinging butt, the contrast sending a shiver through him. Pain one and the same with pleasure to him.

The voices of the Sweet Sisters, pain and pleasure merging into a harmony that sang through his mind and body.

“I love you--” he moaned again.

“I love you too, Jason. I love you so much. Do you know how much I love you?”

He shook the bells in his hair ringing.

“I’ll tell you. I love you with every bit of my heart and soul, Jason. Every bit,” she murmured into his ear. “Do you believe me?”

He nodded his head, turned to look at her, tears glimmering against the cobalt flame of his gaze. She touched his cheek, bent down to kiss him, felt the each breath he drew in her own vocal chords. He was almost ready.

Almost, but not quite..

She picked up the riding crop she’d left lay on the bed and brought it down on his ass hard enough to raise a welt, refusing to think of it as hurting him.

It was what he wanted.

What the Dragon needed.

A kiss of pain to awaken the sleeping Beast.

Bells was her man.

Her Dragon.

A cold-eyed killer who’d changed into her tender lover, father of their child.

He’d become the light in her soul, the love in her heart, the warmth in every waking moment of her life.

She hit him again, heard the sharp intake of breath that told her she’d gotten the power behind the strike right to induce the exact amount of pleasure to turn his mind into mush and leave him ready to fuck her.

She wanted all of him.

The cold eyed-killer.

The gentle lover.

The wild and untamed Dragon.

Her man.

Three more stripes she laid on his ass with the crop, watching the first welt fade to nothing almost before the second one appeared.

His cries of pleasure were more than enough to offset her own uneasiness. Hurting him didn't come easy, but his moaning gasps were enough to convince her time and again that he didn't feel the pain the way she would have, as something negative.

To him it was an affirmation of their love, like as her role as Mistress Nikki and the costumes she wore.

She bent down, kissed his warm butt, licked across the heated skin and smiled at the odd little sound he gave, a tight whimpering purr followed by a soft growling moan.

Her pussy ached with the need to be filled.

Wet, so wet and all she wanted to do was roll him over and ride him until he roared out his pleasure.

But this was *her* birthday and she wasn't going to give in to her own desires yet.

She wanted to indulge him a little bit more.

Nikki straddled his ass, pressing her crotch to the firm muscle under her, letting him feel how wet she'd gotten. He groaned as she rubbed herself against him, heard the soft, pleading sound he made. Bells loved it when she fucked him, couldn't get enough of it.

But tonight he wasn't going to get it.

Not this time.

She had other plans.

Raising the riding crop she brought it down on one golden shoulder, leaving a bright red mark, wrenching a sharp gasp from him.

"Tell me what you want, Bells!" she demanded, voice harsh, making it an order.

"This boy wants to fuck Mistress Nikki! This boy wants to please Mistress!" he almost shouted it, his body hot, damp with desire.

She got off of him, stripped away her panties and smacked his ass with the crop twice.

"Turn over!" That too came out as an order which he obeyed instantly.

He'd barely stopped moving before she was across his hips, hand gripping his cock, easing it into the empty inferno of her cunt. She dropped onto the hard rod of flesh, gasping as it filled her, hearing his answering cry.

Nikki rode him, taking what she wanted, giving back what he needed in a fierce claiming that quickly took her over the edge. She arched her back, slowing her pace only to hear him growling, the Dragon wanting more.

Still shuddering from her own release Nikki rocked, rose and fell slowly on the hardness embedded in her yielding flesh.

“Love you.” His voice carried a sharp steel ring, the lust adding rougher tones to the dulcet velvet that sent a pulse of desire through her and made her pussy clench tighter around him.

“My beautiful Dragon,” she murmured as she bent down to kiss him, his mouth opening to hers as she rolled her hips, fucking him, giving and taking pleasure.

“Please,” he moaned the word into her mouth, begging and unashamed. All man, afraid of nothing-- except perhaps what the Dragon could do-- including himself.

She sat up, looked into eyes that burned like blue flame and brought her hand down on his hip hard enough to make her own hand hurt.

His eyes went wide and his pelvis came up off the bed, cock driving into her as he reacted to the slap. She did it again and he started to move, taking over doing the work, the muscles of his belly ripping, his strong thighs tensing beneath her.

“Fuck me, Mr. Dragon.”

Raising her arms over her head Nikki aided him, her body moving along the rigid shaft inside her, her breasts bobbing, drawing his eyes. Mist swirled around them thickening as the Dragon claimed his mate.

He groaned, hands closing around the bars of the headboard and she reached up and freed his hands which moved to grip her hips, helping to steady her as their pace increased.

She touched his chest, fingers brushing over the rope, got a good hold on it and pulled him. He followed her wordless command, sitting up, lifting her until she could wrap her legs and arms around him.

Their lips met in a hungering, needy kiss as he pistoned into her wet cunt. Gasping, moaning she came again, but the relentless drive of his cock into her didn't let up. Moaning with every thrust she felt a second orgasm blaze through her body, and she gasped into his mouth, heard his own groans of impending release.

But she hadn't given him permission.

She opened her mouth to tell him it was all right, that he could come, but another mind-melting climax roared through her and all she could do was moan one word, "Come."

His arms tightened around her, the hard flesh inside her going deeper, harder, her own cries becoming sobs, gasps as another roar of release tore through her mind.

She was rising through a blue and green mist, carried upward on the wings of a Dragon's uncompromising love.

A roar filled the mist, her Jason gasping as he thrust into her, new heat filling her as he found his release.

Gasping he lay her gently on the bed and dropped down beside her, arms enfolding her in a possessive embrace, kissing her face, her throat, her breasts in a display of love that came close to worship.

They lay there kissing and caressing one another until their breathing had slowed, their heartbeats returning to a more normal pace.

Nikki smiled as she idly played with the end of a braid, making one of the bells in his hair ring quietly. "Well that was wonderful."

"Was it?" he asked.

"Yes. It's not every day I get my very own gift wrapped dragon."

"Baby, you can have it anytime you want, just ask."

She picked up the rope, her smile turning to a mischievous grin. "Any time. How about now?"

"Yep, any time, even now."

"Well Mr. Dragon, give me your wrists."

He held them out to her, a wicked glitter in his cobalt eyes. The Dragon's eyes. Her husband's gazing on her with love.

She wrapped the crimson rope around his wrists, binding her Bells, her Dragon the rope purely symbolic because she'd long ago bound the Dragon with her love.