

A woman with long, flowing hair is shown from the waist up. Her skin is covered in intricate, shimmering scales, and she has large, translucent dragon wings. She is looking down and to the left. The background is a soft, ethereal blue and white, suggesting a misty or underwater environment.

SAVANNAH REARDON

DRAGON'S  
*Lust*

Dragon's Lust  
*by Savannah Reardon*

**Phaze**

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A fantasy erotic romance short by

SAVANNAH REARDON

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Bones littered the path leading up to the dark maw. While some were yellowed with age, others were disturbingly fresh. Various pieces of armor and weaponry lay upon the dirt—a few glinted in the sun, others showed rust from seasons of rain and snow. In the aftermath of such carnage, it surprised her to realize the only thing she smelled was the sweet aroma of blooming flowers.

Kiana approached the cave, her shield shaking in front of her body. As she drew closer to the entrance, a bright flash caught her eye. She dropped to the ground in front of a starburst shield. Dropping her own, she pulled it to her breast and cradled it gently. "Oh, Papa..." Tears ran down her cheeks as she acknowledged the fate she had long known. The shield's presence in the debris drove the knowledge deep into her soul.

The gentle breeze carried a sound to her ears, bringing her out of the grieving trance. Reverently, she laid her father's shield back upon the damp ground and took up her own. Anguish sliced through her heart as her gaze swept over the blue moon and silver-starred shields of her brothers upon the rocks near the cave's entrance.

Unnatural silence surrounded the cave. The only sounds she heard were the babbling of a nearby brook which had brought her out of her reverie and the crunching of bones beneath her feet. Even though birds perched within the branches of the trees, none sang as she approached the entrance.



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Her heart thudded as she trod around the bones lining the floor. Inky darkness met her eyes when she gazed inside. The spring sun didn't penetrate the lair, and a shiver raced down her spine. Heaviness pressed upon her, and she drew a shaky breath as she stepped further inside.

She heard a clicking sound and threw up her shield as a ring of fire curled around the room, licking over the earthy walls and lighting torches. A warm rush of wind buffeted Kiana and she struggled to remain upright. It wasn't until he spoke that she realized the wind was the sighing of the dragon.

"Another human." The deep voice rumbled so soft that it almost seemed Kiana heard it in her mind instead of her ears. "Do you creatures never tire of dying?"

Kiana didn't bother answering. She didn't think the monster would understand honor and vengeance. Instead, she held her sword in front of her and charged. As his tail knocked her to the side, she noticed his scales shone the color of the great ocean. *Wait, that's not right*, she thought before cursing herself for becoming distracted while death stared her in the face.

She scrambled to her feet, her movements hampered by the weight of her armaments. His tail swept her back onto the ground the minute she'd risen. All the false confidence she'd gained during the long winter spent training for this moment fled. Trying a different tactic, she rolled to the side, avoiding the next tail swipe before struggling to her feet. She heard the dragon draw a breath. Quickly, she pulled her shield in

front of her and set her body, blocking the fiery plume that shot from his snout.

The moment the hot trail subsided, Kiana sprang forward. The heavy sword glinted in the torchlight as she advanced on the beast. She focused so on her rush, she forgot about his tail. With one quick flick, her sword clattered across the stone floor. She scrambled after it, but the massive tail swung around and blocked her.

In desperation, she grabbed a torch from the niche in the wall and held it out. Booming laughter echoed loud in the chamber. "You think that's going to scare me?"

He drew a great breath and once again she braced herself. She thought about running, but knew she'd be cinders the moment she turned around.

It was only a matter of time before she lost the strength to protect herself from his flames. Out of frustration, she decided not to prolong matters. With a lunge, she threw the heavy shield, but the dragon merely swatted it away. With nothing left to throw, Kiana reached for her helmet. As he drew in a breath to fry her, she yanked it from her head and threw it.

Squeezing her eyes shut, she waited for the hot kiss of death. Instead, she heard a hissing sound and felt a scaly claw wrap around her body and lift her from the ground. "A female? They sent a female to fight me?"

"No one sent me," Kiana whispered as he brought her up to his face. His liquid silver eyes were mesmerizing and she shook her head violently to keep from losing her thoughts. "I came because you killed my father ... and my brothers."

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Kiana gasped in surprise when he set her gently back on the ground. "Go back to your mother."

Later, she realized if she had simply obeyed his command, she would have been free. Instead, she murmured, "My mother's dead."

She trembled as he bent forward and stared into her eyes. "That changes things entirely."

Kiana cowered in front of the great blue beast, waiting for the kiss of flames that would bring about her death. When his hot breath blew over her body, she flinched and whimpered softly. It took a moment for her to realize she still lived. She peeked between her clenched lids and saw the dragon watching her intently.

"What are you waiting for? Aren't you hungry?"

"I don't eat humans. You taste horrible."

"But ... the bones..." Kiana gestured towards the opening of the cave.

"I do have to defend myself. Very few humans who come to my lair give up and run away, no matter how gravely injured. The other animals of the forest take care of picking the bones clean."

"Then what are you going to do with me?"

"Even a dragon has needs, though I'm sure you only think of me as a primitive beast. I assure you, the race to which you belong is more barbaric than I could ever be." The tip of his tail rose and brushed the hair from her face. "I've made many trips to your village searching for a companion but found none that suited me. I never expected you to just show up." The pointed appendage slid down from her face to trace

the line of her collar bone before dipping into the valley of her bosom.

"Stop that." Kiana sucked in her breath and hunched her shoulders as if she could escape from the touch.

"You're in no position to be making demands. Life as you knew it no longer exists. Your purpose from this moment forth is to serve me."

"I will never serve you!"

"Would you rather die and join the bones outside? You came here expecting that possibility, I'm sure. Or else you are a fool. A moment ago, you cast your protection at me, thinking me a mindless animal who could not stop a thrown shield. But I am not the beast you sought. Tell me, now that you have time to think ... do you still seek death?" His tail wrapped around her dainty neck and squeezed firmly enough to restrict her breathing, emphasizing his point.

"N ... no..."

"I thought not."

He stretched a paw towards her and she shuddered. Her entire body stilled as a razor sharp claw trailed down the same narrow valley his tail had a moment before. This time, the intrusion did not stop when it reached the neck of her garment. "What are you doing?" she cried as he sliced through her shift.

"You have to be branded."

Terror sliced through her as her mind imagined a searing hot iron burning her skin.

The dragon noticed her trembling. "It's not what you think. Dragon saliva has mystical qualities. It affects human females

in an ... interesting way." As he spoke, he continued the removal of her clothing until it lay in scraps at her feet. Her pale skin shone in the torchlight.

Kiana wanted to run and hide from his searching gaze, but she knew the strong tail would stop her before she could take a step. She brought her arms up to shield her bareness, but dropped them before they reached their destination. She couldn't cover her entire body. Pride and defiance overcame modesty.

He lowered her to the earthy floor. She shivered as her skin made contact with the cool surface, and he nudged his snout between her legs.

"Mmm, human females always smell so delicious."

"Oh ... no..." she whimpered, the dragon's tongue slithering against the tight opening of her pussy. She tried to scramble backwards, but the dragon's tail curled around her shoulders deterred her. She stiffened as the long tongue pushed inside her. Warmth immediately flooded her, the heat centering in her pussy. She felt his tongue moving inside her, slowly lapping at the top wall. The swirling of his tongue wrought involuntary arousal. Tingles shot through her as he worked on her sweet spot, coaxing her juices to seep from her.

Instinctively, her hips rose from the floor and soft mewls tumbled from her lips. A maelstrom of foreign sensations radiated through her. She writhed as his tongue moved faster and faster within her. The tingling grew more insistent, her back arching off the floor as rapture rocked her. Even after his tongue withdrew, tremors raced through her body.

