



Dravidian

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Changeling Press

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Bringing Dravidian, one of the lost Astraea clan, home to Djarera is something of a triumphal success for Lara. The dragon kingdom is at peace, the succession of the throne ensured, and the clans have at last accepted the rogue dragon Zendar as her life-mate.

But she never envisioned the complications that Dravidian's return would bring. When Zendar first accuses her of being attracted to the exotically handsome blue dragon, Lara is dumbfounded -- and even more confused as she realizes not only are his accusations true, but Dravidian hungers for her as deeply as she for him.

But the depths of Zendar's jealousy betray another unexpected truth -- that he himself, for the first time in his life, is tormented by sexual desire for another man. When Lara finally discovers what's really distressing her life-mate, she is determined to give Zendar and Dravidian, as well as herself, what they all yearn for!

Chapter One

Zendar Westron cut through the press of bodies, smiling genially as he made his way to the dais. The throne room of Wind Castle was even more crowded for Dravidian's reception than it had been for the formal dinner during which Melgara, the dragon queen, had tried desperately to force the clans to accept Lara's choice of Zendar as her mate.

What a fiasco that had been! Zendar grinned ruefully, remembering. Almost half the assembled dragons, still incensed over his earlier rebellion against Melgara's prohibition at leaving Djarera, had stormed out in fury, refusing to accept Zendar as Elara's mate -- and thus as titular heir to the throne of Djarera. Refusing to throw the dragon kingdom once more into turmoil, he had fled along with Darrek Hausther to Neptha, the tropical planet the long-missing Astraea clan had claimed for their own.

Today's gathering was entirely different in tenor. Pennons snapped in the high mountain breeze which circled the hall, and sunlight poured in the massive outer doors of the throne room, flung wide to the open air. Dragon after dragon, wafting high above Mount Anduth, settled on the landing ledge and changed shape, taking on human form to mingle with the throngs of guests, all come for a peek at the lone returned Astraea.

Dravidian looked a little dazed, Zendar thought, amused. The tall, lean Astraea stood on the far side of the hall with Lara, the silver fall of his long straight hair catching the sunlight, his eyes wide in wonder as he stared at more dragons than he'd seen in his entire lifetime, all gathered to welcome him home.

Lara had her arm looped companionably through Dravidian's, and Zendar watched as she tilted her head close to him, listening to something he was saying. She laughed, patting his arm reassuringly, and lifted her head. Looking across the hall, her

gaze caught her husband's, those luminous gray eyes lighting with a private warmth that was only for him.

As always, a rush of warmth flowed through Zendar, making his heart beat a little harder. Tossing back his head, Zendar let the thick golden mane of his hair tumble over his broad shoulders, and smiled at her. Lara's clear gray eyes held a luminous promise, and her lips curved in a small answering half-smile before she turned back to the silver-haired dragon beside her.

He was, Zendar admitted, the most handsome man he'd ever seen. Even amid the crowds of dragons, Dravidian stood out. Tall -- taller even than Zendar himself -- with that long, straight hair like a ripple of falling silver and those deep, exotic violet eyes, the returned Astraea seemed a breed apart. Which he was, of course -- each of the five dragon clans was unique in its own way. It was simply the fact that none of them had seen any of the Astraea for so many years that made Dravidian seem so foreign.

But no amount of familiarity, Zendar suspected, would likely ever blunt the effect of those high, broad cheekbones, that smooth brow, that wide, generously formed mouth...

Dravidian turned his head in a sudden, graceful movement, and Zendar swallowed, his throat tightening unexpectedly as those deep violet eyes caught his, holding him for a brief second that felt like eternity. Then Dravidian glanced away, and Zendar ascended the dais to stand beside Melgara's throne.

For the first time he could understand the violence of the dragon queen's reaction to the disappearance of the Astraea clan. There was something about Dravidian, something both wild and almost heartbreakingly beautiful. There was an air about him of mystery, of far-off, exotic places. He was a traveler, clothed in the glamour of foreign, almost unimaginable shores.

Zendar bit his lip, feeling something akin to envy twist in his heart. He wanted that, he admitted. He'd told Lara he didn't, but looking at Dravidian, Zendar knew it wasn't true. The freedom that Dravidian wore like an invisible cloak drew him with a hunger he'd never known he'd felt.

Surrounded by the gathered clans, Dravidian looked down at Lara with a vague, slightly bemused expression as the various dragon lords and ladies approached one by one to welcome him back to Djarera. Zendar watched, shaking his head in silent sympathy as Dravidian smiled and nodded, smiled and nodded, his gaze flicking every so often to Lara's face as if seeking reassurance.

Beside him, on the throne, Melgara apparently felt some of the same sympathy. "Poor man," she murmured, so low that only Zendar could hear her words. "They'll talk him to bits before the day is through."

"They'll do more than that when they learn you've given him permission to teach us to ride the Dragon Winds, Your Majesty. They'll be clawing for the chance to learn." As would he, Zendar added silently.

Melgara glanced at him sharply, her eyes narrowing, the fire of their old quarrel sparking in their depths. Then she sighed. "I suppose you're right. Lara certainly is -- she's already informed me that, as the queen's daughter, it's her duty and privilege to be the first."

"I'm surprised you'd allow her to take the risk." Zendar almost laughed at the expression of mingled pride and chagrin that crossed Melgara's face at his words.

"Do you think I could stop her? I couldn't even stop her from following you to Neptha. *You* stop her, if you want. I'm only her mother."

"I wouldn't dare, Your Majesty." Zendar chuckled. "After all, she *is* your daughter."

The look Melgara shot him was decidedly unimpressed by his flattery. Smiling, he gave her a half bow before turning toward Lara, who was approaching with Dravidian, her arm still tucked tightly through his. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were brilliant with excitement -- this was, after all, *her* triumph. Just as she had with Darrek and Rand, she had managed to find a solution against all odds to yet another knotty draconic quarrel.

She does it simply by being herself, Zendar thought, overwhelmed once again by the tenderness he felt toward her. By being passionate and courageous and loving and headstrong -- and by refusing to give up.

And she was completely unaware of how she affected the people around her. That was perhaps the most remarkable thing about her -- she was always surprised by the love that flowed back to her. Beautiful, guileless, determined... Zendar wondered if she had any idea how much he loved her.

Glancing at Dravidian's bemused expression, he couldn't help wondering if even the tall, handsome Astraea had fallen under Lara's spell.

"Mother, I'm going to take Dravidian out for a bit of a tour before the banquet. He hasn't had a moment's peace all day." Bending, Lara Southerlin gave the queen a quick peck on the cheek, and flashed Zendar a dazzling smile. He winked back, smiling indulgently as she led Dravidian through the throngs of laughing, conversing people. It was easy to follow their progress toward the wide outer doors -- Dravidian towered even over the massive Westrons, Zendar's own clan.

Grinning, Zendar started down the steps of the dais to find himself a glass of wine when Melgara's voice stopped him abruptly.

"Zendar."

He turned back to find her looking pensively out over the crowd. A small frown creased her forehead. Following her gaze, Zendar caught a flash of brilliant gold, then blue, as Lara and Dravidian changed shape and dropped from the high ledge into the crystalline mountain air outside.

"Is she pregnant yet?"

"What?" Zendar had to stop a moment to think, the question was so unexpected. "No. I don't think so, at least."

"Then if I were you," Melgara replied, her eyes dark with shadows, "I wouldn't be so cavalier about letting my wife go off with another dragon."

"Letting my..." The idea was so preposterous, Zendar barked a laugh. Heads swung toward them, and people smiled -- *Pleased at how well the queen and her son-in-law*

are getting along, probably, now that I'm no longer in line for the throne, Zendar thought acerbically. He lowered his voice. "Lara would never --"

"Lara is still in *khef*, Zendar." Melgara, too, kept her tone low, but the tension in it was as taut as an overstretched harp string. "Until she is pregnant, she has no control over when and where the mating urge will come over her. Or with whom."

"I..." Zendar bit back a tart reply. "I thank Your Majesty for your concern. But as for myself, I prefer to trust my wife."

Bowing sharply, he strode from the dais, made his way to the nearest sideboard, and slammed back a glass of the rich, blood-red Hausther wine.

* * *

Whatever protestations he might have made to Melgara, Zendar's apprehension had grown to a fever pitch by the time Lara and Dravidian reappeared, tumbling through the massive outer doors on a gust of wind and laughing as they shifted shape. During the intervening hours, the throne room had grown rather overheated with the press of bodies, and the cool mountain breeze they brought with them rippled through the room, sharp and refreshing. Dragging Dravidian by the hand, Lara led him to the dais, her eyes brilliant with exercise and the exhilaration that flying always brought her.

"I took him to the central plains, Mother. So he could see where his clan used to live. We flew over Lake Diarzin, and do you know, Mother, Dravidian is the exact same blue as its waters?"

Her ebullience struck Zendar as sharply as a slap, and his green eyes narrowed, taking in the flush on her cheeks and the way her fingers were still interlaced with Dravidian's. Melgara's smile, he noted, was rather tight. "I'm glad you enjoyed yourselves. You're just in time for the banquet. Zendar, if you would escort my daughter?"

Grimly, Zendar stepped forward, offering his arm. Some small, guarded part of his heart was relieved to notice no hesitation in Lara's manner as she took it. "You have to come with us tomorrow, Zendar. It's so beautiful!"

Zendar forced a smile to his lips and said something, he couldn't remember what -- it must have been appropriate, though, because Lara looked up at him, her eyes warm and sparkling, never noticing the way his hand tightened around her arm as he steered her toward the banquet hall.

After the sumptuous meal -- which he hardly tasted, although he forced an appropriate amount down his throat -- the assembled dragons stood in small knots around the banquet hall, chatting amiably. Zendar excused himself from a conversation and wove through the clusters of people, searching for Lara. Dravidian, too, was missing.

Finally he found them on the balcony outside. Moonlight gleamed in the long, silken strands of Dravidian's hair as he bent over Lara, listening somberly to whatever it was she was saying. Striding up to them, Zendar could feel his hands knotting themselves into fists, but he kept his tone friendly and easy. "I see you've spirited my wife away again, Dravidian."

Pulling Lara back against him, Zendar slid his arms around her waist, dropping his head briefly to nuzzle the smooth, warm skin of her neck. Lara batted at him playfully. "And how are you enjoying Djarera so far?"

"It is beautiful," Dravidian replied simply. His gaze flicked to Lara's face briefly, a gentle smile in his eyes, then turned out over the moon-drenched mountains falling away into the distance. "My father used to speak of Djarera sometimes. I was so young when we left, I could barely remember it. And now... now I doubt if I could ever bear to leave."

