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DRAGON LUST

By

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Dragon Lust
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1-60054-086-4
Tales of the Slave Girl
Cover art and design by TLW

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**Published by loveyoudivine
2007
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Dedication:

When one door closes another opens, and this one opened onto a wonderful vista.

~ * ~

As small town lads, Ryder Smythe and Taylor Andersen packed up their goods, jumped into Ryder's rusty old pickup truck and made their way to the city.

It was a path that didn't fit in their parents' plans, but it suited them perfectly. They wanted hard, physical, work and found it together on a dirty factory floor. It quickly became obvious to their bosses that the two men had more to offer and they quickly rose up the ranks into white collar positions.

Their job titles may have changed but they were still the rough, hard-working, play even harder guys, living it up in the city.

Come the weekend, starting with Friday night, the best friends had only one thing on their mind—indulging their personal pleasures to the fullest. Both men felt that any time was a good time for fucking, but this night they were feeling especially wild. There were times when everyone wanted something wicked to kick the weekend off with and this was theirs.

With their cocks hard and money in their pockets, the duo made their way to a favorite haunt, O'Reilly's. An unassuming building in an out of the way district, the bar was nothing fancy. It was a clean, basic drinking establishment, unless you hit it at the right time, on the right night, then it was a true den of iniquity.

They catered to a clientele who preferred their sex to take place under less conventional conditions. People flirted, teased, made promises on and off the dance floor, and then fulfilled them, right there for everyone to see.

The two men were regulars and knew what they were getting into, which was exactly why they came. Tonight they expected the usual sensual attack on the senses. It was what they needed after the hard week they'd just finished. Being friends for so long meant they greatly respected each other as well as shared everything.

Once they checked in with the doorman, Ryder pushed open the heavy door and Taylor followed behind. They were eager for the passionate mayhem that rained supreme here. With their first steps inside the two men found their attention instantly drawn to a beautiful woman doing a seductive dance on top of a sturdy table.

The curvaceous redhead shook her barely covered tits and pretty pink ass to a randomly seductive beat being played by a DJ on the stage next to the dance floor. There

was a man who sat at the table. He appeared to be calmly enjoying a drink and the woman, and yet didn't seem inclined to take the saucy thing up on her offer. Ryder was certainly ready.

After shooting a telling look toward his friend, they exchanged a nod accepting her challenge. After ordering a few beers, the two men didn't hesitate to approach the table and taking a closer look at the woman.

Ryder leaned over and spoke with the man sitting down, ready to politely put him on notice that the table dancing beauty was about to be claimed for the evening.

"Is she yours?"

"Nope, just enjoying the view."

The two men sat and watched her dance and were reward by her short skirt riding up. The three men at the table and any other interested patron enjoyed a hint of her bare ass. Ryder smiled in appreciation and flashed his pearly whites as his gaze traveled up her body. The decision took no time to make. This lady needed a firm hand laid over her luscious rump before leading her further down the road of debauchery. The petite busty redhead had a full red pouty-lipped mouth that begged to have his cock thrusting between the plump folds before he kissed them.

Shamelessly, Ryder was a proud of his rod and knew he could satisfy this woman. Yes, it was impressive in size and unique in its presence, but he also understood that the true marking of a man was not the proportions of their piece but the skill in which they wielded it that gained them respect.

In an effort to gain her attention, he stroked his large fingertip over her ankle bone and up along a smooth silken calf. The leg muscle was pulled taut by the incredibly high stilettos she'd chosen to wear. He thought they looked great, made her legs look endless, perfect for wrapping around him while he rode her.

"What's your name, sweet thing?"

"Alice, Sir."

Standing up, he continued to move his finger further up her inner leg, over her knee and slowed down as it smoothed across her thigh. The micro mini leather skirt left everything but the bare minimum uncovered to everyone. To him her choice of attire screamed—take me, control me, but you'd better treat me right to have me again.

His gaze slipped away from her ass and over to watch his finger as it rose further up her soft thigh. Ryder stopped once he had his entire hand beneath what little fabric there was of her skirt. He enjoyed the feel of the luscious dampness on her inner thigh and fought the urge to pull her off the table and have her as he wanted. In a bid to find his calm, Ryder reminded himself that patience would bear more fruit. Inhaling deeply through his nose, he caught a hint of her unique fragrance, citrus and something else, the

unknown he figured must be all her. At some point this evening he would feast from this honey pot.