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Awareness returned to her and she realized she still felt throbbing heat.

"It won't go away," the dragon said. "It'll stay with you and grow. The only thing that alleviates it, even for a short time, is my seed. If you don't get it often, you'll go mad with desire. Nothing else will cool it. Not man's seed, not your own passionate release. It's the perfect way to ensure you never stray far from my side."

Kiana couldn't imagine how the delicious warmth filling her could ever drive her mad. It wouldn't be long before she discovered exactly what he meant.

\* \* \* \*

Kiana ran out the door after her brothers, her long raven locks flowing in the wind. "Emrak! Samor! Wait! You can't both go and leave me here alone." She stopped short in front of her brothers, who had turned at the sound of her plea.

Emrak, the eldest, playfully ruffled her hair. "Don't worry, wee one. That dragon is no match for Samor and me."

Annoyance flashed across her face. "I am not a wee one and haven't been for many moons now," she said as she jerked away from his hand. "Father said the same thing about that dragon, and he never returned home."

"Aye, but there was just one of him," Samor replied. "There be two of us. We will return bearing its golden head. Besides, you can take care of yourself."

"I can," she nodded, "but I cannot see to the farm alone." It was harvest time, and the fields were ripe for picking.

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Without the bounty of the dirt, Kiana and her family would not survive the coming harsh winter.

"We'll return before the full moon. There'll be plenty of time to bring in the crops."

Kiana crossed her arms and glared at her brothers. Someone had to slay the dragon, for he ruined many farmers' fields and crops, but it didn't have to be them. Foolish pride and a warped sense of vengeance for their father spurred them on the futile quest. "I'm as well equipped to fight a dragon as you two buffoons."

*Peals of laughter erupted from her brothers as they mounted their horses. "The day we let you fight a dragon is the day we're dead."*

Kiana awoke, startled. She was not in her bed at the farm. Soft fur caressed her bare skin. She started to lift her head to check her surroundings, only to be assaulted with exhaustion. Her eyes remained closed. This was greater than what she had endured in her training ... training for what she now remembered as her failed attack on the dragon. There was something else, a warmth ... but she couldn't remember. Her mind was fogged. As she felt herself drifting back into unconsciousness, her brothers' final words to her echoed in her memory. Everything had come to pass as she had feared it would. Darkness reclaimed her, and she dreamt no more that night.

\* \* \* \*

Kiana awoke the morning after her capture and rose from the bearskin rug to pad quietly down the stone corridor. As

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she walked down the massive hall, she noticed doors that had escaped her detection the night before when she staggered wearily to the room the dragon indicated. They looked too small for the dragon to pass through. Each door she tried was locked tight. She wondered what purpose they could possibly serve.

The dragon was nowhere in sight. She sat in front of the fire and ate heartily from a tin platter resting on heated rocks. After filling her stomach, she decided to explore the cave. Her wanderings found nothing exciting, only a few meandering passageways. Each passage held more of the locked doors, and Kiana wondered if the cave had previously been home to a human.

When the dragon still hadn't appeared after her foray into the stone dwelling, Kiana peeked outside. A sickening feeling crept over her when she realized her horse was missing. It took a few deep breaths to keep her breakfast from coming up. *Surely not?* She wiped sudden tears from her cheek. *Even he couldn't be that cruel.*

Listening carefully, Kiana stepped out of the cave. She heard only the sound of the small creatures living in the forest. This might be her only chance at escape. Disregarding her nakedness, she sprinted from the mouth of the cavern and took off down the path. It was a two-day ride back to her home. It would take twice that on foot. She didn't care. She was going home.

Kiana felt no after effects of the warmth which had filled her sex the night before. Convinced the tale about his saliva was just that, she pushed any thought of consequence from



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her mind. Mostly, she kept to the path, veering into the dense blanket of trees only once when she heard the approaching sound of horse's hooves. The rider flew by her, the colors of the King marking him as a courier. Kiana remained hidden until he passed. Her nakedness kept her from seeking out help.

When the sun shone high overhead, Kiana searched the area close to the path and found several bushes heavy with ripe red berries. Sitting upon the lush grass, she ate until she felt she would burst. Such a full stomach made her drowsy, so she lay down for a nap, confident the canopy of leaves would hide her from sight if the dragon flew overhead while she slept.

Images of the night before flooded her dreams. Pleasure-laden cries echoed through her mind as memories of his tongue sliding inside her ran like a river through her dream. As she reached climax, she woke suddenly. Her pussy felt swollen and hot. At first, she thought it only the effects of the dream. However, as she resumed walking, the warmth grew stronger.

"It's not real. It's just my imagination." Despite her denial, heat flamed in her pussy, which throbbed with hungry need. The day dragged on, the sun beating down upon her bare skin. Kiana barely noticed the kiss of sunlight upon her body as the blazing inferno within her pussy burned hotter than any fire she'd ever known. Her nipples hardened and ached as the pulsing of her sex shot tendrils of heat through her body.

Her hands strayed to her breasts, fingers worrying her nipples, pinching and pulling them. She stumbled on a rock

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and fell, her body lurching to the side and landing upon the floor of the forest. Instead of getting up, she curled into a ball and whimpered as need coursed through her. On instinct, her hand moved between her trembling thighs and vigorously rubbed her pussy lips.

Desire made them swollen and wet as her fingers delved between them. She cried out when she brushed against the hard button. She stroked it, remembering how she felt when the dragon used his tongue there. Her body shook as pleasure coursed through her, the aroused state of her pussy sending her crashing over the edge almost immediately.

Tears of frustration flowed down her sun-kissed cheeks as the fire in her pussy raged, the orgasm doing nothing to stem the tide of heat. The need for relief ruled her, and she continued pleasuring herself. The heat would not abate. Her thoughts grew incoherent, and her body eventually gave out in exhaustion after multiple explosions. Even in sleep, her fingers rubbed against her pussy.

In the dark of the night, Kiana was vaguely aware of the sound of hoof beats and mumbled unintelligibly as strong arms plucked her from the ground and laid her over the smooth back of a horse. She returned to fitful dreams as the fluid movements of the animal lulled her back to sleep.

\* \* \* \*

"You just had to test me, didn't you?" The booming voice carried an edge of irritation as it nudged against her consciousness, pushing her into wakefulness.

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She shot upward before remembering she was naked, and then scrambled to cover herself. As she drew a breath to reply, the throbbing heat in her pussy slammed into her awareness. Only a stammering sob came out of her mouth. The dragon sat on his haunches, the silver eyes studying her. "Do you believe me now, wee one? In your eyes I can see the scorching lust overwhelming your body. Even now you try in vain to quench the burning thirst."

Kiana's hand had once again taken up residence between her legs, stroking her clit.

"I know you can't help it, but it's pointless, my dear child. Nothing you can do will stop it. Only I can."

Fear mingled with desire as the massive beast lumbered towards her. "No, please ... you can't..." she mumbled. The memory of what he said would stop the burning tumbled through her mind. She couldn't comprehend the thought of the monster taking her in that way.

"Oh yes, I can," he hissed as his large snout bent down and his tongue slithered across her lips. "And I will."

A strangled sob ripped from her throat as his powerful tail parted her thighs. As she watched, a rope rose in the air and wrapped around her thigh, tying it to a stake. "How?" she stammered as his tail moved her other leg and restrained it in the same fashion.

"Dragons have much magic at their disposal." Her wrists were next, and she cried out in protest when he pried her hand away from her drenched and inflamed pussy. "I planned to go easy on you our first time. My intentions were to show you pleasure beyond your wildest imagination."

"You're a dragon!" she spat. "How could you possibly..."

