

# **BY DAYLIGHT COME**

**Tielle St. Clare**

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## **Chapter One**

Tina listened to her nieces giggling as she walked up the stairs to the attic. It was almost time for their parents to come get them after their evening with "Aunt-T". About once a month, Tina took the girls for the evening so her sister and her husband could be alone. She usually tried to do it on the weekends but a Thursday night worked as well. Only one more day of work before the weekend.

"Hey guys, it's almost time to go."

"Wait. Aunt-T, you've got to see this."

Katrina, the oldest, lifted a heavy leather-bound book from her lap. Tina had never seen it before but the attic held treasures from generations past and no one really knew what was up here.

"What did you find, sweetie?"

"It's a book of magic," Elena announced, her eyes wide and filled with wonder.

"Magic? I didn't know there were any magic books up here."

Her crazy great-aunt Hilda had owned the cabin/house in the woods for thirty years. Upon her death, she'd willed it to Tina and her sister. Tina loved the isolation, even if it did mean an hour-long commute to work. The forest and the silence were worth it. She'd bought her sister's half of the cabin a year ago but still hadn't gone through her aunt's cluttered attic.

"It's dragon magic," Katrina said. She traced her fingertips across the elaborate dragon embossed on the cover. "Isn't it beautiful?" The awe that filled the child's voice aroused Tina's curiosity and she sat down beside her niece and looked over her shoulder.

"It's a lovely book. I've just never seen it before. I didn't know it was up here."

Katrina pushed it into her lap. "You should say a spell."

"Me?" Tina tried to push the book back.

"Yes," Katrina said. "There's a spell in here to call your true love. You should say it."

Tina shook her head. "I don't think so."

"But Mom says you need a man," Elena piped up.

Tina tried not to glare at her six-year-old niece for the words her mother had put in her mouth. Especially since it was true.

"Come on, Auntie. It will be fun."

Elena jumped up and down. "I wanna see a dragon."

"A dragon. Right." Tina looked into the hopeful faces of her nieces and sighed. She was a sucker for cute. "Fine, let's see this book." She flipped open the pages. Dragons illuminated every page along with words written in elaborate script. Spells to vanquish your enemies, create a storm and...Tina stopped on the page. *Call Your True Loves*.

"That's the one. Come on. Read it."

Tina ran her finger down the page. It seemed innocuous enough. Entertainment for the girls. Elena jumped up and down until Katrina—older and wiser at age nine—pulled her down beside her.

"Don't distract her. It's magic. She has to concentrate."

It was all Tina could do not to roll her eyes. Concentrate? To read a "magic spell". Yeah, right.

"Okay, here goes..."

*"By Dragon's Light and Dragon's Fire*

*Bring me now my heart's desire*

*Warrior, Maiden, Protector, Three*

*By daylight come my Loves to me."*

She finished the words and waited. And waited. The girls sat silent, listening intently to every creak the old house made. A heavy weight clogged the air around them.

The doorbell rang, shattering their anticipation.

All three gasped.

"He's here," Katrina breathed, her eyes popping open wide. Elena jumped up and started to scream. Waving for her niece to be quiet, Tina leaned over and peeked out the window that looked down on the driveway.

"Sorry to disappoint you. It's your parents. Come to take you home."

"But where is he?" Elena asked as Tina gathered the book and followed them down the stairs.

"Maybe it doesn't work immediately. Maybe you have to wait," Katrina said, obviously still hopeful.

Tina smiled. "Well, then I'll keep waiting." *Yeah, right. I'm done waiting for Mister Right. I'm looking for Mister Well-Hung. But my nine year-old niece doesn't need to hear that.*

She set the book on the couch and nagged her nieces to gather their stuff before opening the door and greeting her sister. Pam looked remarkably satisfied and a little rumpled and Tina couldn't resist saying so. Pam smiled.

"It's amazing what having the house to yourself for five straight hours will do for you." Her husband, Mike, stepped out of the car and waved. He also had an air of relaxation about him.

"Glad somebody's gettin' some," Tina said with a smile.

Pam laughed. "You could be, too. You just need to get out there."

"I've been 'out there'. I didn't care for it. And what's this business about telling your girls I need a man?"

"You do. It's got to be lonely living all the way out here by yourself and wouldn't it be nice to have a man to cuddle up next to on cold nights when your heating goes out."

"The only man I need when my heating goes out is the plumber."

Pam shook her head. "You're missing out. I think you should reconsider some of the men in town. Dane watches you like you're ice cream on a hot day."

Tina felt the center of her stomach fall away at the mere mention of his name. Dane Sheridan, sheriff, stud and...ex-husband to one of her best friends. Despite the intense attraction between them, that alone kept her from following through. Still, there had been that one time when they'd almost...

The girls came to the door, their backpacks slung over their shoulders. Tina ignored the brief, erotic memory and with hugs and kisses, sent them on their way.

The house was quiet when she walked back inside. She missed the girls when they left but also enjoyed the silence of her own space. Strolling into the living room, she stopped at the couch and traced her fingers across the cover of the book. The luminous eyes of the dragon seemed to stare at her – wise, solemn eyes with pale purple sparkles.

"Right," she said aloud. "I'm looking for a purple-eyed dragon to save me."

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Tina stood in front of her class. They all had their heads down, focused intently on their tests. With only a few minutes left in class and no one having completed the test, she considered the fact that she might have made it too long. Even her best students were struggling – chewing on pencil erasers like they were candy. Yuck.