His violet eyes turned back toward Zendar then, flooded with moonlight, and Zendar felt an odd roughness in his throat. "I know how you feel." He did, too -- when he'd been trapped for decades, encased in the cold, lifeless no-space of the Void, there had been uncounted days when he would gladly have killed just to feel the gentle warmth of Djarera's sunlight.

But it was more than that which was tugging at him, making him drag his gaze hastily from Dravidian's marble-pale face, his skin almost translucent under the moon's

gentle touch. He was so damned handsome, almost ethereally beautiful -- and yet there was nothing about him that was less than masculine. From the strong, gracefully chiseled line of his jaw to the smooth, flowing muscles of his neck, the high, proud forehead and broad, rangy shoulders, he was the most attractive man Zendar had ever known.

How could any female, in *khef* or not, resist that tall, cool, silver-haired form?

A lance of jealousy speared through him, centering somewhere between his heart and his balls, and Zendar tightened his grip on Lara. "I'm glad you like it," he added gracelessly as he turned away, pulling Lara with him. "Come, Elara."

"What? We weren't done talking, Zendar." Lara tugged against his grasp, annoyance flickering in her eyes.

Rather than answering her, Zendar grinned at Dravidian, baring his teeth. "You don't mind, do you, Dravidian? It is getting late. And I'm sure you must be exhausted after meeting half the kingdom."

Dravidian nodded, his hair shimmering like a waterfall as it moved. "Yes. It has been an eventful day. We will speak again tomorrow, Elara."

With a small half bow, the tall Astraea turned away, his gaze once again swinging to the broad expanse of the mountains. Zendar, with only the briefest of goodnights to the lingering guests, propelled Lara firmly back through the banquet hall and into the passageway beyond.

Chapter Two

"What the *hell*, Zendar?" As soon as they were alone in the hallway, Lara tugged her arm from her mate's grasp, glaring up at him. Without replying, Zendar grabbed her arm again, practically dragging her the last few yards to their bedchamber. Lara gasped in fury, struggling against his hold. As soon as the carved wooden door swung shut behind them, she whirled, yanking herself from his grip. "Since when do you think you can just haul me around like a caveman? I don't know what in hell you think you're doing, but --"

Pulling her to him, Zendar stopped her tirade with a hard, searing kiss. Torn between rage and the immediate response that seared along her nerves, Lara gritted her teeth, refusing to let his tongue between her lips, until he lifted his head and glared down at her.

His icy green eyes bored into hers, piercing and keen, and for the first time since he'd kidnapped her, intending to use her as the leverage to free himself from the Void where Melgara had imprisoned him, Lara felt a small, icy spurt of fear.

He'd had the same frozen, implacable look on his face then, she remembered. The same grim determination. Ridden by the mating instinct of *khef*, shackled to the rough wall of the cave where he'd chained her, she'd felt herself torn between the same awkward combination of desire and rage. The sheer raw masculinity of Zendar had held her spellbound, as unable to move as the shackles that had encased her wrists. She'd watched him, feeling the fever of *khef* beat along her veins as he'd approached, all corded muscle and naked, rolling flesh, to take her, to conquer her...

Lara realized she was panting as Zendar, holding her with only his gaze, let go of her to yank his rich embroidered tunic over his head, leaving the thick golden mane of his hair in disarray. He pushed it back impatiently, and Lara couldn't help the way her

tongue darted to moisten her lips at the sight of those massive biceps bulging, his pecs rippling even with that small, careless movement.

Still without answering, he kicked off his boots and yanked at the tie of his trousers, loosening them. Then he straightened, towering over her, the rich, earthy scent of him filling her nostrils until her head spun. Glancing down, she followed the trail of golden hair that snaked over his belly to disappear beneath his sagging trousers, and gulped.

He was hard as a rock. Even beneath the fabric of his pants, she could see the jutting outline of his prodigious erection, straining impatiently upward.

A purely feminine vanity swelled in her breast at the sight -- she hadn't so much as touched him, and yet she could feel the desire thrumming through his body, the tension that told her as clearly as words he was mere inches from losing control altogether. Excitement unfolded inside her belly at the thought, and she realized her nipples had tightened to small, erect points beneath the bodice of her formal dress.

He wanted her. He wanted her so badly he'd practically dragged her from the banquet hall, determined to have her *now*. As furious as she'd been at his pushiness earlier, now she reveled in it as proof of how much he wanted her.

In fact...

Smiling to herself, Lara narrowed her eyes in mock anger, backing away a step. "You think I'm just going to make love with you? After you practically manhandled me in front of our guests?"

Rage flashed in Zendar's eyes, and the trickle of fear came back even stronger -- but with it came a rush of pure desire. Lara cried out half in shock and half in anticipation as he grabbed her arm, dragging her against him. The heat of his erection, pulsing against her belly, made her knees weak with longing. No longer sure if she was playing or in earnest, she tugged against his grasp -- and gasped as he twisted her arm behind her, pinning her against him with one hand as his other slid to her bosom, squeezing her breasts fiercely through the heavy velvet.

Her gasps deepened as his fingers raked over the fabric, teasing the sensitive nipples beneath until they burned with sensation, aching for more. Holding her gaze, he released her arm and raised both hands to her bodice, unceremoniously ripping it open.

The sound of the fabric parting made her bite her lip as a fresh spurt of moisture slicked her folds. Her breasts spilled out, and Lara moaned incoherently as Zendar seized them, gathering them into his large, strong hands and massaging them. His fingers plucked at her nipples until her back arched, pushing them into his grasp, and her cunt swam with wetness. All the while his emerald gaze burned into hers, spearing her, trapping her, holding her...

He'd looked at her just that way in the cave as he'd tormented her into mindless arousal, torturing her body until she'd been so torn between fury and desire she'd changed into dragon form out of sheer desperation. Now, though, there was no need to escape him. And no desire, either. She let her head drop back as Zendar dropped to his knees before her, dragging the ruined dress down off her shoulders until it fell in a puddle around her feet. He was so tall that even kneeling his head was on a level with her chest, and Lara cried aloud as he leaned forward and took one nipple between his lips.

Sensation seared along her nerves, the tug of his mouth at her nipple sending shockwaves straight to her cunt. Naked, she stood before him as his tongue lashed at first one breast, then the other, until she was so wild for him she practically writhed in his grasp, and her cunt was so wet she could feel her juices slicking her inner thighs. Raising his head a moment, Zendar stared up at her, his emerald eyes half-lidded and brilliant with lust.

The dangerous promise in those cold green eyes nearly made Lara swoon.

He smiled thinly as he dropped his gaze back to her breasts. They jutted proudly before her, so full and heavy they ached. Cupping them in his hands, he trailed his fingers over them -- then pinched her nipples so hard she shrieked. Her clit throbbed, and Lara realized distantly that she was on the verge of coming already, her cunt

clenching around a phantom cock, her knees wobbling with hunger. How could he do this to her so easily, reduce her to a yearning, quivering mass of sensation, longing only for him to take her, to fuck her, to ride her until they both cried out in bliss?

What did it say that his very roughness aroused her?

His smile widened as he felt her response. "Well, you needn't look so damn pleased with yourself," she snapped tartly, and started to pull herself from his grasp.

Immediately, the smile was gone. With one swift movement, he tumbled her off her feet, dragging her down onto the cold stone floor. Lara gasped as he unceremoniously flipped her onto her belly, his powerful thighs between hers, spreading them open.

"Zendar!" She struggled, trying to pull away from him, to force down the fire that raged through her belly as his hands closed on her hips, tugging them upward until she was on her knees, her chest flat on the floor, spread open for whatever he chose to do to her. Furious, frightened, Lara scrabbled desperately, and then cried out in shock as he slid one hand down between her thighs and stroked roughly at her clit. Once, twice -- then the world around her seemed to explode into a white conflagration as her orgasm tore through her. Gasping, moaning, she clung to the cool, polished marble, feeling its hardness against her aching breasts as Zendar reared up behind her and -- *oh, Jesus!* -- thrust himself deep inside her.

The slick walls of her passage, still spasming from her climax, gripped him tightly, and Zendar groaned hoarsely, deep in his throat. At the sound, the greedy, throbbing ache inside her spiraled even higher, and Lara arched her back, thrusting her ass up toward him. His hands clenched on her hips, and she gasped as his cock, so huge it stretched her open nearly to the point of discomfort, muscled deeper inside her.

Inch by inch, he drove into her, working himself deeper into her hot, tight passage. It pinioned her, seeming to drain all the fight from her body, and Lara quivered in his grip, feeling herself penetrated, dominated, claimed completely by the hard, demanding cock inside her. He surged forward, giving her more, his erection so engorged that, despite all the times they'd made love, Lara found herself wondering if

she could take it all. Panting, she hung bonelessly below him, seeing sparks ignite behind her closed eyelids as that enormous cock pushed in deeper, deeper...

Then she stiffened as she felt a gentle pressure against her rectum.

Oh, Jesus! Zendar, no. I can't. I can't take any more!

Listening for the touch of his thoughts, she heard nothing, felt nothing from him but that same steely determination. Slowly, inexorably, he worked one finger into her ass, using the juices of her own arousal for lubrication. At the same time, he nudged gently with his hips, sending his cock even deeper inside her.

He was so hard she could feel the meaty, distended rim of his cockhead pressing against her inner walls. Whimpering, Lara sprawled beneath him, her ass high in the air, pinned by the weight of his heavily-muscled body and the overwhelming sensation of that massive shaft slowly stuffing her, filling her, splitting her open... His finger, long and thick, invaded her ass, gliding slickly in and out of her tight hole. She moaned, tossing her head as he shoved it deep, and gasped as with a last hard thrust of his hips, he rammed his cock home.

He was seated so deep she could feel his balls pressed against her, heavy and full. His thighs trembled against hers, his entire body arched over her, pressing himself so deep that for a moment Lara thought she'd pass out. Then, with a control so taut she could feel it thrumming through his heavy frame, Zendar eased himself out until the rim of his cockhead dragged at her opening, and the sudden, shocking emptiness made her writhe desperately.

He grabbed her tightly, the fingers of his left hand digging into the flesh of her hip as he held her still. But he didn't thrust into her -- instead he fucked her ass with his right hand, pumping his finger in and out of her until the strange, yearning need inside her clamored to be filled. Small, hungry sounds spilled from her throat and her hands fisted blindly, clutching at nothing, at air, as sensations poured through her.

Still Zendar kept his cock tormentingly just inside her, his full, swollen head spreading her opening but not penetrating further. She could hear his harsh, rasping breathing, and knew he was looking down at her upturned ass, his gaze fixed on his

finger muscling deep into that tight pink entrance. Rotating his wrist, he forced his finger even further inside her, and Lara moaned at the sensations that warred deep in her body -- the delectable hardness plumbing her ass, the aching emptiness inside her cunt.

