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# Dragonlord



Viola  
Grace

The Sun

DragonLord

Tarot - The Sun

By

ViOLA Grace

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# Tarot Definition: The Sun

## Upright:

Joy and happiness are around the corner. The Sun is one of the most positive cards in the tarot. Happiness and success will come to the questioner. Efforts will be rewarded, trials will be overcome, good friends comfort and more happiness surround you.

Marriage will be happy and successful filled with unselfish love. Fun and romantic frolic will abound.

Children are in the cards. The Sun frequently precedes the birth of a child or grandchild. Even neighborhood children can be indicated full of youthful exuberance.

This is an amazing and uplifting card in any reading.

## Reversed:

It is a sun covered by a cloud, shadowed possibilities.

It shows the potential for happiness, which may be clouded.

It can also indicate illness in the questioner's family, or difficulty or deliberate action to avoid having children.

In reference to a marriage, it can show that the questioner is not appreciated.

*To my first lab patients. They held still for the greater good.*

# Chapter 1

Marcus eyed the little village cautiously. It did not seem the likely place for him to find a dragon, but then, it was the perfect place for one to hide. He straightened his shoulders and walked down the hill and into the dragon's territory.

"Do you know where I could find the family who lived in the hut on the hill?" He stopped to question the first passerby in the marketplace.

"Ask the smith." Through eyes unfocussed by age she glared at him. With that, the toothless old woman turned and shuffled away, stopping before she turned a corner to shoot him another unfriendly look.

"Smith, huh?" Marcus began to make his way to the sounds of metal against metal that rang out of the far corner of the marketplace. He had come to this tiny village in search of his old friend Antoine, a famed healer and one of the only truly good men that Marcus had ever met, only to be met by the sight of Antoine's home scorched and abandoned.

Drawing close to the smithy, he noticed a large crowd gathered outside watching the smith at work. Wondering what everyone was looking at, he began to ease his way to the front of the crowd. When he was able to look inside the dark enclosure, glowing as if the fires of hell were contained within, he stopped and stared just like the village folk all around him. He had never seen a smith that looked like this.

The steady ringing of metal on metal was rhythmic, with every blow her arms and shoulders rippled in response to the impact. Her breasts were contained by a leather top, which tied behind her neck and low on her back. Leather boots on her feet kept them from being burned by the sparks coming from her strikes. A leather skirt split up either side of her thighs completed her covering and left her open to the breeze that blew occasionally from the open front of the smithy.

Her skin was a pearly white, her breasts full, the hair on her head cropped close to her skull. Her height was taller than that of the average men standing and gawking at her.

With a supple twist of her upper body, she took the glowing steel and quenched it in a bucket. The hiss of steam and a cloud of vapor filled the interior of the forge.

"Show is over, folks. Go about your business. Thomas, here is that fitting for your wagon. Same deal as last time, alright?" With those bald

statements and a glare, she effectively cleared the area in front of the shop.

“What do you want? If you need metal work done, I am busy for the next moon.” She turned her gaze to Marcus, and he drew in his breath sharply when he met her eyes. They were a bright gold with slit pupils.

“I am not here for metal work; I need to ask a few questions of you.”

“What kind of questions?”

“Why is Antoine’s daughter working as a smith, would be my first one.”

“Making a living, and how did you know my father?”

“He and I went way back, to the days he could fly actually.” With that statement he watched a dozen emotions cross her face.

“I think we need to talk somewhere less public, give me a moment to clean off this sweat, and I will meet you at the Prancing Goose Tavern, third doorway on your left.” She then left him standing in the front of the workshop as she walked to a curtain in the back of the shop. Her hands fell to the lower tie of her top, working at the knot as she rounded the curtain.

As soon as she was out of sight, he sighed deeply, and proceeded to the aforementioned tavern. Unless he was mistaken, one of the emotions that crossed her face was grief, and it pained him to think of his friend dying without



the comfort of his own kind. Dragons had never been a prolific breed, but every one was precious. The loss of a gifted healer and warrior hurt more than words could say.

One hour later she sauntered into the tavern and waved greetings to the barmaids and the innkeeper.

She had obviously bathed; her short hair was damp and plastered to her skull. Her skin gleamed even more brightly now that the layer of sweat and grime had been removed from it, and she was clothed in a clean version of her earlier garb. The green leather made her eyes glow in the lamplight of the tavern.

She swung gracefully into the seat across from him. "I have been thinking on it, and you look very familiar. You are Marcus, are you not?"

"Yes, and your name is ...Lia? I believe that is what your father called you when I last visited." He smiled slightly, remembering the aggrieved sigh and shaken head that had accompanied her name whenever her father had spoken of her.

"Why are you here?"

"I came to offer your father a place in my court, as high healer. I had no idea that he was no longer with us. His loss grieves me deeply. How did it happen?"

She took a deep breath and with a lift of one very beautifully arched brow, she summoned a wench with two pints of ale. A short nod and they

were left alone again.

“Six years ago, there was an attack by the henchmen of the local dragonlord. They had orders to take my father with them, and to kill his family. I guess it was to remove his attachment to the village...I don’t know.” She stopped to take a long drink of the ale mug in front of her, and then continued.

“I was married to the blacksmith, and had been for six months. The orders of the raiders were restricted to capturing my father, the rest of the village was theirs to pillage.

“I was awoken by the screams, fire was everywhere, my husband and I bolted out of bed, grabbed what clothing we could, armed ourselves, and left the house. We attempted to organize the villagers in a defiance of the main portion of the town, but they were like stampeding sheep. To make a long story short, my husband was killed, and I was captured.

“My mother was herded into the holding area with the rest of the women, and my father was brought before us in dwarf-forged chains, he had transformed into his warrior form for maximum strength and still they caught him.

“He was told to identify his wife and child. He would not comply, so they began to cut him, telling him that the torture would stop only when he had told them which ones we were. My mother broke, she flung herself forward and begged them

to do anything they wanted to her, just spare her husband. They pinned her to the ground with the blade they had been using on my father. He went berserk and they were forced to kill him too."

She stopped and had another long gulp of the ale. "After that night, I took over for my beloved, John, and became the smith. And so you find me today." A small smile played about her full lips. "I am sorry that you wasted a trip."

"With your father and husband dead, there is nothing to keep you here. Why don't you return with me, and take the place of healer I would have offered to your father? I know that he trained you, I still have the letters he wrote to me, despairing of teaching you the seriousness of your lessons." He returned her small smile.

"At the very least, let me help you, consider it a pilgrimage. If you don't like my home and the people there, feel free to return to this village. But at least come with me and see what the world has to offer one with your training. Consider it. Please."

This was the nearest he had ever come to begging a woman for anything, but something told him that she must accompany him to his home, and he was not one to question his instincts.

"I will consider your generous offer. Maybe I do need a break from the forge. Father was always after me to travel with him." Lia's voice drifted off into memory, another small smile playing at her

lips.

His eyes focused on those lips and an image of them on his body caused him to stifle a groan. "I will stay here overnight, I expect to have an answer tomorrow after you have slept on it. Is there somewhere I can get a room?" His dark eyes asked her to trust him, and he gave her a little boy grin. "Unless you would care to have me as a guest in your house?"

She looked vaguely startled, and then responded with an answering grin. "The tavern rents rooms above the stairs; I will make the arrangements for you as a good host should. Until tomorrow."

She rose from the small table, gave him a small bow from the waist, which gave him an unobstructed view of her cleavage. She turned and walked to the counter with her swaying gait, and spoke with the wench who had served them earlier. They both looked over at him, and the wench pursed her lips. Lia laughed, then headed out of the tavern as if the fires of hell were at her skirt.

The wench sidled over to him, hips swinging, "Is a room all ye be wantin'?" She bent forward slightly, and took a deep breath that nearly caused her breasts to make a break for it.

"No, actually, if you sit here on my lap, I will tell you what else I need." He patted the top of his muscled thighs invitingly.

"Were you in this village six years ago when the raiders came for Lia's father?" He asked in a gentle voice, bringing his hand up under her breast to rest on her ribcage. The other hand teased the bottom of her skirt, slowly dragging the fabric upward.

"Aye m'lord, t'was a terrible night. Me own pa died with two of my brothers. If it hadn't been for her, we all would ha' been done for." Her breath hitched slightly as his hand found its way between her thighs to find the wetness within.

"What do you mean, if it hadn't been for Lia?" His left hand moved higher and closed over her breast, massaging lightly.

"She's the one that killed them all, all claws and wings she was. Damned if she didn't tear one man in two after he and the others killed her Da." Her speech became erratic, and her pulse was thundering through her veins.

A small frown crossed his face. He lightened his touch between her thighs and kept a gentle rhythm on her clit. One finger dipped lightly into her heat. Just enough to keep her aroused, but not enough to send her over the edge.

