



STEPHANIE BURKE

Dragon
Star

Red Rose
Publishing

Dragon's Star

By

Stephanie Burke

Dedication

This book is for Laura and the Ladies of Man Lover Romance.
Discrimination is wrong, on any level! Thanks Wendi for inviting me!
g Bless you Sandy, for hanging your foot up my narrow rump and
loosing directions out of the window while traveling at extreme
speeds down a unknown highway in the backwoods of Texas! The
look on your face...LOL For the Ladies and Gents of Flamekeeper!
You all keep me writing when I am beaten, battered, and ready to
stop. And to Den and my wonderful spawns. Den for support above
and beyond, and for the Spawns, may you never read what mommy
writes until you are 30! LOL



This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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Chapter 1

She trembled as she cowered in the corner, praying against all hope that the scabs chasing her would not see where she had taken to hiding.

Her back ached and her head pounded, but it was her overwhelming fear that overrode the physical discomforts and helped to make her so miserable. It was the fear of the knowing what was chasing her that terrified her so.

The scabs...

She was lucky to escape their first notice alive, and she knew it. What they would do to her if they caught her? The thought was horrifyingly unthinkable. So she huddled deeper into her corner, bending and contorting her feverish body so that it melded with the shadows, hiding all and offering her the illusion of protection. This physical camouflage was nothing new to her. She had perfected hiding in plain sight when she was but a youngling.

Out here in the desert lands, you either learned to conform or you were set out for the scabs.

Even hiding, the sound of the many scurrying feet heading in her direction caused her to panic. Her heart leapt in her chest, and her breathing rapidly increased to the point where she was in danger of hyperventilating and passing out on the rocky ground.

Remain calm, she thought to herself as she forced herself to calm down, to take shallow breaths, to use her mind and think. *There has to be a way out of this.*

But her mind went blank. She could do nothing but stare wide-eyed into the dark, listening with building terror as they drew closer and closer.

I don't want to die, she thought as her trembling hands clenched into fists of impotent fury.

She was not ready to die! Death was so...so final! She was scared of that unknown more than anything else.

She forced her mind to stop spiraling down in that morbid cycle. It would drive her mad. If she had to die, she would face it honorably. But that was very cold comfort. Still, she would try to face it honorably, with a decided lack of whimpering and cowering. She knew she had to do this, but did she possess the strength?

As the clicking sounds of the inevitable drew closer, small whimpers began to unconsciously escape her mouth with each breath. Suddenly, she realized that she had no time to find her bravery. Suddenly, it was too late.

As she watched, paralyzed in sheer terror, a long muzzle and a pair of glowing yellow eyes peered into the shadows inches in front of her face.

Losing control, she opened her mouth and a scream of pure terror filled the air.

“IEEEEEEEE!”

Through eyes so wide the whites dominated the pupils, she watched as the creature blinked twice then opened its mouth to reveal a gaping maw filled with razor sharp teeth.

She was going to die!

Fear created a metallic wash in the back of her throat and her heart felt as if it was sliding up her chest and out of her mouth! She stared as that dark cavern of a mouth drew closer and closer and then...then...

Then it yawned.

The thing that was staring at her with those evil yellow eyes yawned as if it were bored!

Her shrieks stopped mid-echoing-scream as she realized that the thing was not tearing into her, rending her body to shreds.

She blinked, fascinated by what this thing was doing. Was it a scab? Was it here to feast on her still warm innards while she screamed in sour rending pain and begged for the release of death? Was it really yawning again?

"Are we through?" it hissed at her.

She stared wide-eyed as it peered closely at her, raising one eyebrow in her direction.

"Are-aren't you going to...to eat me?" she stammered, her body still trembling with fear.

"Maybe..." it drawled. "But only if you ask nicely," it replied and began to rise.

And rise, and rise, and rise!

“Gods!” she gasped as the thing towered over her.

It was as big as a house!

It snorted once, a plume of white smoke flowing from it's left nostril as it again arched one eyebrow at her.

“Not quite,” it leered as it swiftly lowered its head to peer at her again.

With its long neck easily bent to her level, she could see its eye was easily as large as her whole head.

Gods, but she never even noticed it's sheer size when she had first glanced at it.

Now she stood, watching this...this thing as it stepped back from the shadows and exposed itself in the dim light of the lowering suns.

It was white: blinding bright white that seemed to reflect the light around it.

It's serpentine body looked scaled, yet soft as it again rose to its full height and shuddered. All at once, goosier wings exploded from its back and it lowered itself to its front...legs.

She blinked as she realized that it had been standing on its rear legs, balancing perfectly as it seemed to ready itself for something.

“Are you coming?” it asked politely, turning to look at her yet again.

“What...” she gasped as she slowly rose to her feet. What was this creature?

“You have wings?” it asked politely.

“Wings?” she stammered as the ache in her back increased, making her wince and clutch at her hips.

“I can smell you,” he hissed again, his brow wrinkling in...consternation? “You are almost ripe for the plucking.”

“Plucking!” she gasped. It was her total lack of interest in plucking that had gotten her cast out into the desert lands into the first place! She had never felt the desire to reproduce like the other women. Her refusal to let a man choose her for the ritual was what had gotten her into this nightmare to begin with.

Not that she was a stranger to trouble...after all, a little foundling child had to accept whatever lot life delivered to her. And usually she was quite good at obeying her adoptive father. But to mate with his first son? The barbarian? The bathless wonder? That was too much for anyone to ask of any female.

So she found herself pulled out of her sickbed and paraded before the council. Justice was swift and unexpected.

Because several men on the council had been refuted at her hands, they sought revenge the best way they could.

Banishment.

So now she had an aching back, no home to go to, the threat of scabs picking at her bones, and this...this thing wanted to pluck her!

“What are you?” she gasped as the pain in her back nearly bent her double.

“Have your people taught you nothing? Who is your family? Why must I need travel so far to find my mate?” it asked almost absently.

“Family? Travel? *MATE!*”

“Mate,” the thing sighed, as it seemed to look to the heavens for guidance. Shaking its head sadly, it said, “And the young ones used to be better trained than this. What is the world coming to?”

“Mate!” she shrieked again. “What are you?”

“Um...your mate.” he replied after a moment of thought.

“What?”

“Your blood mate, woman! And I have searched long and hard for you! If I had not picked up on your distress, you would still be lost to me.”

“My distress?” Was this huge, walking, house-sized thing trying to be sarcastic? Was it playing with her? Was this all a big joke? “You are the one who is distressing me right now!”

“Well, I think that I am the better choice when it’s between me and those twelve legged creatures who are on your trail right now.”

“Twelve...” As her words eased off, she realized she could hear the clicking and the shrieking sounds of the scabs. They were coming for her.

She stared at the creature, which although fearsome and quite large, had yet to show any desire to eat her, and then in the direction of that nerve wrecking sound. Which was the lesser of the two evils?

“Okay! Let’s go, mate!” she said as she looked around to see if the clicking things were within biting distance.

“So when the scavengers come calling, *then* you acknowledge me as your mate,” the thing huffed.

“Could we hurry this along?” she spoke swiftly as she stared over her shoulders, ignoring the sarcasm flowing from the...the Mate thing. “Argue later. Get me out of here now!”

With a sigh, the creature looked over her shoulders at the approaching menace and then back towards her.

“What is your name?”

“I don’t have one!” she cried, her voice rising in pitch, urgent with every word.

“No name?”

“They call me Girl!”

“Well, we have to do better than that.” it snorted.

“Please...” she cried. The scabs were getting closer!

“Okay! I’ll think about it as we travel to our new home.”

“Fine!” she shrieked, as the clicking grew louder. “Just get me out of here!”

“Gladly, Mate!” the creature snickered then lowered itself to the ground. “I think I will call you Shriill. Shriill... It seems to fit!”

But she said nothing as the first of the scabs rounded the corner; antenna waving, mandibles clicking, their many eyes shining like new death.

Too late, she thought. The hope she had felt growing in her heart swiftly dying.

And then the creature smiled.

Chapter 2

The scabs came racing around the corner; the clicking of their scales and mandibles sounding demonic as their many legs pounded the sand and rocks.

“Get me out of here!” she screamed, then forgetting her fear of the unknown and the pain that was slowly engulfing her body, she raced to the creature and leapt as high as she could, scrambling upon its back.

The beast looked at the rapidly advancing bugs, its expression growing dark. There were two of them, large and shining purple in the setting suns. Their bodies were shaped like half circles, their teeth-filled mouths centered in their short, squat bodies. They seemed all legs and teeth, but the strength in their large bodies was well apparent as they effortlessly moved across the rough desert terrain.