“My, my, my, I know I’d like to play in your wonderland.”

“Hmmm, do you think you could handle the adventure?”

Attitude, fantastic! Feeling like he might have pulled a good one, he was surprised by his good luck when suddenly a flash of clarity filled his mind. *Be careful.* There’s something about this woman that screams of her ability to wreck havoc on his control if he didn’t quickly show her that he held her reins.

First things first. Looking back up into her eyes, he strapped his lustful leanings down and spoke to her with an assurance of the success he felt.

“You here with anyone?”

“Friends, Sir.”

“I’m Ryder and this guy over here is my friend, Taylor.”

“A pleasure to meet you both, ooo... Sir.”

A couple of his fingers lightly petted her pussy, enjoying how the plump mound was shaved bare. Exactly how he liked them. Two of his digits moved to slowly ease their way through the lower lips and into the opening of her cunt. As he slid them in further he was rewarded for his boldness by hearing a lovely squelching sound.

“Nice and wet, perfect.”

“Mmmm, yes, Sir.”

Stirring the pot a little before he pulled the fingers free, Ryder brought the coated duo to his mouth and sucked them clean as she continued to gyrate on the table.

“Do you eat meat, Alice?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Excellent. Come down here so I can feed you.”

Holding out a hand to help steady her descent, Ryder saw her safely off the table using his empty chair as a stepping stool. Once she was on the ground and standing at his side, his grin became one belonging to the happy lecher residing inside him.

All the way around, this night was turning out to be a great boon. He preferred his women to be tiny, full of curves, horny and always ready to fuck. It looked like this sexy redhead would be able to fulfill all his needs and then some.

For a second Ryder’s mind followed its own track and looked beyond the sex, and found there was something else going on. Everything about this night, this woman, felt different from the usual random pick-up. There was some unknown factor in Alice that had touched him, pulled his soul forward and his prick to full strength. Like a magnet, she drew him to her and there was no release. Dragging his gaze over her, absorbing her,

it all became clear. He knew without a doubt this woman would be his for some time to come. As long as he didn't screw it up.

Looking over at Taylor, Ryder saw that his buddy was in much the same state as himself, immersed in lust and in dire need of relief. With his patience rapidly coming to an end, he quickly formed a plan to indulge themselves with this woman, at the same time ensuring her satisfaction so she'd stay around for more.

“On your knees my beauty, with your arms behind your back.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Down she went without question, kneeling between the two standing men, folding her arms behind her back and waited. Oh man, she had to have been put here just for him!

“Will you give me your stop word, Alice?” Lodged in his mind was the understanding of how important it was to him for this woman to give him her trust, unconditionally. Ryder was sure she'd give it to him, and was eager to receive it.

* * * * *

Tonight, these two men offered exactly what Alice Jones wanted, needed. A little domination mixed in with some good and naughty, public fucking.

From past visits to O'Reilly's she'd heard about these two and knew they'd suit her perfectly. From her current position, on her knees, she searched for some reason why she should stand up and walk away. Even though she was ready to beg for an orgasm, Alice still needed to make sure she wouldn't later regret taking on these two men. There was little doubt in her mind she could have them both if she wanted.

Immediately her inner voice piped up, the one that kept her on the straight and narrow, and snickered about having doubts later. She ignored it. There were two gorgeous men willing to satisfy her needs, why not take them up on the offer? If she didn't, something inside her said she'd regret it later.

The week had been long, full of tedious complaints from well-meaning customers. Now it was Friday night and it was time to think about what she needed—to be treated like a desirable woman. Her personal philosophy was simple, there was nothing wrong with liking sex and so she partook, wholeheartedly. Passion was a beautiful and natural way to express how she felt in some of the deepest parts of herself. She openly embraced the vulnerability she found when submitting her body to another's demands.

Alice looked first at one man, and then the other, taking their measure by what she was reflected in their demeanors and eyes. What she saw coming back at her from

both their chocolate brown gazes was exactly how she saw herself—a soft, feminine, and sexy woman.

She was attracted to them both, but there was something very special about the man who'd taken the lead with her. A man who was confident and self-assured was very appealing.

