

Changeling Press

CELIA KYLE



ferret  
you!

DRAGONKIN

# **Dragon Kin: Ferret You!**

## **Celia Kyle**

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## **Dragon Kin: Ferret You!**

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Egan's a dragon with a plan. After watching his brothers settle with their fire companions, he aches to create a home with his own. Only Mireya is being somewhat... resistant. Okay, she's said no. Repeatedly. He likes to think she's just playing hard to get. He hopes.

## Chapter One

Egan Lisander laid his head back against the headrest of his car seat and imagined making love with the woman of his heart, his *souler*.

Egan would watch her sleep, the moonlight highlighting the hue of her flawless mocha skin. The sheet would barely concealed her curves, outlining all of the dips and valleys of her body. With soft touches he'd tug and slide the sheet from her breasts, hips and then legs. Inch after inch of skin would be exposed; the fullness of her breasts, the small roundness of her stomach and thickness of her thighs.

He'd stroke her feet, relishing the satiny feel of her, rubbing and stroking up her body, her thighs, her hips. He'd sift his fingers through the short curls at the juncture of her thighs.

Egan would dip the tip of his finger between her folds, finding her slick and hot beneath his touch. Mireya would then moan in response, eyes still closed, hips rocking toward his touch. Would she be asleep? Or awake?

He would then probe further, his pad pressing and rubbing the hardened nubbin hidden within her folds. Her heat would scorch him and arouse him beyond measure. He wanted her, there was no denying. Again and again and again. Then again.

Mireya would then shift her legs and he'd take what she offered whether knowingly or not. He would ease lower, another finger joining the first to discover her hidden secrets again. He would circle her opening, testing her readiness and toying with the sweet pussy he'd claimed as his. And claimed he had. This sweet ferret with all of her ferret laws and eccentricities belonged to him now.

"Egan..." She'd moan and widen her thighs even more. "Stop teasing."

He'd smirk, knowing exactly what his teasing did for her. "You sure?"

"Just need you. Only you."

Egan's dick would already be rock-hard. The normally pale skin of his cock red, hot, angry and hungry. Pre-come leaked from the tip, coating his lower stomach, and he ached to sink into his fire companion's warmth. With his free hand, he gripped his cock by the base and squeezed, shuddering with the tendrils of pleasure that snaked and slithered through him. He was ready, more than ready.

He glanced at Mireya's face and was captured by her gaze. So much love was revealed there. Love. Her dark brown eyes shone in the moonlight and he thought he almost saw tears there.

"Mireya?" Worry tinged his voice.

"Love you. So much."

"I love you too, my *souler*." His soul lover. Words weren't needed any longer; feelings, touches and kisses were enough. Egan withdrew his fingers and licked them clean, loving the sweet taste of her cream, her arousal.

With care he settled himself between her legs and guided his cock to her pussy. Mireya brought her knees up and tilted her hips, opening herself for him. He braced himself on his hands above her, his gaze intent on her.

Inch by inch he eased forward, carefully filling her and relishing in the wet heat surrounding his cock. Onward he moved, her pussy rippling and convulsing the further he ventured. She moaned, her eyes rolling back, her head thrashing from side to side while he invaded her.

Fully seated, he waited, panting, teasing. He wanted her to demand her pleasure, not be a passive participant.

It didn't take long. "Egan..." She rolled her hips, rocking them back and forth. It took all of his control not to give her what she wanted. "Egan..."

His dragon roared, scales rippling and dancing beneath the surface of his skin. The dragon didn't care for teasing its fire companion. It wanted to please and protect in every way possible, including lovemaking.

"Egan, please..." She sobbed, fingernails digging into his forearms. "Love me!" she finally demanded.

He leaned forward, lips a hair's breadth from hers. "Always."

Egan withdrew and slammed forward, rocking the bed with the power of his thrust. Mireya screamed in response and wrapped her legs around his waist -- exactly where he loved having them the most.

He repeated the motion. Retreat and thrust. Retreat and thrust. He tilted his hips, searching and hunting for that spot that made his *souler* scream in ecstasy. "Yes!"

He'd found it. Hips canted just right, he increased his tempo, fighting for her to come before he did. Her pussy squeezed and milked him every other thrust, letting him know just how close she was to coming. He wanted her there, with him. He held his own orgasm in check... waiting.

Mireya kneaded and massaged her breasts, fingers pinching her nipples, eyes glazed over with pleasure. Soon, so soon. He could feel it now by the tempo of her breath, the roll of her hips and the rhythmic tightening around his dick.

"Soon..." She panted. As if he didn't know. Yes, he was a smug bastard, but more importantly, he knew his *souler's* body almost better than his own now.

Egan released his tenuous control and let the pleasure of making love with his *souler* wash through him. The orgasm built at the base of his spine and expanded until it enveloped his entire body. The tiny sparks of electricity turned into a raging fire, burning and sliding through him like the ocean his water dragon called home. Deeper and deeper the ecstasy ran, pouring through his veins like a tsunami, gathering speed and height with each passing second.

"I'm coming... Gah!" A wave crested and broke along the rocky shores of Utopia Bay, pleasure pouring through him like the ebb and flow of the tide. With his cock pulsing and pounding to the rhythm of his heart, he came in a rush of spasms and pleasure so strong, it was almost painful. His cock jerked and released his seed into her waiting depths, pulsing with each new round of shudders and shivers wracking his body.

Finally... finally... panting, he slumped over his lover, replete...

Gah! But it hadn't happened yet because the woman of his dreams, literally, still wouldn't go out on a single date with him. After four years of asking, he was nearing his breaking point.