Pinioned between the two, she panted, her entire body rigid with need. Letting go of her hip, Zendar slid his left hand again between her thighs, tugging at her furred lips for a moment, teasing them, then scissoring his fingers around her throbbing clit and gliding them up and down.

Lara opened her mouth, but all that came out was a low, wordless, desperate moan.

"You like that."

It wasn't a question, which was good because she doubted she could have responded intelligibly if it had been. She felt Zendar move behind her, his taut, heavy thighs pressing against the backs of her own. He leaned over her, his cock flexing as it dug an inch further into her cunt, his weight resting across her back as he bent low, his thick, golden hair trailing across her back, her shoulders, and whispered in her ear, "You are *mine*, Elara. Mine and no one else's."

She hung below him, unable to move, conscious of only the sharp, masculine scent of him, his cock spreading her wide, his finger plunging over and over into the tight, hungry depths of her ass. The room, the night, everything else had faded away, leaving her quivering, her breasts pressed hard against the hard floor, waiting for whatever he chose to do to her.

A sound, half growl, half chuckle, rumbled through his body, and he hissed, low and warningly, "Say it, Elara."

"I'm yours," she gasped. "Oh, Zendar."

His weight shifted again, and she felt him draw himself upright, rearing over her, his cock pressed like a live, throbbing club against her opening. He slid his left hand down her back, caressing her muscles and shivering, sweat-slicked skin. Then he

dug his fingers into her hair, grabbing it, and tugged her head back. Gasping, Lara froze, her entire body arched like a bow, tense and expectant.

"Tell me," he whispered, his voice harsh with barely controlled need. "Tell me to take you."

"Yes," she breathed. "Yes, oh please, Zendar! Take me!"

With a roar, he pulled back, then thrust his hips forward, burying his cock in her hot, clenching cunt, plunging his finger deep into her waiting ass. She cried out, over and over, as his hand slid from her hair and trailed down her belly to find the hard, aching nub of her clit. He caressed it, smearing her own dripping juices over it and gliding his fingers up and down its throbbing length, sending sparks of agonized bliss shooting along her nerves. Wantonly, she threw her head back, mewling in desire as he pounded into her, spreading her so wide she thought she might faint from sheer bliss. His balls, full and hard, brushed against her swollen lips, and his finger drove into her ass in time with his strokes.

She could feel his cock swelling even further, hardening to iron as his climax approached. His groans dropped an octave, growing rougher, deeper as his hips smacked against her flesh sharply enough to sting. A strange, roaring hiss filled her head, a sound like wind rushing through the passages of her mind, blasting everything away before it until there was nothing left but the pressure in her ass, her cunt, and Zendar took her with a violence she'd barely ever imagined. His cock pressed down into her, deeper, deeper, and she screamed as his fingers, stroking furiously over the searing nub of her clit, pushed her over the edge into rapture.

Panting, she cried out over and over as her passage spasmed around him, clenching his cock so tight she heard him hiss between his teeth. His entire body went rigid as waves of sensation pounded through her and her cunt squeezed him even tighter. Then something inside him seemed to snap, and with a hoarse, desperate roar he slid both hands to her hips, holding her in a grip of iron as he hammered his massive shaft deep inside her waiting flesh. His back arched, and she could feel his thighs trembling against hers as he dragged her hips back against him, forcing every inch of

himself into her so deep his balls were mashed against her entrance. He froze there, groaning, as his cock swelled and flexed inside her, flooding her cunt with jet after jet of come.

Chapter Three

It felt like he would never stop. Dazed, her own body still quivering as the aftershocks poured through her, Lara gasped in amazement as Zendar pushed even deeper, his balls pulsing against her. And *still* his seed poured into her as he clung to her hips, growling harshly, working himself inside her until at last he slumped over her, sweating and spent, his chest heaving as he fought to catch his breath.

"Winds, Elara," he whispered. "Oh, what you do to me."

For a moment she stayed there, perversely enjoying the weight of his body trapping her below him. She could feel his cock losing the first edge of its hardness, and a trickle of hot wetness slid down her thigh as she finally shifted, letting his softening shaft slide from her passage. She rolled onto her back, looping her arms lightly around his strong neck as he collapsed down atop her, his face buried in her long chestnut hair.

Dazedly, she turned her head, glancing over at the massive sunken bed eight feet to their right. They hadn't even made it to the sleeping pit. A ripple of amusement ran through her as she thought, *The sleeping pit? Hell, he barely made it into the room!*

At her throaty chuckle, Zendar raised his head, his hard, strong features softened in the aftermath of lovemaking. He smiled at her quizzically.

"Oh, I was just thinking," Lara murmured. Then she grinned at him. "So what brought *that* on?"

His expression shifted, becoming almost embarrassed. Lara stared in amazement. "What?"

Zendar shook his head and rolled off her, turning onto his back and sliding one arm around her as she shifted to rest her head on his broad shoulder. "Nothing. It's just..."

"Just what?" Lazily, she ran her fingers through the crisp golden hairs coating his chest, enjoying the hard swell of muscle beneath his velvety skin. Sweat still beaded his belly, and she ran her palm down the rolling plain of his abs to cup his softened cock.

Zendar sighed, enjoying her touch, and then grinned ruefully. "All right. I was just a little... concerned when you went off with Dravidian."

Puzzled, Lara looked up at him. "Why?"

He shifted uncomfortably. "Well, he *is*... attractive."

"Attractive?" A peal of laughter burst from her. Could Zendar have made the word sound any more grudging? "He's not attractive. He's gorgeous. Admit it."

Zendar's jaw clenched. "Ask Rand, or somebody. I wouldn't know."

"Zendar Westron, I do believe you're jealous." Propping herself on one arm, she gazed down at him, her voice teasing. "Are you going to work yourself into a state like this every time I'm alone with Dravidian?" Not that she was sure she would mind!

"You're not going to be alone with Dravidian," Zendar answered. He closed his eyes, leaning his head back in a pretense of unconcern, but Lara could see the muscles tightening in his neck.

"Of course I am, silly. He's teaching us to ride the Dragon Winds, remember? I've got a private lesson with him tomorrow."

Zendar's eyelids opened, and his eyes glittered like a snake's -- green, cold, and implacable. "Cancel it."

"What? I'm not doing any such --"

She broke off with a gasp as Zendar grabbed her arms, tumbling her onto her back. He pinned her below him, his golden hair tumbling down around his clenched, angry face. "You will. You are *mine*, Elara -- or must I take you again to prove it?"

She could feel his renewed erection digging against her thigh, hard and insistent -- but this time the only emotion that flooded through her was fury. "You won't take me at all, with an attitude like that." Bracing herself, she pulled her knees up between them, and then kicked her feet up and outward, thrusting them into Zendar's gut. He tumbled

backward with a hard, pained grunt, and quickly, before he had a chance to recover, she leaped to her feet, snatching up the ruined dress that Zendar had ripped off her and dodging his grab as she ran for the door. He bellowed as she slammed it shut behind her and tore down the hallway, rage burning through her veins with every beat of her heart.

How dare he? How *dare* he treat her as a thing, a possession, something he could order about as he pleased?

Wind Castle was silent around her, its corridors empty at this late hour -- a fact for which she was more than a little grateful, considering she was still buck-naked with a wad of torn fabric in her arms. She was almost sobbing in mortified wrath as she rounded a corner and ducked into the archway outside the banquet room, remembering how Zendar had literally dragged her from it.

What in hell was *wrong* with him? He'd never acted like this before!

Except for the time he kidnapped you, Lara. Except then.

Yes. And maybe... Maybe he really *was* just a cruel, vicious bastard who'd wanted her because he wanted the throne. Well, her mother's pregnancy had removed *that* problem, at least -- the unborn child had taken Zendar's place, and stood equal with Lara herself in the line of descent.

Maybe Zendar hadn't really changed at all.

Hot, angry tears spilled down her cheeks as she glared up and down the empty corridor. Would he come after her? Where could she go? There was no power on earth - or Djarera, she added wryly -- that would force her back to their bedchamber tonight.

For a moment, she thought of Rand, the redheaded Aureorean who had always, from the moment they'd met, been there to comfort her, console her... But Rand and Darrek had finally reached an accord, and she didn't want to intrude on the bond they'd forged, even for a night. No, Rand was Darrek's now.

And she was a big girl. She didn't need to run to Rand or anyone else for comfort. Hearing the distant scrape of a door opening, she felt hurriedly at the door handle behind her, and let herself silently into the dark, empty banquet hall.

Moonlight poured in through the tall, arched windows, and Lara paused only long enough to yank her ruined dress over her head before moving toward them. The heavy fabric, gaping to reveal her cleavage, was at least warm, and she hugged her arms over her breasts as she pushed out onto the balcony where she'd stood scant hours before with Dravidian.

He *was* handsome. She couldn't deny it. There was something so compelling about him, about his odd silence, the sense of *difference* you couldn't help feeling about him. The Astraea, Melgara had told her, had always been a race apart, peaceable but insular. They'd never engaged in any of the petty feuds, the endless jockeying for position the other clans engaged in, seemingly content with quietly farming the broad central plains and disappearing from time to time to ride the Dragon Winds to distant planets. They'd always traveled more than the other clans, and had brought back many of the advances in manufacturing, building and sciences that had been embraced and used by the other dragons. It was an Astraea, in fact, who had designed Wind Castle centuries before.

Quiet, thoughtful, and yet somehow untamable, Dravidian fascinated her. His delight in seeing his ancestral lands had been palpable, but even as they'd flown together there had been something withdrawn about him, some essential part of him that stayed always just out of reach. Lara had been almost reluctant to return to the reception -- a reluctance Dravidian had seemed to share -- but it wasn't because she was attracted to him!

Was it?

No! Ridiculous! she protested to herself. She *loved* Zendar -- didn't she?

You are mine, Elara. Mine and no one else's. Lara's eyes narrowed dangerously as she remembered the tone in which he'd spoken those words -- not lovingly, not protectively, but with a hard, inflexible sense of possession. There had been almost a note of warning in his voice as he'd whispered the words.

Her chin jutted fiercely as she scowled out at the moon-shadowed mountains. *Oh yeah? We'll just see about that.*

Sinking down against the outer wall of the castle, Lara wrapped her arms around her knees and grimly set herself to wait for morning.

* * *

Zendar, looking even more haggard and bleary-eyed than she felt, was stretched full-length in the sleeping pit when she slammed open the door of their bedchamber. He sat up quickly as she came into the room. "Lara..."

Stalking past him, letting her torn dress gape open like an accusation, she opened a chest and began digging out fresh clothes. Zendar dragged a hand through his hair, and pushed himself to his feet. Before he'd come more than three steps toward her, Lara held up a forbidding hand. "Don't even."