“Now!” she screamed again as she looked behind her, then tried to burrow into the creature’s skin, hiding behind his fall of large silvery wings. She would do anything to get away from the threat of the scabs!

The beast looked towards the threatening sound, the long serpentine body shuddering as it debated the merits of fighting the good fight or getting its mate to safety.

“Please,” she whispered, her eyes tearing up as the horde of two drew closer. Whimpering and shivering, she closed her eyes and again prepared to meet her death.

The fear and defeat it saw in her eyes decided its next action for it.

Just as the creatures were almost within striking range, he tensed his body. Those delicate looking wings began to pound the air, raising a sand cloud that temporarily blinded the terrible creatures called scabs, and began to lift its upper body.

The muscles in its rear legs tightened and suddenly they were launched into the pastel colored sky.

She held on tightly, her fingers finding purchase in the large plate-like scales that covered it as the creature began to rapidly move. The pounding of her heart almost masked the crackling sound of the air as its wings beat the wind back and pushed her body forward. But the sudden lurching of her body as the creature moved made her eyes pop open to see what was befalling her now.

Her short, electric blue curls flew madly around her head, dancing in the wake of the creature’s beating wings as she felt the hot desert air race against her bare skin. She felt pressure push her body downward, tighter against the amazingly smooth and incredibly soft scales. But with the creature’s undulations, she knew she had to hold on tighter else she might suddenly find herself lifted clear from the creature’s back!

Around her, the world began to sway and silently dance as she felt her body being propelled through time and space.

They shot through the air almost faster than human sight, the bold golds and oranges of the desert sun reflecting upon the sands, becoming a blur. One moment they were flying over the ground, the next they were soaring straight up!

Up past the clouds they flew seeing the fluffy white puffs of moisture that reflected the pinks and purples of the setting suns. Up past the low, scraggly desert trees and the ruins of the once great city she had been hiding in. Up they flew, seeming to fly so fast that they shot past the problems that seemed so insurmountable just mere moments ago.

And it all just felt so perfect to her.

Almost tentatively, she raised her head higher, strangely unafraid as she felt the world pass her... no...she felt herself fly past the world!

The ground passed at a dizzyingly fast pace as they lifted higher and higher. She smiled as she felt the coolness of the air up there and shuddered in delight.

She never could take to that awful desert heat well; it was one of the reasons that her adoptive parents felt that she was a weak, sickly child who should have been grateful for any scrap of kindness offered.

But here...here riding on the back of the beast...she felt like a queen! Her precarious perch didn't matter, the fact that this beast was

taking her far away from everything she had ever known didn't matter. The fact that her life would be irrevocably changed didn't matter.

Here, on the creature's back, she had found her freedom.

And she reveled in it.

"We shall be there soon." The words floated back to her on a warm gust of air. But it was the vibration under her legs that let her know that the beast was actually speaking to her.

"Where?" she screamed, laughing a little as the wind carried her words away. The wind, this cool wind that flowed over her carried by magical wings, seemed to even ease the ache in her back and sides. It was sheer paradise.

"To my lands," it replied and she nodded, feeling the words more than hearing them.

To its lands...and strangely, she was content with that. After all, anything was better than the hot and arid lands she was leaving.

Chapter 3

She didn't know when her eyes closed, but when she next blinked them open, the ache in her body had noticeably decreased and she felt cocooned in warmth.

She looked around the room she was currently in and sighed in shocked pleasure.

This place was warm and comforting, yet light and airy. It was so different from the rich reds and golds of her old home. Instead of colors that reflected the desert lands, this place was strewn with pillows and tapestries of deep blues and purples, and teasing slashes of pink and cream.

She looked down at the soft, comfortable bedding she was lying on and...groaned.

She was about as naked as she had been when she was dumped in her adopted parent's homestead.

She froze, her eyes growing wide as she quickly tried to determine if there were any new aches and pains below the belt that she should be worried about, but relaxed, as she discovered none.

In fact, looking down for a visual conformation, she realized that she was lying snuggled on a huge soft pillow, bare butt facing the world.

Shaking off her unease—and who wouldn't be uneasy finding themselves naked in a strange place?—she rose to her feet and looked around for anything, anything at all, to clothe her naked body.

The wind fluttering through the huge windows brought her attention to the bright and colorful curtains that seemed to float about the room, held in place over the windows by ornate rods.

Looking around quickly to see if anyone was watching, she reached up and gripped the satiny material, pulling it down with one quick jerk.

She giggled as it tore free of its moorings and settled gently over her head.

"Pretty and functional," she chuckled, pulling the sweet smelling material off of her head and began fashioning it into a toga of sorts.

"And once a beautiful part of my décor," a droll voice spoke from behind her.

Spinning around, she nearly lost her footing and fell on her butt, but just barely managed to keep to her feet as she sought out the owner of that voice.

The male was like nothing she had ever seen, and she had seen a lot of men pass through her foundling village.

He was taller than the tallest man she had ever known, standing at least two heads above her. His eyes were a molten gold, an eerie color when paired with his pale skin and long, dark hair, his blood red hair.

He resembled the fabled desert warriors of old, the people who supposedly ruled the great sandy landscapes when they were lush green forests.

His body was long, but muscular; his shoulders and arms well developed. His stomach tight and muscular and his cock...

"Oh Gods, you are naked!" she gasped, her face burning with the blush that took up residence there as she spun to face the newly denuded window.

He looked down at his body, finding no real major faults with it, then lifted his head to face her again.

"Um, is that a problem, Shrill one?"

"Shrill?" She turned to blast him with some well-placed insults before she recalled that he was totally and unselfconsciously naked. She swiftly spun around to face the window again, one hand waving before her to hopefully cool off her burning cheeks.

He was...built.

"Yes, Shrill." Zenxian rolled his eyes at the actions of his chosen one. "You scream."

"I—I have good reason," she sniffed, shifting her weight forward, her agitation showing in her stance.

"What reasons do you have, Shrill one? Please list them for me." Zen was curious as to what this female would say. And by that, he wanted to know what she found so horrifying about his body! He knew that he was not the youngest or the best looking male in Calizem, but he was powerful. That had to mean something, right?

"Well, there were those scabs..." she began.

“The crawling beasts of the desert floors? Bah,” he waved one well-muscled hand in the air as if waving away a bad scent. “Mere scavengers on the bottom surface, not worthy of attention.”

“Not worthy?” she spun around, ignoring his blatant nudity for now, to stare in disbelief at the man. “Not worthy? They have been the scourge of many a village! We live in constant fear that they will gain intelligence and attach us en mass.”

“And after all these years, they have not developed such a plan. What makes you feel that they ever will?”

“Because...well,” she stammered, struggling to keep her eyes above his waist. “Because they could.”

“Oh, I see. You fear the future.”

“I do not!” she hissed, stepping forward, almost forgetting that her curtain was hanging by a prayer until it started to slip. “Oh,” she gasped, her gaze shooting downwards before she turned again, this time to hide her own nudity.

“So you fear...bugs?” he guessed.

“They are big bugs! What can mere human flesh do against claws and stingers?”

“If you were a human, then that would be a problem.” He replied calmly.

“I am human.”

“No, you are not.”

Was this man for real? She turned again, after securing her curtain toga tighter, almost feeling dizzy from all the spinning she was forced to do. "Look..."

"Indeed I am, mate," he grinned. "And I really like what I see. Why do you hide it behind that?" he gestured towards the knotted curtain.

"Because...because it is unseemly to appear naked before a strange man."

"But I am not a strange man. I am your mate."

"You are not!"

"Oh yes, I am," he chuckled, presumably at her growing anger. "You agreed before I brought you to my home."

"I was under...pressure!" she snarled, her anger overriding any other emotions she could possibly feel.

"You were safe."

"They were coming for me!"

"They are mere annoyances."

"For you, maybe," she was nearly screaming. "But for us poor human beings..."

"You are not human."

"ARGH!" She bellowed as she turned away, this time because her anger was great and her control was slipping. She was ready to sock him in his perfect nose!

Why did he insist that she was not human? And what in the name of the damned Gods was he anyway?

“Shrill,” he sighed. “That may not be a good name for you, my mate, if you keep demonstrating the properties inherent in the name.”

“I am not...”

“Brother!” Before she could finish her statement, there was another voice, a cheerfully childish one that made her spin around to see who was now joining them.

She gasped at what she saw.