"Forgot last night already?" he interrupted. "I have many ways of making you scream in ecstasy. I hoped to return and reward you for not trying to escape. Instead, you did, and now I must punish you."

"Where are you going?" she cried as he turned away.

"Please ... the burning..."

"Is your punishment."

Her wail echoed through the stone walls. "No! Stop! Please, I won't try to run away again. Please..." Hope sprang in her heart as his neck twisted, his piercing silver eyes staring back at her.

"When I think you've learned your lesson, I'll be back. If you're lucky, I'll return before you go mad."

Tears flowed down her face as he left her alone, writhing in frustrated need on the floor. For a short time, struggling to keep her thoughts in order, she wondered about the man and horse who had taken her from the forest. Where had they come from, and how did she end up back in the dragon's lair? All too soon, the heat in her pussy blotted out rational thought. Raw lust consumed her mind.

She strained against her bonds, desperately trying to free her hand so she could rub the constant itch in her pussy. The dusty floor beneath her gathered the juices which dripped from her aroused sex. Soon, the large room smelled of sex and desire. Sweat beaded on her skin, which was flushed from the exposure to the sun.

Her head tossed from side to side, and whispered pleas rolled from her lips as she struggled and twisted against the

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ropes. Her laments grew louder, until her cries rang throughout the cavern. Most of what she said was not coherent, but cries of "Dragon! Please! I promise!" punctuated her ramblings.

She was too far gone in lust to notice when the beast returned to the room, his hulking figure stooping as he approached her. He stopped when his large belly brushed against the swollen lips of her mound. Leaning back on his haunches, his huge cock came into view. Had Kiana been aware enough to notice, she would have likely screamed at the size of it. Covered with thick hide, the dragon's cock jutted sixteen inches from his scaly belly. The girth tapered from fairly narrow at the head to as wide as a man's forearm at the base.

Laying the huge shaft upon her belly, he rubbed it against her soft skin, sighing with pleasure. He grunted and smoke blew from his snout as he rubbed faster and faster. When pearly drops started from the tip, he jerked his haunches backward and pushed it inside Kiana's hot opening. With a loud roar, he thrust forward only slightly and unloaded a torrent of his essence inside her.

The reaction was immediate. Kiana's eyes cleared, and she stopped mumbling. She looked up. Seeing the dragon hovering and feeling something inside her, she screamed.

"Relax, wee one," the dragon commanded, his voice almost a purr as he moved away from the young woman. "I didn't take your innocence ... yet. I merely entered far enough to allow my seed to soothe the heat within you."

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Kiana stopped screaming, but her body shook as the image of the dragon leaning over her body burned into her mind. The trembling eased as she became aware of the disappearance of the burning within her pussy. "I ... it's gone," she stuttered in disbelief.

"For a time, yes," the dragon responded. "However, that won't last long. By morning, the heat will once again be most unbearable."

A shudder ran through Kiana. She did not ever want to experience that madness again. Even the alternative seemed better than burning up from the inside out. "Thank you," she murmured. Her eyes opened in surprise. The thought had tumbled out of her mouth before she could stop it. She definitely did not mean to say it aloud.

"Have you learned the lesson, wee one? Will you now stay willingly?"

"Yes," she agreed, for she knew she had no other choice. Whatever he had done had bound her to him.

\* \* \* \*

Kiana discovered that night had fallen while she lay in torment. Torches lit the way down the stone corridor as she went in search of the dragon. Had she not seen the shimmering of his mercurial eyes, she would have missed him curled in the far recesses of the large entrance cavern.

"There's food by the embers," he said, his deep voice rolling over her body. "Once you've eaten, you'll find an open door in the passageway. Go through it and you'll find a bathing chamber."

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She nodded and walked to the center of the room where the dying fire lay. True to his word, there was meat lying on heated rocks next to the smoldering embers. She tore into the food, not stopping until her hunger was satiated. As she headed towards the passage, she stopped and turned towards the massive beast, who hadn't made a sound the entire time she was eating. "Why do you want me here?"

"I've already answered that, wee one. I'm lonely ... and I have needs."

"What's your name? I can't keep calling you Dragon."

"You would not be able to pronounce my dragon name. You may call me Ranehz."

"I am Kiana."

Kiana started towards the passageway but stopped dead in her tracks when she heard a soft whinnying. She ran out of the cave and found her horse tied to a stake near the entrance. Throwing her arms around his neck, she nuzzled her face against his warmth, happy to discover he had not been her breakfast after all. "I hope he's fed you proper," she murmured before letting go and returning to the cave. The dragon's voice echoed in her ears as she crossed the room where he lay.

"There are grooming instruments just inside the doorway. If there's anything else you need, let me know. The animal needs to be taken proper care of so he'll be available for traveling into the village."

"You said that before. About having visited the village. I don't understand. How does that fit with you burning the

crops and farms? I can see stealing a few cattle for food, but wanton destruction?"

Ranehz shook his head. If she thought it possible, Kiana would have called his expression one of sadness and resignation. It puzzled her. As did something else, a quandary she voiced.

"Why would a horse be needed when you can fly?"

"You'll learn soon enough."

\* \* \* \*

Kiana awoke next morning to an insistent throbbing in her pussy. "Oh no," she muttered as tendrils of lust coiled in her belly. "Ranehz!" She scrambled from the soft bearskin and had just gained her footing when a handsome man entered the chamber. Obsidian locks flowed in waves past broad shoulders as he strode towards her. She stepped backwards, but could only go a few steps before her progress was halted by the rough hewn stone wall. "Who are you and what do you want?" she stammered, all too aware of her unclothed state.

"Relax, Kiana." The voice was familiar but did not match the face. "It's me, just ... different."

"Me?" Though she swore she heard the voice of the dragon coming from the striking man, she knew it couldn't be so. She whimpered as the fire in her pussy blazed, and juices began to leak down her trembling thighs.

He stood before her and reached out to trace the path of her jaw down her pale face. "Ranehz, wee one. Look into my eyes."



The same shining silver stared back at her from the man's face as did from the dragon's.

"But ... how?"

"Later," he responded. He pulled her into his arms and pressed his lips upon hers. She moaned as he brought one arm around and slid his fingers between her thighs to brush against her swollen sex. "I can smell your arousal," he murmured as he pushed a finger inside her hot pussy. "I love your scent." He lowered her to the soft furry skin and let his weight settle upon her body.

"Please," she whispered as the burning heat threatened to invade her sanity.

"Soon," he replied as he kissed a trail down her delicate collarbone, into the valley of her ample bosom.

She moaned and arched her back as his tongue swirled around the aching peak of her breast. Fire flowed in her veins as he stroked the hard button nestled between her pussy lips. "Please, Ranehz, I fear I'll go mad," she pleaded as the inferno blazing within threatened to consume her mind.

"Too long. I waited too long," he muttered as he pushed down his trousers and pulled his hard shaft free. As a man, his cock was still quite large but not monstrously so.

"Yes," she hissed when she felt the plump head of his dick press into her opening. She groaned as it thrust inside, her slick walls grasping the fat crown, clenching around it as her pussy stretched around his thickness. Kiana threw her arms around him, clutching at his clothing as she lifted her hips, desperately trying to urge him forward as she sought relief from the burning.

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She cried out at the pain stabbing through her as his cock thrust deep into her pussy, tearing her maidenhead. The searing heat flowing through her pussy quickly quelled the discomfort, and she rocked with his thrusts, yearning for the relief his seed would bring. Whimpered pleas rolled from her mouth as she urged him on, begging him to soothe the throbbing.

Spasms ripped through her as the thrusting of his cock sent her crashing over the edge. She stiffened and screamed as the tremors of intense pleasure quaked through her. A low growl sounded in her ear and coolness flooded the heated walls of her pussy as Ranehz erupted inside her.