She'd instantly felt drawn to him. First she took in his appearance, then that of his friend, and quickly concluded they were both the epitome of wholesome, clean-cut, good-looking men.

It wouldn't have surprised anyone if they'd walked right out of a fashion advertisement in their faded t-shirts, well-worn button fly jeans, complete with holes and frayed edges, and sneakers. But she'd bet the house their normal clothing for work was suits, shirts and ties. Without a doubt they'd look just as handsome in those fancier clothes as they did in these casual togs.

This bar was special, a place where no false promises were ever offered. She'd chosen to wear something that flagrantly showed the state of mind she was in. Tonight she was eager to please the right man, or men, and the condition of these twos cocks made it clear they'd come for more than a casual beer.

The discomfort in her knees and odd position of her arms refocused her attention on the man who held the key to her fulfillment. Her body hummed with excitement.

Yes, tonight would be a spectacular night.

* * * * *

“Yellow, Sir.”

“Yellow it is. Now, take out my buddy's cock, then come over here and let mine loose.”

Crawling over she used her hands to work on Taylor's fly first. Both men laughed when she gasped with surprise when the big dick flung itself forward, hard and throbbing, and obviously overjoyed to be released from its fabric prison. The sight obviously overcame her and Alice took the thick crown into her mouth and firmly sucked on the knob, surprising him in the process.

“Shit man! She has a mouth like a Hoover.”

“Naughty, naughty, Alice. I didn't say you could indulge your lustful inclinations. Up you get, there we go. Now strip, except for those shoes.”

With her beautiful golden gaze on his, she paused for a heartbeat before reaching up and pulling her minuscule tank top off over her head and dropped it on the chair beside him. Her firm large round breasts were jostled with their release, but Ryder found

his eyes glued to the large pink nipples with the pointed tips. Without thinking, he licked his lips and envisioned trapping the hard, but surely tender flesh, between his teeth and teasing them until she screamed.

His focus was broken when he noticed her unhooking the waistband holding her skirt on. In less than a second, the leather dropped and was calmly added to rest atop her shirt. Completely naked except for her heels, she proudly stood before him, Taylor, and the rest of O'Reilly's without a care. A confident woman, secure in her beauty. Ryder was immediately and forever lost.

Taking a deep, steadying breath, he started the game in earnest.

"Lovely tits. I'll have to pay them some special attention, but later. Right now I want you to step up to this table and lay across its surface. There you go, spread your legs—wider baby, we want everyone to see your ripe ass and weeping cunt. That's it. Perfect."

Stroking a callused hand across her soft butt cheeks, giving them each a squeeze here and there, Ryder moved a few fingers down her seam and teased her dripping opening.

"Keep your legs well apart, and hold tight to the edge of the table."

A groan burst from her lips as he slid the digits in again and again before stepping back and addressing the gathered crowd.

"Can everyone see? Good, good. The wonderful Alice here is going to be punished because she didn't follow orders. Ten swats from both us ought to redden her ass well enough and remind her of the proper conduct called for here in O'Reilly's. Taylor, hold her hands down while I begin."

"Head up and mouth open wide, Alice. I've got a cock that needs some of your personal attention."

Taylor walked around the table, put his hands over hers and placed his cock inside her opened mouth.

The first open-handed slap sounded loud and burned a bright pink handprint on the perfectly white cheek. It also worked to move her forward, thrusting her mouth a little more fully over his friend's cock.

"Ungh!"

Slap! Slap! Slap!

"Look at how that ass holds the red!" Whispered a voice from the crowd.

"He should have taken a switch to her instead of his hand." The man sounded disappointed in his methods, but, Ryder noticed, neither did he walk away.

"No, a whip. Just think of those streaks of carmine slashing across her body." A feeling of lustful excitement fell over the group of onlookers.

Slap!

“It looks like she’s enjoying this spanking. I can see cream dripping down her thighs.” Ryder told Taylor, who was already lost in the pleasure from the mouth working over his cock.

Ramming three fingers into her cunt, Ryder held them still and spanked the mass of both cheeks separately so they jiggled around the buried digits.

Slap! Slap!

“Ungh!”

Again, Ryder banged his fingers in and out of her pussy a few times before he slapped her ass again.

Slap!

“Ungh!”