Sexually frustrated, he gathered the flowers he'd brought for her and climbed out of his SUV. With long strides he closed the distance between his car and the front door of the Sugar Shack.

Mireya caught him before he'd entirely crossed the threshold. "Ferret you, Egan."

Wait, what? Egan shook his head. She wouldn't even let him ask now?

"Ferret you and the wave you rode in on. How many times do I have to say no to going out with you?"

"You'll say yes eventually, Mireya." He headed toward the front door, fighting the blush that was trying to burn his cheeks. He was really getting tired of being turned down.

He needed to claim his woman. Fast.

\* \* \*

Egan was nearing the point of no return. It lurked on the horizon and he drew closer with each passing day.

He leaned his head against the headrest of his SUV, closed his eyes and inhaled the lingering scents of his tormentor. Mireya. She owned the Sugar Shack and he would forever connect the scents of baking bread and sweet cookies to his woman. Except she wasn't his. Not yet. And considering her resistance, he didn't think she ever would be.

He'd done the wooing and complimenting and every other thing he could think of to get her to go out with him, get to know him. Except she seemed to be completely set against the very idea of him. Every time he asked her out on a date, she came up with some reason to say no. No: the two letter word he'd begun to hate.

All of his trials and tribulations were what brought him out tonight. Two of her best friends were fire companions to his brothers and he prayed to the water his dragon called home that they could point him in the right direction.

Egan's heart burned for Mireya. The dragon within demanded that he rush into the bakery and take what belonged to him, but even he knew that doing so would end whatever they could have had before it began. Women today didn't care for a "conquer and destroy" attitude. At least, he didn't think Mireya would.

She was independent and strong. She operated the bakery nearly by herself, the only help she'd had in the past was her step-brother Mika. Since he'd moved away to Kansas she hadn't hired anyone to replace him. Shit, he didn't know what to do. At all.

*Might as well get this over with.* With a sigh he turned off the engine and then unfolded from the SUV. Part of him regretted having to even breathe, saddened by the loss of her scent in his lungs. Then again, his body appreciated the air. To, like, live.

There was a crowd gathered around the front door of Pagans' Corner, the island's local bar and general hang-out. Nearly all of the shifters and paras that lived on the island frequented the small bar for drinks and a good time.

Egan decided not to waste any more time and strode toward the crowded entryway, pushing his way through the gathered group of smokers and beings that had been ousted from the bar. Bouncers did their jobs and kicked the drunks to the curb.

From just inside the front door he could see that the place was hopping as usual. Shifters and paranormals of every design packed the small place, laughing and drinking and generally carrying on.

He scanned the crowd, senses open just enough so that he wasn't overwhelmed by the smells and sounds around him but could still find his brothers. He saw them before the rest of his senses caught up. Damn, he was getting sloppy.

Egan pushed and nudged through the groups of bodies, ignoring the protests and cigarette smoke while he navigated the Pagans' Corner's floor. Of course his brothers had to pick the table in the farthest corner from the door.

He kept the tops of their heads in sight while he approached, unable to see much else over the writhing mass of the crowd. And then the people parted like the Red Sea before Moses and Egan groaned aloud.

The girls were with them. He didn't have a problem with them per se... they were just everything he wanted in a fire companion. Except, of course, they belonged to his brothers. Lucky bastards.

Sky, with her well-rounded hips and tapered waist, made her seat on Brenton's lap, while Selena, with her ample breasts, settled on Kyden's.

His brothers smiled at him, smug with their arms wrapped protectively around their fire companions. Both of them knew of his troubles and neither had any idea what to do about any of it. So, it'd come down to this... ask the women.

Egan swallowed the lump in his throat and dried his hands on his jeans. He wasn't a pussy. No, he was a man's man who hated opening up to women.

"Hey, guys." He jerked his head in welcome. "Sky, Selena."

He was welcomed by both of the ladies with near twin smiles, mouths wide and eyes twinkling with an echoed "Egan!" ringing in his ears.

Egan took the last remaining seat and settled in, taking a sip of the beer placed before him by a passing waitress. The woman didn't stick around long and he couldn't blame her. He'd heard the goblins in the bar liked to play games of grab-ass, and the only way to avoid them was to stay quick on your feet. Sky could definitely tell some tales about that. "So." He took a deep breath.

Sky leaned forward, elbows on the table. "So."

"So." Selena mimicked her movement.

"What did they tell you?" He knew the guys had, because these ladies were way too interested in *him* tonight.

"That you --" Sky started.

"Oh, wise and powerful dragon." Selena laid it on thick.

"Need our help."

"Because we're wonderful."

"And women," they said in unison.

Egan glared at Brenton and Kyden. He loved the women, just the tiniest bit more than sisters, which meant he wasn't above putting them over his knee as only a brother could do -- except Sky would probably enjoy it a bit too much.

Sky toyed with her drink. "So, what's the problem?"

He sighed. "Mireya." One word, one name, it all boiled down to her. Both women oohed. "Yup. She's my..." He hadn't ever said it aloud, hadn't ever wanted to tempt the sleeping dragon within, but he couldn't do this alone. "She's my fire companion." He grimaced.

"Keep going. We can't help if we don't know it all."

For this he'd need liquid fortification. He lifted his mug from the table and downed three quick gulps of the bitter, cold brew. "I've tried wooing."

"How?" Sky was taking notes on what looked like a stolen order pad.

"I brought her flowers, chocolates, gifts. I complimented her. Anything I could to get her to smile."

Selena shook her head. "You laid it on too thick." Well, duh. Even Mireya had told him that. "Next?"

"I started just visiting her bakery every other day..." Both women stared at him. Okay, he was pathetic. "Every day. I visited her every day and asked her out for coffee or in for one of her Danishes. She kept saying no."