Kiana lay beneath his strapping body, her breathing ragged as her body recovered. Relief flowed through her as the unbearable heat subsided and her muscles relaxed. His fingers smoothed her hair back over her brow, and he planted a gentle kiss upon her lips. "Next time," he said, "I will not wait as long and you will learn the pleasure your body can feel."

He rose and helped her to stand. "Go wash. You will find a proper dress waiting for you in the bathing chamber. Put it on, and I will explain everything as we journey to town."

\* \* \* \*

"Is the ability to transform yourself into a man another mystical property of being a dragon?" Kiana inquired as her horse Bartholomew carried her down the path while Ranehz walked alongside.

"No. I'm half dragon, half human, so I can transform at will."

"Then why not remain in human form and live in the village among other humans? You could have a normal life with a wife and children."

"If I stay in human form too long, I become restless and agitated and cannot control my temper. I need to fly and stretch my dragon half, lest I go mad. Besides I don't think I would have much success finding a woman who would willingly live her life with me."

"What about your mother? Didn't she live her life with a dragon willingly?"

A contemptuous laugh burst from his mouth as he brought the horse to a stop and turned to glare at Kiana. "My *mother* left me to die as soon as she realized I was not a normal child."

"But didn't she know you wouldn't be normal?"

"She thought I belonged to her husband. Her simple mind couldn't comprehend the possibility our two species could procreate."

"How did she come to mate with a dragon?"

The gentle swaying of Bartholomew's gait resumed as Ranehz continued down the path. "It was part of a deal made with her village. In return for Mahor's pledge to leave the village untouched, they would send a woman to him every season. The woman was required to stay with him for the entire season, until the next one arrived. Every woman of child-bearing age had to take a turn and then repeat if necessary. None of the women ever spoke of what happened

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while in the dragon's charge. As far as I know, I was the only child spawned from the matings, but if the other women did as my mother, then there are likely more half-breeds such as myself."

Kiana stayed silent for a time, her mind going over what Ranehz had shared with her. She wanted to know more, but it was obvious by the hard set of his jaw he did not enjoy speaking of the past. Surprise flooded her when he began to speak without further prodding.

"I was five before my mother could no longer deny my paternity. Oh, she knew long before that. Silver eyes aren't common among humans."

Kiana couldn't help but think of her own eyes, which were light enough to seem silver as well, if seen in the right light.

"She treated me no better than the animals scattered around the farm. She resented the extra mouth to feed, perhaps, and decided to make sure she got the value back in work. Certainly, she never looked at me with love. But perhaps her suspicions made her cautious, for though she was callous she was rarely cruel. On that day, she said something that made me quite angry. I looked up at her, not hiding the emotion. She started screaming about a devil child and then took off towards the field where the man I knew as my father was plowing. I moved and realized something was different. My anger had triggered my first transformation. They cast me out." Despite the years that had passed since his childhood, grief still hung heavily about Ranehz. His broad shoulders slumped, and his head hung low, his chin close to his muscular chest.

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"Had I not looked exactly like my dragon father, I would have perished almost immediately. Instead, he saw me flying low on one of his afternoon flights and took me in."

"I'm sorry," Kiana whispered. "Being treated as property is wrong. No child should ever endure such treatment, especially from his mother."

"How can you be sure you wouldn't have done the same?" he spat.

"I just know."

"You may have to prove that some day."

"So be it."

They rode in silence, stopping only for a midday meal and then returning to the path. When the sun cast a pink glow upon the sky as it lowered on the horizon, Kiana spoke again. "If you could find a willing woman, would you try for a normal life? I know it would mean living on the fringes of a village, but you could find a remote space where you'd be free to change and fly as needed."

"I try not to think of such things," he responded, his voice low with sadness. "It's a fool's dream."

The conversation had shown Kiana a side of the man-beast she had not expected. Her heart cried for the little boy who had grown up without a mother's love. As her thoughts dwelled upon what he must have endured, the growing heat in her pussy began to intrude upon her mind. She had become accustomed to the warmth and only noticed it when her pussy began to throb with hungry need.

"Ranehz," she spoke, the strain of desire evident in her voice.

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"I know. I can smell the musk of your sex."

It was odd to Kiana how she'd come to depend upon him. Necessity had brought her resignation to quick fruition. In order not to go mad with lust, she needed him. It was as simple as that.

\* \* \* \*

Ranehz led Bartholomew into the forest, stopping where the trees opened into a natural clearing by a small pool of rippling water. He helped Kiana from the horse and grabbed the pack from its back. Untying it, he pulled out a soft animal hide and spread it upon the ground. Taking Kiana by the shoulders, he pushed her gently onto the hide. He lay beside her, the intoxicating smell of her arousal causing his cock to strain against his trousers.

He'd been alone for what seemed like eons. Despite the way Mahor raised him, he was never able to take a maiden, use her for his pleasure, then discard her. A small pang of sadness clutched his heart as he gazed upon Kiana's beauty. Her full breasts jiggled enticingly as her chest rose and fell with the motion of her ragged breathing. A slight pink flush crept across her face and down her neck as the effects of his branding heated her body.

He had regretted his actions the moment the branding had been completed, but his lust and loneliness had fueled the brash decision. There was nothing he could do about it now except make sure she got the relief she needed until the branding wore off. It would wear off, unless he used his

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dragon tongue inside her again. Ranehz hadn't decided if he would do so when the time came.

Lying there, her skin flushed with arousal, Kiana reminded him of someone he'd once loved. The reason he'd been alone for so long. He mentally shook himself and his face hardened. No woman would have a chance to do what Arabella had done, no matter how beautiful she might be. Pushing aside gentle thoughts, he grabbed Kiana's shift and shoved it over her shoulders, freeing her plump breasts to his gaze.

He brought his mouth down and captured a nipple, which hardened under his tongue's assault. Kiana stiffened and let out a strangled moan as she arched her back, pushing more of her pink bud between his lips. The smell emanating from her pussy enveloped Ranehz, and his actions spoke of how wild it drove him.

Sliding down her body, he jerked the dress over her hips, revealing her swollen sex to his silver stare. He pushed her trembling thighs apart and dove into her pussy, licking along her puffy lips before spreading them with his fingers. Red and glistening, her sex beckoned to him, inviting him to feast upon the savory juices. He buried his face in her pussy, his tongue laving up and down the pink petals and licking up her sweet nectar.

As she bucked beneath him, he attacked her clit, slathering it wildly. Juices gushed from her pussy as she moaned loudly and her body shook in pleasure. Unable to wait any longer, Ranehz pushed the rough fabric of his trousers down over his throbbing cock and slid back up Kiana's body. Once on top of her, he sucked a hard nipple

between his lips and at the same moment, drove his dick deep into her hot pussy.

They moaned together as he filled her wet passage, her pink walls clenching around his shaft as his tongue flicked across her nipple's peak. With each lick of his tongue, her pussy reacted, twitching around his cock as he slammed into her. The heady scent of her desire clung to his nostrils as he pounded into her pussy. Each time he claimed her, he swore to make it last and give her the experience of extreme pleasure, but each time, the smell of her excitement loosened the reins of his self-control.

In the back recesses of his mind, he realized that he would never be able to contain himself as long as she was under his spell. A red haze settled over his mind as he plunged into her depths. The feeling of her wet and heated pussy on the length of his cock sent spirals of pleasure through his body. He released her breast from between his lips and buried his face in the slender crook of her neck, inhaling her womanly scent.

Kiana clung to him as he fucked her, soft moans coming as his cock thrust repeatedly into her burning pussy. In his passion, Ranehz bit the soft flesh of her shoulder. She cried out and went taut beneath him. Her pussy rippled around his cock as spasms rocked her body. The feeling of her clenching around him tore away his last remaining bit of control. His body stiffened and with a primal howl, he shot spurts of soothing seed deep inside her pussy.