"I want you to tell me everything, from the time you saw them with her father in chains. If you tell me truthfully, I will bring you to the release you are straining for, if you lie—and I will know if you lie to me—I will leave you this way. Do you understand me?"

She nodded frantically. “We had been herded into a market square and were under guard. She didn’t look as scared as the rest of us, she had just seen ‘er husband killed and I think ‘er mind was on that. Then they threw her Ma into the group wi’ the rest of us, and the two held hands and stood real quiet- like. It was always kind of a funny thing tha’ those two women looked like sisters. Mala hadn’t aged a day since she wed her Antoine.”

His hands stilled and he met her eyes, she quickly got back to the topic. As his hands began their slow stimulation of her again she picked up the speed of her story. “They brought Mister Antoine to the paddock in chains with his broken wings just hangin’ there and all seven feet of him mad as hell. They told him to pick out his womenfolk. He wouldn’t do it. They started to cut him up. Mala went mad and threw herself at the feet of her husband, beggin’ the men to stop the torture. They laughed and ran her through with the sword they were using on Antoine. She died righ’ quick. He went mad then, pulling at the chains, but he couldn’t break ‘em. “

“Tha’s when Lia changed. Right in front of our eyes, she looked at her ma, lying there in her own blood, and started to scream. She raised her fists to the sky and screamed, then she began to grow. Now, m’lord, she has always been really tall, but she just kept goin’. She was nigh onto seven feet

tall when the wings sprouted from her back, then the tail. Her fingers turned into talons, and her eyes changed from brown to the gold they are now."

She drew a ragged breath, his gentle ministrations having their desired effect. "Scared us something fierce, m'lord, I can tell you. Jus' little bit harder please, sir." She whimpered and squirmed against him.

"Continue, wench."

"Righ', as I was sayin', she changed like her pa sometimes did. She jumped forward to the man who had killed her ma and tore him in two. Jus' like that. Her pa took out four more before he got a sword in the gullet and went down. She jus' kept goin' until there weren't no one left in the village of the raiders. Everyone hid from her for a couple of weeks, and then she calmed down enough to change back to full human shape, 'cept for her eyes. You may have noticed them." She was gasping now, her body surging against Marcus' hand.

"Thank you for the information, and now the reward as promised."

His fingers found the heart of her and began to thrust deep, while his thumb on her clit rotated and kept up a constant rhythm. His other hand continued to knead her breast, pulling at the nipple and then caressing the whole mound. Her gasping cries took on an intensity which meant

she was close to her release, and he sent a small pulse of energy through both hands that catapulted her over the edge. Her shriek of surprise and relief rent the air.

He stood up when she had ceased her tremors and helped her steady herself. The other inn patrons were laughing and shaking their heads at the display.

“I would go to my room now and not be disturbed until morning, wench.” His tone brooked no argument.

“But, m’lord, can’t I return the favor?” She asked hopefully, looking up to meet his eyes with residual lust in hers.

He looked her in the eyes and changed his own to his dragon green with the vertical pupils. “You’re not equipped to, dear.”



## Chapter 2

**I**t was a surprisingly easy decision to leave the small village where she had grown up. Too many bad memories overrode the good ones. She had sent a message to Marcus at the tavern, and he had replied that she be ready to leave within the hour.

So this was it, he approached the smithy and took a look at the small bundle of clothing that she had to bring with her.

"Is that it, all that you want to bring after a lifetime spent here?"

"Everything that I loved was destroyed six years ago. I need only to clothe myself. I can work for my keep wherever I go."

"Fair enough. Well, this way, over that hill there and then I can tell you where my home is." He began to walk at a brisk pace. She shrugged and followed him, her small bag of possessions slung over her shoulder.

Over the rise of the hill he stopped and looked

about. With only some stray sheep in the vicinity, he turned to face her.

“My home is several days away; we will have to travel using the fastest means available to us. Do you agree?”

“Of course, but shouldn’t we have gotten horses before we left the village? It seems a little silly to go back now.”

“I am afraid that horses would be a hindrance to me. Please stand back.”

With that he stretched his arms to the sky and began to grow, getting larger and shifting his form, growing wings, a tail, and his face elongating into a lizard-like snout. In a few moments she was confronted with a fully-grown dragon, forty-five feet long, nose to tail.

And that was the fastest she had ever seen the local sheep move.

He shook out his wings and dropped to the ground. He maneuvered his foreleg into a step, and rotated his wing back so she could climb up onto his neck.

After she closed her mouth, she gave a rueful grin, and stepped forward to mount him. She positioned herself on his neck, on a collapsed spinal ridge, and draped one leg on each side while grasping the large spinal ridge in front of her.

When she had settled herself, she stroked his warm neck and announced that she was ready. He

took several long strides, and launched them into the air. With every powerful down stroke of his wings the spinal ridge rubbed against her most sensitive flesh, and she realized that no matter how fast they reached their destination, it was going to be a long trip.

Sometime in the afternoon, he landed. She dismounted with his help, and tried to rub the stiffness out of her legs while not meeting his eyes. Her body burned with the arousal the gentle stimulus had caused, and she suspected that the descent had been abnormally violent to stir her senses even further.

"Did you want something to eat? I have a traveler's lunch that the tavern prepared for me." His voice was heavy with amusement, but she continued to rub her buttocks with stiff hands.

"That sounds wonderful." She turned and froze in her tracks.

Standing twelve feet away from her was a very aroused male. Marcus had glorious dark hair, beautiful dark eyes, and a body that any blacksmith would envy. His clothing had hidden a wealth of treasures, and she hadn't even noticed. It must have been the flight, or her exhaustion, or the face of an aroused male eyeing her with lust, but she hadn't imagined the body approaching her. Taut muscles rippled over every inch of his frame, every inch. His ten inch manhood stood out proudly, curving upward to his belly, the

physique of the dragonkind marking every glorious inch with a prominent ridge.

“Maybe we should work out the stiffness a little before you sit down,” he said helpfully. “You are obviously not accustomed to dragon riding.” The wicked look in his eyes gave the statement a double meaning.

She watched him approach slowly, not wanting to frighten her, and she arched into him as he placed his hands on top of hers on her backside. His clever fingers began a gentle massage of the region, which had the effect of pushing her leather-clad breasts against his chest, and her hips against the very interested portion of his anatomy. Her breathing deepened as her body began to accept the contact.

She tilted her head back and groaned at the release of the tight muscles, brought on by his competent hands. This was quickly followed by a moan as her aroused body was reminded of that morning’s ride. “Ah, you mentioned lunch.”

It was a desperate attempt to regain control of the situation, but the transformation of lust that she saw in his face was unnerving her.

“Later.” It came out as a snarl.

\* \* \* \*

His hands worked on the ties at the back of her neck and her top fell to her waist. He stopped to

admire the view for a moment, then untied the knots holding up her skirt, the knot holding her top on her hips, and lifted her up to lay her on the ground, where he stripped her of her boots.

He sat back on his haunches to admire the view. He had never seen a woman so perfectly put together with his preferences in mind. Well-proportioned fit and toned body, beautiful legs, a soft white belly, and long throat. Not to mention breasts that caused him to salivate when he watched them rise and fall in agitation.

He had only wanted to offer her the position of healer out of respect for her father. However, when he found out she carried the power, all of his intentions went out the window, and he was consumed with the idea of making her his mate. It took a certain type of woman to withstand the lust of a dragon, and now he had found one that he didn't need to restrain himself with at all. With any luck, she would be able to bear his offspring.

Pushing away thoughts of the future, he concentrated on the now. And now, there was a very naked dragon female waiting for him with hesitant anticipation in her eyes.

She raised herself on her elbows into a reclining position, framed by the soft green grass. With a certain amount of trepidation in her eyes she held out her hand to him, and beckoned him closer. He didn't hesitate to accept the invitation.

"I haven't done this in a long time, not since my

husband died,” She looked a little worried as her eyes focused on his groin. “His um, proportions were not as, um, healthy as yours either.”

“Don’t think about it, you were made for exactly this type of coupling, I guarantee it.” With a large grin, he settled on his knees next to her, and touched her face with his fingertips.

She turned her face up to his touch, and gave herself over to him.

He slowly stroked down her neck with both hands, traveling slowly, so as not to startle her. His hands came to rest on her breasts, and they began a gentle, teasing massage, circling the soft flesh and working their way to her nipples, but not quite touching them. He kept up his ministrations until she was arching under his hands, and her nipples were standing erect. Marcus suddenly bent his head, and enveloped the tip of one breast with his mouth, bringing a gentle and then fierce suction to bear on the tender flesh.

Lia moaned, lost in this feeling that she had been denied, both by grief and fear. Grief for her husband, and her lost time with him, and fear that in another man’s arms she could forget him.

Marcus raised his head and brought his mouth to hers, his tongue thrusting inside to duel with hers. His hands returned to their worship of her breasts, and she began to undulate her hips in a rhythm that she had almost forgotten.