The ladies looked at each other and spoke in unison. "Too strong."

"Then I tried ignoring her..."

Brenton, with his big assed mouth butted in. "If you call walking by twice a day ignoring."

Both of his brothers burst into laughter and high-fived over their lover's heads. "Yeah!"

"Assholes." Egan finished off his beer. "So, ladies, what am I supposed to do?"

The women leaned toward one another and whispered quietly for several moments before returning their attention to him. "She's a ferret." He couldn't figure out the big deal, but he nodded at Selena anyway.

“And her step-brother just moved away? Mika? To Barkus, Kansas?”

He nodded at Sky. “The thing is...”

“Egan...”

Kyden broke in this time. “She’s just not that into you.” He high-fived Brenton. “Yeah! Again!”

Both Selena and Sky rolled their eyes. “The point is, gentlemen-who-shall-never-have-sex-again, that her life is in an uproar. Mika isn’t there to help with the bakery and has moved halfway across the country. She’s alone and the last thing she needs is a distraction to throw her life into a tailspin. She doesn’t need a fly-by-night man.” Selena eyed him. “And the way you were coming on to her... she thinks you’re a one-two punch and then out the door kind of guy.”

“But --”

“There’s only one plan of action now.” Both women nodded, resolute.

He really didn’t like the sound of that.

## Chapter Two

The following morning, standing outside the Sugar Shack at three a.m. with a winter coat wrapped around him and a Styrofoam cup of coffee in his hands, he liked the plan even less. But Egan was unyielding. This would work. It had to. He'd lay some of it on the line and then bullshit the rest. Then phase two of the plan could kick in and hopefully, come evening, he'd have one furry fire companion at his side.

Hopefully. He prayed. Hard.

Egan took a sip of his coffee, nearly moaning aloud while the bitter brew warmed him from the inside out. Yeah, he was a dragon and he could make his own fire, but waking a sleeping dragon while so near its fire companion and then telling it "no" wasn't the best of ideas. Ever.

And so he contented himself with steaming, scorching hot coffee and a winter coat while he waited. Luckily, or unluckily, he didn't have to wait long.

"What are you doing here, Lisander?"

Damn but he hated that she wore such soft-soled shoes and could sneak up on him. Damn double damn. He turned toward her and took a sip from his cup, stalling for time and giving him the opportunity to admire her appearance.

Mireya's hair, midnight-black with the palest blonde tips, was cut into a short bob, curling and hugging the curves of her face, giving her a youthful appearance. Her bangs just swept the tops of her brows. Her eyes, so like his, were nearly black. Both the hair color and eyes were from her inner ferret, the animal showing its dominance over her human body. If only that little scared ferret could come to trust his big bad dragon.

Her skin was the color of smooth milk chocolate and he ached to lick and nibble every inch of her just to see if she tasted as good as she looked. Her nose was one of her cutest features with its upturned tip. Her cheeks held the tiniest hint of a rosy glow with

the cold. But her lips? Her lips were made for kissing; full and plump and coated in berry-red gloss, tempting him. They weren't smiling.

"I said, what are you doing here, Egan?"

At least she used his Christian name this time. "I'm waiting for you." He smiled, forcing his canines to stay put while he attempted to look like a disarming little boy. Being six feet tall didn't do too well for the "little" part of the game he was playing, but the girls told him to do the best he could.

"Why?" She frowned at him. "I've said no as creatively as I could, Egan. Just... Why can't..." She growled and turned her attention to the locks on the Sugar Shack's front door.

Egan stood guard while her back was turned, conscious of his surroundings and any threats to his fire companion. Not that there had been threats, but a man couldn't be too careful with his woman.

She poked him, and her touch seared through the fabric, zinging through his body and going straight to his groin. Damn, but she was potent. Egan growled at her. "Move it, missy. It's cold out here."

"You move it." She giggled. Giggled! Like it was funny that his cock was suddenly hard enough to pound nails. And it almost sounded like the flirty giggle that Selena and Sky made around his brothers. Huh? Maybe she wasn't as disinterested as she appeared.

Once inside the bakery, he followed her to the back office, placing his cup of coffee on the desk while he worked on the buttons of his coat. Mireya did the same, tossing glares at him the whole time. He didn't really care. Not when he got to watch her unwrap the packaging around her body.

She started at the top, first revealing the ample curves of her breasts. The top was lower than he liked for a fire companion, but more than low enough for him to love as a man appreciating a woman. It showed the smooth brown expanse of her cleavage, and his mouth watered with thoughts of burying his face between her breasts, licking and nibbling her nipples through the fabric of her blouse.

Her hands continued south, showing him the small curve of her stomach, the dip in her waist and the widening of her hips. Child-bearing hips, his mother would call them. He called them perfect. They were nice and wide and he knew she had an ass to match; perfect and bubbly, big and round. She wore her usual skirt that almost looked painted on, accentuating her hips and hiding her thick thighs. The gorgeous thighs he'd imagined wrapped around his waist night after day after night. Or his head... He couldn't wait to taste her from top to toes and stopping everywhere in between.

He wanted her. He couldn't deny it.

\* \* \*

Mireya wanted him. She couldn't deny it.

She plucked at the buttons of her coat, surreptitiously watching Egan remove his jacket. All of the Lisander boys were made big and strong, but something about Egan spoke to her like a shiny object just waiting for her ferrety self to snatch it away. She saw him and wanted to follow the first of their ferret laws. Find. Take. Mine.