When she stilled beneath him, he pulled another hide over their sweating bodies. Curling up beside her, he drifted off to sleep, his arm thrown possessively around her.



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\* \* \* \*

Ranehz woke from his nap with her still lying quietly beneath him. The sensation pleased him. Again, he considered his dilemma. He knew the potency of his dragon saliva would last until shortly after they returned from their trip to the village. He'd have until then to decide whether or not to brand Kiana once more. A part of his heart he'd closed off long ago hoped it would not be necessary, but the cynical part of his brain thought it would be the only way to keep her with him ... and he had no intention of her being anywhere else.

His thoughts were broken by Kiana's melodious voice. "Did your father continue to use women after he took you in?"

He looked at her, an eyebrow raised as the question cut through the fog in his brain. "Yes he did, and he went to great lengths to make sure I knew it. So much so that I was actually given lessons."

"Lessons?"

"How do you think I learned that dragon saliva has such an interesting effect on human women?" Ranehz knew if she thought enough about what he'd just said, she'd figure out the result of the branding did not last forever. It was a risk he would have to take. "He took great delight in showing me the dragon way of using women. Brutal, he was. Never showed them any mercy. Oh, they got pleasure out of it, but that wasn't his intention. He branded them so they would beg for it. He loved hearing a human woman plead for his cock."

A visible shudder passed through Kiana. "He didn't transform?"

"He couldn't. Full-blooded dragons can't take human form."

"So he..."

"Fucked them with his huge dragon cock? Yes. I told you it was possible. I wasn't lying. Something you will likely find out for yourself soon enough."

"But why?" she whispered. "Why would you when you could transform to a man?"

*To keep you from getting too close*, he thought. "Because I'm sure there will be times my need for you is so great that I do not have time to change."

The look on her face cut him to the core, but it could not be helped. He could not survive another loss like Arabella. It was too much for him to endure. Hurting Kiana was not his intention, but he couldn't afford for her to realize she meant anything to him except a body to use for his pleasure. "We're going to the village to stock up on supplies. I cannot expect you to live as I do. There are things you will need. Clothing, food supplies. If anyone asks, you're my wife."

"But people in the village know me. How are you going to explain your sudden appearance as my husband?"

"When was the last time anyone from the village saw you?"

"Shortly before Father left. After that, everyone was too busy harvesting to go visiting and once winter comes, no one ventures out as far as our farm unless there's good reason."

"Don't worry. I'll have an explanation ready."

\* \* \* \*

The rest of the day's journey was spent in silence. Kiana let her mind mull over Ranehz's words. As she was thinking, something occurred to her. If each woman was able to leave Mohar at the end of the season, how did they keep from going mad? From what Ranehz said about his mother, she seemed to be in possession of her faculties. *It must wear off*, Kiana thought.

For a moment, she felt as though a weight had been lifted from her. The relief only lasted a few seconds before it came crashing down again. He could smell when she became aroused, so he would know when the saliva began to wear off. He'd not let her go. He'd simply re-brand her. Her mind drifted back to the first time he branded her, a thrill of pleasure shooting through her body. *It wasn't so bad*, she thought as a smile played across her face.

*What am I thinking? Being kept against my will is not a good thing!* The protest surfaced in her mind, but Kiana had already resigned herself to the fact she was bound to the dragon forever. Discovering it might not be true was hard to comprehend.

As Bartholomew carried her down the path, she watched Ranehz. His posture was almost regal, his shoulders square and proud. Staring straight ahead, his gaze never wavered as he studied the road ahead of them. If he was aware of her eyes fixed upon him, he showed no signs of it. His behavior confused her. At times he was gentle, almost loving. Then he would seem to catch himself and the hardened, uncaring man

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would return. Sometimes, she would get a glimpse of wounded sadness in his silvery eyes before the flintiness stamped it out.

*He's known nothing but hurt.* Her heart went out to him, but she couldn't reconcile the dragon with the man. The man attracted her, but the beast frightened her.

\* \* \* \*

Kiana could feel eyes boring into her as they entered the square. Vendors lined the perimeter as villagers mingled in the center, some only there to visit and others checking out the merchandise. Children laughed and ran through adults' legs, while their parents gossiped and shopped. The jovial mood of the gathering seemed to drop several degrees as she and Ranehz approached the stall of a farmer selling fruit and vegetables.

Almost as one, the chattering voices dropped to a whisper. The farmer's distrustful eyes reflected what Kiana suspected the entire town felt. Until she'd been detained by the dragon, she had been one of them. No one had reason to question her absence as she lived well away from town and almost never had visitors during the harsh winter season. Now, because she accompanied an outsider into the village, she had become one, too. The only way to win back the acceptance of the people she'd known since childhood would be to come up with an explanation they would believe without misgiving.

She nodded politely at the farmer as Ranehz selected the best and fattest produce offered. Though she appeared to be watching her "husband" intently, Kiana saw nothing of his

actions. Instead, her mind raced as she attempted to fabricate a story that would explain both her survival and her "marriage" to an outsider and would be accepted by the townspeople. She dared not look around, for she knew the women and men would be congregated in small groups around the square, each one discussing her crime of marrying outside the village. They'd gossip non-stop, but not approach her for an explanation until their business with the vendors was done.

As they meandered, occasionally stopping at a stall to gaze upon something that had caught Ranehz's eye, Kiana didn't avoid the stares of those who passed them. Projecting the aura that she belonged was important. She was amused to discover looks of jealousy by some of the other young women of the village. Many dreamed of marrying a handsome stranger, but few ever managed to fulfill such a dream. Most ended up with a widower who already had children, or the son of a neighbor.

As they neared the last stall, the midwife approached her. Kiana was not surprised. Wrenna led the small group of women who made everyone's business their own. Helping to bring new life into the world earned her much respect. She was often called upon for advice that had nothing to do with childbirth.

"Kiana, my dear," she exclaimed as she grabbed Kiana's hand tightly. "We feared you dead by the dragon. Tomas reported your home and lands destroyed by fire."

Kiana did her best to hide the shock that rocketed through her. If it were true, she knew Ranehz was responsible. It was

another spike in the chain that bound her to him. As if sensing her thoughts, he turned toward the women.

"Good day, fair ladies," he greeted as he bowed to show respect.

"This is Ranehz. My husband."

The confirmation of their suspicions shown clearly on the women's faces. Disapproving looks abounded as each reproached her with their eyes.

"Please do not bear my beloved bride ill will. Her father felt it was the only right decision he could make, considering I saved her life."

"Saved her from what?" asked Wrenna.

"Why, the dragon, of course."

Kiana barely managed to stifle a surprised gasp. Saved her from the dragon indeed.

Kiana noticed they had begun to attract quite a crowd as Ranehz's words about the dragon drifted across the market place. She saw many nodding their heads at his question.

"It attacked Kiana's home. I was passing through on my way home and saw the smoke. Alas, I arrived too late to save her brothers, and her father was stumbling on dying legs. Much damage had already been done to the beast by the brave warriors. I joined in the fray and landed the fatal blow. As it limped off to die, her father crumpled to the ground. He only had breath for a few words by the time I arrived at his side. In payment for killing the dragon and saving his most beloved daughter, I was given her hand in marriage. Considering he was dying and the poor girl would be left alone, what could I do but accept his most gracious offer?"

"But what about the dragon? No one has reported seeing the carcass."

"It fell in the forest. The scavengers probably picked it cleaned before the body cooled."

Kiana stared at him in amazement. Her mind was a jumble of confusion. Was his story simply a tale wrought to appease the villagers or did the golden dragon truly destroy her home and meet his end at the hands of Ranehz?