"Lara..." Zendar stopped cold, his massive shoulders tight with tension. She could see him warring with the desire to simply reach out and grab her. *Go ahead, bastard*, she hissed silently. *Go ahead, and it'll be the last time you ever touch me.*

Instead, he let out a long, harsh breath and sank wearily to a seat on the rim of the sleeping pit, his elbows propped on his knees, his large, heavy hands knotted together. "Lara, I didn't mean to frighten you last night --"

"You didn't," she shot back and turned away curtly, dragging a sleeveless white tunic over her head. As she pulled it down, she saw that his jaw had bunched at the interruption, and he took another deep breath before trying again.

"Anger you, then. Lara, it's not that I don't trust you..."

"Oh?" Searching deeper in the chest, she found her old blue jeans, yanking them on almost as a gesture of defiance, a tangible reminder that she was *not* just some dragon female he could boss around as he liked. "Seems to me like that's *exactly* what it is."

"Damn it, Lara!" He slammed one fist down on the marble floor. "Will you listen to me?"

Propping her hands on her hips, Lara glared at him. It made her even angrier that he looked so damn appealing, his thick golden hair, mussed with sleep, tumbling over his broad, bronzed shoulders. "Fine. Go ahead."

"Lara, you're still in *khef*."

He met her gaze unflinchingly, but with an odd masculine discomfort that reminded her sharply of human men on Earth when discussing a woman's period. The reminder only increased her annoyance. "And you think, just because of that, I'm going to run off and fuck every dragon I see? Zendar, it is *nothing* like it was at first."

"I know that."

And he did, too, damn him. He'd *counted* on the first maddened frenzy of *khef* to force her into mating with him -- and it had almost worked. *Almost*. A distinction which she was sorely tempted to point out to him.

"Then if you know that..." She trailed off, studying him. "So it *is* Dravidian. You sure don't mind my being alone with Darrek or Rand."

"No! No, it's not that at all."

Lara laughed bitterly. "Want to bet?" She turned away from him, too angry to look at him any longer. "But you know what, Zendar? It's *your* problem, not mine. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a flying lesson."

Zendar stared helplessly as the door slammed behind her. She was right, of course -- she'd been alone countless times with Darrek and Rand since their marriage, even in dragon form, and it hadn't bothered him a bit. But neither Darrek nor Rand brought that excited flush to her cheeks, that particular sparkle to her eyes... and neither Darrek nor Rand were a tall, quiet, silver-haired dragon with eyes as deep and luminous as polished amethyst. Eyes that could hold even *him* spellbound across a room...

Zendar swore and flung a cushion across the sleeping pit. He couldn't pursue her, much as everything in him demanded he do exactly that -- go after her, drag her back into his bed, keep her away from Dravidian whatever it took.

He'd already tried that, after all.

Looking back at his behavior of the night before, Zendar nearly blushed with shame. Why hadn't he simply told her, calmly and rationally, what his concerns were?

Instead he'd practically assaulted her, making love to her with a cold fury he'd thought long banished from his heart.

But it had been more than fury, hadn't it? Whether the impetus was jealousy or some other emotion, he'd been more aroused than he'd ever been in his life, his entire body burning with the need to take her, to *fuck* her. Even now his cock was stiffening against his thigh, rising up slowly to brush against his belly as he tried desperately not to picture the two of them together, gold against blue, Dravidian's lean, glistening form hovering over Lara's, lowering himself down, plunging inside her...

Drawing in a gasp that was painfully close to a sob, Zendar sank down onto the cushions, his hand wrapping around his rigid, aching cock. Closing his eyes, he let his head drop back, fighting against the images tumbling through his mind. Dravidian's full, soft mouth closing around Lara's pink, tight nipple and sucking as her fingers tangled in his long, silver hair... Those powerful flanks tightening as he thrust into her, over and over, his violet gaze burning down into hers as her lips parted in silent desire... His long, lean body entwined with hers in dragon form, skin against skin, his balls swelling with come even as Zendar's swelled now under his harsh, fast strokes.

Sobbing, he looked down at his cock gripped in his hand, so engorged it was nearly purple. A first drop of liquid glimmered, slipping free of the slit to trickle down over the thick, meaty head. Staring at it, Zendar squeezed tighter and pumped his fist up and down, seeking an end to the images, an end to the torment.

His groin ached with fire. He reached down, cupping his balls even as they contracted. A hot, painful rapture seared through his gut and his cock flexed in his grip, spurting thick jets of milky fluid up over his chest, slicking his fingers as he tugged faster, harder, trying to drag the agony inside him out by the very root -- but as he closed his eyes again, arching his back as his orgasm shook him, it was Dravidian's deep, mysterious gaze that held him, that small, quizzical smile curving his lips.

Chapter Four

Damn it! Lara fumbled in the air, losing altitude. Her concentration shattered, and whatever tenuous connection she thought she'd felt to the Dragon Winds faded from her mind. With a fierce, angry downstroke of her gleaming golden wings, she shot upward, beating her way back up toward the lithe blue dragon who hovered seemingly effortlessly, his enormous wings barely moving as he glided high over the jagged northern mountains.

You try too hard, Dravidian said, his deep, smooth mind-voice sounding in her head like a gong.

I am not trying too hard! It's just not there!

The Dragons Winds are always there, Elara. There was a faintly chiding note in his tone, and Lara gnashed her teeth in frustration.

Why was this so difficult? When she'd sat on the throne of Wind Castle, she hadn't had to fight half this hard to summon the Winds to her. Now, try as she might, she could feel barely a tickle at the back of her brain, a teasing, taunting shadow of the waves of power that had poured through her...

There! She reached for it, spreading her great golden wings, cupping the air -- and found nothing.

With a screech of rage, she threw her head back, glaring up at the shimmering dragon who soared above her, blue and lithe against the cerulean sky.

I can't do it, Dravidian!

You can, he answered, his mental tone as calm as always, making her want to slash at him with her talons, shred that infuriating, unearthly self-possession. Was there *nothing* he reacted to? She wanted to shriek at him, pierce that distant, self-contained

coolness, do *anything* to make him feel some small shred of the frustration roiling through her.

Instead, she folded her wings and plummeted earthward, dropping like a stone toward the jagged peaks below. At the last moment she unfurled her wings, checking her speed as she landed gracelessly, her talons scraping against stone. Swearing silently, Lara let go of her dragon shape and dropped to a seat at the very edge of the cliff she'd landed on.

The mountains fell away before her, dropping down in peaks and valleys. The air was clear and brisk, playing lightly through her hair as she scowled, her shoulders hunched, her gaze fixed on the horizon. Far in the distance the wide central plains of Djarera shimmered, gold and green, and from the corner of her eye she could see the blue dragon above her angling easily down in graceful circles, landing beside her so lightly the pebbles on the cliff barely shifted beneath his claws.

Of course he doesn't have any problem, Lara thought, half resentfully and half admiringly. *If there was ever a dragon made for the air, Dravidian's it.*

He was by far and away the most beautiful dragon she'd ever seen. His wings, enormous and translucent, seemed made of silk or gossamer rather than the stretched, membranous hide the other dragon clans had. His scales glittered in the sunlight like gemstones, giving off glints of sapphire and amethyst and even occasional flashes of emerald. His strange violet eyes gleamed down at her, and she turned away sulkily from their luminous gaze.

"Look, I tried, okay?"

Without answering, Dravidian lifted his long, serpentine neck toward the sky and shifted shape. Scowling, Lara scooped up a loose pebble and sent it spinning out into the empty air before her, listening to it clatter down the side of the high peak as Dravidian came and sat beside her.

"Why is it so hard, Dravidian? It wasn't anything like this hard when I followed Zendar."

"Yes. I know."

She glanced up at his strong, handsome profile. His face was as still as ever, his gaze searching the horizon. "That is what Wind Castle was built for," he continued. "It is designed to gather the Winds' energies, to focus them. This is different."

Lara shifted awkwardly, uncomfortably aware of the tall, graceful man beside her, his soft, straight hair falling like skeins of spun silver over his shoulders and halfway down his back. It bothered her that she felt so self-conscious with him -- she hadn't yesterday. Damn Zendar and his stupid, baseless accusations!

Annoyed, she shook her head sharply, trying to drive away her thoughts. "Yeah. I *know* it's different. Why?"

Dravidian took a deep breath, pondering. Lara couldn't help noticing the way his chest expanded beneath his tunic, the hard, sharply defined muscles showing clearly through the soft fabric. "You think of the Dragon Winds as if they were the same as the winds of Djarera," he said finally. "They're not. Oh, the principles are the same -- wind, after all, is no more than particles of gases, spun into motion by the rotation of the earth. Kinetic energy..." He trailed off as Lara nodded. "You know the concept?"

"I went to college," Lara replied tartly.

Dravidian smiled, glancing down at her. "You truly are the most surprising female, Elara Southerlin."

His violet gaze rested on her lightly and Lara, for as often as she'd looked at him, was caught again by the sheer, breathtaking beauty of him. His face was as pale and finely shaped as if carved of ivory, the bones beneath it strong but graceful. His wide, mobile mouth was set off by the cleft in his chiseled jaw, a jaw which angled up to high, broad cheekbones. But it was his eyes that held her, deep as a mountain pool, warm and luminous and utterly entrancing...

With an effort, she tore her gaze away, belatedly realizing her breath was hitching in her chest and her heartbeat, which she seldom noticed, felt labored and clumsy. She swallowed twice, trying to work some saliva back into her mouth.

You're not going to be alone with Dravidian. You are mine, Elara.

But she didn't desire him. She *didn't*! She was in love with Zendar. She didn't want anyone else!

Suddenly she wondered if her fury at Zendar's accusations had truly been because they were so baseless -- or because they were right. Gritting her jaw, she nearly growled, "Okay. Fine, kinetic energy. So how are the Dragon Winds different?"

Dravidian grinned at her ill humor, seemingly completely unaware of the effect he was having on her, for which she was grateful. "To the point, as ever. The Dragon Winds are subtler. Both smaller -- made up of particles so tiny we normally aren't even aware of them -- and as vast as the galaxy." He gestured gracefully, his strong, nimble fingers splayed wide toward the horizon, and Lara gasped.

"Quarks. You're talking about quarks."

Dravidian nodded. "Even 'empty' space is full of currents, tides of energy that ebb and flow between the stars, between solar systems, even through the very air around us. From the throne of Wind Castle, you can harness those currents, channel them. But out here... Out here you must learn to simply ride them." His voice softened as he continued, "They *are* there, Elara."

"So how do I learn to feel them?"

He gazed at her a moment, considering, and Lara felt the blood mounting to her cheeks again under his cool, steady gaze. Something -- not desire, *surely* not desire -- coiled in her gut, warm and heavy. "Move back and close your eyes," he said.

"What?"