It was another naked male. This one also had eyes of molten gold, but his hair was of the deepest, richest black she had ever seen. His skin was darker than hers and he appeared to be almost blindingly beautiful.

“Zolamel,” the first naked man groaned, hands akimbo, looking extremely irritated.

“Zenxian! Is this her? Everyone is talking, you know. They all want to see the female that would take on the ug...I mean, the most unique of father’s sons.”

The first male, Zenxian, seemed to pale at the other male’s words.

“I mean...” the one identified as Zolamel stammered. “You know I don’t mean that. I mean...I should have not repeated...I am sorry, brother.”

Zolamel looked almost ready to cry as her male, Zenxian...pouted?

“You’re making him feel bad,” she grumbled, looking pointedly at...Zenxian.

“I am doing nothing of the sort,” Zen crossed his arms, a defensive move if ever she had seen one. “His own words hurt him. I have nothing but love and high regards for my older brother.”

“I...I know you do, Zen,” Zolamel breathed, walking over to the redhead and gripping him by both shoulders, leaning down to press his forehead against his. “But you must forgive your eldest brother. He is not quick of wit or words. He is but an artisan, not skilled in strategy or social graces.”

She looked, eyes wide, at the casual contact between the two men, the two brothers.

For the first time she realized that as tall as her male, Zen, appeared, his self-declared eldest brother was a head taller. Gods, these people were big.

“Yet the lies you speak roll off of your tongue, Zol.” Zen smiled a little, and his elder brother pulled him into a hug.

“Lie? Me? No, I do not have the mental power to craft usable falsehoods,” Zol chuckled, releasing his brother and turning to face the only female in the room. “So, this is your mate. Introduce us properly, as we will soon become family.”

“She has no name,” Zen stepped back from his brother and crossed to his shrill one. “She says that she was never given one.”

“Unless you call ‘Girl’ a name,” she took a step back, trying to discreetly ogle all the naked male flesh in the room. If some of the males at home, or even the chieftain’s son looked anything like these two, she may have settled for one of them.

Now that he'd had the little episode with his brother, her male, the one called Zen, didn't seem too high and aloof. He almost seemed human, which he himself claimed not to be. She sidled a little closer to him, figuring it was safer with the sand demon you knew...

"And why haven't you named this beautiful flower?" he asked, arching one ebony eyebrow. "It is up to you to provide for your mate."

"He calls me Shrii One," she added, chuckling a bit as Zen began to look uncomfortable.

"Shrii? Shrii?" Zol's voice rose up a little at each repetition. "You named her Shrii?"

"No," Zen rolled his eyes, "I was just—just teasing her. She was sad, brother."

"Sad? She has just found her mate, and she is sad? Oh no, no, no! This cannot be!"

That said, Zol swept across the room and swooped down upon her. Within seconds, she was being hefted in the dark haired one's arms and carried to the window she had recently stripped.

Her eyes grew wide as she squealed in surprised indecision. Was he going to toss her out of the window because she had no name? If that were the case, she would make one up! She would even accept Shrii or Girl! She would...how far up were they anyway?

She was opening her mouth to question him, but instead she parted her lips and she screamed.

She had gotten a good look out of that window and what she saw astounded her. They were up so high she could not see the ground!

Beyond the windows was the beautiful blue sky: fluffy white clouds and that was it.

“EEEEIII!”

Zol jumped, almost losing his grip on the female as she began to scream and flail her arms.

“Don’t you let him drop me!” she managed between frightened cries.

“You are scaring her,” Zen pointed out, looking amused at the shocked expression on his brother’s face.

“But...scared of what?” Zol managed, shifting the squirming female in his arms so that she wouldn’t accidentally plummet out of the window; not that it would do her any harm.

“Don’t drop me!” she bellowed almost in his ear. “Zen! Save me!”

“Now it’s Zen,” he grumbled as he walked over towards his brother and his mate. “Before, it was Oh, you are naked.”

“And what’s wrong with him being naked?” Zol asked as he almost tossed her into his brother’s arms. “You don’t have any major deficiencies that we should hide away. Our bloodline is pure.”

“You people are crazy!” she shrieked, clinging to Zen, pressing close to him, not caring that her curtain was slipping or that she had

previously done everything in her power to avoid being in this male's arms.

"I begin to see your reasoning in naming *her* Shrii."

That comment made her freeze as she turned to face the black haired devil.

"What did you say?" she hissed, eyes narrowed in mounting anger.

"I said that I was beginning to see his reasoning in naming you..."

"My name is not Shrii!" she shrii.

"Brother," Zol began. "Are you sure that *this* is your mate?"

"Of that there can be no doubt." He replied sardonically.

"Are you people listening to me?"

"We are not...people!" Zol sounded outraged as his golden gaze dropped to the unnamed female again.

"You look like people to me," she insisted, though she kept a tight grip on Zen's neck. "Well, if you are not people, then what are you?"

"Dragons."

Zen's words made her look up at the shorter male holding her.

"Right," she rolled her eyes.

"How else would I know that you were in hiding from the bug things?"

"The scabs."

"Yes, a disgusting name for a disgusting annoyance."

She froze at that. How had she nearly forgotten the huge, soft-scaled lizards that had brought her to this place?

“A pet?” Even she knew that her answer sounded ridiculous, even without his brother’s patronizing expression.

“Have the mating fevers addled her brain?” Zol asked, tilting his head to the side as he examined her with a new, more worried expression on his face. “Nothing like a mad woman to taint the bloodlines, Brother. I would hate for you to be stuck with yet another burden.”

“She is not addled,” Zen looked down at her. “At least, I don’t think she is. But she was not raised by suitable people, nor was she trained to know what it means to be a Dragonish mate.”

“And I still don’t believe it!” she shouted, disgusted with the males for speaking about her as if she wasn’t there! How dare they?

“You will.” Zen glared at her, his eyes glowing faintly red, and the ache in her back and abdomen, the one that plagued her night onto death, returned...with a vengeance.

Chapter 4

She was amazed that he didn't drop her. She groaned and curled over into a fetal position; the pain evident on her face as she gritted her teeth and tried not to cry out.

"The mating pangs?" Zol asked, clearly worried as he stared at his brother's mate. "You have not taken her and she still suffers."

But Zen was too busy to move. Already he was making his way across the room towards the pile of cushions that served as a bed. Gently he eased her down, his eyes growing wide as she continued to show signs of pain.

"You have to take her, Brother," Zol shook his head, compassion in his gaze as he stared at the female. "There is no pain, save egg laying, that compares to this pain."

"No," she managed to gasp, understating what the two men were speaking of. "No taking."

"The pain will continue to grow..." Zol insisted.

"No!" she screamed, letting out all of her frustrations and fears and pain in the shout. "No taking!"

"This pain will consume you!" Zen glared at the female, his manner becoming knowing and aloof.

"And what do you know of it?" she managed, her teeth gritted, her eyes narrowed into slits, her breath panting as she struggled to retain some dignity.

"I know, female, because I too have been through the mating anguish. I know because it took weeks for Father to find me. And I know because I too fought against my destiny. You need not suffer needlessly. Go to your mate with a willing heart and when we are all joined, we will create such beautiful children."

"Joined?" she gasped as Zen began to stroke her hair and rub her lower back. His contact was amazingly, making the pain ease.

"Does she not know anything?" Zol asked, looking in amazement at his brother.

"She was not reared with her caregivers. I found her not far from a human settlement." Zen spoke softly as she slipped his hand beneath the curtain that still, miracle that it was, remained on her body.

She started to complain, but the skin-to-skin contact was easing the pain more, and he was only touching her back. She relaxed a bit, unknowingly moving deeper into his warm caress.

"Joined?" she asked again, this time a bit more concerned. For some strange reason, her mind was beginning to accept the idea of having Zen as a mate. She seemed to be drawn to him, and if what he said was true, then he had saved her life. It was more than what any of the men in her village had done. And though he was naked and she nearly so, he did not seek to press his advantage. It showed that he knew something of honor, even if he teased her mercilessly.

"Joined," Zol explained. "We are quad. Although you are Zen's mate, you are our female. Together we will hatch beautiful babies."

"Hatch?" she felt her panic rising again. It was beginning to seem that what the men were talking about...well, they made it seem so possible.

"Father and I are mates. Through him, I achieve my fertility. You and Zenxian will mate and through him, you will achieve your fertility. Together, we mate and our eggs are laid. With your spirit and my beauty, our sons will no doubt rival our king for power and influence."

And then he smiled at her as if what he said made perfect sense.

"So," she began, uncurling more so she could look Zol directly in his face. "You and your Father mate. And I am to mate Zen. And then I am to mate with you and lay...eggs?"