Unable to resist, she started her perusal at the top and worked her way down. His midnight-blue hair always entranced her. It glinted in the overhead lights, looking blue and black and then blue again with the shift of his body. His eyes bore the same shade as his hair, his dragon making itself known. His forehead was wide, jaw chiseled, nose strong, and the pale pink of his lips reminded her of the sweetest icing she'd made not long ago. She wondered if he'd taste as good as he looked.

She flicked her attention to his fingers, his hands. They were large, capable and strong, and she ached to have them on her, in her. Beneath her gaze he unzipped his coat, revealing the wide, lean chest she'd been staring and lusting after for months on end. He had broad shoulders, firm pectorals and a smooth, flat stomach with a slim, tapered waist. Part of her misgivings about dating him related to those parts of his anatomy in particular. She wasn't vain, but she knew the difference between a hard body and one that was... not. She was definitely of the "not" variety.

Shoving her worries aside, she focused on the semi-striptease going on in front of her. The jacket opened fully just below his hips, showing her his jeans-clad package.

And what a package! Those Lisander boys always wandered around in clothes that seemed meant to arouse and tantalize women.

Mireya slipped her jacket from her shoulders and dug deep inside herself for her frustration at finding Egan on her doorstep at three in the morning. But for some reason her anger was proving difficult to find. Damn it. Sorta.

She'd been using his invasive tendencies as her reason for rebuffing him for so long that she didn't know what to do now that her aggravation had disappeared. With her step-brother Mika gone, she didn't know how to protect herself.

Ferrets weren't solitary creatures and she sure as hell didn't want to adopt the first man who showed interest. Most of all she didn't want that man to be a dragon. She'd heard of humans being bound to dragons, and forced to do as a dragon pleased due to their bound status. She wasn't sure if a ferret could become bound, but she didn't want to find out the hard way either. She liked her freedom, thankyouverymuch. Well, except for the being alone part. If only she knew his attraction was true attr... No. Better not to wish for something she couldn't ever have.

Well, she'd been staring long enough now, time to kick him out and be done with it. "Egan..."

He spoke at the same time. "Mireya."

She chuckled, couldn't help it. They always seemed to be thinking the same things. "You first." He needed to say his piece and then hurry scurry his way out of here.

"I've got someone from Bound for Freedom coming by today. Her name's Jacqueline."

Okay, that was unexpected.

"She was bound to one of my cousins, Kennet, and he released her recently. She needs something to do. A job. Mika's been gone for a while and from what I've heard he's found someone special, so I doubt he'll be back anytime soon. Jacqueline really needs some way to be productive."

She wasn't sure about this. "Egan..."

"If money's an issue, I can subsidize her salary for as long as you need."

*Arrogant, no good, not all-knowing...* "I can cover her salary. I covered Mika's just fine," she snapped.

"Well, then why haven't you hired help? I offered to work here, you said no. I offered to put up a sign and advertise so that you wouldn't run yourself ragged. You said no. What does it take to get you to say yes? She needs a job, you need help. Isn't that enough?"

"It's presumptuous." And appreciated, but she wasn't about to say that.

"Too damned bad. Because I'm about to presume a hell of a lot where you're concerned." Without waiting for an answer he turned on his heel and stomped from the room, the front door slamming in his wake, glass rattling in their grooves.

"What the hell does that mean?"

She didn't have much time to puzzle out the meaning behind Egan's words. Within minutes of his departure a girl arrived, declaring that she'd been sent by Egan. Jacqueline was wrapped in a winter coat, warm drink in hand. Well, it looked like she'd be keeping her new assistant after all. The woman looked way too thin and way too desperate to turn away.

Damn Egan, damn him to hell and back.

\* \* \*

Well, damn her truck too.

After a long day in the bakery, teaching Jacqueline how to run the counter while she worked in the back, baking, Mireya just wanted to go home and take a nice long, hot bath.

Of course, her truck wouldn't start no matter how many times she turned the key. And she did. Repeatedly. Somebody had vandalized her car. She banged her hands on the steering wheel. "Damn it, damn it, damn it!" This was not what she needed. Her confrontation from the morning still rang in her ears while she tried to figure out Egan's cryptic words.

A knock on her window, a quick rap of knuckles, startled her and she nearly screamed. Her attention flew to the man standing on the other side of the door and she immediately relaxed. It was only Egan -- with a satisfied, smug grin on his face. Bastard probably knew exactly what'd happened to her truck.

She rolled down the window, thankful that she'd never sold the old truck that still had manual hand cranks to pull them down, otherwise they wouldn't be working for her now. "What are you doing here?"

"Kidnapping you."

And he looked serious. "The ferret, you are, Egan Lisander." She began rolling up her window, arm turning the little lever just as fast as she could.

Except Egan was faster. With lightning speed he darted his hand through the open window and unlocked the door before opening it to let himself in.

Oh. Shit. No, no, no. She wanted him, wanted him more than she had ever wanted another, but she didn't want to become some mindless Boundling, forced to do his bidding for the rest of her days. "Egan..." She scooted back, away from the open door. "Let's talk about this..."

Blue fire burned in his eyes, and she knew her time of resistance had come to an end. She'd been pushing him away for over a year, refusing to accept his claim or even discuss their mutual attraction.

"I'm done talking, Mireya." He grabbed her calves and tugged her so that her ass rested on the edge of the truck's bench seat. He insinuated himself between her spread legs, inching her skirt up until it was almost around her waist, panty-clad cunt revealed. His hard cock, encased in denim, rested at the juncture of her thighs. He ground his hardened erection against her cloth-covered pussy, the hard press causing a bit of pinching pleasure and pain to shoot through her, zinging straight to her cunt. Her cunt clenched and became wet with desire, preparing her for him... only him.