Pulling the sopping fingers from her heated depths he spread her ass seam wide with one hand. He used one wet digit, teased it over her rosette then slid it inside and back out again, only to return with two honey dampened fingers. Thrusting them shallow over and over again, he used his now free hand and gave her ass the last two spanks, hard.

Slap! Slap!

“Ungh! Ungh!”

Slipping his finger free, Ryder leaned down and dropped a few soothing nibbles onto her reddened rump. It was a beautiful bulbous ass that appeared to have the consistency of elastic. No matter how he moved it the cheeks slithered right back into a lovely ball to take hold of and lovingly squeeze again.

“There’s my ten. Let’s switch.”

Walking around the woman the two men had spread for any to see, he worked on unfastening his jeans while he teased her about what was coming her way.

“You hungry for some meat, Alice?”

“Yes, Sir,” she hoarsely whispered back.

“Dragon meat?”

“Yes, Sir.”

Stepping around to stop in front of her face, Ryder waited until she raised her head to see his dragon ready to spew fire.

* * * * *

Oh my gawd!

His cock really was a dragon!

There was no way she could miss the beast demanding her undivided attention with it looking right at her!

Fierce red eyes looked out from either side of the crown. A multi-colored head became bright green scales and turquoise spikes down the top of his cock and bands of yellow and red covered the bottom, including his large balls. The dragon's body and wings were spread out along his groin and hip where the tail started. Alice was immediately curious about the flexible appendage. She could see it curved around his side, toward his back, and wondered where the pointed tip ended.

The tattoo was a piece of art. Sharp, bright, and incredibly lifelike. At any moment she expected the beast to come alive, spitting fire, peel itself off his cock and come for her. How had he been able to stand the multitude of needles forcing the colored ink into such a tender place?

Looking up at Ryder, Alice found herself viewing him with a great deal of respect. This was a man who would go to any length to accomplish his goals.

What a complex man, and she wanted more.

Already he'd easily read her as being someone who was turned on by a bare bottom spanking. The feel of a big rough hand slapping over her butt was stimulating. When handled in the proper passionate manner, she enjoyed being left teetering on an edge. Under the hand of the right man, she was repeatedly sent plummeting into the soothing pool of climax, always excited for more.

There was no question in her mind this man was superior and made for her.

Earlier she would have thought it impossible to find Ryder even more attractive, but his will power and inner strength made her eager to accept this man and his demands.

With a clear mind she welcomed, with open arms, the dragon's lust swirling throughout her body and soul—she would keep this man.

Willingly, with an abundance of pleasure, her mouth opened to embrace the beast.

* * * * *

“Here you go Alice, open wide...”

Before she had a chance to brace herself, Taylor went to work on her ass. He spanked much harder than Ryder and non-stop. He also used a hand on the middle of her back to thrust her body back and forth along the table, moving her mouth further on and off his buddy's dick.

Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!

“Uh! Uh! Uh!”

“Shit, baby girl you were made for this.” His hands shook as they held her head steady for his cock. He was amazed to find he needed to touch her while she easily took his power.

“I think she’s going to come—”

“Finish her off Taylor. I need to fuck that pussy!”

Ryder pulled dick from her mouth and watched his friend rapidly fuck his fingers in and out of her sopping cunt. Enjoying the wet succulent sounds, he grasped hold of his cock and slowly stroked its length while she was pleased. Briefly, he pulled his gaze away from her pussy and noticed her eyes never looked away from the dragon.

Caught and entranced. Yes, she would be his.

Slap!

Slap!

Delivering the last two punishing spanks sent her over the edge, leaving her a screaming writhing mass on the table.

“Ahhhh...yes!”

“Fuck Ryder, this is one fierce cunt our little Alice has. You’re going to love the mercilessly tight squeeze she’ll give that beast of yours.”

“Here, let’s flip her over. I want to look into those beautiful golden eyes and see those big tits bounce, as I fuck her.”

The two men gently moved Alice so her back was on the table, her legs dangling freely over the edge. She breathed heavily, jiggling her breasts. Standing back, they spared not a glance for anyone other than the sexy redhead before them. This was their version of heaven, and she appeared to have no qualms about remaining spread open for the bar patrons to see and appreciate.

“Beautiful! Look at all that cream! I can’t wait to see how that slit looks after these two big studs fuck her and drop their loads.”