In response to her growing fire, Marcus began to drag one hand down her body to rest between her thighs. She arched her hips into his hand, and he needed no further urging. His long fingers delved between her spreading thighs, and sought the secret entrance therein. He sucked in his breath at her wetness and heat, her obvious readiness for him. But continued to caress her, knowing that it would ease their joining if he had prepared her first.

He slipped one and then two fingers into her, enjoying her gasp and small cry of pleasure. Setting a rhythm to his thrusting fingers, he removed his other hand from its pleasurable pursuit at her breast, and brought it down to the small bundle of nerves buried in her heat, circling it with his thumb. As her moans of pleasure changed in pitch and frequency, he redoubled his efforts and speed and was rewarded with her gasping cry as she came.

Before her breathing could slow, he flipped her to her stomach, lifted her to her knees, grasped her hips in an iron grip and drove into her. His pace was fast and frantic, his senses stirred to the breaking point by her release. Over and over he thrust into her, bringing more and more of his strength to bear, until he knew that if he had been with a human woman, he would have begun to break bones.

As his passion began to overtake him she began

to arch and moan against him as arousal and heat rose in her body. With every thrust, he pulled himself almost out of her warm heat and then surged forward again. Each blow to her body brought a burst of sighs and whispers to her lips. Her responses continued to build as he pummeled away, driving himself so deep that his balls were slamming into her clit with every thrust.

She had climaxed before with less stimulation than this, but now she could not seem to reach that plateau, and she began to whimper as the pressure built within. With every withdrawal she moaned and she thrust her hips back to meet his as he buried himself within her again.

His mating frenzy took on a new intensity. He had deliberately chosen to take her facing away from him so he could change his form to one which could impregnate her. With her lost to the rising pulse of her passion, he changed into his warrior form. Large wings sprouted from his back, a tail took shape at the base of his spine, and his cock began to grow in size as he increased his height by two feet.

Marcus threw his head back, the muscles in his powerful neck straining as he fought for control. Her climax had been sudden and he had nearly followed her into release. But that was not his intention. As her walls relaxed their grip on his member, he began to thrust again. Harder and



faster than any human could possible bear. His hips bucked back and forth, blurring at the speed at which he moved. When he couldn't hold off any longer, he bent forward until his body covered her body entirely, and his head was in the crook of her neck.

He breathed deeply of her scent, and with a roar and a feral lunge he buried his fangs into the hollow where neck and shoulder met. At the surprising bite, she arched up and screamed again, her body bucking and shuddering in response to the pain and venom of his bite. He maintained his grip on her neck and began the final thrusts that would finish his pleasure. He began to groan as his orgasm over took him.

When he began to empty his seed into her, a small venom sack in his mouth released a liquid into her bloodstream. He could feel the toxin release from his mouth, and kept his hold her neck as it began its work on her body. She went limp beneath him and he followed her to the ground, still linked at both mouth and member. After a few minutes he withdrew both fangs and cock. He removed himself to a few feet away, and resumed his human seaming.

Marcus made a small fire, and watched Lia carefully. He had turned her over and laid her on a blanket, gently cleansing away the blood on her neck and the seed between her thighs as she lay in the grip of the venom.

Hours passed and finally a tracery of blue was beginning to show around her neck. He watched her for any signs of consciousness, and when she began to stir, he lifted her into his lap and held her close.

\* \* \* \*

“What...?” She could barely speak, and he offered her a drink of water.

“Just stay still, I will explain it all to you, alright?” His voice was so very gentle and concerned that she could only nod agreement.

“As you know, your father was a dragon. Yes, his wings were broken after he lost a territorial dispute, but he was still a dragon, born and bred. Your mother also had dragon blood, a few generations back, but still potent. Together they made you, and from your eyes, to the description of your transformation the night that your father was killed, you bear full dragon blood and power.” He shifted her in his arms and met her eyes.

“The females of our species are extremely rare, and although dragons can and do breed with humans on occasion, a human female can only bear us one offspring and then is made sterile by the birth. Our females however are unable to conceive with humans. This has something to do with the venom which only a male dragon carries.

When mating, he injects the venom into his mate's neck and this enables her to conceive."

She touched her neck and looked at him in confusion. "But I am not a pure blood dragon, my mother was only one quarter of the blood. My mother told me that I could not bear children, and that was why my father agreed to John's suit. He knew I couldn't have children and wanted me anyway."

"You could not have children with a human, but could quite easily with another dragon. Your parents knew that no decent prospects for a mate lived in the area, and wanted you to get on with your life. That is only a guess, of course, but it does seem to make a bit of sense, does it not?"

"I guess so...but..." She trailed off, then met his eyes as she replayed the earlier coupling. When she reached up and touched the wound at her neck she went white, "What did you do to me?" Lia's voice came out as a whisper.

"You and I are now a mated pair, my pet. I had to snap you up before we entered another dragon's territory and he realized what you are. And if the color on your neck is any indication, you are also pregnant with my child. The venom has made a necklace around your beautiful throat, if it was red, you would be in an infertile time in your cycle, seeing as how it is a wonderful royal blue against your smooth white skin, you are fertile, and given our recent mating, pregnant. If

the color does not change in two days, we will be sure."

"What about my choice? I have a right to choose the mate that I spend the rest of my life with, how could you do that to me?" Her voice raised to a shrill pitch and she began to struggle out of his lap. He easily subdued her.

"Your choice is non-existent. With your father dead, and no one to broker a mate for you, you would have been up for grabs. Males regularly fight to the death for available breeding females. You would have gone to the winner. I have saved you from an embarrassing fate, you may thank me now." He ended with that boyish grin that he had used on her in the tavern. She didn't fall for it now either.

"Thanks, oh mighty, dragonlord, I am going to do my utmost to insure that your life is as exciting as I can make it." The sarcasm and threat dripped from her voice, but he was remarkably unperturbed.

"Promises, promises. Now are you feeling better?" At her nod he continued, "Then let's continue our journey."

With that statement, he rose to his feet, still cradling her like a babe, and gently helped her to stand. He redressed her in a few moments, and stepped away to resume his full dragon form. Once again he swung his wing out of the way and extended his foreleg to allow her to mount.

A few minutes later she was once again astride his neck as he climbed into the sky, his powerful wings beating a steady rhythm which once more she felt in her loins where they met his smooth hide.

Hours later, they approached a small castle, perched on the side of a mountain, facing the sea. Lia's eyes went wide as they beheld the open ocean just beyond the castle. It was the first time she had seen an expanse of water that did not have an opposite shore within easy reach.

As Marcus circled in for a landing, she wondered at her new life and what lay in store for her within the confines of the castle walls.

## Chapter 3

Lia took in a deep breath of the cool mountain air as Marcus circled the top of the castle to land. His wing beats steady, he circled lazily, giving her time to view her new home.

“Amazing, just beautiful,” were the only words to make it past the lump in her throat. She was too caught up in the vistas around her, and too overwhelmed by the occurrences of the past two days.

Marcus landed with a thump, his hind legs made contact with the stone first, then his front claws, and finally his wings ceased to support his weight and he settled onto the ground.

His motions, while landing, distracted her from her beautiful surroundings, and brought her attention to the burning ache, which had once again formed low in her belly, while riding the dragon’s neck.

He extended his foreleg and motioned with his head for her to dismount. She did so with a great

deal of difficulty from having her legs and thighs spread in such a position for several hours. When she had dismounted, he craned his neck towards her and with a wuffling sound, sniffed her from head to toe, rolling his eyes in pleasure at whatever it was he was sensing.

On the top of the castle, a door opened and man stepped forward to greet Marcus. Upon closer inspection, Lia was surprised to see elven ears making themselves known beyond the wealth of blue-black hair.

“Welcome, my lord, we were not expecting you back as yet. Did you find Lord Antoine, and did he agree to accept the position in the hospice?” The elf had slightly nasal tones, and completely ignored Lia, not once meeting her in the eye, and stepping around her to address Marcus as if she weren’t standing directly in his path.

Marcus shifted his shape into that of his warrior form, eight feet tall, vaguely human, with large wings, a tail, and the coloring of his dragon self, black with bright green eyes with slit pupils.

“Lord Antoine is dead, Rifal, this is his daughter, Lia. My Mate.” The elf, Rifal, was visibly startled at this information. He looked now with assessing eyes at Lia. Noting her height, her figure, her short hair, and stopping stock- still when he met her golden eyes, dragon eyes.

“My lady, I am so sorry for any offence I might have given, I was not accustomed to seeing Lord

Marcus returning with a female, and thought it best to ignore the situation. I am in charge of his Lordship's household, if you need anything, please tell me." He accompanied his stammered statement with a deep bow, and any insult that had been brewing in Lia's mind was calmed at the thought that Marcus obviously did not make a habit of bringing strange women to his home.

"I accept your apology, Rifal, was it? I hardly know what to do with myself now that I am here. I believe that the first thing that I would like would be a place to rest and refresh myself after the long journey." She nodded her head slightly, as if making up her mind. "Yes, that and a meal would do wonders."