The visits and gifts and sweet smiles he threw her way over the months had worked their magic no matter how resistant she'd tried to be. The walls surrounding her heart crumbled a bit more with every flower and sweet note left on her windshield.

His lips a hair's breadth from hers, he whispered, "I've talked and wooed. I coasted along like the rivers, trying to ease into your life, your heart. The river has all but dried, Mireya... But a flash flood has arrived."

She closed her eyes eased forward, the tiniest of movements and the distance between them was gone. His silky lips brushed over hers in the barest of caresses, and then he was there: dominant, demanding... sexy. He tasted like the ocean, heat scorching and burning her mouth until she didn't know if she could stand being the focus of his desire. His tongue dipped and flicked, licking her mouth, tasting and discovering. She reacted in turn, absorbing all that she could of his flavor, relishing the fire, the sweet water and the wild tastes of Egan. He called to her in a way that no man had ever before.

Egan nipped and nibbled her lips, his mouth never stopping. He gripped her hips in a punishing hold, guiding them, forcing her to rock against the ridge of his cock, and she shuddered with each damning ripple of pleasure shooting through her. Back and forth, he guided her with ease, and she moaned against his mouth. "I'm taking you now, Mireya. Yes or no?"

She couldn't think, could only feel... "Yes."

Egan hissed, and she barely heard the rip of cloth through the pounding of her heart in her ears. A cool draft bathed her pussy, and then he was there, the head of his cock prodding her entrance. She leaned back, tilting her hips, adjusting the angle to ease his way. Her nerves sparked and sputtered to life, her body on the edge of something great.

He wouldn't move, just rubbed his cock around her heat in small circles. "Egan..."

"Say it."

"What?" she whined. She could see his scales shimmering beneath the surface of his skin, shades of blue dancing for her.

"You accept me. Say it."

"Egan..." Worry churned in the pit of her stomach.

“Say it,” he demanded, undeterred.

“I accept you, damn it!”

Egan thrust forward, fully seating himself in her cunt in one swift movement. Her pussy stretched around his cock, the burn sending shards of pleasure through her from head to toe. She screamed his name, her back arched, head thrown back. She rocked her hips, shaking both the truck and her body.

He rubbed her clit with tiny circles and rapid flicks, tugging her orgasm along, urging it to come closer to the precipice. As if he was leaving a trail of promises of unimaginable pleasure for her. She wanted to cash in on every one of those pledges.

He pushed harder, the truck shocks squeaking and groaning with each of his thrusts, hips banging against hers while he fucked her hard and fast. He pushed down on her clit and then flicked it with his nail. She screamed. Deep and low, loud yet soft, she screamed like she'd never screamed before and didn't think she ever would again.

Pleasure, the purest of pleasure, built within her, starting at her toes. Her muscles tensed and convulsed as her orgasm built speed, shifting through her body in wave after wave of ecstasy, and still it didn't crest.

“Please...” she begged, uncaring of how it made her look. Harlot? Absolutely. She was fucking a man in the parking lot for ferret's sake.

“Now.” He scraped his nail against her engorged nubbin and pulled her forward into a scorching kiss while slamming himself home one last time. His tongue mimicked the motion of their bodies, licking and tasting, and she reveled in the flavor of him, the oceany, fire-scented, clean taste.

Mireya came, burning outside and within. Wave after wave after wave of pleasure and love coursed through her veins, skittered along her nerves and burst through her pores.

Egan tore his mouth from hers, and she whimpered at the loss, missing him after bare moments. “You're coming with me.”

Mireya couldn't do anything but agree. She whispered against his mouth, “Yes.”

## Chapter Three

She'd said yes. Mireya, fire companion, *souler*, soon to be mate, said yes.

Every word he'd spoken, every thought he'd ever had, had all been true. He loved the woman more than his scales and wanted nothing more than to care for her, make her happy for all of her days. And she'd accepted him, had said the words he'd longed to hear for days on end. Twice more. He had to make love to her twice more in twenty-four hours and then they'd be mated forever, loving forever. She'd take on his lengthened lifespan, and he would gain a lifetime of happiness with his *souler*, his soul lover. The one true woman for him.

He truly had been moving like the rivers... biding his time until she would see his love for her. It seemed she reacted better to a tsunami.

Egan hefted Mireya higher, cradling his woman in his arms, a feeling he didn't think he'd ever get to experience. He could scent his seed still within her, and his cock grew hard with the thought of pumping even more into her sweet, delicious depths.

"Put me down, you'll hurt yourself."

"Ha!" He tossed her a few inches in the air and caught her, Mireya's screech ringing in his ears.

"Egan! You'll drop me! I'm not one of those hundred pound bimbettes you normally date," she grumbled. He let her slide to the ground once they'd reached his car, curve after curve of her pressed against his body. He held her there for a moment, relishing the softness of her so close to him.

She reached for the door handle, but he stopped her, gripping her hand in his. "You." He kissed her palm. "Are." He kissed the back of her hand. "Beautiful." He kissed the inside of her wrist. "I love everything about you, including each one of your luscious curves. All of them. And I can't wait to explore you thoroughly." He winked

and then pulled her away from the car. "But we're not taking the car this evening. I'm just locking it up. Maybe you should strip, and we'll get going."

She whimpered and shrank back. "Tell me you're not thinking what I think you're thinking."

He could see the smidge of fear on her face, so he leaned forward and kissed the worry away. "Yup. Better get undressed and furry. You'll need the warmth up there."

"Egan..."

He stopped listening to her protests and simply locked his car before handing her his keys. "Hold these while we fly, baby." He'd carry their clothes in one of his claws. She then seemed to notice his nakedness and squeaked before whirling around to face the other direction.