"That is why you are in such pain," Zol explained. "But you will not be laying alone. Any daughters I produce will be strong and brave, a testament to our pure bloodlines." And he smiled at her again.

"*You* are saying that *we* will lay eggs, after you have sex with your father and he has sex with me? I mean, after we have sex together, of course."

"Yes. You understand!" Zol clapped his hands in glee. "And I so have longed for children of my very own."

"Keep longing," she snapped. "You have got to be a mad scab if you think I am so gullible as to fall for some convoluted story like

that! You sleeping with your father and laying eggs...what would your mother think?"

"Well, she passed a long time ago. I am the last of her last clutch. But I think she would be proud of the father I find myself mated to."

Her eyes widened in horror. His father? Disgusting.

"And you claim your blood isn't tainted? How dare your blood sire..."

"Who said anything about my sire?" Zol asked, confusion on his face. "My Sire is proud Father. He will be an excellent sire and will see to it that any and all eggs in our clutch will hatch and our babies..."

"What are you babbling about?" she finally exploded, then hissed as the pain increased with her agitation.

"Humans," Zen explained to his elder...brother? "You have to explain more thoroughly."

"I was thorough," Zol rolled his eyes. "I think the mating pain is affecting her ability to comprehend."

"My ability..." she sputtered.

"Peace, mate," Zen chuckled. "Be at peace. I will endeavor to explain."

"You had better," she snarled, turning to Zen, her expression all seriousness indeed. "And it had better be good."

"Father is the First Commander of the King's Army. He is the Prime Alpha in our Quad. I am Alpha Secondary, though I was the

youngest in the Triad before. Father chose me because of my fighting skills and the power core I possessed when I hatched. After Father trained me to be his successor in all things, he chose his Alpha Pair. Zol is his Alpha Pair, completing the fertility bridge for Father. Through their mating, the essence they create has made it possible for Zol to become fertile. He holds the combined essence of himself and Father, a boon to any Secondary pairing with both Father's and Zol's near perfect ...countenances." His hesitation in that sentence told of another story, one that was not merely confusing, but also unpleasant.

"As Father's Alpha Secondary, it is my duty to find my mate when she begins mating fever, and through a mating with her, ensure her fertility so that the Pairs can perform the Fertility Rites and ensure that our bloodline lives on. It is a great honor..."

"To have three men instead of one?" she asked, pulling away from Zen.

"You have but one mate, and that mate is me."

"Yet you want me to sleep with him?" she asked pointing to Zol who grinned cheekily.

"He is pleasing to the eye and talented..." Zen began.

"He's a preening Glow Bird!" she snapped, wiping the grin off of Zol's face.

"He is commonly fair..." Zen tried again.

"And appears to have nothing in his head but mating and his talk of beauty."

"I am an artisan," Zol protested. "There are a lot of things in my head."

"Like fat and air!" she snapped before turning back to Zen. "And you. You would share your mate?"

"Then you admit that you are my mate!" Zen crowed, delighted at her turn of phrase.

"That is not the point!" she all but screamed.

"So you admit it!"

"I admit nothing," she muttered, growing red in the face as she realized that she had been thinking of Zen as her mate. What was happening to her?

"And you only have to do the Fertility Rite with Zen for the purpose of creating our first clutch. After that, you need not trouble yourself over him, though he is talented."

"What?" she asked, confused.

"It is traditional for the Pairs to be help-mates and companions." Zen explained. "We will raise our clutch together and assist each other in times of sorrow. It is how our people survive."

"I have no people!" she screamed, struggling to rise. "I was left in a desert village and grew up knowing that I was of no people, that I had nothing to offer anyone in the way of bloodlines or in heritage."

"And you should have never been left with the humans."

All three jumped at this new voice; a powerful, dominating voice that filled the chambers and caught the attention of all in the room.

“Father!” both Zen and Zol cried out, turning in eager delight to observe the male entering the room.

“Fa—father?” she asked, before sinking back into the cushions. Looking at his man, she knew that she was in big trouble.

Chapter 5

Father had to be the most imposing male that she had ever seen. He stood head and shoulders above Zol, which placed him as massively large. His shoulders were rounded with corded muscle. His chest was a huge wall of muscle. It was what Zen's chest, even as large as it was now, would be as he matured. His eyes were a bright blood red: a blood red that looked as if they encompassed all collective knowledge of the world, desert lands included. His hair was nearly white it was so blond, his skin as dark as the sands at night. He moved with an innate sense of power, of leashed fury that he could at any time release to destroy an enemy.

And he was as naked as the other two.

Her eyes automatically dropped to observe his...male...endowments and she almost choked on her tongue. His cock was as large as...Deserts steeds were small when compared...His cockhead hit him mid-thigh. And it wasn't even hard!

"Father!" Zol cried out again, and almost as if propelled by magic, the black haired male was across the room and in Father's arms. "How I have missed you."

"Zol," he purred, the depth and strength in his voice almost knocking her flat on the bedding. "I have missed you, my mate."

"And I you, Kyotype." That said, Zol found himself hefted higher in the silver haired male's arms, his mouth covered by a dominate one as large hands ran through his black hair.

Zol moaned his delight, snuggling closer as he wrapped both legs around the new man's waist, rubbing his growing erecting against his stomach as that monster that hung between the giant's thighs begin to rise.

"Kyotype?" she stuttered.

"His official title is Father," Zen explained, as he too rose to his feet. "Kyotype is his name."

Pulling away from her, Zen moved with purpose across the room. Seeing this, Kyotype placed Zol on his feet and turned to face his Alpha Secondary.

"Father," Zen dropped to one knee, his right hand striking his chest in a respectful, ceremonial manner.

"Rise, my Secondary." Father intoned and Zen rose to his feet. "All is as you left, and our Triad...Quad remains strong."

Kyotype's eyebrows rose at this, yet a small smile spread across his full lips. "And with a glad heart, I again assume leadership over the...the Quad."

Then Zen was in his arms and Kyotype was lowering his head and their tongues were...

"Oh my," she said aloud. She watched them as they kissed; Kyotype's tongue invading Zen's mouth, assaulting it, while Zen gripped his shoulders, moaning softly as his cock began to grow erect.

Her words broke them apart and drew all their eyes to her.

“You have found your mate, Zen,” he spoke softly, as if afraid to spook her. “You must introduce me to this precious female.”

“She has no name, Father,” Zen spoke as he reached out and took Kyotype’s hand, leading him towards her.

“Zen calls her Shril,” Zol added. “With good reason, too.”

“Shril?” Kyotype raised one silver eyebrow. “She should have a proper name, Zenxian.”

“I tried to assist and was nearly deafened,” Zol pouted a bit, then grinned as he followed. “But she has spirit and I believe I can like her. I would learn to love her if she stopped calling me empty-headed.”

She blushed at that, looking nervously at the one called Father. It was obvious that there really was no blood between the three men. They were just too different. But there was a connection, a relationship, a bond that was obvious between the three of them that made their story all the more convincing.

“Assist?” Kyotype laughed. “More like you bulldozed your way in and tried to take over.”

“Well,” Zol laughed. “A direct approach is always the best.”

“Except when dealing with females,” Zen added. “I don’t think she believes us, Kyo. She thinks we are all mad. She was reared by humans, so I was trying to explain the Quad.”

“Mad?” Kyotype chuckled making her want to slink back deeper into the bedding. “Then I must endeavor to correct any misconceptions about Dragonish.”

“She believes we are humans,” Zol chimed in.

“And did you show her otherwise?” Kyo asked his Secondary.

“I was going to, but then Zol scared her and her mating pains grew bad.”

“And after?” Kyo queried.

“We tried to explain the Quad.” Zen glanced at her as he replied.

“And how could she believe anything about our society when she does not believe that we exist?” This from a reasonable sounding Kyo. “You could have done this.”

And in a blink of an eye, Kyotype seemed to explode in a cloud of smoke, and in his place, there was a massively huge, frightfully enormous, sleek black dragon; one with smoke billowing for its fire-pit sized nostrils and banking fire with its large red eyes.

It dominated the room, crowding the other two men closer towards the bedding, seeming to suck the very air from the room as it inhaled, the sound something akin to a fire-hill exploding.

And just as quickly, there stood the naked man again, looking curiously at her through intelligent red eyes.

“Well?”

“You...” she managed. “You...I...big...” Then her world went dark.

Chapter 6

It was the pain that woke her up, even though she had been better off sleeping.