"I'm very sorry we cannot stay and visit, but it is several days' journey back to our home in the forest, so we must leave now."

Before any of the villagers could protest and offer a night's lodging, Ranehz had led Kiana to Bartholomew. He helped her mount the steed and then secured the purchases before grabbing the reins and heading out of town. Kiana turned and waved goodbye and felt relieved to see hands raised in return. The amazing tale had been accepted, and they would be welcomed any time they returned to the village.

\* \* \* \*

For awhile, Kiana remained silent as she swayed on Bartholomew's back. Ranehz had not said a word since they left the village. His back as he walked gave no indication whether he was deep in thought or only quiet because he enjoyed the beauty of the day. *Do dragons even notice that kind of thing?* she wondered before reminding herself that he was at least half human. Perhaps more than half, for he had a depth she had never before noticed in another man.

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*by Savannah Reardon*

As she watched his fit body stride in front of her, his muscular legs and sculpted ass within his tight-fitting trousers, Kiana felt a familiar stirring in her pussy. It took her a moment to realize the tingling was not a product of the branding, as no warmth accompanied it. She worried over her reaction for a time, confused as to why she felt what Ranehz called arousal if it wasn't caused by his mystical saliva. Kiana's mother died while giving birth to her. There had been no one to inform her about these things.

Unable to figure out the answer for herself, she decided there was no harm in asking. After all, he wouldn't know why she inquired about it.

"Ranehz..."

Dropping the reins, he slowed his gait until he walked beside Kiana. "Do you need something, wee one?" She missed the knowing sparkle that twinkled in his shining eyes.

"Can I ask you a question?"

"Of course."

"That feeling ... the one I get from your, umm, dragon tongue. Does anything else cause it?"

"Oh, yes. The saliva just causes an extreme form of arousal."

"But what normally causes arousal?"

"Being with someone you are attracted to, someone you have feelings for. Being touched in certain places. Other things can cause arousal, but that should be enough explanation for you to understand what I mean."

"And it leads to ... what we do to ease the burning from the saliva?"



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"Yes. Even without the aid of the saliva, it's an act you would enjoy. Being one with another person can bring you pleasure beyond anything you've ever imagined." He paused for a moment, his silver eyes watching for any sign on her pale face that she understood why she felt the achy sensation of arousal in her pussy. "Was there a particular reason you asked?"

"Umm, no ... just wondering."

She hid it well, but the knowledge she felt attraction for him widened her eyes, though no hint of realization showed upon her face. It was enough of a sign for him, and he moved back in front of the horse.

Kiana pondered over what she'd just learned. Apparently, her body hadn't listened to her mind's advice about getting involved with the man who held her captive.

\* \* \* \*

Kiana awoke to warmth between her legs. At first, she thought it was simply time again. But as she came to wakefulness, she noticed the soft whoosh of breath against her thighs and the undulations of something inside her. Immediately, she sprang the rest of the way into consciousness. "No! Ranehz, please ... don't."

The great beast lay on the soft ground, his snout buried against her sex. Even though he didn't stop, his eyes met and held hers. The force of the loneliness radiating from his silver orbs quieted her protests. Being bound to him in this manner still angered her, but they were kindred spirits in a way. She was alone in this world as well.

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Unlike the first branding, this time was short, as if Ranehz didn't want to violate her any more than necessary. Just as the pulsing heat of arousal began to build, he stopped and withdrew his serpentine tongue from her pussy. A whimpered moan escaped her throat before she clamped her lips shut. She didn't want him to know how much she longed for him to continue.

She struggled to bring her breathing under control as he lumbered to his feet and unfurled his wings. Air stirred the twigs and branches around them as he took flight. Her eyes didn't leave him until he disappeared into the sky. Rising from the ground, she mounted Bartholomew and continued up the path toward the cave. She knew he would catch up with her once he'd gotten the need to fly out of his system.

A single tear slid from the corner of her eye even as her ears listened for the sound of his wings. Although most of her still trembled at the sight of the massive beast, a small part of her had accepted him.

\* \* \* \*

Kiana reached the cave before Ranehz rejoined her. She secured Bartholomew and brushed him down before settling herself to wait for the massive beast to return. The shadows grew long and the sun set. She paced the stone cavern, worry gnawing at her. If he didn't come back, she would be left to go mad when the juices of his tongue branding began to work their magic.

For the first time since the night her captivity began, Kiana noticed the sounds of the forest surrounding her. Animals

called out in the night in search of their mates. Bugs chirped and the wind whistled through the trees. Any other evening, it would have filled Kiana with peace. This night, it did nothing to calm her.

Walking to the cave's entrance, she stared out at the night sky, searching for a dark mass blotting out the stars. There was nothing to be seen save them and the moon, shining brightly. Despite concern over his absence, her eyes grew heavy and her pacing on the smooth stone floor grew slower. Giving in to fatigue, she lay upon the hard floor and slept, her body tossing and turning as her mind dreamt of torment.

A heavy scraping sound jarred Kiana from her fitful sleep. The hulking figure of the blue dragon lumbered into the cave. It took a few moments for Kiana to realize why he was moving so slowly.

"You're hurt!"

Fear drove her to her feet, and she rushed to him. The dim torchlight in the cave made it difficult for Kiana to see the extent of the injury.

"I'll live, but I need your help cleaning the wound at the joint of my wings."

Kiana wet a cloth in the bathing chamber and returned to Ranehz, who had stretched out on the cool floor. Along with the wound where his left wing joined his back, there were also two long slices across his chest.

"What happened?"

"A hunter caught me off guard while I was drinking water from the stream. I was lost in thought and didn't hear him approach. Stupid of me."

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Kiana wondered what could have had his mind so pre-occupied that he didn't hear the hunter advancing. All she had to do to catch his attention was breathe.

\* \* \* \*

Once Kiana had cleaned his wounds, Ranehz convinced her to go back to sleep. He lay on the floor, watching as her chest rose and fell rhythmically. Her raven hair fanned across the floor, and he felt a tugging at his heart. If he had any chance of keeping her without force, he needed to treat her better. He had let the bitterness and hurt from Arabella harden him. Kiana didn't deserve the indifference with which he treated her.

*Ranehz spotted her during a jaunt into a nearby village for supplies. She'd been a breathtaking beauty. Dark auburn hair that fell in waves to her waist and deep emerald green eyes were just the beginning of her exquisiteness. Her slender body and ivory skin enhanced her appeal.*

*He immediately took the necessary steps to court her. Dragon names tend to sound like royalty, so he had no problem coming up with an ancestry to impress her father, a local land baron. Arabella accepted his wooing, and many afternoons were spent in her enchanting presence.*

*They were married after four seasons had passed. He kept the secret of his heritage until she became heavy with their first child. Thinking her love for him was strong enough to withstand the truth, he told her that he was half-dragon, which he had hidden by taking many hunting trips. At first, it*

*seemed she accepted the revelation. Things continued as they had been, though she was a bit distant with him.*

*Even when she refused his offer to fetch her mother for the birth, he didn't suspect a problem. However, when he returned to her side with the pail of water she'd requested, he found her standing. Upon the bed upon lay his newborn son, his head twisted at an impossible angle.*

*"He's a perversion of nature and could not be allowed to live!" she screamed as she flew towards him. In her weakened state, she was no match for his strength. He easily wrestled her to the bed.*

*"How could you?" Silver tears ran down his face, which was twisted with grief.*

*"You're a demonic beast! No spawn of yours can survive. I'm sick that you ever touched me! Get away from me! Get away!"*

*He left her on the bed next to their son, her screams echoing in his ears as he flew away. Knowing he could not stay because she'd likely tell the other villagers his secret, he continued for days on end until reaching the forest in which he now lived.*

*"Please don't be another Arabella," he whispered to Kiana's sleeping form.*

\* \* \* \*

When Kiana awoke the next morning, the throbbing heat inside her pussy was almost unbearable. Juices leaked from her, forming a wet spot on the back of her garment. Despite the need flowing through her body, she rose and went to the

bathing chamber. Wetting a soft cloth, she returned to the large cavern and approached the reclined form of the massive beast. Gently, she washed his wounds, hoping to keep them clean and prevent Ranehz from growing ill.