Egan closed his eyes to give her some shifting privacy, and called on his magic, willing his body to shift and reform into his dragon shape. Scales danced and unfolded from his skin, and his face and neck elongated into that of a dragon. A tail emerged from his backside while his legs thickened and lengthened, giving him the power of dragon legs. His muscles bunched and stretched and grew as he shifted, becoming one with the spirit that rested inside him twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. Always and forever it would be a part of him, just as he hoped Mireya would be.

Shift complete, he opened his eyes to see a tiny ferret with black, blonde-tipped fur staring at him. He smiled and she shrank back further.

*Mireya, do not be afraid. I'd never hurt you.*

*But, you're so big.*

Every man in the world wanted to hear such a compliment. *And you're so small. We're perfect for one another.* He held out one claw and eased it to the ground, several feet from her. *Please, Mireya, join me? Grab my keys and let me take you to my home.*

A new light danced in her eyes at the sound of the word "keys" and he knew he'd gotten to her. Ferrets, even ferret shifters, couldn't resist shiny objects. It was a fact of nature and he'd just appealed to her very being. *Whatever it takes,* he thought.

Within moments, she dashed across the parking lot and then approached him with the keys in one paw and apprehension on her tiny ferrety face.

*Come, my souler. Come to me.*

She seemed to come to a decision and scurried toward him, jumping into his paw. He closed his claws carefully over her. Cradling her now with both claws, he shot straight up into the air with a single beat of his giant wings, soaring through the air with his *souler*, his soul lover, his very being, in hand.

He contemplated an evening swim with Mireya, pulling her through the ocean on the back of his dragon, letting her feel the water on her skin as he felt it along his scales. Then again, she didn't have scales to keep her warm in the near freezing water.

He decided on the land entrance to his home instead. Though, if someone asked his brother Kyden, it was his "lair," not his home. He still got a kick out of teasing his brother about his "lair" in the mountains. They weren't living in the medieval ages any longer. A home was a home, regardless of who inhabited it. Dragons did not a lair make.

Egan landed on the driveway of the elevator house along the shore, and placed Mireya gingerly on the ground before shifting back to his human form. "It's not too late. If you want to say no..." The mating wasn't complete. He could still walk away. Barely.

She shifted as well, the blonde-tipped black hair receding as she changed from ferret into human. She handed his keys back to him as soon as she was fully transformed and snatched her clothes from where he'd dropped them, tugging them on as fast as she could.

"No." She shook her head, hair swaying this way and that. "No, I mean... I'm not saying no. Just... take care of me?" She nibbled her lower lip, eyes brimming with tears.

"Oh, baby, always. You're my *souler*. I'll always lo -- take care of you. Always." He wasn't ready to admit his love for her, regardless of his true feelings, and he was lucky she didn't really know what *souler* meant.

He didn't wait for a response, unsure of how his words would affect her. Better to rush through the second and third matings rather than let her think the thing to death.

Egan got dressed before escorting her into the house that sheltered the elevator to his home. Once inside, he strode toward the center of the building and pressed the button in the wall that would bring the elevator up to land level.

"There's nothing here."

"Of course not."

She tugged on his hand. "Egan, there's *nothing* here."

He looked around. "That's because I don't live here, I live down there." He pointed toward the ground just as the elevator arrived.

"Wha --"

He pulled her inside and hugged her. "I live beneath the ocean with walls of glass so I can see my domain all the time." He brushed a soft kiss against her lips and felt her shudder. His cock hardened as always when he was this close to her.

Without asking for permission, Egan backed Mireya against the smooth glass wall. "You're mine." His dragon was close to the surface, too close, too anxious to get its companion down into the depths of his home.

"Yes." She moaned and reached for him, arms going around his neck, fingers threading through his hair.

He skimmed her body, discovering the curves he'd missed during their frantic lovemaking in her truck. With efficient movements he unbuttoned her blouse and thumbed her nipples, the hard nubbins seeming to reach for him through her bra. She moaned against his neck and arched into his hands. He kneaded her full breasts.

Egan captured her mouth in a kiss, swallowing her sounds, relishing her taste and enjoying her inherent flavor. Sweet fire and cool water poured over his tongue, the nectar of the dragons.

He shifted his caresses, tracing the lines of her waist, her hips. He scrunched up her skirt, baring her pussy to the cool air of the elevator. She tore her mouth from his. "Need you," she panted, and he was more than willing to comply.

He slipped his hands to his slacks and unzipped, pulling his hard cock through the opening. "Lift your leg. Take me," he demanded, and she did as he asked.

Mireya wrapped one leg around his hip, opening her pussy to him, giving him access to her most intimate place. With careful movements he lined his cock up to her entrance and eased forward in the slowest increments possible. He enjoyed the snug feeling of each and every ripple of her cunt as he filled her with his cock. He made sure to tease her and torment her as much as possible.

Her heat sent sparks flying through his body, the tingling electricity awakening his every nerve ending with each passing breath. He thrust forward the final few inches, pulling a hiss from his lover, his mate. Her pussy convulsed around him, and he fought his rising orgasm, pushing it back down.

Mireya's heat, her scent, flavored the very air of the elevator. The sweetened musk called to his dragon and it wanted to answer in kind. His scales were just beneath his skin, dying to be revealed, to rub against the skin of his *souler*.

He gripped Mireya's hips and hefted her higher, forcing her to wrap her other leg around his waist and exposing her fully to his ministrations.

"Egan! I'm too heavy."

"You're perfect. You're my *souler*." He kissed her again, pouring his love and adoration into his lips, his tongue, and willing his true feelings into the kiss they shared.