Groaning, she curled onto her side, hoping against hope that the ache would ease a little, but it was no use. Her eyes were open and she was once again staring out at her cool yet colorful new world. She looked up at the high vaulted ceilings and supposed that they needed to be that high if people were going to turn into big, smoking lizards.

Oh yeah. Her new reality.

Had that man really turned into a dragon? Dragonish, they called themselves, so she supposed he really wasn't a man.

But he looked so much like the men she knew, well, better looking and more proportionate than the men she knew, but there was no denying the fact that they were absolutely male.

And if what they said was true about them being Dragonish, then what they said about their Quad and their procreation rites had to be true, too.

And if that was true that meant she really wasn't human. But she felt so human, so much the same as she had felt her entire life!

How could all of that be wrong?

And if she wasn't human, then what was she? Was she Dragonish?

Well, she had certainly never felt the urge to grow into a massive lizard and start flying around the room, even though that could have been one way to deal with the chieftain's ogre of a son. But there was no denying the fact that she was as she always would be, a human...no, a female without a family or a real home.

"I am so alone," she breathed, rubbing at her abdomen, wishing that Zen were there to ease her pain just a little.

"And why would you believe that?"

She jumped in surprise, wincing as the aching started anew, and twisted her head to the side to stare at the male in question.

"Believe that I am alone?" she spoke softly, her voice showing signs of pain. "Because I am."

"You are not, my mate," Zen grinned. "You have me and the whole Quad now."

She wanted to deny it, to turn away and find any excuse to run from this place, but there was no denying that something about them, about this man especially, intrigued and called to her.

"The whole Quad?" she asked. "Even—even the big one..."

"Father," Zen answered with a chuckle. "Even he considers you one of his...even if you did pass out at the sight of his primary form."

"Primary?"

"Yes," he chuckled. "These human-like shells serve a purpose as does our mating Quads."

"Purpose?" the ache was growing and she was getting tired of being in pain.

“Yes, you see, you are female...” He began.

“But not human.” she interrupted. She couldn’t seem to help herself.

“Not human. Dragonish, as the rest of us are, but there is a difference. Dragonish females do not change. This is your primary form.”

“While the big lizards are your primary form.”

“Yes.” he smiled.

“Why?” she lay back in the bedding and listened, noting that he really did have nice eyes.

“Because we defend. Our females never leave our aeries.”

“Because this is our primary form,” she repeated, trying to make sense of all this information.

“Yes, it is rather fragile,” he explained. “That is also the reason that we can take this secondary form. So that we can mate without doing you harm.”

“If the females never leave these places...I assume that we are high up?”

“Yes.”

“So how did I wind up on the desert? And where are my parents?”

“I...I do not know,” he admitted. “But we can find out as soon as we discover your bloodlines.”

“My bloodlines?”

"You are a pure blood. If you were not, then you would not be experiencing the mating pain. Mixed bloods are not fertile, therefore are not burdened with the pain you are experiencing."

She nodded, not saying anything after that, but his closeness, the scent of him...it was distracting and it was making the pain worse.

"So...you are my chosen mate."

"As decreed by fate."

"And I will have to mate with all of you?"

"What...what disturbs you so in this, my mate? I know that I am not commonly fair, that my face is...rather...plain, but the others, Father and Zol, do they not make up for what I lack?" he asked hesitantly.

"Not...?" Was he saying that he was ugly? Zen was the most beautiful male that she had ever seen! In the short time that she had known him, she knew that she had tried his patience and had yelled and screamed at him, but unlike the men of her village, he had never threatened her. He had never tried to punish her, to talk down to her, or harm her in any way. In fact, he seemed to think that she was...worthy.

"Zen, you are the most perfect male I have ever seen." The sincerity in her words was apparent. Zen smiled.

"Then you will have no objection," his smile became a bit broader as he reached out and began to softly caress her face, easing the nearly unbearable ache. "Look," he urged, reaching out to shift her whole body. "See how they dance for us?"

And she gasped, staring at the most beautiful sight she had ever seen. Kyo and Zol were intertwined on the ground pillowed by a silken fall of black and white hair; their pale bodies contrasting beautifully, engaged in the act of mating.

* * * * *

Zol lay on his back, his arms tangled in long Kyo's white hair as he arched up into the caress of his older mate. He chewed on his lower lip, nearly drawing blood as Kyo's long tongue lapped lazily at one dark red engorged nipple.

"Yes, Father," he hissed, his head whipping from side to side as his body shuddered in ecstasy. "Right there!"

Kyo's low chuckles made Zol's body quiver hard. Sweat formed on his body, giving him an almost golden glow. The contrast between Zol's pale beauty and Kyo's overt dark masculinity was striking, erotic, and more pleasing to the eye than anything that she had ever seen before.

"Everything and anything your body craves and your heart desires," Kyo murmured, his grumbling voice sending tremors through all the observers. Any thoughts about the fact that they were not alone, never concerned Kyo. He was intent on his smaller mate's pleasure.

He slid down, leaving a glistening trail of silver sticking to his lover's body as he trailed kisses and licks from an obscenely long tongue down the cobbled abs past the small indentation of an unusually shallow navel.

Zol shrieked at this as Kyo obviously hit a sensitive spot. He curled around his mate, spreading his legs, inviting him to further explore the delights of his body.

“Beautiful,” Kyo purred, caressing the creamy thighs with his large hands, delighting in the contrast between the two of them. For as powerfully built as Zol was, he was still considerably smaller when compared to his own bulk. He liked that contrast. It sent dominating feelings through him. He loved covering his smaller mate, loved the gift of willing submissiveness his lover gave to him. It endeared the smaller male to him and bound him closer to his heart.

It was a gift, which he respected as much as he reveled.

“My beautiful Zol,” he continued, reaching up to brush his fingers against Zol’s hard long prick, which was leaking copious amounts of slick fluid onto his stomach. “How you weep for me.”

“For...for joy, Father,” Zol mewled, forcing his eyes open to the bright red ones that carefully examined his body. “Only for you, Kyo.”

“As it should be,” Kyo snarled, before lowering his head and attacking his lover’s cock, wrapping his tongue around it, sucking down the fluid that freely flowed.

Zol, as his submissive pairing, would only show a sign of fertility when being sexually stimulated by his Alpha. Of course, he could have sex with another, though their paired mating bond would prevent the desire. But for any other, his body would not prove fertile. He would be able to achieve an erection and even orgasm if his partner were skilled enough. But this liquid show of fertility, this was

reserved only for his destined Alpha, the lover for whom he would bear female children.

Zol shrieked, his eyes widening before they slammed shut, the pleasure almost painful as his body began to burn.

Kyo was running that slick tongue all around his prick, his fingers caressing and tugging at his full balls. Fire was running through his veins as his lover threatened to drown him in sensuality.

“Father,” he moaned. “Father. Please! Kyo!”
His body was feeling empty. His anal passage was in spasm, clenching around nothing but the memory of his lover’s large cock filling him, tingling his nerve endings, the delicious burn of penetration.

He could feel his back passage grow moist in preparation for the deep penetration that he longed for.

“Kyo...” He moaned again, his fingers tightening almost painfully in the silver hair that covered him.

Chuckling, Kyo pulled back and flipped his lover over onto his stomach, pushing his long, dark hair aside to expose the golden flesh of his back, marred only by the binding mark, a series of small neat bites that formed a unique pattern.

“My mate,” Kyo purred, his obsidian body nearly glowing with heat as he observed the prone body of his lover. “Mine.”

Then he lowered his body, covering his lover again, surrounding him with his essence, his heat, his fire.

He nipped at the exposed and vulnerable neck as Zol twisted his head to the side, eagerly encouraging his taking. "Please?"

Kyo laved that tender spot, lapping at the bite mark already present before licking down his long, sleek back, nipping and smoothing at each vertebra. This was his body, his domain, and he cherished every inch of it.

He slid lower, palming and caressing the full cheeks that protected his most favored playground, parting his mate and exposing him to his view. The small pink rosebud was glistening with his mate's desire. He gently blew warm air across the puckered entrance and watched as it trembled. His mate moaned his hungry acceptance of the gesture and his want of more.

"Here?" he asked as he lowered his head and gently ran his tongue over his mate's opening, chuckling as Zol squealed his pleasure and pushed back into the caress. "I assume that is a yes," he chuckled again before lowering his head and beginning to feast in earnest.

"Kyo!" Zol screamed, dropping his head and raising his ass high. He whimpered at the unbelievable sensations of his mind-blowing caress. He felt his whole body shudder and open for his lover and mate. His fingers clawed at the small pile of pillows they romped on, rending them and sending their stuffing, a multitude of small white feathers, floating in the air around them. "Please, Father! Please!"