"Send them to my rooms, Rifal, Lia and I have business to attend to." With that Marcus picked her up in his arms and strode through the door through which the elf had made his appearance.

"What business?" She was slightly breathless from being in close proximity to him, his scent filled her nostrils, and her heart began to pound in her chest.

"At the grove, I pleased you, now it is your turn to please me." He lowered his head so that their eyes could meet, and she saw the promised fire in them. His stride did not alter, and he carried her down hallways with little care for the people traveling within them, causing those that they passed to flatten themselves against the



walls, or be run over, or to be knocked over by the extended wings.

She held her tongue until they were in his chambers and he had set her on her own two feet sliding her against his body on the way down and making her very aware of his growing arousal.

The four-poster bed taking up the far wall between two large windows, opened onto a view of the ocean. The rest of the room was neat and tidy, a testament to the housekeepers that they had almost flattened on the way into the room. A bathing room was connected by a large door and she could see a mammoth tub sunk into the floor, full of warm water. Rifal was certainly efficient, and no doubt magic had been used to prepare the bath and room on such short notice. They must have started as soon as the guardsmen on the upper parapet had seen them approaching.

"Your home is quite lovely, what I have seen of it. Although most of it seems to be a grey blur," she added with a grin, referring to the speed at which he had brought her here.

"I will give you a full tour tomorrow. We currently have a more urgent matter to attend to." His voice grew soft and rough and he slowly began to approach her.

"Um, about that, you see, I don't know how to pleasure a man."

"But you were married..." He ended on a quizzical note.

“Yes, but....oh damn, I guess you need to know the whole thing. John and I courted for six months. After I came of age, we kissed and cuddled, but nothing else until we were married. On our wedding night,” she stopped and took a deep breath, “I broke John’s collarbone, and left arm... Stop laughing!”

She reached over onto the bed grabbed a pillow and threw it at his head. He caught it easily, and attempted to sober his features. After another minute of howling laughter, he stopped, wiped his eyes, and said, “Please continue.”

Lia gave him a good frown that let him know that his levity was not appreciated and continued.

“My father healed the breaks and lectured us both about the strength of dragonkind, and sent us on our way. Since it was my arousal that brought out the strength, and any pleasure increased it, John and I discussed it into the dark hours of the night. A week went by without us touching, and John came up to me on our one week anniversary and said that he had a surprise. He closed my eyes with a blindfold, led me to the bed, and asked me to lay with my arms above my head. I felt a manacle close over one wrist and then the other, he gently stroked my leg into position, and I felt the same restraint on my left, and then right leg. At this point he removed the blindfold, and when I opened my eyes I was spread-eagled on the bed, unable to move more than a few inches at a time.”

She paused for a moment as a servant knocked and brought in a cold meal for them to share, she cast a startled look toward Marcus whose eyes had begun to glow like the forges of hell imagining her in the helpless position she described.

When the servant left, she continued. "He told me that he had figured out a way for us both to get pleasure, and no one would get hurt. He climbed up onto the bed and began to kiss and caress me. Even as my fever reached a peak, I could not reach him with my arms, I could not crush him with my legs, and he would only kiss my mouth when he felt that I had not gotten beyond control."

She finished her recounting with her eyes on the floor, and said in an embarrassed voice, "So though I have known the touch of a man, I don't know how to touch one."

"Later, we will definitely get to that later, but now the thought of you helpless has brought me to a pitch which only you can quench, my dear." Her eyes flew up to meet his as his arms closed around hers, and he flung her through the air, onto his bed. "Just remember, nothing you do can hurt me, and make as free with my body, as I intend to do with yours."

With that, he jumped up and sailed onto the bed on top of her and lowered his face to hers for a kiss. He still wore his warrior form, but the bed

was made to hold it. His clawed hands cupped her face, and stroked across the soft strands of hair that lay across her skull, his gentle touch belying the ferocity with which his mouth claimed hers.

“Just remember, Lia, I won’t break.” In the rising heat of her passion, Lia almost missed the softly growled words.

Taking him at his word, as he began to caress her breasts through her top with barely leashed strength, she let her hands roam over the hard planes of his body, learning him as he did her.

With a harsh exclamation Marcus tore the clothing from them both then returned to her hands to continue her education. Lia leaned forward and touched her mouth to his warm chest, the muscles smooth and flexing beneath her lips and tongue. Her hands stroked his nipples, and she smiled as he let out a hiss of pleasure at the sensation. Gaining confidence, Lia’s hands trailed lower, and finally achieved her goal. In warrior form his manhood was intimidating, but having had him inside her already, she knew that they would fit together with a little effort.

As she wrapped both hands around him, he began his own exploration. Their previous mating had been a matter of necessity. This one was strictly for pleasure.

His hands covered her back and stroked her from shoulder to buttock. She shuddered in reaction to the feel of his claws on her skin. He

then drew his claws lightly over her shoulders and down her breasts, circling her navel, and then traced the hair growing from her mound.

With delicate deliberation he inserted first one then two of his large claws into her channel, gently working to draw forth the damp heat that was already calling to him in her scent. She closed her eyes as the wicked fingers within her began to drive the flames of her passion into an uncontrollable conflagration. He inserted a third finger, and began a gentle pulsing with his hand that soon had her arching, gasping, and straining for more of his touch.

“Please, more. Marcus, more!” Her pearl hued skin was covered with a fine mist of sweat, her hair plastered to her head. With just a few caresses she burned for him to enter her, to fill the void and quench the hunger he had awakened.

With a snarl he covered her, rubbing his cock between her slick thighs. Back and forth he teased her, until her hips were lunging up to meet his at every stroke. Finally he threw his head back and thrust his hips forward.

The pain/pleasure of their joining surprised her anew, and she clutched at him as he rode her, slowly at first, then faster and faster. Her hands upon his shoulders were leaving welts in the skin. Her nails were leaving small cuts that began to ooze blood, the grip with which she clutched him would have broken the arms of any human male.

With every thrust, the fever in her blood burned hotter, the tightness in her wound to the breaking point, and then, she did not know if it was minutes or hours, she flew apart. She screamed; sparks shot behind her closed lids. Her body gave a powerful arch. Her muscles clamped down on Marcus' shaft where they were joined, and time stood still for that one moment.

When her body relaxed its grip upon him, he began once again to move within her. Driving for his own release. Harder, and deeper, he went with a power no ordinary woman could have withstood. Lia, however, was once again climbing the precipice of sensation in preparation for hurling herself from it once again.

She felt him tense as his balls tightened in preparation for his release, he bent forward, and once again set his teeth against her neck. As his release claimed him, he bit down and injected the venom into her once again. This time, prepared for the unusual sensation of the bite, she used the stimulation to send her over the edge once again, arching and moaning in the powerful convulsion that gripped her body.

With a sigh and a growl, his body fell onto hers. He raised his head slightly and began to gently clean the wound he had left with his tongue.

When she had regained her senses and gotten her breathing under control, she turned to face him and asked, "So, when's dinner?"

## Chapter 4

“Food? I make love to you until you scream as your release overtakes you and you want food?” Marcus raised himself on his elbows and glared at Lia.

“Yep. I am a practical woman, without sustenance I would soon be of little use to you.” Lia grinned at the disgruntled look that Marcus was wearing.

He levered off of her, peeling his skin from hers where sweat had begun to bond them together. He stood up and breathed deeply of the earthy scent of their coupling, smiling, shaking out his wings and shifting into full human form.

“I do so enjoy your scent coupled with mine, but you are correct, I must feed you. For our child, if nothing else.” He let his possessive gaze slide from the blue lines that encircled her neck to the bite marks now on either shoulder, to her flat white belly.

He went to the small table on one side of the

room and set it for two, then gestured for her to join him. She climbed out of the great bed and walked stiffly to the chair that he held out for her, muscles protesting her recent activity. She eyed the repast with some delight, there were cold meats, sliced cheeses and bread wrapped in a soft cloth. On the tray was also water and wine. Considering her possible condition, she opted for the water, and dove into the food like a starving woman.

As the meal disappeared from the table, Lia seemed to relax. The next thing on her agenda was a bath, then sleep, and then maybe Marcus could make himself available as a training tool for how to please a man. She laughed at herself but admitted that a man she couldn't snap like a twig was an awfully tempting thing.

"So, do you think that the bath water is still warm?" There was hope in her eyes as she met his across the table.

"If it isn't, it will be." Marcus rose from the table and held out his hand. Unthinkingly Lia took it, but all he did was bring her hand to his lips for a small kiss, and then turned to lead her by the hand to the bathing chamber.

The water had cooled, but after a small bit of domestic magic it was soon steaming again.

Lia lowered herself into the water with a groan; it felt so good to let the water loosen her muscles



and wash the sticky results of their coupling from her thighs. Her eyes flew open when she felt Marcus behind her, sitting on the ledge of the tub and drawing her back to his chest.