He pulled back and thrust forward, hips tilting this way and that, hunting for the bundle of nerves sure to give her the utmost pleasure. She gripped his shoulders, fingers digging into his skin through his shirt. The biting pain zipped through him, heightening his pleasure further. He withdrew and slid home once again, pumping his hips, fucking his *souler* for all he was worth. This woman, this one woman, would be with him until the end of his days.

Twice more... He needed her to orgasm twice more. Needed to share his seed with her twice more. Magic worked on the principal of three and the magic of dragons was no different.

Egan wrapped his arm around Mireya's lower back, supporting her while his other hand snaked between them, finding her clit with ease. The tiny nubbin pulsed and hardened beneath his fingertips, practically begging to be rubbed and petted. He started with tiny, soft circles, increasing the pressure and pace with each increase in the speed of his fucking. Harder and faster, quick and deep, he made love to her with everything in his being, willing her to come with him, come around him.

The elevator took them beneath the ocean and he took her to the highest heights of pleasure. Pumping in and out of her pussy, he flicked her clit and her pussy tightened around him, dancing rhythmically around his cock in warning. Her orgasm was close.

Harder and faster he worked his cock in and out of her heat, as he shared more and more of himself with her. Egan turned his heart over to her in those times of orgasm, giving bits and pieces of himself with each exchange.

"Close, so close, Egan. Fuck me. Make me come."

"Yes, yes, yes. Come for me, *souler*. Come on my cock."

He kept up his punishing rhythm, fingers and cock working her cunt and clit as fast and hard as he could manage. He drew on his dragon's strength and love, willing his body to go faster, to find those places that would drive her wild.

Her pussy clenched around him in a steady and increasing rhythm in time with her heart. Thump, thump, thump... He wanted to come in her pussy, leave a part of himself within her.

"Coming! Gah!" She screamed. "Egan!" She roared his name, his little ferret sounding more like a dragon and less like a small furry creature.

Her pleasure secured, Egan released his own, seed gathering in his balls and electric fire amassing around his cock until, until... until... It released, lighting him on fire from head to toe. He burned at a thousand degrees, enjoying the heat of release.

He leaned against the wall, Mireya still holding his cock within her, her breath coming in uneven pants. “*Souler...*” He couldn’t think of anything else. Nothing but the promise and love in the single word was right for that moment.

She stroked his back, petting him, and he reveled in her tender touches. “What... what does that mean?”

The elevator dinged. *Saved by the bell.*

\* \* \*

*Damn the bell.*

Mireya relaxed her legs, pulling them from around Egan’s waist and attempting to stand on her own two feet. Her legs were like jelly, hardly taking her weight at all. At the same time, his cock slipped free of her pussy and she moaned at the loss of being so full.

Sex and musk and heat filled the confined space, not even the doors sliding open gave them a reprieve from the scents of their lovemaking. Again, it’d been hard and fast instead of sweet and slow, yet she couldn’t get enough of him.

She laced her fingers with his and slid around him, relishing the warmth pooled in her pussy. Regardless of the outcome, bound or unbound, she would never forget her time with him and if... if something came of their lovemaking, the child would be loved forever.

“Show me your house. And then explain to me what kind of trouble I’m in.” She joked, but didn’t.

Egan rushed past her, pulling her along behind him as they entered his inner sanctum. She was dragged into the middle of what she assumed was the living room and she froze. He hadn’t been kidding. Not one iota.

The walls were glass in every direction. The elevator hadn’t just gone down, but out on an angle as well, leading them farther and farther out into the water until the sea surrounded them on all sides. Fish of every color danced in the water, swimming this way and that in small schools. A manta ray skimmed the surface of the glass dome, its mouth seeming to grin at them as it swam by. In the distance Mireya could glimpse a

killer whale and its baby exploring the sea. She stared, open-mouthed, in awe of all that lived and loved in the waters off Utopia Bay; things she'd never imagined she'd ever see and yet, here she was. "Oh, Egan."

He came up behind her, arms wrapping around her waist and pulling her back against him. "I had hoped you'd like it. I admit... I was worried."

"I could watch this forever. It doesn't have a thing on the Discovery Channel." He growled and nipped her ear and she giggled, tilting her head to the side, granting him better access.

"You'd better like it. For one, it's my true home, and two, you'll be living here forever. With me. If you say yes..."

She turned in his arms. "If you'll tell me what being bound to you means, what *souler* means, then I'll say yes."

"Bound?" He jerked his head back, eyebrows furrowed. "I would never bind anyone. Ever. Bound for Freedom spends millions every year to free Boundlings. What made you think I'd ever do such a heinous thing to you, Mireya. I would..." He acted as if she'd slapped him and told him she hated him.

"What am I supposed to think? You said I was yours and I agreed. I love you, you ass. Have you explained anything?" She poked him in the chest. "No." She poked him again just because it felt good. "So don't be getting huffy with me when I assumed that the only way I'd get to spend the rest of my life with you was as a Boundling or *souler* thing."

He pulled her into a dragon hug, arms going tight around her. "You love me?"

She sighed. "Yes," she said grudgingly.

He released her and pushed her back, staring straight into her eyes. "I love you."

Tears stung her eyes and she blinked them away. "You do?"

"I do."

She smirked. "That's for later."

“No, it’s for now. We’re not going to be bound, we’re going to be mated. You’re my *souler*, my soul lover, my one true mate. Why do you think I tried so hard to win you, sweet Mireya?”

Oh, she knew the answer to this. “Because you’re a water dragon? You start something and you’ll be dammed if you don’t finish it. Get it? Dammed?” She winked at him and he growled, capturing her mouth in a quick kiss.