Once finished, she walked around his huge scaled body until she stood inches from his face. With her heart pounding, she took a deep breath and knelt down beside him. Trembling, she reached out and stroked his snout. "How are you feeling?"

"Better than last night."

She felt the vibrations of his deep voice through his rough hide as the rasping words were spoken. Squeezing her thighs together, she bit her bottom lip to suppress a moan as a hot flare of need speared through her pussy. "Ranehz ... I..."

His silver eyes studied her as she struggled to express her need. He knew she teetered on the edge. The musky essence of her arousal wafted to his nose and stirred the thick shaft of his cock mightily. He could have easily pushed her onto her back and taken her then and there, but instead, he waited. He wanted to hear her say it.

"I'm hot ... burning." Her head dropped as a pink flush crept across her face. "I need you."

"Is it just need, Kiana?" he taunted. "Or is there want as well?"

Her head flew up as she sputtered a denial. "No! It's what you've done to me. I have no control over it." Her words were strong, but the hint of uncertainty in her eyes told Ranehz there was hope. "Please ... change ... I need..."

"I can't change, Kiana."

"What?" Her heart pounded wildly as fear flooded her body. "But you have to!"

"I'm sorry, wee one, but I cannot transform when I am injured. You'll just have to get your relief from this body." Pushing up, he rose to sit on his haunches, revealing his swollen shaft.

"Oh no ... it's ... it's too big. I can't." She scrambled backwards, her wide eyes fixed on his huge cock.

"You must. It'll be a few suns yet before I am able to transform. You won't make it another dawn." Using his tail he nudged her forward. She tried to resist by digging her heels into the floor, but her strength was no match. He didn't stop until she sat directly in front of him, close enough to touch his hardness.

With a sigh of resignation, she stood. She knew he was right. As hot as her pussy burned, she'd likely not make it until the sun faded, much less through the night. They'd managed with just the tip once before, so it could be done.

"Take off your dress."

Looking up at him, she saw the fire of lust burning in his mercurial eyes. Drawing the shift over her head, she heard his intake of breath as her body was exposed. For the first time, she realized she did have some power over him. She just didn't yet understand how to use it.

"How?" She approached his cock, which stood erect and waiting.

"Mount it ... like a horse. Hold onto my body for balance and move up and down on it. You can control how deep it goes inside you."

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*by Savannah Reardon*

A shiver raced through her body as the image of her sliding down onto his huge shaft flashed across her mind. Placing her hands on his stomach, she spread her legs and moved over his large cock. A lusty moan burst from her lips as the fat head brushed against her swollen, slippery pussy.

Slowly, Kiana lowered herself until the tip parted her glistening labia. Her eyes closed in ecstasy as her pussy was stretched open. A tingle of pleasure ran through her as something wet and rough slithered around one of her rosy nipples. Opening her eyes, she saw Ranehz's tongue wrapped around the erect peak. Her head lolled back as he tugged on it, a ripple of sensation running through her.

"Oh," she moaned in surprise as his tongue released her nipple and slid down, curling around her clit. A hot flash speared her as he licked around the hard nub. The delicious feelings running rampant through her body spurred her lust, and she moved faster on his shaft. Each time she slid down, she took more of the large cock inside her slick, tight pussy.

Her breathing now came in gasps. Her raven hair cascaded over her shoulders as a light sheen of sweat covered her ivory skin. Shudders pulsed through her as she rode his cock. Tiny tremors rippled through her clit as his serpentine tongue lapped at her. Loud, wailing cries rang through the stony cavern as bright lights exploded in her mind, her body shaking with pleasure. Her fingers scrabbled against his scales, trying to gain purchase as her juicy pussy slammed down onto his thick shaft.

The pink walls clamped down on his cock, and Ranehz roared and stiffened to keep from thrusting too far into her



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hot cunt as he spasmed, thick spurts of cream shooting from the tip. Kiana moaned as the soothing liquid splashed inside her, coating the pulsing walls of her pussy.

Spent, she collapsed against his stomach as his still-hard cock pulsed and twitched inside her. Ranehz gently lowered her to the smooth floor of the cavern and lapped the mingled juices leaking from her. He was careful not to enter her as he licked her. When the tip of his tongue flicked against her clit, Kiana moaned, and her hips bucked forward.

"More..." she whimpered. "Please Ranehz ... inside me ... more."

His silver eyes lit up at her plea. Her words were not triggered by the heat of his branding. His seed had cooled that the moment he came. The whispered cries could only mean she had feelings for him. Otherwise, the disgust and fear she'd shown of his dragon form would have overcome any physical need.

Ranehz moved between her legs, the knowledge there was hope shining brightly on his face.

\* \* \* \*

"Your wounds have healed." The only thing that remained of the gashes were thin scars.

"Yes. The process finished during the night." His silver orbs studied the young woman. "Do you wish me to transform?"

Kiana ran her hand along the shimmering scales of his neck until she reached his face. "It is your choice. I do enjoy the company of you in human form, but I have to admit, I'm not as put off by this one anymore."

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Something inside her had shifted during their last time together. Instead of pulling away from him once the cooling seed had splashed inside her pussy, she had begged for more. The pleasure from the coupling had washed over her and filled her with a longing she didn't quite understand.

Moving her hand from his face, she crossed her arms. "There's something I need to know. Did you really kill the golden dragon like you said in the village? Or was it you that destroyed my home?"

"I do not destroy the homes and lands of humans, no matter what they may try to do to me. And yes, I killed the golden dragon."

Relief swept through Kiana's body. Knowing he wasn't the one who'd burned her house meant more to her than she'd realized.

\* \* \* \*

Ranehz no longer demanded Kiana remove her clothing and remain naked inside the cave, as he had done before their trip to the village. Instead, she found a fresh shift lying on the ground beside her each morning when she awoke. Sleeping on the cool ground was not easy on her, but she didn't complain. He had been treating her with decency, and she didn't wish to anger him.

"Why are you limping?"

She turned from the fire and sucked in a breath as Ranehz, in his human form, approached her. The way his clothing clung to his body sent a tingle through her body, not

unlike the ones she felt when the heat of the branding began to burn inside her. "It's nothing."

His fingertips brushed her cheek as his silver eyes searched hers. "Have you hurt yourself?"

"No."

"Then what is it?"

"Sleeping on the ground makes me wake up stiff and sore."

A visible flash of pain crossed his face. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"I did not want to anger you."

Surprise sprang through her when he gathered her in his arms and held her close. "You mustn't do that again, Kiana. I only brand you to keep you with me. I do not wish you to hurt." Taking her hand, he led her down the great stone hall.

Using a key he withdrew from a pocket, he unlocked the door at the hall's end. Inside was a beautiful room, one Kiana thought would have only existed in a fairy tale. Animal pelts covered the floor, and a large stone dais stood in the middle of the room. Linens fit for the finest royalty lay upon a stuffed mattress made of the softest feathers. In the corner of the cavernous room stood a wooden cabinet.

"Consider this your room. Your dresses are in the cabinet."

"Thank you." Kiana wondered why he had kept the room locked and made her sleep on the ground for so long. Could it be that he just didn't realize sleeping on the hard floor was uncomfortable for her? Or was the room a reward for no longer thinking of escape?