"Close your eyes." Dravidian tilted his head, raising an eyebrow at her reluctance. The breeze ruffled his silver hair, blowing strands of it, straight and gleaming, across his face. Beneath them, his eyes gleamed at her, and for a second Lara had the unnerving sense that he could see right into her, could feel the tension in her body, the distracting warmth between her thighs...

Gritting her jaw, she scuttled back from the edge of the cliff and screwed her eyes shut. She heard Dravidian move behind her, settling so close she could feel the heat of

his body, warm and distinct in the cool mountain air, all along her back. She jumped as his hands touched her.

"Relax," he murmured, and began massaging her shoulders, his strong, deft fingers gliding over the taut cords in her neck, loosening them slowly.

"And what exactly is this supposed to accomplish?"

"Shh."

She *knew* what he was doing, damn it. She was so tensed up she probably would barely notice a hurricane, much less the subtle, unseen currents of the Dragon Winds. He was just trying to teach her, that was all. His touch had no other meaning to it, no importance. Biting her lip, Lara fought against the sensations his gentle caress stirred in her; ignored the silken slide of his hair across her skin as a puff of breeze tossed it against her arms...

"Relax," he whispered again, tugging her back against his chest. "Whatever you feel, do not fight it. Simply allow yourself to feel it, and let it go."

Slowly, slowly she relaxed under his ministrations, the tightness draining from her muscles until she slumped back against him. She was intimately aware of the firm, steady pulse of his heartbeat against her shoulder blades, the constant, deft motions of his fingers as he massaged her. A warm, pleasant pressure bloomed in her groin, an ache that deepened so slowly she was hardly aware of its progress. Following Dravidian's instructions, she let it flow through her, a reaction, nothing more. Nothing threatening, nothing alarming, nothing she had to act on...

Besides, there's nothing to suggest he wants you to, Lara.

Well, but that was good, wasn't it? She didn't *want* him to want her, after all.

Don't you?

All the tangled emotions of the night before welled through her, seeping from behind the wall of determination she'd erected before it. She couldn't pretend, even to herself, that she hadn't liked Zendar's overbearing possessiveness -- at least at first. There'd been something so overwhelming about the intensity of his desire, something

that had aroused her to a peak she'd never before experienced. The memory increased the tension in her groin, and she felt her nipples contract.

But along with that heady, confusing lust came a bewildered grief that had come near to snapping her heartstrings, even as she'd retreated into anger. *Why* had Zendar acted like that? For a moment, she'd truly believed he'd never loved her at all.

But he does. I know he does. He has to.

How could all the times they'd spent together have been a lie? How could he have held her so tenderly, so gently, if he didn't love her? A tear slid down her cheek, and she let it fall, feeling Dravidian's hands on her, slow and gentle, rubbing her back.

No. He *did* love her. She could remember the way Zendar had looked at her as she'd appeared on Neptha, following him into exile rather than lose him. The shining, surprised joy in those emerald eyes -- *that* hadn't been feigned!

Then why?

Dravidian's soft, comforting touch seemed to reach deep inside her, cupping her bruised heart. A moment later she was sobbing, tears spilling down her cheeks even as Dravidian's arms slid around her waist, cradling her as she cried.

She slumped against his shoulder, letting him hold her, his embrace a calm, solid bulwark against the welter of emotions roiling through her. Clinging to him, she sobbed, letting her grief and anger and bewilderment pour out of her. The memory of Dravidian's very neutrality -- the same neutrality that had so enraged her earlier -- was a comfort.

But when at last she lifted her head, wiping away the tears that had finally spent themselves, Dravidian avoided her gaze.

He stroked her hair lightly, his eyes turned toward the horizon. For a moment they sat like that, silent in the cool, clear morning. Then he nudged her gently upright until she sat cross-legged, surrounded on all sides by the crisp mountain air. "Now close your eyes again," he whispered. "And feel. Just feel."

Lara sat quietly as she felt him move away from her. Shutting her eyes, she let herself become aware of every inch of her skin, of the soft shift and play of breezes

against her bare arms. Something tickled at her awareness -- not the elusive Dragon Winds, no. Something closer. Warmer.

"I'm going to touch your arm in a moment." Dravidian's low murmur was as soft as the air, not breaking her concentration. "Tell me when you feel it."

His words sent an electric tingle through her, and her skin, already sensitive, seemed to become aware of every tiny, shifting impression -- the air, cooler for a moment as a cloud passed over the sun. A whisper of sensation -- had he just brushed her cheek?

No. Maybe. She couldn't tell.

Then, unmistakably, she felt the feather-light touch of his hand on her forearm where it rested across her crossed legs. "Now," she said.

"Open your eyes."

The world sprang back up around her as if fresh-made -- clear blue sky, green, towering mountains... and Dravidian kneeling before her, his hand poised a good five inches above her arm. Lara gaped at it. "But... You weren't... Didn't you...?"

He shook his head, smiling gently. "Not even close." He dropped his hand to her forearm, stroking it lightly.

"But how could I..."

"How can you feel when someone is looking at you, even when you're not looking at them?"

"I don't..."

"But you can, can't you?"

"Yes, but..."

"How do you know when someone has walked into a room?" Dravidian asked, not giving her time to think or answer. His voice was low, hypnotic. His luminous gaze bored into hers. "How is it your body knows, before you've even turned around, if it is someone you love? Someone you desire?"

"I don't..." Lara realized she was almost panting, her lips slightly parted. Dropping her gaze, she stared at his hand stroking her forearm, his strong, deft fingers

sliding down to glide against hers as lightly as the wind. Her skin tingled where he touched it, almost unbearably sensitive. "I don't know," she whispered.

"Your body does. When you are still. When you are listening to it. Then even the gentlest sensation..." his fingers, barely brushing her skin, drew shivers of fire across her nerve endings, "...can be almost overwhelming."

Yes. Oh, yes. Lara trembled, her entire body yearning toward Dravidian as it had once yearned toward the winds of Earth. Longing on a level so deep it was coded in her cells for its touch, its embrace -- even before she'd known she was a dragon, she had felt instinctively that she belonged in the wind's arms, just as she belonged in Dravidian's...

Looking up, she saw beneath the surface of his eyes the same hunger, the same deep yearning. His features were lax, clinging to their usual calm neutrality by sheer force of habit. But for the first time she noticed the slight tremble in his fingers as he touched her, the softness of his barely parted lips... They were tiny things, signs so small she might never have seen them.

And he'd meant her not to see them, Lara realized. He'd never intended to let her see the passion blazing beneath his cool, controlled surface. But she'd felt it anyway, hadn't she? Yes, and returned it -- wordlessly, unconsciously. The blood mounted to her cheeks as she remembered how she'd looped her arm through his at the reception, how she'd taken his hand as if she had a right to and practically dragged him out of the throne room -- for his sake? Or her own? Had she *really* merely wanted to give him a rest from the throngs of gathered dragons -- or was it, in fact, that she'd wanted him alone?

Zendar had known -- of *course* Zendar had known. The same way she and Dravidian both had, on a level so deep it didn't need words. But even jealousy didn't fully explain the violence of his reaction.

She couldn't think about that now. Not now, with Dravidian kneeling before her, his silver hair twisting in an errant breeze, his eyes gazing into hers with a hungry yearning he'd never meant to let himself show...

And the answering ache inside her pulled her forward, drawing her to him until her hands tangled in his hair, her fingers twining through the silken silver strands as their lips brushed together in a kiss that was like the touch of wind.

Dravidian froze, his eyes wide and startled, holding himself still as if afraid he'd frighten her into flight with the slightest movement. She stared at him, panting, her heart laboring so loudly she was sure he could hear it. Dropping her hand to his smooth, broad chest, she pushed the fabric of his tunic aside to feel Dravidian's heart thundering as hard as hers. He jerked at her touch, tossing his head back, the muscles in his throat working as he swallowed.

"Lara," he whispered, hanging lax under her touch, his head thrown back. The desire inside her flared up, pounding along her veins. Unable to help herself, she leaned forward and trailed her lips lightly down the side of that long, exposed throat.

Dravidian groaned, his hand coming up to cover hers where it rested lightly against his pecs, pressing her palm flat against his smooth, velvety skin. His eyes held hers like a warning or a promise. Then he bent his head, his silver hair falling around her face like a waterfall, and let go of her hand to cup her chin instead, lifting it toward him as he claimed her mouth in a deep, intoxicating kiss.

She couldn't breathe. Her head whirled. Saliva flooded her mouth as Dravidian's tongue slipped between her lips, exploring. She moaned as their tongues brushed against each other and pressed herself closer, her breasts pressing against his chest as his arms slid around her waist, tugging her to her knees as he rose to his own.

Kneeling like supplicants with their bodies pressed together at thigh and hip and shoulders, they clung to each other, lips and tongues touching, tasting, both gentle and desperate as if they could never get enough. His cock, hard and throbbing, jutted against her belly, pulsing through the fabric of his trousers. Her nipples ached, and she pressed her breasts tighter against his chest, leaning into him with a hunger that roared through her like a hurricane, holding her gasping and helpless in its overwhelming embrace.

"Please, Dravidian," she whispered, barely aware she was speaking at all. "Oh, please..."

He groaned in response, a deep, guttural sigh dragged from the very root of his being, and dragged her tighter against him, releasing her lips to cradle her head against his chest, his arms wrapped around her so fiercely she couldn't imagine him ever letting go. His heart pounded beneath her cheekbone, and his entire body trembled with the force of his desire as she slid one hand slowly down over the hard plane of his stomach, until her fingers found and curved around his throbbing shaft.

She caressed it, listening to his breathing deepen, growing more ragged as her hand worked over that warm, pulsing ridge, rubbing it through the soft cloth of his trousers. It flexed beneath her fingers, straining up toward her, and a small spot of wetness appeared, soaking through the fabric.

She couldn't wait any longer. She *had* to see it. Working at the ties, she loosened them and slid his pants down over his lean, muscled hips.

His cock sprang out to greet her, hard as iron. It was longer even than Zendar's, though not as thick -- but the head of it stood out like a helmet, shiny and full. Closing her fingers around Dravidian's shaft, she slid her fist upward until her hand was just below that thick, meaty tip. It protruded out farther than any man's she'd ever seen, and she couldn't help but imagine it inside her -- the way the rim of his cockhead would drag against her inner walls as he thrust and pulled back...

A fresh gush of wetness soaked her cunt at the image, and she gasped, yanking her gaze from his cock to stare up at him.

His head was thrown back, his neck arched, his eyes closed, every ounce of his awareness centered in the sensation of her hand moving over him. He seemed to sense her scrutiny, for he opened his eyes and looked down at her, his gaze smoky with lust. Then he covered her hand with his own, his warm fingers cupping hers as she squeezed his cock, and slid it up and down his shaft. He stared down, panting, watching her fingers work over him, and Lara, sensing the frenzy building inside him, felt her own building as well.