"I know you must have a thousand questions about dragonkind and your new home, so let's start with the ones that are foremost in your mind and go from there." His voice rumbled through his chest and vibrated the solid wall of muscle against her back in a soothing way.

"Are you going to bite me every time that we mate?" She sounded tired, and just a little hesitant.

He gave a small snort of laughter, "No, just until we are sure that you are pregnant, perhaps twice more."

"Fair enough I guess, but I reserve the right to use my teeth on you, should the mood strike me." She smile and gave a small shrug. "Okay, what am I going to be doing here anyway, can I have access to the smithy?"

"Not at first, you are to begin teaching at the hospice this week, and learn to be the lady of the manor. In time, you may resume your metal work, but not until the first child is born." The tone that he used brooked no argument on the subject, but she privately thought that he didn't know whom he was dealing with. 'Lady of the manor...ha!'

She relaxed into him as he brought his arms around her, and began to lather a washcloth with a bar of soap. When he had a sufficient amount of

lather built up, he put the soap on the side of the tub and began to wash her body quite thoroughly. His hands circled her breasts and moved upward to her neck. Slowly he cleaned the bite marks he had left on each side of her neck. She couldn't see his face, but she sensed that he was admiring the filigree tracery that the venom had drawn beneath her skin. After the wounds were cleaned he rinsed them, and began to seriously bathe the rest of her.

In a brusque fashion he washed her arms, her face, her breasts back and legs. Treating her as though she were an invalid. After washing each part he rinsed it clear of soap, and then tackled the next. When he reached the valley between her thighs his ministrations eased, gentled, and slowed.

He took his time exploring and 'cleaning' every fold and crevice. He teased back the hood of her clitoris with a gentle finger and began a slow massage with his 'cleansing' cloth. When she began to arch and squirm against him he lifted her slowly and impaled her from behind on his swollen manhood.

Slowly he began to work her body against his, knowing her to be helpless to control either the depth or speed at which they coupled. The ridges on his cock slowly dragging in and out of her were a pleasurable torture. As he leisurely thrust himself into her, he let his finger find that hidden bud and begin to circle it steadily in time with his

rhythm. Her hands gripped and kneaded his thighs, her body arched like a bow, and her breath was now coming in gasps.

She was amazed that his slow and lazy seduction was sending her helplessly to the pinnacle of those sensations once again. With a final gasp and a soft moan, the gentle invasion sent her over the edge once again, this time her body pulsed gently in time to the intruder's assault. With an equally sedate groan, he released his seed inside her, dropping his forehead to her back, and breathing heavily as his body spasmed and heaved its release.

"Once a day for the venom is plenty," he said when he had recovered enough to speak again. "Now, little one, I think that you are tired from our exertions, so I believe that I will let you rest whilst I attend to some urgent matters that have arisen."

"Huh. I thought that the matters that had 'arisen' had just been taken care of."

She tried to smile, but her fatigue was suddenly overwhelming. Her body had been through too much in one day to cope with anymore. She let him lift her out of the tub, dry her and tuck her into the great bed like a child. She heard him dress and she must have fallen asleep before he left her.

The next morning she awoke to find a heavy arm around her body with the hand firmly

clamped onto her breast. “About time you woke up,” was all of the warning she got before she was rolled to her back and a hard hand was separating her thighs to delve in between them.

When he had plunged his fingers into her enough to assure his entry would cause her no pain, working the damp heat all around, he mounted her. Thrusting leisurely at first, in time to her beating heart and increasing the tempo and depth of his thrusts as her heart began to race. Her hips rocked in time to his onslaught, her skin flushed and her arms once again clutching at him, digging her nails into his biceps as passion and need to climax drove out all thought.

As she became lost to sensation, he stilled and she let out a keening cry of desperation. With one hand he anchored her to him and in a quick flip she was riding her dragon.

With an uncertain look, she began a stuttering rhythm that swiftly took on speed and power as she watched his eyes close and his head rock back against the pillows.

With his hands now free, he began a gentle fondling of her breasts, interspersed with hard grasping fingers as he neared his own finish. He arched his back up and suckled at one breast whilst fondling the other. This final sensation was too much for Lia; with an ear rending shriek she announced her climax and ground her hips against his.

As he felt her heated inner chamber collapsing and pulsing around him, Marcus left her breast and fastened both of his hands on her hips to pump her up and down on his desperate cock. With his own howl of release he pumped himself into her, once again holding her hips sealed to his as pulse after pulse of semen left his body.

After their heartbeats and breathing once again regained normal cadence, Marcus lifted her and carried her once again to the bathing chamber. After performing their morning ablutions, he announced that it was time to begin her new life.

"Rifal will take you to the hospice this morning, and a seamstress will arrive this afternoon. Tomorrow will be soon enough for the tour."

With a long look at her leather garb, he nodded to himself as if confirming a decision. "Green and jewel tones will suit you very well, but we must be careful of the shades or your pale skin will give you a sickly cast."

"I don't need new clothes, my leathers are just fine." She knew that she was just being contradictory, but to have a man she barely knew-- fine, her new life-mate-- picking out her clothing, was not something she had planned for. Lia hadn't considered that her new status would require that she dress the part, and she was uncomfortable at the thought of the finery.

"You will wear the clothing provided for you as the lady of the manor, and you will be all smiles

and politeness to the seamstress or I will take you over my knee.” Once again he used that tone that brooked no argument, so she nodded and said, “Well then, let’s begin our day.”

Rifal was a wealth of information about the manor and Lord Marcus. He had served him for the last fifty years-- for elves and dragons do not age as humans do-- and was as loyal to his fair and benevolent Lord as he was wary of his new Lady.

Marcus had always been devoted to education, healing and promoting invention in his domain. He had built schools, roads, sponsored new farm equipment, and started the hospice that treated all that were in need of its services.

The hospice itself was a wing of the castle that was devoted to the art of healing. Lia’s first impression was that it was spotlessly clean and that the staff who maintained and manned the area were exceptionally well trained.

She was introduced to her ‘class’ of healers, and began a dissertation on the common plant poultices that were useful in drawing out infection. Although some of the class members were familiar with the herbs used, they had never seen them prepared using the technique that her father had shown her and took copious notes.

Her class was interrupted when a novice burst into the room and asked her help in mending a broken bone. A small child had fallen out of a tree

and the village healer would do nothing to straighten the limb. It had taken several days to travel to Marcus' castle, and the bone would need to be re-broken and set before it could be healed.

Lia followed the novice out of the teaching rooms and into the general hospice. In one bed there was a child of six or seven crying softly and clutching at her father's hand.

"Can you help her?" The desperation was clear in his voice, and he was on the edge of exhaustion himself.

"Yes, I believe so, which leg has been injured?" Lia used her most business-like voice, firm but with a touch of compassion for the beleaguered parent.

"The left, Lady. So you will help her?" Hope tinged the weariness of his voice.

"You go to that other cot and rest, we will see to her."

The novice who had summoned her led the father away, and Lia approached the child, keeping her eyes down so that the little girl would not be frightened of the golden eyes with slit pupils.

"You just relax, little one, and everything will be well."

The child was almost unconscious, and Lia laid a hand over her forehead. She reached into the child's mind and covered it with a warm cocoon of pleasant memories that Lia had had in her own

childhood. Butterflies, kittens, and warm summer apple trees were the most prevalent, and they were forming a web between the little girl's mind and her body.

When the the girl's mind and body separation was complete, Lia assessed the break. It had been relatively clean at the time it snapped, but the intervening days had begun to re-grow calcium over the imperfectly matched pieces. If not corrected, the child would always need a crutch to get around, and suffer incredible pain for her entire life.

Lia took a deep breath and set one hand on each side of the break in the upper thigh. Using her strength and a focus of power, she severed the knitting bones and then swiftly re-aligned them. Focusing all of her magic as her father had taught her when she had broken and re-knit her husband's collarbone, she began to fuse the two pieces back into their proper alignment. Sweat dripped down her forehead as she worked, a fine mist of perspiration covered her body and time flew around her.

When she finally raised her head, Lia's back was stiff, her arms were like lead, and her head was pounding, but she had a smile on her face. She turned to face the worried father who had come to stand next to the bed again.

"It's done. The bone is healed. She should remain on crutches for about two weeks, and then



she can resume playing with her friends. Only this time, tell her to stay out of trees."

"Yes, Lady, thank you, Lady. Lord Marcus is truly fortunate to have one such as you." His bowing punctuated every word, and she wondered where he had found out about her and Marcus.

She turned to leave the sick room, and saw Rifal standing near the doorway.

"Is it lunch yet? I think I need something to fortify me if I am going to be facing a seamstress this afternoon." She tried to grin, but knew that since she was so tired, she would be lucky to have achieved a grimace.

"Milady, that appointment was two days ago. My lord has ordered me to bring you to him as soon as you regained your awareness of your surroundings."