“Bet they have copious quantities of seed to shoot.”

“Count on it boys, it feels like I’ve been waiting years for this woman to come our way.” Ryder laughed. He didn’t find the whispering comments distracting. He enjoyed playing before other people. It was a great boost to his pleasure palette. Simply put, he got off on it.

Stepping up between her limp thighs, he hooked her knees over his elbows, and gently pulled her forward so her ass barely rested on the table, then smiled down at her glowing face. Meanwhile Taylor stretched her arms out wide then sat in a chair behind her and held her hands in his.

“You took your punishment well, baby girl, now for your treat.”

“Oh yes...”

Spreading his legs wide for leverage he nudged his rock hard cock against her opening and lodged the crown inside its' welcoming warmth.

"Such a lovely pussy."

Holding her gaze with his, he thrust, and with one unrelenting stroke, Ryder sunk his length until his balls bounced against her seam.

"Ahhh!"

"Like that, sweet thing?" Ryder teased as he set an unrelenting pace. Fast and hard he plunged.

"Oh oh oh!"

"You enjoy my friends' hard fucking?" Taylor whispered in her ear.

"Un-ungh!"

"I think she likes your dragon's masterful touch. Looks at those tits bounce—shit, look at this sweet thing throw her pussy back at you. I think our Alice likes to be stripped, spanked and ruthlessly fucked."

"Un-ungh!"

"I can't wait any longer. Suck my dick, sweet thing. Suck it like the lollipop you always wanted!"

Standing up, Taylor took hold of her head, shifted it to the side and held it still while he moved in a good portion of his hard-on. Her lips closed around him and worked hard to pull his seed from the bottom of his balls. Letting her suckle on his length, he watched as Ryder banged her sweet bare cunt, ending each stroke with a punctuating wet slap between their bodies.

"Um-mg! Um-mg!"

"Are you enjoying my dragon, baby girl?"

"Hmmm!"

"Shit! I believe that was a yes she just gave you!"

Without warning Alice came on a high-pitched scream. Taylor quickly pulled his rod from her mouth before she bit down in her mindless passion.

"Fuck yeah, you weren't kidding buddy, her pussy clamps down like a vice. But listen to this...can you hear that? It's like a pool of thick honey I'm driving through. The dragon is hungry for more cum from this beauty."

Momentarily tempted by her tits, Taylor resumed his seat at her head. He pinched and twisted her hard, rosy nipples until they were as sharp spikes, ready to poke anyone who dared trespass. Feeling valiant he leaned forward and opened his mouth over one large tip and batted at the hard point with his tongue. Grasping the tortured point between his front teeth, he tugged up, getting off on her groans.

Ryder looked away from his friend to the man who'd remained at the table with them.

"Hey you, old man."

"Yes." He didn't look away from Alice, but that was understandable, not an insult.

"As we're both busy attending this sweet thing, would you mind helping us out?"

"Sure, what do you need?"

"I'm going to hold her hips still and I want you to spank her bare mound until I tell you to stop."

"Fine with me."

The man rose from his front row seat and came around to stand next to Ryder, patiently waiting for the go ahead. After a few well placed strokes, Ryder stopped fucking her and held her hips steady with only the knob buried in her pussy.

"There you go, give it to her for teasing you so horribly earlier."

That fired the man up. Alice had tempted him and now it was his chance to get a feel of the soft flesh. Using two fingers the man went to town on her naked plump mons. With each swat she lifted her hips, trying to take more of the dragon into her slit. When she wasn't getting any satisfaction, she started to beg for more.

"Ohhh, please...fuck me, please..."

"You like the dragon, don't you, baby?"

"Y-yes! Yes! Ry—!"

"Tell it to the dragon. Tell him what you want from him and maybe, just maybe he'll grant you his cum instead of the other willing woman that's been stroking my ass since the moment I thrust into you."

Fucking perfect! He hadn't meant to make her jealous but that single statement had the small woman he was riding turning into a fierce huntress. Snarling and growling, if he let her up he had no doubt she would stand on the table for all to see and clearly claim him as her man. The image was intriguing and yet he wasn't willing to let her go to see what would happen.

Meanwhile the old man had moved on to expose her clit and slap it directly. Ryder could feel her cunt trying to pull his cock into her enticing depths.