His jaw was gritted, his entire body arching into her touch. How long before that self-control snapped and he tumbled her down, spreading her thighs as he pushed that thick, bulbous cockhead into her cunt? She quivered, picturing it, imagining his silver hair falling down around her as he rode her, his cock pounding in and out of her like a club. Her clit blazed with fire, longing to be touched, to be fondled. Her whole body practically glowed with lust, feeling powerful, indomitable, undeniable...

"No," Lara whispered, even as she felt her body shudder, trying to shift. "Oh, no!" Horrified, she jerked herself back, yanking herself from Dravidian's arms, his face suddenly not impassive at all as she stumbled blindly to her feet and spun away. She heard him shout behind her -- something, she couldn't hear the words, couldn't *let* herself hear them as her blood roared in her ears and desire beat along her veins, undeniable and demanding. It tugged at her, pulling her into dragon shape even as she threw herself from the high narrow cliff, tumbling through the clear, empty air. Spreading her wings, she shrieked once and arrowed upward, seeing Dravidian far, far below her, his features lost in the distance, his hair blowing in the wind as he watched her go.

Chapter Five

The sun was nearly setting before Zendar, ceaselessly scanning the sky, saw Dravidian winging back toward Wind Castle alone. Zendar searched the air behind the blue dragon, searching for a familiar flash of gold, but there was nothing.

The nervous energy that had kept him on his feet all day, pacing the outer corridors of Wind Castle and staring out every arch and window, contracted inside him into something hot and hard. He slammed out of his room and stalked down the hallway, thrusting open the door of Dravidian's room just as the blue Astraea landed on the ledge outside and shifted form.

"Where is she?" Zendar demanded. "Where's my wife?"

He hardly noticed the way Dravidian's shoulders slumped, or the bleakness in the other man's eyes as Dravidian turned to face him. "I don't know."

"You don't *know*?" Zendar's hands balled into fists at his sides, and he fought back an urge to swing at the tall, quiet man.

Dravidian shrugged. "I don't know. She left me. She flew off."

Something in his manner finally caught Zendar's attention. He narrowed his eyes. "Why? Why would she leave you? What did you do to her, damn it?"

"Nothing. I... I should go." Dravidian turned back toward the high archway he'd entered through, but Zendar moved immediately to block his path.

"You're not going anywhere, Astraea. Not until I know what you did to my wife."

Dravidian raised his head, and at last Zendar saw an answering flash of emotion in those damned violet eyes -- but before he could be sure what it was, Dravidian had turned away. He stood near the arch, gazing at the rolling mountains outside, tipped now with crimson by the setting sun.

Zendar seethed silently, watching him. He was so *handsome*, the bastard! He'd slept with Lara -- of course he had. How could any woman, much less one still in *khef*, say no to him? And now he stood there, so cool, so distant... It was all Zendar could do not to grab him and force him to look at him. His entire body ached with the desire to pound a fist through that serenely arrogant composure.

Only Dravidian *wasn't* composed, Zendar realized suddenly. Looking closer, he saw for the first time the dark circles under Dravidian's eyes, the tension that tugged at the corners of his mouth. He gazed at the setting sun, his face haunted, his violet eyes full of reflected fire. When he spoke, his voice was so low that at first Zendar almost didn't catch his words.

"It is different with us, you see. We keep so much more inside." He laughed, a low, unhappy sound. "Whereas you broadcast everything -- your loves, your hatreds... You are so generous with your passions, you Djarerans."

Dravidian glanced down at his hands a moment, then raised his head to look directly at Zendar. "I watched you, you know. That day on Neptha. The way you made love... It amazed me. You were so full of passion, so *alive*..."

His eyes, deep as the midnight sky, were enormous and compelling in his pale, drawn face. Scowling, Zendar looked away, almost panting, his entire body rigid with a tension he could barely name.

"I wanted that, Zendar," Dravidian admitted softly. "I wanted it. The way you held each other as if nothing else in the entire universe mattered... I didn't understand then about life-mates. I didn't know -- the Astraea don't mate that way. All I knew was I wanted to be a part of that. To share it. She was so beautiful, almost radiant with passion. And you..."

Zendar jerked his gaze back to Dravidian's face just as the Astraea looked away. "And I what?" he demanded. Dravidian didn't answer.

Fury welled up inside Zendar and he stalked forward, grabbing Dravidian's arm and spinning him to face him. The Astraea's eyes were filled with shadows, dark and unreadable. "And I what?" Zendar demanded again.

"And you," Dravidian whispered simply, his hands hanging, lax and helpless, at his sides.

A bolt of shock tore through Zendar from the heels of his feet straight up his spine. He froze, staring at this tall, impossibly beautiful man who stood before him, his eyes hiding nothing, nothing at all.

Dravidian wanted him. *Wanted* him. Something hard and clenched deep in his heart unfolded, and a harsh, low sob tore from Zendar's lips as he reached out blindly, dragging Dravidian to him. Jealous, yes -- he had been jealous. So jealous he had been choking with it, Zendar realized as the Astraea's lips, warm and welcoming, parted under his rough assault. Briefly, he remembered the images that had haunted him as he'd masturbated that morning -- Dravidian's full, soft mouth on Lara's breasts, Dravidian's long body covering hers, his lean hips thrusting, Dravidian's eyes, watching him from across a crowded room...

Dravidian. Always Dravidian.

"Dravidian," Zendar whispered, the sound almost a growl. And Dravidian whispered back, his strong hands curling around Zendar's biceps, "Yes."

Then Dravidian's tongue brushed against his, and all thought, all speech, fled entirely.

Zendar had never truly understood the attraction between Darrek and Rand. Oh, he hadn't minded it -- not after a while, at least. In fact there'd been times when the sight of them together, locked in an embrace, had fascinated him. The one time they'd made love to Lara, all three of them, Zendar had barely been able to drag his gaze away from the sight of Darrek on his knees, wrapping his mouth around Rand's thick cock.

But he'd never imagined what it would feel like to kiss another man, chest against broad, muscled chest, hips against hips, his erection rubbing against the hard bulge in Dravidian's own trousers...

Zendar groaned, pistoning his hips forward, working his cock back and forth against that long, throbbing ridge. Driving his hands deep in Dravidian's long hair, he gathered the silken heaviness of it between his fingers, fisting them as he dragged

Dravidian's mouth tighter against his own, ramming his tongue deep between Dravidian's lips even as Dravidian's tongue thrust against it.

Panting, muscles flexing as they pulled at each other, grinding their cocks together, they kissed until Zendar's head spun with fire and he found himself tugging frantically at the ties of Dravidian's trousers. They loosened finally, and a hot, greedy lust pounded through Zendar's groin as he reached at last for Dravidian's hard, upthrust cock.

"Wait," Dravidian whispered urgently, grabbing his wrists. "Zendar, wait..."

He couldn't wait. He'd been waiting all day. Yanking his arms free of Dravidian's grasp, he sank to his knees, tugging Dravidian's trousers down with him. Dravidian's cock sprung free, jutting proudly before him, and Zendar thrust his head forward, trapping it in his mouth.

Dravidian groaned hoarsely above him, his knees buckling slightly as Zendar took him deeper, straining to encompass every inch of that hot, luscious cock. He couldn't do it. He couldn't even take half of it. It felt so strange, foreign and yet utterly delectable, filling his mouth with a warm, salty slickness as Dravidian's balls pulsed, leaking a first spurt of precome into his mouth. Zendar swallowed hungrily, reveling in Dravidian's harsh gasp as his mouth tightened around his shaft. He'd never done this before, but glancing up at Dravidian's lax face, his violet eyes half-closed in lust, Zendar suspected he must be doing something right.

Experimentally, he drew back, trailing his lips along Dravidian's cock. He could feel the veins in it throbbing against his tongue, and the thick rim of his cockhead gliding against the roof of his mouth. Wrapping one hand around the shaft, Zendar sucked that thick bulbous head greedily until Dravidian moaned deep in his throat, his hands sliding over Zendar's broad shoulders.

Reluctantly, Zendar let it pop from his lips, and pumped his hand up and down Dravidian's shaft as he studied the almost perfect roundness of his cockhead, the small, gaping slit in its tip and the clear salty fluid spilling from it. Leaning forward, Zendar cupped his free hand around Dravidian's balls, trailing his fingers through the downy,

almost colorless hair that furred them and feeling them pulse against his palm. He squeezed lightly, and Dravidian jerked spasmodically, his hips thrusting forward as a fresh spurt of seed welled from his slit. Delicately, Zendar trailed his tongue through it, and Dravidian's hands slid to his hair, wordlessly urging him to suck him again.

Opening his jaw wide, Zendar took him back in his mouth, feeling Dravidian's hands tangle in his hair. A gentle tug nudged him forward, then back, and Zendar relaxed into it, letting Dravidian guide him, direct him. Cupping his hands around Zendar's head, Dravidian glided his mouth up and down his shaft, the muscles in his forearms bunching, pressing against Zendar's cheekbones as he worked him back and forth, back and forth. His balls swelled in Zendar's grasp, distended with come, and Zendar massaged them gently, enjoying the tremors that ran through Dravidian's body.

He was fighting for control, Zendar knew, holding back by sheer will the orgasm Zendar could feel building in his groin. He *knew* those tremors, that look of blank concentration -- it was one more thing that had never occurred to him about being with a man, how easy it would be to read the signs of his arousal. Dravidian's balls tightened against the base of his groin, his cock thickening even further inside Zendar's mouth. Purposefully, Zendar slowed his strokes, dragging out the ecstasy shuddering along Dravidian's nerves.

But just as he braced himself to plunge forward again, the Astraean's hands fisted in his hair, holding him still. Looking up, Zendar saw Dravidian's handsome face knotted with concentration, his jaw muscles bunching as he fought to contain the agonizing bliss searing along his nerves, to hold it back. "Zendar," he growled between clenched teeth. The sound of it made Zendar's own balls pulse, and he realized his cock, so hard it jutted from his trousers, brushing his navel, had smeared a slick trail of precome across his abs. "Zendar, no. Stop. We have to... have to..."

Something clenched in Zendar's gut -- a terror he'd only felt once before in his life, when he'd been convinced Lara didn't want him. That unexpected fear spurred him on, and he thrust his head forward, ramming Dravidian's cock so deep in his mouth it almost choked him. He didn't care. He wanted Dravidian, wanted him with a

frenzy so deep it hurt. His balls ached with it. Blindly, he suckled, his tongue lashing along the underside of Dravidian's shaft as he pistoned his head forward and back, sucking him so hard, so desperately, that Dravidian couldn't have stopped him if he'd tried.