"Two days, oh hell..." and for the first time in her life, Lia fainted.

## Chapter 5

Lia awoke to darkness and the murmur of voices. She raised her head to see who was speaking, and promptly fell back into unconsciousness.

When she next awoke, daylight was streaming through the open window. A servant started from her place by the fire when Lia raised her head and tried to speak.

“Oh, Milady, you shouldn’t try to move. Let me get Lord Marcus, he gave everyone orders that he was to be brought immediately when you awoke.” With that, the woman bobbed a curtsy and scurried from the room, anxious to impart her news.

Lia struggled to rise out of the bedding, feeling as though her limbs were made of lead and tied to the bed to boot. With an immense amount of effort she managed to prop herself up against the headboard, and began to take stock of her condition.

What she last remembered was the hospice and the small child with the broken leg. Then disjointed flashes of night and day, servants feeding her and Marcus hovering nearby, scowling like a thundercloud with a worried look in his eyes.

She had obviously been bathed and dressed in a nightgown. She could not imagine Marcus dressing her for bed, it must have been one of the servants, and what puzzled her, was that her hair was now hanging into her eyes. As she kept her hair short to keep it from catching fire in the forge, the length that she now displayed indicated to her a passing of time that she had no record for.

Lost in thought, she started when the door to the chamber burst open, and Marcus came striding through.

"What the hell were you thinking? Do you have no concept of what you risked by healing that girl? What if you hadn't recovered? Are you a complete idiot?" His verbal attack was belied by the tender way he caressed her face and drew her into his arms. He held her close to his heart as he continued to vent his anxiety.

"How was your meeting with the seamstress? Was she upset that I missed the appointment?" Lia's voice cracked as she tried to distract him.

"Since you were in a healing trance, and weren't moving, she measured you where you stood. I hope that you enjoy the fabrics I picked

out for you.” His voice was dry. “I had to offer the woman extra pay for the extra effort and the trauma that seeing you like that did to her.”

“You will under no circumstances enter the hospice again while you are pregnant. It has taken you four weeks to recover from the stress to your system, and both you and the baby can’t survive another shock like that.” His voice again became stern and he gave her a sharp squeeze to drive home his orders.

“I didn’t know I could heal like that, and certainly didn’t mean to distress anyone,” a small voice issued from her throat that she didn’t recognize as her own. “It never happened that way before. Wait...I was out for FOUR WEEKS?”

“Yes, you were. With the baby on the way, your body shut down to protect it against any further loss of energy. We have had to feed and bathe you like a doll, and have someone watch you constantly for any sign of waking.”

“No wonder I feel so tired and weak. Four weeks. Wow.” She began to take stock of her body, she was tired and her muscles were weak but otherwise she felt fine. “Can I have a drink of water?” Her voice cracked and Marcus reached over and poured her a goblet of water, then held it to her lips. She drank greedily until there was nothing left and asked for more, he refilled it and held it to her lips once again then refused to fill it again and set it out of her reach.

“No more for now, I want you to get dressed so that we can have dinner in the great hall tonight, and reassure the castle folk that you are alright. After you are ready, I will carry you down to dinner. Your clothes are in that wardrobe over there and a maid will be in to assist you in a moment.” With that, he stood up and gently placed her on the edge of the bed with her legs hanging over it, kissed her on the forehead, lips and throat, then left the room.

As he exited the room, a servant came bustling in, introducing herself as Dora, chattering about the master and how worried he had been. Then went on to say how proud the locals were to have someone with her healing talents mated to their lord. Apparently the story of her healing the child had exploded into a local legend while she was unconscious.

Dora went to the wardrobe and opened the doors. Inside were gowns of every jewel tone imaginable. The woman turned, eyed Lia up and down, and nodded sharply to herself. With brisk movements she selected an emerald gown, and began the task of dressing her lady. Not an easy task when the lady in question had no interest in the beautiful velvet gown, and was unable to rise to assist in her dressing.

After a great deal of effort, she was puffing and sweating by the time she finished, Dora had dressed Lia and sat her down in front of a mirror

whilst she fussed with her hair. Realizing after a great deal of combing and teasing that her ladyship's hair would not cooperate, Dora retreated into a corner of the room, and opened a chest that Lia had not noticed before.

With a twinkle in her eye, she reached into the chest with both hands and withdrew a headpiece studded with emeralds. She closed the chest and returned to her lady, "Lord Marcus has been saving these baubles for the time when he chose a mate, and milady, that time is now here. I believe that this will be beautiful with your gown and your wonderful golden eyes."

She set the diadem in place, and Lia looked at herself in the glass. She didn't recognize the reflection of the village smith, in her place was a lady. Golden eyes glowed against pale skin, blonde hair framed the jewelled headpiece, the blue markings around her neck were displayed by the low neckline of her emerald gown, and the gown itself fit like a second skin, following her curves and pooling around her feet.

Bemused by her reflection and the changes that she sensed in herself, she did not notice Marcus enter the room. He waved Dora out and stood watching Lia look at her changed appearance in the mirror. His eyes traveled from the top of her head slowly to her feet stopping occasionally to admire her feminine attributes and his marks

around her neck.

"Ahem. Are you ready for dinner? The folk are anxious to see you." His voice had lowered an octave as arousal began to creep through his system.

"What, oh yes of course, I am rather hungry." She spoke in a distracted tone, not meeting his eyes.

"Then let's be on our way." As he spoke he stepped forward and scooped her up into his arms, gave her a small peck on the cheek, and strode from the room and to the great hall, carrying her as if she weighed no more than a feather.

When they arrived, the townsfolk rose to their feet and cheered their lord and lady. Obviously her one act in the hospice had gained her fame and popularity amongst the locals. Marcus reached the head table, deposited Lia in a large chair on his right, and sat down, gesturing for the pages to begin serving.

Lia was given small portions of food designed for a convalescent and tucked in with good appetite. She was surprised at how hungry she was, and that no matter how much she ate, she could still eat more. Pacing her rate of consumption, she decided that there was more than one benefit to being of dragon blood besides the mating.

At this last thought a blush came to her cheek and throat as she looked at Marcus from under her lashes. He truly seemed to be meant for her; he withstood her strength and could match her stamina, and had a wonderful sense of humour, not to mention great taste in clothes, not that she would tell him that. His head was swelled enough already.

Now with the thought of things swelling, her heartbeat quickened and her eyes dropped to his lap. His earlier arousal had mostly dissipated, but the trace evidence was still there. She let out a small sigh and placed her hands in her lap, lacing her fingers to keep them from reaching out to touch him, she waited for the banquet to be over.

At her sigh, Marcus looked over and noticed that her gaze was directed towards his lap. Becoming aware of her blush and accelerated breathing he focused his senses on her and realized that she was very aroused. In a moment so was he.

Taking a deep breath he rose to his feet, nodded to Rifal, his steward, that dinner was over, and retrieved his mate from the chair. Without a word of explanation he left the guests looking at his back and smiling over the obvious bond between the lord and his new lady.



*Eight months later*

After eight months of mood swings, Lia throwing things at Marcus' head, and endless complaints of back pain, the baby arrived. The labour lasted fourteen hours, the father panicked, the mother cursed, and the castle stood by as they awaited the blessed event. The midwife sent Marcus out of the room because he was smashing the furniture in his helpless rage at the pain his mate was enduring. He went to the ramparts and transformed, flying rings around the castle and roaring for the latter half of the labour. When he landed and transformed, Rifal came running to tell him that it was time. He entered their chamber just in time to catch his child in his hands, tears running down his face at the luck that had sent him in search of his old friend, Antoine, and delivered him into the hands of his beloved mate and lady, Lia.

He quickly had to stifle his tears though, as he was required to catch the other child that made its appearance into the world with a red face and a lusty squall.

## Chapter 6

“It’s too big.” Lia eyed Marcus dubiously.  
“No it isn’t,” his voice was gently persuasive.  
“It will fit just fine.”

“It will never fit. No matter what you do. I couldn’t possibly. Even after giving birth, it won’t fit.” Her voice was taking on a slightly hysterical tone.

Marcus merely smiled and approached her. Extending his arms, he held the specially made gown across her body. It had a halter top with a jeweled neckline and a low back, a very low back. The fabric pooled around her feet, obviously made for someone about a foot taller, and based on the amount of fabric at the sides, for someone a foot wider as well.

“Lia, the naming is in three weeks. Given that we have two children to present, we both need to be involved in the ceremony. This means that you need to begin to change your form and practice flying as soon as possible. This gown is meant to

fit that form."

"But, I..." Lia looked miserable.

"I have set aside the time to instruct you, and have Rifal filling in for me in the council sessions, as well as preparing for the ceremony. We will take as much time as you need to get the hang of it, but you will fly at the naming, for the sake of our children and the honour of our guests. All of the local dragonlords will attend, a Dragon Council member will be present to officiate, and my family will be here. You will fly."