"Dragon cock, come into me! I will hold you close in my dark, moist, embrace. Sir Dragon—uh yes! I will care for your colorful coat, keep you nice and wet, leaving your beautiful scales—uh! —supple and smooth from my ample juices—uh! Give me your fierce fire—uh! Uh, yes Sir Dragon, fuck me hard and fast!"

"Stop old man! Pinch and hold her clit! Don't let it go, grip it firmly!"

Ryder wasn't able to hold on to his control one more second. Free from the restraints he'd placed on himself, he began hammering into her depths, driving her closer to another climax. Grunting with exertion, he watched as his buddy continued to tease Alice's tits with his fingers. Ryder guessed Taylor didn't want to chance having his cock chewed. The old man pinched her nub and tugged, pulled and then spread her hood wide, exposing the raw bundle of nerves to his ruthlessly fucking.

"Ungh! Ungh! Ungh—oh yes!"

"Shit, baby girl!" As she orgasmed, he valiantly plunged through her clenching walls. It was hard work but worth every ounce of effort. "Pull my dragon into your grasp. He's ready to spray your pussy with his fire!"

If it were possible for his cock to grow any bigger, it did. Pulsating, he shot load after load of cum into her welcoming heat. He filled her cunt with his seed, mixing with her already wet channel.

"There you go sweet thing, a nice large overflowing cup of jizz for you to hold safe. After you suck Taylor dry I want to sit back, drink my beer and watch it drip down your thighs. Later it'll be his turn to fuck you and I'll have those plump red lips wrapped around my cock, sucking the dragon dry."

With his rod remaining in her tight clench, Ryder continued to half-heartedly fuck her. The other man maintained his grip on her clit while they both watched Taylor put his hard dick back into her mouth.

Alice eagerly latched onto the rod, holding her head still as he moved in and out of the plump folds at the speed and depth he desired her to take. It wasn't long before Taylor pulled his cock almost out and shot his load onto her tongue to drink. Ryder felt his chest swell with pride, as the bar patrons applauded their appreciation, and were encouraged to go forth and fuck at will.

All three men collapsed into their seats, with Ryder positioned between her spread legs, watching her breasts rise and fall with her heavy breathing. Leaning forward, he gave her inner thigh a nibble and waited for her eyes to meet his.

"I'm keeping you, Alice. Taylor can have you whenever he wants but anyone else will have to ask my permission to touch you, much less fuck you. Understand?"

"Yes Sir, Master Dragon, Sir."

* * * * *

Ahhh, wonderful, the weekend. For him it was all about pleasure.

Enjoying the sunshine, Ryder lay naked in his hammock, with his eyes closed, a beer in one hand and the other stroking his growing hard-on. Remembering the night

he'd met his beautiful wife never failed to arouse him. As youths living in the city, he and Taylor had been wild, fearless and open to all aspects of what was thought by others to be deviant behavior.

Now some people would be surprised to find him—more than a decade after leaving his small town for the wild life in the city—a faithful husband to the still sexy Alice and father of three young girls. They lived outside the city in a peaceful family oriented existence. With two cars in the garage and perfect green grass around the yard all summer long, he was living the suburban life.

Laughing out loud, he took another swig from the beer. It didn't mean they were dead.

There were no regrets. As far as he was concerned, every reckless step he took led him straight to paradise he found in the arms of his sweet thing.

The Friday night they'd walked into O'Reilly's ready for whatever wild fun they found, had, in the end, been the start of a new period of his life.

Taylor was still very much a part of their family too. When the girls were out, or off with their grandparents, like they were this weekend, he was here to join in their lustful romps. Sometimes they shared Alice, other times he'd watch his best friend and wife fuck like minks out in the wild. Either way, their lives suited them all very well.

Opening his eyes, he took up at the pristine blue sky as a wicked thought raced across his mind. He knew their neighbors all looked at the Smythe family as a perfect example of the suburban family, and they were. Alice made a beautiful and dedicated mother. They arranged and attended play dates with their daughter's' friends, shopped in town, and were a normal loving family.

But like most people, they had their secrets, one being the dragon's masterful ways with his mate.

As a smile crossed Ryder's face, his wife's sweet voice called, "Honey, Taylor's here..."

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