Surprising both Ranehz and herself, Kiana stood on tip-toes and kissed him softly on the lips. A pink flush crept over her face as she quickly stepped away. "I'd best see to our food."

As she hurried down the hall, her heart hammered in her chest. *What are you doing?* Her mind and body were a mix of confused emotion. She was still angry with him for the branding and keeping her captive. Yet more and more, she found herself caring for him.

She bent over the fire and turned the spit to check the meat. A cool breeze flowed underneath the skirts of her dress, and she jumped when she felt the touch of fingertips across her bare bottom. Spinning around, she gasped in surprise to find no one there. Had she not heard the masculine chuckle from the hallway, she would have thought madness had finally stolen upon her.

"I'm sorry, wee one," he said as he entered the large cavern. "But you were so appealing bent over the fire that I could not resist."

She didn't bother asking how, for she knew there was magic a dragon possessed that she would never understand. "I don't know why you are apologizing. I am your captive. You can do whatever you please with me."

"That was my intention," he said as he stopped in front of her. "But I find that I cannot."

"I don't understand."

His strong hands cupped her face and tilted her head so she was looking up at him. "I cannot force myself upon you."

Branding you is the only thing I can bring myself to do without your permission."

He released her. Unsure how to respond, Kiana returned to her task. His admission made her realize he saw her as more than a captive. When he stepped behind her and put his arms around her, she sighed.

"Make no mistake, Kiana. I want you to be mine more than anything, but it has to be your choice. I will not brand you again. When this one wears off, you will have to decide whether to remain or leave."

His words made her happy and sad at the same time. She had longed for freedom since the moment he captured her, but now she wasn't so sure it was what she wanted at all.

\* \* \* \*

The days passed and Ranehz made no attempt to seduce Kiana in any way. He left at daybreak and returned as the sun set in the deep blue sky. Kiana had mixed feelings about his absence. At first, she was relieved he left her alone, but as the days went by, a growing ache developed in her heart; she realized she missed him. The only physical contact between them happened when the heat inside Kiana's pussy grew too hot for her to bear, and even then Ranehz only entered her long enough to orgasm and flood her with his dragon seed's cooling balm.

As she lay in bed one night, she tossed and turned fitfully. Her mind filled with confused thoughts. She knew the time for her decision was drawing near. It had been three days since she'd gotten hot enough to need his liquid coating her pussy.

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She knew it was possible there would be no more unbearable fire inside her. Flashes of his body moving against hers tumbled through her tortured mind, and her pussy throbbed in reaction.

She knew freedom was only a few steps away. All she had to do was walk down the hall and out of the cave. He wouldn't stop her. At the thought of leaving, an ache flooded her heart. She didn't want to leave him. She knew he'd been hurt before and thus remained distant, but she could see him reaching out to her in little ways. His last words to her had to have been very difficult to express. He was risking everything by telling her he wanted her of her own free will.

Slipping out of bed, she pulled a gauzy robe around her night dress and padded from the room. Ranehz lay sleeping in the great cavern entrance, his massive body stretched out on the stone floor. Silently, she went to him and knelt beside his head. As she ran her hand down his snout, tears leaked from her eyes. How could she love this beast? There was no answer to that question, but one thing was sure ... she did love him.

"What's wrong, wee one?" His silver eyes gleamed in the rays of moonlight flickering through the room.

"Nothing," she replied as she wiped away the tears with the back of her hand. "Just saying goodbye to the life I thought I wanted."

His head flew up in hopeful excitement. "You're staying?"

"Yes." She ran her hand under his face and lovingly stroked the rough skin. "Will you change for me, Ranehz? I need to feel you ... skin to skin."

"Of course."

She had never seen him transform, and what happened before her eyes was not what she expected. His dragon body simply disappeared and his human form reappeared in its place. It took a moment for Kiana to register he wasn't clothed.

"You did say skin to skin." A twinkle sparkled in his silver eyes as he swept Kiana into his arms and carried her to the bedroom.

"So I did. I guess that means I'm a bit overdressed."

"A bit," he replied, laying her upon the bed. She shivered as he ran his hands over her body before grasping the hem of her night dress and removing it. "There ... now you aren't."

He moved on top of her, pressing against her skin to skin as his mouth captured hers. She tangled her hands in his thick mane and reveled in the feel of his touch as his mouth devoured her. He kissed down her neck, pausing for a moment to lick and suck her nipples when he reached her breasts. She arched against him, holding his head to her as his tongue flicked over her hard peak.

An aching throb filled her pussy as he left her breasts, kissing her flat stomach. She whimpered in need as he ran his tongue over the soft patch of curls on her mound. When he pushed her thighs open, a thrill of anticipation coursed through her, quickly replaced by frustration when he evaded her pussy and kissed the creamy flesh of her trembling thighs.

He kissed down one leg, holding it in his hands as his tongue slithered between her toes. Kiana's first instinct was

to jerk back, but the initial ticklishness faded and was replaced by a tingling warmth that shot to her pussy. By the time he'd kissed his way up her other leg, she was squirming with desire.

When he finally homed in on her pussy and dragged his tongue up her moist slit, she bucked against him and cried out. Sparks of pleasure flooded her body. He slid his hand underneath her, cupping her ass cheeks, drawing her closer as he buried his face into her wet folds. With her feet planted against his shoulders, she ground against his mouth as he aggressively feasted on her pussy. Waves of pleasure rolled through her body as she rocked against him.

Her fingers dug into the sheets while the delicious tension in her body mounted. Harder and harder his tongue swiped against her clit, until the pleasure within her exploded. Her cries echoed through the stone chamber and her body trembled with ecstasy. Ranehz continued tenderly licking her button. The spasms in her body eased.

When he lifted his head, his face glistened with her juices. She could taste herself on his lips when he kissed her. Lifting her hips to meet him, she moaned into his mouth as the fat head of his cock rubbed against her slick pussy lips. Her walls stretched around him as he pushed inside her.

She dug her fingers into his back as he plunged into her, the thick girth of his cock filling her. She clung to him, her back arching and her raven tresses splayed against the bed covering. With each thrust of his cock into her wanting pussy, hot sparks of pleasure shot through her body. It was primal,



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their overwhelming passion bursting as all the pent up feelings they'd both held back surged powerfully.

They came together, bodies slamming against each other in frenzied motion, their mingled cries bouncing off the stone walls. Her name flew from his lips, his seed bathing her womb as he plunged deep into her throbbing pussy and emptied inside her. Her nails raked into the flesh of his back as her body shuddered in orgasm. He collapsed beside her and held her close as the passion cooled on their skin.

When the beating of their hearts slowed to normal, Ranehz rose from the bed and left the room. Kiana sat up, wonder creasing her face. Moments later, he returned carrying a small box.

"I've been holding this and hoping for the moment I could give it to you." Opening the box, he revealed a shining blue stone set in the finest gold. "I give you my heart. Will you bind yourself to me with this ring?"

Kiana took his hands and gazed into his mercurial eyes. "I'll bind myself to you in any way you wish. I'm yours."

He took her hand and placed the ring upon her finger. "I love you, wee one."

"And I love you."

\* \* \* \*

Ranehz and Kiana moved to her old homestead after building a small cottage. To all who knew them, they seemed like the normal family. No one ever connected the rare sightings of a shiny blue dragon with the foreigner who became Kiana's husband.

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Even though she'd given herself to him body, heart, and soul, Kiana still requested occasionally to be branded by Ranehz's dragon tongue. She enjoyed the strong need it filled her with and loved being bound to him in such an intimate way.

A few seasons after moving away from the cave, Kiana gave birth to a son.

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### **About the Author**

Savannah Reardon is a regular contributor to Coming Together and Literotica.com. Visit her website at [savannahreardon.webs.com](http://savannahreardon.webs.com) for more information on her work.

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