For a moment, he *did* try. His fingers knotted in Zendar's hair as he yanked his hips back, seeking to disentangle himself from Zendar's hot, working mouth. But Zendar reached out, sliding his hand between Dravidian's taut thighs to grab his ass, one finger pressing hard into the cleft between his cheeks. Dravidian gasped, and some wall inside him seemed to crumble. The hands fisted in Zendar's hair stopped shoving him away and instead clenched harder, dragging him roughly forward as Dravidian bucked, driving his cock so deep into Zendar's mouth it burned his throat and forced his jaws wide. Dravidian roared, his back arching, and a hot, heady triumph flooded through Zendar as he felt Dravidian's balls clench, sending his seed spurting into Zendar's mouth.

Panting heavily through his nostrils, Zendar sucked greedily. Suddenly Dravidian reeled back as if struck, his cock popping free of Zendar's mouth and his seed splashing in hot salty waves across Zendar's heavy features. Closing his eyes, Zendar gasped, overwhelmed by the sensation, until at last he opened them again and looked up to see a stark desperation in Dravidian's eyes.

Dravidian wasn't looking at him. His gaze was focused past him, at the doorway. Spinning, Zendar saw Lara poised there for a moment, frozen by shock. Then she was gone.

"Lara," he shouted. "Lara!" He staggered to his feet and lurched to the open door. Panting, he clung to the doorway, his mind still reeling and his cock, still hard, throbbing painfully against his groin.

But the hall outside was empty. He couldn't even hear the echo of her footsteps.

"We didn't make love, Zendar," Dravidian said softly behind him. He turned from the empty hall to find the handsome Astraea watching him with an expression of

mingled sympathy and regret. "That's what I was trying to tell you before. She left me rather than betray you."

"So instead, I betrayed her," Zendar muttered. He covered his face with his hands, pressing his temples as a wild, despairing grief welled up inside him. "And now she's left us both."

* * *

Lara pounded down the hallway, fleeing the image that was branded forever on her memory -- Zendar, her husband, her life-mate, on his knees before Dravidian, his face shining with exultation as Dravidian came in his mouth so hard his juices overflowed Zendar's lips. The way he'd closed his eyes as Dravidian pulled out abruptly, seeing her at last in the open doorway, his eyes widening in horror even as his cock spurted over Zendar's upturned face...

Lara sobbed as she slammed into her bedchamber and slumped back against the heavy wooden door. She hugged herself, her arms folded tightly over her breasts as she slid to the floor, shaking so hard she couldn't stand.

How could he? How *could* he? After the way he'd raged at her last night, treating her like a thing, a possession, demanding she stay away from Dravidian...

Stay away from Dravidian so that he wouldn't make love to you... or so that you wouldn't make love to him?

Lara's eyes widened in sudden comprehension, and she clapped her hands to her mouth, stifling her sobs. Hadn't she told herself, even at the time, that jealousy alone wasn't enough to explain Zendar's reactions? Yes. She had -- but she'd been so angry at his behavior she'd barely stopped to wonder at its cause.

She saw again the bliss in Zendar's face, the rapture which had suffused his stern, heavy features as Dravidian had climaxed in his mouth.

Poor Zendar. How bewildered *he* must have been, racked by a desire he'd have had even more trouble identifying -- much less acknowledging -- than she had. She remembered the blank incomprehension that had so often filled his eyes, watching

Darrek and Rand, the question darting behind his clear emerald eyes as he tried to puzzle out what the appeal was.

Well, Zendar, now you know.

Her gut wrenched, but what burst from between her fingers was a sharp, almost hysterical giggle. Her giggles spiraled upward, and she slumped to the floor, curled on her side as she howled with laughter, picturing his confusion. *Denial*, she thought between gasps, *thy name is Dravidian*.

Finally her laughter eased, and she lay on her back, panting, her gaze tracing the ceiling. She should have been angry, she supposed -- after all, *she'd* managed to tear herself away from Dravidian when she'd realized how close to losing control she was. Whatever else she'd done or hadn't done, she hadn't been unfaithful to her husband.

But she *had* been angry, Lara realized. She'd been furious when she saw them together. Furious... and aroused.

Lying there, she let herself replay opening Dravidian's door, intent on telling him that she couldn't see him anymore... only to find her life-mate on his knees before him, sucking his cock with an urgency that had made her clit throb.

She'd stood rooted in shock, drinking in every tiny detail -- the way Dravidian's fingers had fisted in Zendar's thick, golden hair; the ecstasy on Zendar's face as Dravidian had slowly, skillfully dragged his head back and forth, fucking his mouth; the way Dravidian's lashes dropped low over his lust-filled eyes as he gazed down at Zendar's heavy, handsome features...

Even now the memory sent an erotic jolt through her. She'd always loved watching Darrek and Rand together -- but the sight of her husband, her life-mate, devouring the gorgeous cock she'd hungered for just that morning, had transfixed her. Her mouth had gone dry even as her cunt soaked with juices. She'd swallowed repeatedly, unable to tear her gaze away, torn between rage and a lust that throbbed in her groin so fiercely she could barely breathe, barely think.

If Dravidian hadn't seen her, Lara realized, she might have stood there for hours, captivated, watching them. But his instantaneous look of guilt had reawakened her fury, and she'd fled, crying, leaving Zendar to think... what?

That I've left him, probably. That sobered her, and she was appalled at how close they'd come to precisely that, both of them struggling so hard to deny the desire of their hearts that they'd almost lost each other.

Well, she told herself firmly as she stood, looks like you're once again going to have to take the lead on this one, Lara. Suddenly, unexpectedly, she found herself grinning. *At least this time you don't have to force them to admit their attraction for one another.*

And for her. Remembering the way Dravidian had held her that afternoon, she couldn't possibly doubt how badly he wanted her -- and she knew, she'd always known, how Zendar felt about her.

Pulling open the door of her bedchamber, Lara strode up the hallway, feeling an anticipatory heat coiling low in her belly.

Chapter Six

Zendar sat on the hard stone floor, his head cradled on his folded arms. From time to time he heard Dravidian moving about, but he couldn't bring himself to so much as lift his head and look at him -- and the worst thing of all, if anything could be worse than losing Lara, was knowing that the mere sight of Dravidian was liable to reawaken the lust still throbbing, muted but unbanished, in his groin.

Feebly, he sought within himself to summon some anger against the tall Astraea. Maybe if he could blame Dravidian, he wouldn't feel quite so desolate -- but he couldn't do it. What, after all, had Dravidian really done? Had he *tried* to seduce Zendar? No. In fact, he'd tried to stop him. And Lara had stopped herself, refusing to be unfaithful.

The only one who hadn't stopped was him.

So who was to blame? Who had railed at Lara, showering her with unearned mistrust? Who had taken her in jealous anger, the lust beating along his veins as much for the quiet, self-contained man he'd dragged her away from as for his wedded life-mate? Who had virtually forced Dravidian into orgasm, overriding the Astraea's reluctance?

Zendar's lips twisted in a silent grimace of self-disgust. He knew the answer.

He didn't move when he heard the heavy door swing softly open. It didn't matter -- Lara had left him. And now Dravidian was leaving him too.

Maybe they'll comfort each other, he thought woodenly, unable to feel any anger at the possibility. They deserved comfort, after all -- it wasn't they who had betrayed him, but he who had betrayed them. And he deserved to be abandoned.

"Zendar."

Perhaps one day, he'd be able to go to them, ask their forgiveness. Perhaps in time Lara would be able to look at him again without the wide-eyed horror with which

she'd stared at him, on his knees, his cheeks and lips smeared with Dravidian's come. Maybe some day...

"Zendar!"

Jerking his head up, Zendar stared, bewildered, at his wife. Her keen gray eyes rested on him gently, far more gently than he could ever deserve. Soft, warm light filled the room -- Dravidian must have lit a lamp at some point. But at this moment Zendar had no thought to spare for him, no attention for anyone but Lara. Her lips curved in a small, sad smile. "Oh, Zendar," she murmured. "Have you been sitting here beating yourself up this whole time?"

Beating himself up? No. Facing a few home truths about his own behavior, maybe...

Lara sank down beside him, wrapping her arms around her jeans-clad knees. He'd never told her, but he found her adorable in the strange human garb she'd brought with her from Earth. But why was she sitting beside him? How could she possibly reach out so tenderly, taking his hand in her own, their fingers lacing together with the habitual ease of marriage? How could she --

"Zendar, look at me."

He raised his head slowly, feeling harsh and repulsive next to her slim gentleness and Dravidian's lean grace.

"Zendar, it isn't your fault."

Yes it is, he started to say -- but as soon as he opened his lips, Lara laid a soft hand across them, stilling his words. She looked over at Dravidian. Zendar, following the direction of her gaze, saw a sudden flash of something -- hope, maybe -- in Dravidian's eyes. She nodded slightly, and Zendar was puzzled at the way Dravidian's body relaxed in sudden relief.

What was there to be relieved about? He'd betrayed his wife. He'd practically raped her.

Yes, but I liked it, Zendar. Lara's mind-voice, soft and reassuring, slipped into his thoughts. *I like the way Dravidian makes you feel.*

He glanced at her, startled, and Lara smiled impishly. *I like the way he makes me feel, too. Dravidian, take off your shirt.*

The command was so unexpected Zendar couldn't quite bring himself to comprehend it -- not, at least, until Dravidian complied, pulling his tunic off over his head, his long, silver hair tumbling back down around his face. Zendar couldn't help staring at the white, chiseled perfection of his torso, the taut, distinct muscles that rippled as Dravidian tossed the shirt into a corner. His trousers, still loosened, bagged around his lean hips, and Zendar swallowed, following the line of silvery curls that ran from beneath Dravidian's navel down the flat of his stomach. His own cock twitched, still half-hard, thickening inside his pants as Dravidian came toward him and extended a hand.

Bewildered, Zendar let himself be pulled to his feet and led down into the sleeping pit, Lara pushing him playfully from behind. Then she unceremoniously shed her clothes and stretched out about eight feet from them, sprawling on the cushions with her chin propped in her hands. She looked so childlike, lying like that, flat on her belly with her legs crossed in the air behind her, that Zendar almost felt a smile tug at his lips.

Now, she told both of them, let's try this again. Dravidian?

Dravidian stared at her, his gaze seeming to drink her in like wine. Zendar watched his Adam's apple bob as he swallowed. Then he nodded and turned to Zendar, and it was Zendar's turn to swallow nervously as Dravidian's head bent toward his.

It's all right, Lara murmured, and Zendar was shocked to hear a low, lazy trill of arousal in her thoughts. It's all right, Zendar. Let it happen.