"So good," Kyo muttered into the flesh he lapped and laved. "So sweet, my mate." He intensified his caresses, humming in delight,

sending vibrations through Zol's body. Then he slipped his tongue inside, caressing his mate from there as well. He moaned his appreciation and released one plump cheek to caress and tug at his own powerful erection.

Zol's screams echoed around the room, his cock pulsed with each new wave of fire that tore through his body, stemming from that liquid caress. He threw his head back and reared up, his long black hair flying around them.

"Now, Kyo!" he screamed. "Take me now or be damned to the twin suns of Alamoor!"

"Be still," Kyo soothed, pulling away and resting both hands on his mate's waist, purring in contentment at their headed contact. He loved the supple feel of his mate against his body. Relished the feel of those plump ass cheeks pressing against his erect cock, loved the scent of him. He relaxed, gripping his straining cock and giving it a few light strokes, running his thumb along the dew drenched head. "Soon, my mate. When I take you, I want to stare into your eyes, to see myself branding you as mine all over again."

"Father," Zol breathed in response, resting his head back against the broad shoulder that had never failed to offer comfort or support. "My mate, my alpha, mine."

"All yours, little one." Kyo answered as he lifted one hand to tangle in Zol's hair, pulling his head back to devour his mouth in a deep, hungry kiss. "Only yours."

“Then,” he breathed, breaking off the kiss. “Then give me what is mine, mate.”

Smiling in amusement, his eyes flashing a deeper red at the impassioned words, Kyo released his lover, only to swiftly turn him and settle him flat on his back. “I’ll give you what you are due,” he growled, tossing his own pale hair behind him as he rose over his mate. “Open for me, Zol. Open wide and take what I give you.”

Moaning, Zol spread his legs wide, lifting them up, thighs to chest, and holding them in place with his shaky hands.

Kyo wasted no time in covering his mate, sliding between those creamy thighs and hovering above that panting mouth.

Whimpering, Zol arched up as high as he could, offering himself fully and unconditionally.

“So perfect, my pair,” Kyo breathed as he reached one hand down to his own dark erection and guided the thick red head to his mate’s entrance. “You fit me so perfectly.”

He eased forward, sliding just the head inside those tight wet walls only to pull out again, teasing his mate and making his body strain for more.

“Stop teasing me!” Zol screamed, letting go of one leg to tangle his hand in his lover’s silver hair, hissing as Kyo made small thrusts with his hips, sliding in a bit then pulling out again. “Fuck me!”

“As you...wish!” Kyo roared, slamming his full length into his mate.

Zol's wail could have been one of pain, but the arms and legs that wrapped around his mate's dark back proved otherwise, as did his words.

"Yes!" he wailed. "Yes, fuck me! Kyo! Harder!"

With a grunt, Kyo hefted both Zol's legs over his shoulders and began to pound hard.

"Fuck yes!"

"So tight and hot, my mate," Kyo cooed, increasing his pace. "Scream for me."

The litany of vulgarities that flowed from Zol's mouth was beautiful in its rawness. He alternately begged and demanded, pleaded and encouraged, and all the while Kyo's dark hips rocked, his own tight buttocks flexed as he dove as deep as he could inside his mate's body.

"Yes!" Zol shouted again as Kyo rose up a little and changed the direction of his thrusts. His eyes grew wide and he began to stutter, to tear at his mate's back, leaving long scratches and welts. "Again! Again!"

Again, Kyo ground his hips deep, stroking several key pleasure spots inside his mate, stroking the internal glands that allowed his body to become naturally lubricated and caused extreme ecstasy if stroked just so.

Kyo threw back his head, his hips pounding into his mate, growling his own pleasure as sweat began to pour down his body and smoke began to flow from his mouth.

“Zol,” he hissed, his red eyes sparkling as he felt his control begin to slip.

“Now, yes, now!” Zol wailed as his body arched up and froze. “Kyooooo!” His eyes slammed shut as his hand began to pound the ground beside him. His cock began to shoot, sending crystalline threads of seed out and over his chest. He wailed again as Kyo reached down and fisted his cock, stroking it in time with his thrusts, keeping his orgasm going until with a whimper, Zol went boneless. “C—come on,” Zol’s voice was weak but urgent as he called to his mate. “Please, inside me. Spend inside me.”

Leaning over his prone body, Kyo twisted his mate’s head to the side, lapping at the bite marks there.

“Please?” Zol begged, turning his head more and whining his need.

“Now,” Kyo growled before diving upon that vulnerable neck, sinking his teeth into the bite marks, the binding marks, that already existed.

Zol wailed again as another orgasm tore through his body, his anal muscles massaging the hard shaft that pierced him so deeply.

Kyo snarled as he felt his control snap, his cock pulse and his balls draw up tight. He released his mate’s neck to throw his head back and roar his pleasure as pulse after pulse of his orgasmic release rocked him to his very soul.

“Zol,” he breathed as his body began to slowly collapse, twisting at the last minute so as not to crush his mate.

Almost immediately he withdrew his still swollen member from his mate's trembling body and pulled him in tight.

Their mouths sought each other, their tongues tangling as they shared the orgasmic afterglow that comes with such a powerful mating.

"Forever, my mate," Kyo pulled back long enough to whisper, caressing his mate pair's dark hair. "Forever and even when I no longer walk this world."

Zol snuggled closer to his Alpha, his own hands tangling in hair of the purest silver. "Forever," Zol purred. "Forever and beyond, my mate. And when I follow you into the next world, I will love you then as I have loved you on this plain. We shall ever be as one."

They both closed their eyes, just relishing the fact that they both loved, and was loved in return, the fact that they both belonged and would forever be together.

* * * * *

"That...that was the most beautiful thing that I have ever seen." She whispered, not willing to speak aloud and ruin the moment that the two managed to create together. "Is it always like this?"

"Only when it is a true bond," he whispered. "A true bond like Zol and Father share, a true bond like we will all share together when the Quad is complete. A true bond," Zen whispered, feeling his own need grow after observing two of his mate pair.

"Like," she began, then paused before continued. "Like we will be?"

The ache had grown again, and now she recognized it for what it was. She was hungry, hungry for her mate. She felt the morals she grew up with disappearing as instinct began to take over.

“Like...us?” she asked.

Chapter 8

“Will you?” he asked, his voice raspy, his eyes glowing molten with just a touch of red. “Will you join with me, be one with me, complete me...complete us?”

There was only one answer she could give. Her mind and her body were both very clear on the matter. There was only one thing she could say.

“Yes.”

Her eyes sparkled as she reached for him, her mind for once steady and clear. This is what she wanted. This is what her body craved. This man, this Dragonish, was offering her everything she had ever wanted: a home, family, a place of her own. It was all hers for the taking, but only if she had enough strength to reach out and take it.

She realized that she was stronger than she thought as her hands tangled in his blood red hair.

“Perfect,” he breathed, slowly climbing up her body, letting his heat and scent slowly cover her. “You are so perfect, my mate.”

“No,” she chuckled, tugging at his hair until they were face to face, their foreheads resting against each other. The ache was now a distant memory, as if it subsided because it was gaining what it wanted. “Not perfect, but I hope good enough for you.”

“You are perfect for me.”

“I am flawed.”

“As am I.” he smiled, leaning forward to lap at her bottom lip, a red glint in his molten yellow eyes. “So we shall be perfect for each other.”

“Perfect? You call me Shrii...” she teased.

“And now I have a better use for your mouth.” Then his lips were pressing against hers, that unbelievably long tongue caressing her mouth. It ran around each tooth, pressing against her own tongue in challenge, tickling the sensitive roof of her mouth. He explored her thoroughly, delving into the taste of her, ensuring that her flavor would be imprinted in his mind.

The kiss ended as she began to moan, to rock her hips up, wanting full body contact that he was all too willing to give.

“I need to touch you,” he breathed, tilting her head to the side, letting his lips and tongue taste the delicate flesh of her neck. He pressed his tongue against her pulse, shuddering as he felt her heartbeat increase, her breathing increase, the scent of her longing filling him with purpose. He would have her and she would come, screaming his name. But most importantly, he would pleasure her so well that any thought of breaking their bonding would never enter her mind. It was not love, but they were destined by fate and found something in each other that they each desired. It was a start.

“Will you take me...like him?” she breathed, her voice reedy and thin with passion. She gestured towards the lightly dozing Kyo and Zol.