"You do understand that I was never trained for this, and that the thought of deliberately changing my form scares the life out of me." Lia looked up at her mate with wide eyes reflecting her fear and trepidation.

He held her close and stroked her back, "I know. I also know that if your father had survived he would have taken over the training himself. With those who are not of direct descent, the ability to transform does not always appear. In your case it was trauma that caused the first transformation and the pain of the change is still in your mind."

"The change is painless and even pleasurable, given the right circumstances. Come now, we will go to the roof and practice." He leaned away from her, gave her an encouraging smile and led her out of their chamber taking the gown with them.

Marcus instructed Lia to take a deep breath and

imagine herself in her warrior form, wings extended, tail lashing, and claws on her fingers and toes. He had her practice until he could see the image she held in her mind as clearly as he could his own form. With a quiet and controlled voice he encouraged her to reach within herself to find the dragon instincts that all of their kind were born with. As she touched the flame within, he gently wove his mind into hers, blending the awareness of her body into the picture of herself transformed.

Slowly the change began to show on her flesh. Her eyes were closed in rapture as she loosed the beast from the hidden depths of her mind and body. Lia's breathing quickened and her nipples hardened as she began to grow. First, her body grew one foot in height, drawing a gasp of surprise and pleasure from her throat, and then the wings blossomed from her back, causing a moan of lust, followed by a groan of delight as her tail appeared. When her fingers extended into claws, she cried out with joy and dropped to her knees.

When she opened her eyes to the world around her and saw him devouring her new form with his eyes, a sly smile crept upon her face. She stood up and walked towards him, swaying her hips, stretching her wings and swishing her tail.

"So, you like what you see, big boy?" A voice

made husky and low by her increased size sent shivers down his spine.

“Very much, now before we get sidetracked let’s have your flying lesson.” With every ounce of self control he possessed he tried to force some blood into his brain and attempted a businesslike manner. Hard to pull off with a raging erection, but he was made of stern stuff.

“Practice extending your wings. Open and close them to the fullest extent. Move your tail for balance and jump off of the roof.” He ended on a challenging note, knowing that jumping off of a one hundred foot drop was more than most could handle on a first flight.

“What if I can’t stay airborne?” The hesitation was clear.

“Extend your wings to the fullest and glide to the ground. It will slow your fall and prevent you from injuring yourself.” He had obviously been prepared to coax her off of the keep and therefore was not expecting what happened next.

Lia gathered herself up, took a deep breath and ran off of the top of the keep. As she began her inevitable meeting with the ground, she spread her wings and began a heavy beat that propelled her upwards. Climbing ever higher she continued her ascent until her nude muscled body was silhouetted by the moon to any viewer who happened to look into the night sky.

Marcus stood back and watched his beloved in her first controlled change. He felt mild arousal when he shifted forms, but her response lit a fire within him and soon he was in his own warrior form, with heat pulsing in his veins.

Marcus took off after her. He could not believe his eyes. She was a natural. The grace that was hers on land had followed her into the air. Effortlessly she cut through the open air, swirling and diving. On the evening breeze he heard her joyous laughter, and smiled in response.

Exerting himself to catch her, she eluded him until he finally resorted to dropping on her from above and tangling her wings with his body.

“Enough. That is quite enough for your first flight.” His words were punctuated with heavy beats of his wings, his hands holding her firmly against his chest.

“But...It’s so wonderful; I never knew it would feel like this.” Tears welled up in her eyes as she revelled in her new abilities.

Marcus turned her in his hands, his wings keeping them suspended hundreds of feet above the ground. He looked deeply into her eyes, and saw the regret, the sadness and the hint of excitement that burned within him whenever he took flight.

“You can change form now and fly whenever you need to, provided that you let me know so

that I can keep an eye out for you." His order was punctuated with a kiss.

At the touch of his lips, she melted against him. All resistance to his curtailing of her fun gone. Her tongue thrust inside his mouth to duel with his and her hands searched out his erection, slowly dragging from the root to the tip in a rhythm that soon had him groaning and them plummeting towards the ground as he lost control of his wings.

Panicking, she clung to him and spread her own wings to slow their descent. His wings regained the steady beat and together they climbed back into the sky. As they began to regain altitude, Lia looked at Marcus and laughed. In the moonlight it was hard to make it out, but he felt heat flood to his face.

"I am sorry; I have never lost control like that before. It must be something that you bring out in me."

"Do you think that you could remain airborne if I did all of the work?" Lia had a distinct twinkle in her eye, and Marcus had to admit that he was curious. Very few times had she initiated intimacy with him, but it was always a rewarding experience when she did.

"Yes, and just to be on the safe side, why don't we go a bit higher?" His wings changed angle and they began to gain altitude. What he hadn't mentioned to her was that to be absolutely safe he was going to hover over the ocean, if he did lose

control again, it wouldn't be fatal.

When they were positioned to his satisfaction, he bent his head again to her mouth. He started in surprise however when her tail wrapped around his waist and began to stroke his erection. Her hands stroked his back, shoulders, wings, buttocks and the base of his tail. He hadn't imagined that it was so sensitive. One touch had him gasping with sensations shooting through his pelvis and straight to his groin.

Lia set up a firm massage at the base of his tail, and as his hips began to convulsively move forward, she wrapped her legs around his waist and used her tail to brace herself. With a sudden move she impaled herself on him, and he once again lost control of his wings. The moist heat wrapping around him drove all conscious thought out of his mind. Instead of panicking, Lia merely stopped moving and waited for Marcus to regain control. When he had pulled out of the dive, she once again set to driving herself up and down on his member. He timed the movement of his wings to the movement of his hips and steadily began to rise toward the full moon as he got closer and closer to the edge of ecstasy.

When his release came, he reached down between their heaving bodies and firmly rubbed the nub of sensation at the top of her mound. With a guttural cry his back arched and he spilled his seed within her, and with a keening screech she



joined him.

At the moment of completion, both Lia and Marcus had nothing on their minds aside from the fireworks exploding behind their eyes. Their muscles were locked and their backs were arched and they were dropping like stones to the ground. The cool rushing of air finally penetrated the stupor in which they found themselves, and as one they extended their wings to begin a circling glide to the ground. Lia uncoupled herself and flipped over into the air, surprised to see that the surface had come up to meet her, and very surprised to see that it was water.

The splash was tremendous and when she surfaced she noticed Marcus hovering nearby, dry as a bone.

"So, my dear, what did you think of your first flying lesson?" A smile was plastered on his face, which rapidly turned to alarm as Lia lunged up to grab his tail and pull him under.

As he spluttered to the surface and saw the playful look in her eyes, he knew that the trauma of the first change had now been replaced by a pleasurable experience for her. Never again would she fear her own warrior form.

Marcus began to smile as he treaded water. Now to get her to make a full transformation into a dragon, what an evening that would be, and

how high would they have to go to avoid a collision with the ground in that form?

## Chapter 7

Marcus stretched out luxuriously on the bed, his arms reaching into the covers to find his mate and greet her with early morning intimacy. His arms swept her side of the bed and came up empty...again.

"Damn it! What does she think she is doing?" He swung out of bed and donned his clothing, storming out of their chamber and down the hall to the babies' room. He flung the door open, and met the startled gaze of the nurses who were just settling the little darlings down after their feeding.

"Where is she?" His voice was moderated and controlled, but the nurses still quivered at the obvious bad temper that the lord of the manor was exhibiting.

"She just left, sir. She fed the little ones and then said she had something she had to do, just like yesterday and the day before, milord." The elder of the pair took it upon herself to inform the lord of his lady's activities, and her voice grew

stronger as she continued.

“She said that she had to get a surprise ready for the naming, and that you would see her at lunch. I don’t know where she went, milord, it is a large keep after all.” Her chin went up a notch as if she were preparing herself to be blasted by his temper.

Marcus moved into the room and stood thoughtfully gazing at his offspring. The first pair of twins in the last fifteen hundred years of recorded dragon births. For delivering the healthy little tykes into his hands, he was willing to let Lia have her secrets, but he would put an end to her sneaking out of his bed before he had a chance to show his appreciation for the little miracles. With gentle hands he picked up and rocked each of his children in turn, depositing them back in their little beds after giving each a sweet kiss on the forehead.

“The little ones need to be changed,” was his parting comment to the nursemaids as he turned and left the room as suddenly as he had entered.

When he reached the main dining hall and had settled into his breakfast, he continued to think about Lia and the changes that she had wrought in his life. Her wardrobe had to be replaced every three weeks or so, for she seemed to have no urge to deport herself like a lady. Her work in the hospice had resumed as soon as she had been able to part herself from her babies for a length of time

longer than one hour, and he had to adapt his schedule to her being called into practice in the middle of the night. Now she was disappearing in the morning as well.

"What in the five hells is she up to?" he muttered to himself. His temper had cooled with his ardor, and he was beginning to be consumed with an uncharacteristic curiosity.