He closed his eyes as Dravidian's lips brushed against his, whisper-light. Frightened by the way his cock sprang immediately to attention, he jerked back -- but Dravidian slid a hand around his neck, cupping the back of his head, and kissed him determinedly. As Dravidian nibbled at his lips, working his tongue between them in deep, slow, exploratory lashes, Zendar felt what little self-control he had left crumbling

to dust, evaporating beneath Dravidian's gentle assault. He groaned, sliding his hands up Dravidian's arms, feeling the hard, wiry muscles beneath his velvety skin.

This time, there was no tunic to pull aside, nothing between his seeking hands and Dravidian's warm flesh but his own awkwardness. He ran his hands over Dravidian's chest, tracing the curve of his collarbones, the swell of his pecs, the solid arch of his rib cage...

Yes, he heard Lara whisper in his mind -- and this time there was no doubting the lust in her tone. Dravidian, help him.

Zendar stiffened as Dravidian's long, agile fingers tugged the tie of his trousers loose. They slid low on his hips, letting his cock spring free. He made an abortive motion to draw away -- but already Dravidian was peeling his tunic off, pulling it over his head. Zendar's hair hung in his eyes, and he shook it back to see Dravidian standing before him, naked to the waist, his cock, like Zendar's own, jutting from the pants which had slid even lower, revealing the line of his hipbones, the upper curve of his ass.

Now touch him, Dravidian. Make him so hard he can't help himself.

I'm already so hard I can't help myself, Zendar thought, watching his cock flex and jerk, anticipating Dravidian's touch. Then Dravidian's fingers closed around his shaft, and Zendar groaned.

Yes, Lara whispered again. Oh, my beloveds, yes.

Holding Zendar's cock firmly, Dravidian closed his other hand around his own, angling them both until the tips just brushed against each other. Precome was spilling from Dravidian's slit as freely as it welled from Zendar's own, and their cockheads glided against each other, sliding easily on that slickness.

Zendar panted, staring down at Dravidian's plum-like cockhead rubbing back and forth across his own. Slowly, holding his shaft, Dravidian worked his cock in a circle around Zendar's, then thrust against him so that their tips mashed together, agonizingly hard. Groaning, Zendar reached for him, cupping Dravidian's jaw as he raised his mouth again to his full, soft lips. As their bodies moved together, Dravidian

wrapped his long fingers around both their shafts, squeezing them tight, dragging his fist up and down their straining lengths.

Zendar's knees buckled, and the wave of heat he felt from Lara's mind made him whimper in need, which shocked him. He never whimpered. He never lost control. He was Zendar Westron, damn it, not Rand Aureora to revel in being used by another man!

As he reached down, shoving Dravidian's hand to one side so he could close his fist around the Astraea's long, throbbing shaft, he felt Lara's smile bloom in his mind like sunlight.

Winds! She'd never been so horny in her *life!*

Lara squirmed, her clit throbbing, her pussy lips swollen in arousal. Dampness trickled from between them, tickling, and she wriggled her hips, pressing her engorged clit against the cushion beneath her in time with Zendar's and Dravidian's strokes.

The sight of the two of them masturbating each other was almost more than she could stand. She reveled in the sound of their harsh breathing, in the way the muscles of their forearms bunched, tugging desperately at the other's cock. Their faces were lax, their jaws gaping slightly, their eyes heavy-lidded with lust. Zendar rocked his hips forward, rubbing his full, heavy balls back and forth across Dravidian's, and Dravidian gasped, his hips bucking automatically in response.

The sight of those twin sacs, so distended with come the skin was stretched tight across them, was more than Lara could bear. "Come here," she growled, and rose onto her knees. They moved to stand before her, bashful again, their hands hanging loosely at their sides. Gripping their wrists, she wrapped their fingers around their own cocks this time, urging them up and down for a few strokes until Zendar's fingers tightened under hers, and Dravidian raked at his cock with an almost mindless hunger. Reaching beneath their pistoning hands, she cupped their balls, rolling them between her fingers - and feeling them jerk above her, spurred on even more by her caresses.

She squeezed their sacs lightly, marveling at their heaviness. Zendar's, so big they filled her palm, furred thickly with crisp golden hairs -- and Dravidian's, only slightly smaller, pulsing against her palm as his climax approached.

But she wanted more than that -- she wanted him inside her. Holding Dravidian's gaze, she leaned back, sprawling before him and spreading her thighs, watching the heat in his eyes flare upward as he stared down at her pink, sodden folds. Reaching down, she spread them open, and slid one finger inside her passage as she rubbed her clit with her other hand.

With a deep, animal groan and not so much as a glance at Zendar, Dravidian sank to his knees, pressing his cock downward with the heel of his hand until that marvelous cockhead rubbed against her cunt. Withdrawing her finger, Lara stroked it up the length of his shaft, spreading her juices across it, claiming it. Dravidian's eyes closed, and he swallowed again, his Adam's apple bobbing as he pressed his hips forward, working just the very tip of his cock inside her. Lara glanced at Zendar, wanting to see his reaction.

If she'd had any fears that his jealousy would resurface, they were immediately put to rest by the look in his eyes. His gaze was glued to her cunt, his pupils dilated, his hand savaging his shaft as he watched Dravidian push his cock, inch by inch, deeper into her waiting flesh.

"Kneel down, Zendar," Lara murmured, her fingers leaving her clit long enough to pat the cushion next to her. "Here beside me. I want you to have a *good* view."

His eyes, deepened to the green of lush, endless forests, widened as his gaze flicked to her face. Then, moaning, he dropped to his knees, his head bent and his golden hair hanging down around his face as he watched Dravidian's shaft spread her open.

Closing her eyes, Lara gave herself over to the sensation. Dravidian knelt between her legs, her thighs draped over his as inch by inch he worked his cock into her. She'd been right, Lara thought distantly. It *did* feel like a club. That huge, thick cockhead -- even thicker, she realized now, than Zendar's -- muscled slowly deeper. It

was the most intoxicating sensation, feeling the contrast between his tip forcing her passage wide with all the subtlety of a battering ram, and her muscles clenching around the narrower shaft, squeezing it tightly.

Zendar groaned and she looked up at him to find his gaze glued to her cunt, his hand freezing on his shaft as he squeezed it desperately, trying to contain the orgasm beating through his balls. Playfully, Lara slid her hands up her belly, drawing his focus with them. He groaned even deeper, clenching his drooling cockhead until it was purple as she rubbed her own breasts, lifting them toward him, then seized her nipples between thumb and forefinger and pinched them tight.

Her back arched at the jolt of mingled pleasure and pain that shot through her, and as she tilted her hips she felt Dravidian sink in to his limit, pressing into her so deep she could feel his balls mashed against her ass cheeks. He clamped one hand on her hip, holding her still, and cupped her mons with the other, his long, deft fingers gliding through her wetness and spreading it over her clit. He pressed his thumb down on it, and Lara gasped as a first, incipient tremble ran through her body, tightening her already erect nipples until they ached.

She closed her hands over her breasts, kneading them, and saw Zendar's jaw clench, his face flushed with arousal. His hand slid slowly back down his shaft, fondling his balls as his gaze darted back and forth between Dravidian's thumb rubbing her clit and her own fingers squeezing and rubbing her breasts.

"Come on them, Zendar," she panted hoarsely. "Come on them for me."

Emerald fire flashed in his eyes and he threw his head back, his golden hair tumbling down over his massive shoulders as he wrapped one hand around his balls, caressing their weight, and seized his shaft with the other, his hand flying up and down its length.

Dravidian, she saw, was having the same difficulty deciding what to watch. His attention darted from her hands kneading her breasts, pausing every so often to pinch her nipples, to Zendar's forearms working as he plunged his fist savagely up and down his shaft -- then dropping again to stare at his own hand, rubbing her clit harder now,

faster. With a deep, shuddering moan, he pulled his cock back out of her, and it was good -- it was better than good -- it was every bit as intoxicating as she had imagined. She could feel the engorged lip of his cockhead dragging at her inner walls as he tilted his hips back until he was barely inside her.

Then, with a low, agonized cry he plunged forward again, spearing her deep, deeper even than Zendar, and Lara saw stars burst inside her mind as he slammed home, the hard, rippled muscles of his abs tightening further as he strained forward, giving her every inch of it.

His thumb circled her clit rubbing it faster, faster, and Lara felt her heart thundering in her chest, the tension in her cunt as thick and heavy as a gathering storm. The veins stood out in Zendar's forearms as he pumped his hand up and down his shaft, squeezing it so hard Lara gasped aloud in wonder. Dravidian tossed his head back like a horse, his long silver mane tumbling around him, and with a harsh, guttural cry gave himself over to the yearning need inside him. He pounded into her, slamming his cock home, his thumb pressing and rubbing and teasing her clit until she was arching up to meet him, small, hungry mewls spilling from her throat as she tugged at her breasts until they throbbed.

Roaring, Zendar thrust his cock forward, and Lara stared through lust-glazed eyes as it jerked in his grasp, his balls tightening visibly against his groin, sending his seed spurting in long, glistening arcs to splash across her chest. Smiling, she spread his juices over her breasts, her fingers sliding easily through the slick, gleaming liquid as Zendar shot again and again, his entire face knotted in agonized bliss.

Seizing her nipples, Lara twisted them sharply just as Dravidian thumbed her clit, his cock hammering in and out of her. She gasped -- and that was all she had time for before the tension inside her splintered into a thousand points of bliss and the roar of her own pulse rang loud in her ears.

Then Dravidian arched against her. Slamming himself home, he hung there, quivering, giving himself over to the passion flowing back and forth between them. Letting his ingrained reticence crumble, he opened his mind utterly to theirs, letting

them feel his rapture as his seed flooded her cunt in wave after hot, endless wave and his heart, thundering in time with theirs, was sealed to them forever.

* * *

Hours later, or maybe only minutes, Zendar slumped down beside her, utterly spent. Looping his arms lazily around her waist, he turned his head long enough to kiss Dravidian when he sprawled, draped half across her belly, before raising his head long enough to claim their wife's lips in a sleepy, sated kiss.

Lying beneath them, her hands lazily stroking their soft, thick manes -- one silver, one gold, Lara smiled up at the ceiling, calculating how long it would be before she could wake them back up. Her mind fairly thrummed with ideas, and she grinned, sorting through them, trying to decide which one she wanted most to try next.

Sierra Dafoe

Sierra Dafoe released her first erotic romance with Changeling in May of 2006, and hasn't stopped since! Receiving three CAPA nominations in her first year of publishing, Sierra was named Best New Author of 2006 in the Love Romances Café annual reader's poll, and also won Best Fantasy Book of 2006 for Dragon's Heir.

Sierra lives in northern New Hampshire's White Mountains with her incredibly tolerant hubby, her thoroughly obnoxious cat, and her twelve-year-old puppy. Visit her at www.sierradafoe.com for free stories and monthly contests, and join her yahoogroup at http://groups.yahoo.com/The_Sierra_Club -- she loves hearing from her readers!