“No, not unless you wish it,” he murmured against her ear, letting his warm breath send shudders through her body. “If you wish to pursue more... raw delights, it will be my pleasure to show you. But this time, this time I will bind your flesh to mine in a more traditional manner.”

“You have...mated with them before?” she asked, curiosity gnawing at her as her desire grew. She could picture them together now after the display Zol and Kyo had put on, and she found the thought of all three of them writhing together in passion very arousing.

It never even occurred to her that she had stopped being bothered by their casual nudity, that she was now focusing on the erotic picture the three made.

“Of course,” Zen chuckled, nipping lightly at the flesh of her neck before pulling back to look into her eyes. “Kyo is my Alpha Primary. It was he who taught me the pleasure of the flesh, who taught me everything I know about satisfying my partner in preparation for the time when I would take a mate.”

“And Zol?” She breathed, moving closer to him, letting her fingers trail from his silken hair to the firm muscular shoulder before running down his chest. “Did you mate with him too?”

“Of course,” Zen grinned. “I had to show that I learned all that Father had to teach me. And who better to practice with than a pushy mate pair who is very temperamental and hard to bring to orgasm?”

The day I made him climax two times in a row was the day that Kyo officially declared me a man.”

“You three...” she paused, lifting a hand to her chest, vaguely realizing that she was still wrapped in the pilfered curtain. “You three make me want things I have ever imagined...never conceived.”

“You are reacting to your instincts, my mate,” he pulled her closer, sliding her so close that their bodies brushed softly. He could feel her hardened nipples through the thin bit of material separating them. “You should. All of us are here to pleasure you, but it is my responsibility to ensure your happiness. I take my responsibilities very seriously.”

She looked down, a blush staining her cheeks as she tried to think of something to say.

She lifted her head to respond, she had a really good quip in response, but his kiss pulled every word from her mind. Instead, she moaned as the pleasure began to grow. A warm glow began to develop low in her abdomen and she felt her nipples harden further. She pressed closer to him, sliding her body into his, damning the curtain that separated the two of them. It had to go.

With a growl she did not know that she was capable of, she fisted her hand in his hair and took over the kiss. Her tongue invaded his mouth, demanding entrance and then exploring until her toes began to curl.

His teeth were sharp, very sharp and fang-like, something that she had not noticed before. And his tongue, it was so long and slick.

And he tasted of fresh fruit and spice. He was a delicious treat for her to enjoy and she relished the flavor of him.

Her hand left his hair to trail over his body, purring as his arms wrapped around her, holding her closer to his muscled heat. She wanted to explore more.

“Off,” she managed, pressing her breasts against his chest, feeling his nipples harden in response. “I want to feel you.”

“As you command,” then she found herself lying flat on the bedding; the curtain lay in shreds around her, exposing her bare body to his view.

She moaned. Her own hands going to her breasts as her desires began to burn through her. She needed his touch, wanted to entice him further. Where this was coming from, she hadn’t a clue, but she was finding it more difficult to think, especially when his hands brushed hers aside, manipulating and squeezing her breasts.

“More,” she breathed, reaching up to tug and pull at his pebble hard nipples, her body seemingly working on its own. “Please?” Her brown eyes began to glow as her Dragonish nature began to exert itself for the first time.

“Whatever you desire,” he growled before dropping his head to lick and tongue her nipples.

She let out a small shriek, her hand wrapping around his head, holding him in place as he nipped and suckled at her breasts, creating a liquid heat that began to flow from her body. She spread

her legs, creating room for him to get closer to her and shuddered as he pressed fully against her.

His cock was like a hot, hard mass pressing against her stomach. She had to touch it.

Reaching down, she grasped his thick, heavy shaft, whimpering at the feel of its heat in her palm, the softness of its skin... "This will fit into me?" she breathed.

He pulled off one nipple with a pop and lifted his head to grin at her. "Every inch of it."

Her breath was hard and heavy as she gently explored his flesh. She was careful here, as something told her that she could cause him immense pain if she handled him wrong, but she was not afraid. He felt so good in her palm. Her fingers carefully explored the swollen, spongy head of his cock, smiling as she pulled deep groans from his chest. She paused as she felt a bit of slick liquid at the tip of his prick. She ran her fingers over the fluid, softly massaging it into his skin, before lifting her finger to her mouth.

Her eyes locked onto his as she lifted that finger to her mouth, her own tongue lashing out to taste the essence of him.

"So perfect for me," he breathed, before he descended upon her other nipple, licking and biting, his hips thrusting his cock in her palm. "Now tighten your hand..." he instructed, and shuddered as she complied.

Her fist gripped him firmly, creating a warm tunnel for him to slide through.

“Your body will grip me like this,” he instructed. “Here,” he pulled back and let one hand slip between her legs, running through the soft hair of her groin until it met the wet slickness of her labia.

“Zen!” she gasped, her eyes growing wider as her legs spread further, inviting more exploration.

“Here, my mate,” he breathed, his long tongue running down her stomach, nipping at the skin and soothing the bite with his kisses. “Here is where I will slide myself deep inside you, joining our souls as one.”

She bucked into his hand as his fingers began exploring her, finding her clit and gently encircling it with the pads of his fingers.

“Zen,” she arched uncontrollably into his touch, as fire seemed to shoot through her body. “Touch me again!”

And he did, his fingers sliding around her wet pussy, awakening nerve endings that she never knew existed until his touch.

She was hot and creamy to his touch as he gently explored her. The scent of her musk, her essence, grew heavy in his nose, sending his desire for her spiraling nearly out of control.

It was she. She was built to pleasure. She, who was at this moment the meaning of his whole existence. He pressed his fingers deeper into her, exploring the moist, slit opening to her body, the place where he would soon plunder to join them as one.

He pulled away, ignoring her moan of dismay as his cock pulled from her hand. He slid down lower, forcing her legs to spread further, making a place for himself between her soft thighs.

“Zen,” she panted, her head lifting to watch what he was doing, to watch as he touched her.

He moaned in delight at the wet welcome she offered. He reached out to touch her, using his thumbs to part her labia. She was glistening, growing wetter by the second and rosy dark pink color. He licked his lips in preparation. He had been told several times of the sweet taste of female flesh, but this would be the first time he experienced it himself, and he was eager to sample his own precious mate.

“With my mouth, I thee worship,” He lowered his head; his gaze holding hers captive, and began to gently run his tongue along her lower lips.

“Sweet heaven!” she gasped, her his bucking up as he moaned in delight, the vibrations sending her senses reeling. He pressed closer, his tongue laving her, drinking down her juices, stroking over her slick flesh. “Zen!”

He loved lower, his long lick covering every inch of her, his tongue running over her slit before sliding deep into her, stretching her as he savored the flavor of her.

He buried his face in her, rubbing and coating his flesh with her essence as he moaned and lapped deeper, piercing the very heart of her.

“So good,” he breathed, his eyes closed as he drank her in deep.

“Zen,” she gasped, her hands running over his hair, his back, trying to touch any part of his body that she could. Sweat freely ran from her body, her heart pounded, her breathing was raspy and rough. Never had she ever felt so much pure pleasure. It bubbled up from deep in her stomach. It shot along her spine, tingling and burning; it made areas of her groin burn and itch in need. Her inner walls clenched around that soft thrusting tongue but it wasn’t enough! She needed more! She wanted something thicker, harder, filling her, touching those places that his tongue teased so easily. “Please?”

Her head whipped from side to side as she arched closer, her hands gripping the back of his head, forcing him deeper into her. He lifted his head a bit, retracting his tongue as he let his nose nuzzle a spot that stole her breath and sent stars zinging across her eyes.

“Your pleasure point is so swollen,” he breathed, moving up further to lick and lap at her clitoris. “Does it feel good?” he asked, staring up at her from between her splayed thighs.

“Y—yes!” she managed. “Again! Do that again!”

“As my mate wishes,” he purred and lowered his head to suck at her clit.

She screamed then, screamed so loud that she awoke the two lovers resting nearby. They turned towards the noise and smiled, silently encouraging their third. It looked as if he was doing masterfully, leading his mate into pleasure.

As for Zen, he was entranced with her reactions. She danced beneath him so sweetly, her body hungrily clasping at his. He closed

his eyes and imagined her gyrations with him buried deep inside her tight, sweet heat. He had to have her. He couldn't wait!

Zen gave one last lick to her clit and rose above her, his face shiny with her dew, his eyes burning in their intensity. It was time.

"Now," he rasped, reaching down and caressing her engorged sex, "Now, with my shaft, I thee worship."