"Milord, the council members are arriving, and so is your family," an exceedingly nervous guardsman skidded into the dining hall out of breath and flushed.

"About time," Marcus muttered to himself, this would keep Lia from haring off to who knows where in the keep. He grinned to himself, picturing his mate and his mother in the same room; damn, this was going to be entertaining.

Marcus rose from the table and climbed the stairs to the roof. Gazing out over the open vista he saw his family and one vaguely familiar shape rapidly approaching. He heard footsteps behind him and turned to see Rifal trotting towards him.

"Has Lia been told that the guests are arriving?"

"Yes, Milord."

"I am assuming that she is on her way then," Marcus prompted as Rifal fell silent.

"Uh.... I believe so, Milord, umm she was a little vague on the time of her arrival." Rifal met his lord's gaze and the color slowly rose in his

face. “I think that she will be here presently.” The elf was turning an interesting shade of fuchsia.

Marcus turned abruptly from his minion as the door to the keep sprang open and Lia arrived. He didn’t know whether to laugh or cry at her appearance, and it was glaringly obvious where she had been.

The bodice of her gown was soaked with water and was stained with blood from her early work in the hospice, and what was left of the skirt had been severely charred. She had been in the smithy again. Her face was glowing with residual heat from the forge, and her hair was darkened with soot and plastered to her skull.

Marcus was surprised at himself for becoming aroused at the sight of her in this state and then remembered that this was how she had appeared to him the first time he had met her.

Grinning slightly, he extended his hand to her “Are you prepared to meet our guests, my love?”

Her face responded with a rueful smile at his amusement as she took his hand and faced the incoming dragons. “Are you ready for them to meet me, my love?”

He gave a bark of laughter. “I wasn’t ready to meet you, and look at what has become of me. I can only hope that they fare as well in your grace as I did.”

She focused her attention on the councilor’s landing and replied out of the corner of her

mouth, "good answer."

The councilor stepped forward and shifted into human form. He bowed deeply from the waist and introduced himself as Thoran of the high council of dragons. He was honored to be chosen for this great event and would endeavor to provide the documentation of the formalities to the best of his ability.

As he finished his speech he rose from his formal bow and looked Marcus directly in the eye. "Congratulations, my friend, I never thought that I would be attending a naming with your offspring attached!"

"Thoran...I had no idea that you had decided to join the council. Welcome." Marcus strode forward and clasped hands with his friend who pulled him into a bear hug that lifted him off of the ground.

"Put me down, you jackass! " As he struggled for release, Lia watched fascinated. This was the first time she had seen him with a casual friend; she could hardly wait to watch him with his family.

A jarring thud brought everyone's attention around. The rest of the guests had arrived. As they changed into human form Lia recognized them by Marcus' description of them. His brothers, Rhys and Devin, and his sister, Shayr, all had their father's—Sirius'-- coloring, Marcus favored his mother, Ki.

Marcus greeted them all and then turned to introduce them to his mate. Lia braced herself for any reaction she could imagine, but was still surprised to find herself caught up in a five-dragon hug, with phrases of “Welcome to the family” and “I always wanted a sister”. This last was from Rhys who received an elbow in the ribs from Shayr for his sense of humor.

After the hug and the siblings beating on each other was over Ki took Lia aside, looked her up and down and said in a ringing voice, “My dear, what have you been up to? You look like hell, is my Marcus so stingy as to dress you in rags?”

As Marcus left Lia to explain her hobbies, he escorted Thoran and the rest of the family to the guestrooms. As he left Sirius in the chambers that he had assigned to his parents he was asked, “Are you sure that you should have left her with your mother? Ki takes some getting used to as you know.”

Marcus merely smiled and said, “If she can’t deal with Mother, then she isn’t the woman I thought she was. Lunch is in one hour.”

When Lia entered the main dining hall for lunch, her mate almost choked on his beverage. His feisty-blacksmith-healer mate was dressed in gauzy silks and looked like a doll. Ki stood by, looking proud of herself and Shayr brought up the rear, laughing her head off.



“What the hell happened to you?” He whispered as he held her chair for her.

“Your mother.” She dropped into her chair like a lead weight and immediately reached for a glass of wine, shuddering ever so slightly.

## Chapter 8

“Welcome one and all to the naming of our children!” Marcus’ voice boomed out of his chest, his wings flared in the morning sun and his tail lashed in anticipation.

“Lia and I would like to thank you for coming so far for this joyous occasion, and joining us in our home.” Marcus turned to Lia, and she gave a slight bow from the waist, extending her wings to maintain her balance.

The golden gown perfectly fit her altered form, her wings projected out of the low cut back, and her skin gleamed with the color of pearl. Despite her earlier objections, the gown did fit.

Marcus and Lia walked over and took two tiny bundles from the nursemaids who were standing by.

“This is a momentous event, not just for us, but for all dragon kind. Today I am happy and proud to present our daughters; Mia and Mala. The first twin girls to be born to dragons in over three

thousand years!"

With that both he and Lia took flight over the crowd of people and out into the courtyard. They passed beyond the gates and did a circuit of the town. Three times they circled the town and keep, then returned to the great hall and landed amidst the cheers of Marcus' family and the assembled locals.

The party had begun. The children were passed from aunts to uncles to doting grandparents with barely a rest in between. Surprisingly the little darlings were completely happy to be treated like sports trophies.

While the children were being tossed about and spoiled, the parents were having duty call again. Dragon Councilor Thoran was having Lia and Marcus fill out all necessary birth and parentage records, as well as a list of possible future mates for the little ones. Lia's full name was Amaxadahlia which sent Marcus off into gales of laughter. A swift elbow to the ribs sobered him, but he kept the grin on his face for hours. Lia swore revenge.

Females were registered with the council and their parents had to select possible suitors as soon as possible to avoid clan wars when the girls reached maturity. The girls were free to dismiss the choices of her parents, however, it kept the unsuitable warlords from attempting to press their suit for the hand of the female dragon. If

registered, she was under the protection of the Dragon Council until she made her final choice.

If unregistered she was on her own, hence Marcus finding Lia in the village and pressing his suit without consulting the council. She had not been registered because her mother had not been a pure dragon, and there had been no reason to think that she would be able to make the change. In fact, if her parents and first husband had not been brutally killed in front of her, she might never have changed at all.

Once the paperwork had been done, and a courier dispatched, it was time to enjoy the party for all concerned. The dancing had started and Shayr was attracting all eyes as she swung and whirled on the dance floor with a dazzling array of partners. Her brothers stood by watchfully to make sure that it was only eyes that followed their sister, but they did not allow this duty to interfere with their own good time.

Whilst Rhys was on guard duty, Devin was flirting with female members of the local were pack.

Shayr stopped for a break and a glass of wine. Standing off to herself slightly catching her breath, she smiled in regret and shook her head as prospective partners approached for dancing.

From behind her a voice spoke out of the shadows, "You seem to be enjoying yourself this

evening, have you finished any assignments for the council recently?"

She turned and melted into the shadows herself, meeting Thoran's glowing eyes in the darkness.

"Why yes, Thoran, as a matter of fact I have. But as you are well aware, my activities are not for public discussion. You will have to petition the Elder council for information on my recent assignments." She smiled brightly as he began to frown at her evasion. With a bobbed curtsy she turned, stepped back into the light and whirled off into the dance.

"You cannot avoid me forever, my pet." The words were growled out of a throat almost choked with need. Just being in her vicinity aroused him, and it always had.

Thoran had been one of Shayr's intendeds. She had chosen him and then entered the service of the council. As no breeding female could be used as an agent of the council, Shayr was granted a stay of mating, even though she had made her choice, and Thoran was left in a state of limbo. Her usefulness to the council outweighed the bonds of her new, unconsummated mate.

Technically they were a mated pair, but actually Shayr had held him off for the last fifteen years, constantly pestering the council for additional assignments. He had joined the council in an effort

to keep tabs on her, but was thwarted again as her assignments moved to classified events controlled by the Elder council.

Her time was almost up. Thoran had petitioned the Elder council for the return of his mate, and he cited the recent death of several prominent dragonlords in the northern reaches area.

Their population could not endure many losses, and every new life was precious. A female could only birth one child every five to ten years, and he had allowed the council plenty of time to find a replacement for her. Now was his time and he would claim her soon, with or without council approval.

Across the hall, Sirius was keeping an eye on Thoran. He had no idea what the younger dragon would do if Shayr kept rebuffing his advances and hiding behind the council, but he wanted to be nearby if the councillor needed his help to corral his daughter.

His wife Ki had led him a merry chase, and he was willing to help his prospective son-in-law in any way he could to avoid the aggravation that he experienced at the hands of his beloved mate.

Thoran was in for a merry chase.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

An obsessed crafter who hates housework, Viola has been interested in inflicting her writing on others for years. She finds enjoyment in watching others, and taking notes.