“No, because you’re mine. If you want to truly be my mate, we have to make love once more... That will solidify the bond and you’ll be by my side until the end of time. Do you want that, Mireya.”

She only had one answer. “Yes.”

“Then let’s finish.” This kiss was sweet and slow, a languorous exploration of her mouth. She licked and tasted his essence, enjoyed his very flavor, and relished the scent of his fire so close to the surface.

She allowed him to lead her through the expansive home, still in awe of the fish and other sea creatures on display. Or rather, she was on display for them. They walked slowly down a long, glass-lined corridor, hand in hand, fingers interlaced. Finally, the hallway opened into another large room, a bed dominating the center of the space. He guided her toward the bed and stopped. “You’re sure.”

“More than anything.”

That seemed to be all he needed. He slipped his hands beneath the hem of her blouse and pushed it off her shoulders. Her bra quickly followed. Next he unzipped her skirt and it immediately pooled around her. He tore the remnants of her panties from her hips, and then she was left bare and naked before him.

“Beautiful.”

“Enough to commit to forever?” She joked, but was only half kidding.

“Forever and a day, my *souler*. Forever and a day,” he whispered against her lips.

Unwilling to be the only one naked, she pulled his shirt free of his slacks and worked at the buttons while their mouths remained fused. Her pussy ached and pulsed

in anticipation, a tiny burn still lingering from their first two furious fuckings. She looked forward to taking it slower this time around. And in a bed.

Buttons undone, she yanked at the shirt and he wiggled free of the material. She went to work on his slacks next, unbuckling the belt, slipping the button free and then unzipping them. His erection practically jumped into her hand, the smell of their sex intensifying. She loved the fact that a part of her still coated his cock, was still with him.

She discovered his body with her fingers, stroking the hard planes of his hips, stomach and chest. All of him was covered in a soft dusting of hair and hardened muscle. The clean smell of fire filled the room the more she explored, the entire space heating degree by degree the more she touched and stroked him, and she knew, from Sky and Selena's talks, that her man was truly aroused now.

He pulled away from her after giving her sweet, gentle kisses. "Mireya..." His voice held a warning.

"I know." She kissed back.

Egan pushed her back against the mattress and she got her first glimpse of his body before he covered her. It was exactly as she'd felt. The pale skin was stretched taut over muscle after muscle after muscle.

He entered her then, slowly, pushing his cock into her pussy, and she sighed, thankful to be filled by him once again. He positioned his body above hers, weight on his hands while he continued inching into her waiting pussy. She brought her knees up, widening her thighs and welcoming him with a tilt of her hips. His cock stroked her, pushing and pressing against every fold, stretching her walls with a satisfying ache.

Finally he was as far within her heat as he could be and they lay connected, panting into each other's mouths, sharing their breaths. The air was warm and scented with the ocean as if it were burning, and she inhaled his scent for all she was worth. "Move, Egan. Please," she begged, the ache in her pussy becoming nearly unbearable.

He complied immediately. "Anything for my *souler*. Anything."

Egan withdrew just as slowly as he'd entered her, shifting out with care before pushing forward once again. This wasn't the fast and furious fucking of before, but a tender lovemaking that almost brought tears to her eyes.

In and out he stroked and loved, back and again his cock moved within her, an unhurried shift and dance of bodies ensued. Sweet and caring, loving and gentle. Over and over their hips and breaths shifted in a rhythm as old as time.

Soon, much too soon, her orgasm built and danced within her. It felt as if all of her fur sprouted at once without it actually coming through the skin, singing through her pores at a rapid, heartbreaking pace. She continued the lift and gyration of her hips. Again and again their pelvises met, pushing and pounding against one another as she neared coming.

Her spine tingled, legs tightening, muscles contracting all over her body, the tension increased with each passing second. Again and again, higher and higher, her orgasm traveled toward the precipice, working toward something she'd never felt before.

Magic swirled around them, a glowing, shifting mass that enveloped them both and increased the pleasure of her pending orgasm. Closer and closer still it edged, until... until... until... "I'm coming!" she announced, unable to hold it back any longer.

"Come on my cock, *souler*. Come for me."

She released the tenuous hold she'd held on her pleasure, and pure ecstasy washed through her like a tsunami, cresting and then pouring through her from head to toe. She shuddered and moaned against him, barely aware of Egan finding his own release at the same moment.

Within seconds the mist of magic disappeared, leaving a soft glow to surround them as they caught their breaths.

"Wow," he breathed against her neck.

"Double wow."

"Let's do that again."

Always a man. "Ferret you, if you think my pussy can take any more. Ferret you!"

## Celia Kyle

Celia would have loved to have written her own biography, but she just didn't know what to say. In a fit of desperation, she turned to me, her most trusted confidant and friend. I realize you're asking yourself, "Who is this?" I am Jasmine, her cat. I also go by a few other names, but those may be too strong for your delicate ears. Suffice it to say my mommy is very creative and not just with writing.

My mommy, Celia, began writing in August of 2006. I know this because it was around that time our meals started coming later and later in the day. As months passed, she spent more and more time in front of the boring screen. Though, it was fun to chase the little arrow around every once in a while. You should hear her scream! But I digress.

She's worked hard to give readers sexy, quirky heroines they can relate to. And you better damn well appreciate it. All I got was late night feedings. And I didn't even make it into one of her books by name! That damn cat, Katie O'Meghan, did. Bitch.

Well, enjoy her writings and if you want to praise her for her work... don't. I'd like to get fed at some point, people.

Fine. If you *must* contact her, her website is at [www.celiakyle.com](http://www.celiakyle.com) or you can send an email to [celia.kyle@gmail.com](mailto:celia.kyle@gmail.com). But when I go hungry, I'll blame you all!