She panted, staring up at him in awe before she silently reached for him, accepting his claim, wanting him touching her again, giving her the joyous sensations that were driving her mad. There was something building inside of her, an ache that was the same yet different from the previous pain that had filled her. This hunger demanded that her mate fill her, service her, give her what her body craved. And she wanted it now.

Without further ado, Zen covered his mate, his long hair falling freely around them, blocking the light, the flowing air, creating a dark passion scented world of their own. She shuddered as she strained to get closer. This was what she wanted, what she craved. And she was finally going to get it.

Zen reached down and gripped her palm, running her smaller hand over his chest, around his pebbled nipples, down past the thin treasure trail that began beneath his navel and through the thin bush of hair that surrounded his straining cock.

"You feel so good on me," he shuddered at her touch. "I will endeavor to feel even better inside of you."

His free hand lifted one of her legs, resting the trembling limb high on his waist.

Together, they stroked his prick feeling the copious amounts of his pre-ejaculate flow from his cock head, a sure sign of his intense desire and devotion.

“To you, I offer my everything,” he breathed, licking at her lips, moving close enough to share breath as he moved into position. Together, they guided his throbbing cock to the portal of her body. He shuddered, feeling her scalding wetness flowing over his sensitive cock head. This was it, what he had been waiting for during all those months of searching. He was going to claim his mate.

“Ahhh!” he hissed as he pushed forward and he felt her muscles part for him, open for him, invite him inside.

She screamed, but not in pain. Unlike what the human women told her, the tales of pain and blood, there was nothing but pure unadulterated ecstasy.

She felt her body open for him, felt his hard prick burn its way inside of her, completing her like nothing before.

Her other leg quickly joined the first, wrapping around his waist, pulling him in deeper, holding onto him as if she would never let him go.

Zen, for his part, was gasping for breath, trying not to lose it and explode inside this incredible heat. She was churning around him, her creamy wet walls gripping and clutching at his cock in

hungry desperation. He had to move, had to pound into that heat, had to take it and make it his own.

He pulled back, listening to her moan of disappointment, but licking assuredly at her neck, he adjusted his hips and slammed forward, piercing her again.

“Zen!” she screamed, as this different angle seemed to cause him to strike several points deep within her. It left her seeing stars like his clitoral caress, only the pleasure was much more bone meltingly intense. She bucked up, wanting more of it right then and there. “Again!” she screamed, her hand flying to his back, her nails scratching at his skin. “Again!”

Happily, Zen complied, grinding his hips deeply against her, massaging all her hot points with his cock before pulling out and slamming inside her again.

“So perfect...so...mine,” he muttered as he began to move faster and faster, increasing the strength of each thrust.

“I can’t!” she babbled, her legs tightening even more, her hips lifting with each thrust offering a deeper penetration. “I can’t...Oh Gods, something is happening!”

“Let it!” he groaned feeling the tension mounting in his balls as they rhythmically slapped against her ass. He would not last much longer but he would see her pleasure before he spent. “Let it, my own,” he panted. “Cum with me!”

She didn't know what he was speaking about, but something inside her was building, that aching burn had become a raging inferno and each slam of that massive cock sent it flying higher.

She couldn't breathe! She couldn't see! She couldn't think! She just knew that she needed one last thrust, one last stoke and then...

"Zen!" she wailed. Her body arching up and freezing in place as her inner muscles went wild. Her clit burned; those points deep inside her body exploded in sensation. Orgasm tore thought her, stealing her ability to think, her breath, her very existence.

"Mine!" he bellowed, almost at the same time. His balls slammed tight against the base of his cock as his shaft swelled harder than it had ever been. Her walls began strangling him, milking him, and he felt his control snap.

He lowered his head to her neck as she threw back her head in ecstasy, and clamped his teeth into her sensitive flesh, marking her as his mate. "Your soul to mine!" he growled.

She shrieked as another orgasmic rush flowed through her, nearly strangling his cock as she again exploded in erotic relief.

Then he couldn't think as a flash of white light stole his breath and his sight. He felt his seed explode from his body, a new experience as the wet scalding fluid escaped his body for the first time. Unlike the dry orgasms he had with his triad, this one was more intense, more perfect...just more. He moaned collapsing as his hips automatically and instinctively drove forward, ensuring that his hot gift was deposited as deep as it could go inside of his female.

“We...we are one!” he managed as he lapped tenderly at her wounds, sealing them as a pale puff of smoke ran from his mouth, encircling them both before gently dissipating.

“Your soul for mine.” He moaned again, tears running from his eyes as he collapsed to the side, careful not to crush his mate with his weight, even as he gathered the strength to pull him closer to her.

“My own,” he managed, his breath ragged as he held her tight, smiling as he saw she had fallen asleep quickly, entrusting him to guard her. “I will never let you go.”

Chapter 9

She awoke in the center of a pile of warm bodies and hair softly scented with the teasing smell of sex. And more importantly, the ache that had ridden her for the past few weeks was gone. In its place was the glowing warmth of acceptance and family.

She felt...not complete, but nearly so. She now had a purpose. These were her men, and she would see to it that they never regretted making her a part of this family, this Quad.

She stretched a bit, ignoring the grumbled complaints from some of the bodies surrounding her, and opened her eyes. Here, she had a new family and had not even seen outside of this particular room!

She turned, then gasped as she met a pair of glowing red eyes.

“Fa—father,” she whispered, amazed that the title felt so right coming from her lips.

“I think, I have a name for you,” his voice was filled with ancient patience and understanding. “That is, if you will accept it.”

“Anything is better than Shril,” she chuckled, deciding that maybe she had earned the name yesterday, just a bit. But who could blame her? Yesterday had been rather...trying.

“Star.”

“Star, Father?”

“Star, Mother,” he chuckled.

“Mother?” she asked.

“Is that not who you will be? Is it not you who will lead this Quad in my absence? And in the case of my destruction, is it not you who will hold them together?” he responded.

“What?” she felt panic rising in her, but tamped it down as Kyo chuckled.

“Mate and mother, you are the only female these mate-brothers will know. Any female children Zol has will follow in your example. You will add perspective and keep them from growing...too big in the head. You will teach them all gentleness and patience.”

“All of that?” she breathed, suddenly realizing that this mate thing was more than just having great sex and producing...laying eggs.

“But that is for another day,” he smiled in understanding. “But for now, I shall call you Star.”

“Why?”

“Because you make my secondary...glimmer and glow. You illuminate his world and are the thing he reaches out to, to admire and hold dear. Star is a perfect name for you.”

“Star,” she breathed, feeling tears well up in her eyes. She had a name! She finally had a name and a place to belong.

“My secondary is a troubled soul, Star,” Kyo sighed, looking sad as he spoke. “He is not the most beautiful example of the Dragonish male, but he is beautiful none the less. And his power....he radiates it. Because of this, he was not treated well by others who were

jealous of his abilities and his engaging personality. As a result, he seeks to hide a face that others claim is plain but I find irresistible.”

“He is not plain,” the newly named Star argued. “I find him painfully exotic and enchanting.”

“Then help me show him, Star,” Kyo urged. “Help me show him that he glows as brightly as the sun.”

Nodding, Star tried to hold in a yawn as she smiled at the great Dragonish leader.

“Sleep now, Star,” he purred, settling down again near the outside of the pile of bodies, ever protective even at rest. “Soon there will be another joining, and then the Fertility Rites, and then you meet the rest of the Dragonish.”

“Yes,” Star snuggled deeper into Zen’s embrace. “The rest of the Dragonish...huh?”

But Kyo was already asleep, as were Zen and Zol.

“I have a lot to learn,” she breathed, sleep suddenly gone as she observed the men around her. “I have a lot to learn, and I have to learn it fast.”

But for now she was warm and content, her aching back was better, and she had a new name and a devoted family.

All in all, things were looking up.

The End

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Her Dragon Series-

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ELLORAS CAVE

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Author information

Stephanie was born and reared in Baltimore, MD. At the age of six she wrote her first poem and has yet to stop. Since the age of six she has won several speech writing competitions and written several plays and skits for the local NAACP youth group. While she was attending college at Seton Hill a teacher suggested she put her talents to good work and write a book. This came after a disastrous semester in Engineering Math, definitely not one of Steph's strong suits. After six years of marriage and motherhood Stephanie finally got up the courage to show someone her work.

Since then her biggest supporters have been her husband and sister. Stephanie, writes contemporary, paranormal, futuristic, and erotic romances, often with interracial and alien characters. Her biggest asset is her huge imagination. In addition to writing Stephanie is an amateur artist and a voracious reader.