Deciding how she would curve the test, Tina wandered to the bank of windows at the back of the room. Sun glittered on the grassy alcove down below. She let her eyes wander to the sky. It was a nice spring day and the beginning of a three-day weekend. She would go home after school and spend the long weekend planting –

A speck appeared over the spires of the administration building. She wouldn't have noticed it but while it looked a like a bird – a huge bird – it didn't fly quite like a bird. Its wings beat an irregular rhythm. As the speck grew larger, so did her eyes. The thing was flying directly toward campus and was soon close enough for Tina to recognize the shape. That was no bird. It looked like a flying dinosaur.

Or a dragon.

Air exited her lungs in a rush and got caught in her throat, making her choke on her own breath.

"Ms. Branson, are you okay?"

She glanced down at the student seated next to her. "Of course. I got...a bug caught in my throat."

"Ewww, gross."

She drew herself to her full five-foot-six height and did her best impression of a schoolmarm. "Just go back to your tests."

As soon as all the heads were lowered, she spun back to the window. It wasn't possible. It just wasn't possible. It couldn't actually be a dragon. Not one day after she'd said a dragon spell. It just wasn't possible.

The creature drew closer and Tina felt her eyes widen. This creature wasn't anything anyone in this world had ever seen before. As it flew by, she caught a clear vision of it. Huge white teeth and rows of greenish-bluish scales. And lavender—like the light in the dragon's eyes. Lavender flowed from what appeared to be wounds in its side.

Her side ached in sympathy as the dragon flapped its massive wings and flew on, bypassing the school and heading into the forest.

Heading toward her cabin.

She whipped around and stared at the clock. It was almost three. In just seconds class would be over and she could go home and see if there really was a dragon waiting for her at her cabin...or if she needed to investigate some serious therapy.

Maybe both, she decided as the bell rang.

"Turn the tests in now," she announced.

"But I'm not done."

"Just a few more minutes."

"No!" Her voice was harsher than she'd meant so she smiled, something she didn't often do in her classroom. "I'll be sure to grade on a curve and take into account that there wasn't enough time to finish." None of her students moved. "I'll give you all ten extra credit points if you'll just write your names on your tests and turn them in. Now."

They moved as a unit, scribbling and jumping up to place the papers on her desk. She stood at the door, anxiously hurrying the last student out of her classroom, then grabbing her purse and bolting for the door.

"Hey Tina." Jessie, the teacher from across the hall stopped her escape. "There's an emergency staff meeting called for after school."

Tina shook her head. "I can't make it. Doctor's appointment. Very important. Can you take notes?" she asked, hearing her voice squeak as she pleaded. The other teacher nodded, her eyes wide. *Great, now she's going to think I'm terminally ill, instead of the truth...that I think I have a dragon waiting for me on my front porch.*

What else could it be? she thought as she hurried to her car. Not that this was possible. It wasn't, but that had definitely been a dragon she'd seen flying by her window.

She'd said the spell last night and then this afternoon—poof, dragon airborne and heading to her remote home. There was nothing else that direction. She lived on the edge of a state park, for goodness sake.

Breaking any number of traffic laws, Tina practically flew home herself. She flicked on her radio, needing the noise to distract her from worrying about what she would find when she arrived home. The news came on. She listened through the latest political snafu and a local fire—she'd have to send some food the rescue shelter—, then the newscaster ended with a story about...a flying dinosaur.

"A what?" the cocky afternoon drive announcer asked when the newsman had finished.

"Really. Dozens of people have reported a huge creature flying through the air. They say it looks like flying dinosaur, but alas, people, it's nothing so exciting. We hunted down the truth and it's actually an experimental plane. It seems the crews that work on it were playing a joke and painted it to look like a dinosaur."

Tina stared at her radio, then looked up in time to swerve her car back on the road.

That was no plane.

She floored the gas pedal. She had to get home. Now.

Thirty minutes later, she pulled up the long, winding dirt road that formed her driveway. Relief spiked through her system as she stared at her house. There was no dragon on the porch or on the roof or even on the large lawn. Nothing seemed out of place. Heart pounding and keys clutched firmly in her fist, she gingerly walked across the lawn.

Maybe she'd been mistaken. Maybe it had been a plane.

She stopped. Pale purple streaks formed a dotted line across her grass. It was the same lavender she'd seen pouring from the dragon's wounds. Purple blood? Wishing she had a weapon—though what kind of weapon would be useful against a dragon she had no idea—she followed the scattered trail into the forest.

Several walking trails broke off from the main path heading in various directions deeper into the woods. The plot of land her aunt had willed her was huge, with the back boundary designated by a slow-moving river. Tina picked the path closest to the purple trail and began a slow jog, feeling an urgency building as she progressed. She had to find this dragon. Or find nothing and prove to herself that she was insane. Trickles of purple—clinging to leaves and pine needles—continued to guide her.

The path went deeper into the woods until she could hear the ripple of water. A clearing opened before her, smooth rocks and boulders lined the river's bank, and beside the rolling water, lay...a dragon.

As if it had stepped out of the dragon magic book, it was here. Blue and green scales shimmered in the sunlight with each labored breath of the creature. Lavender blood flowed from deep wounds on its side, pouring onto the mossy forest floor. Black tinged the end of one wing. He'd been shot. He'd been coming to her—coming because she'd called him—and now he was wounded, probably dying. Her chest ached as she stared at the wounded creature. *What have I done?* It was just a silly spell but now this beautiful animal was hurt, possibly dying. Guilt crushed the traces of fear that struggled to escape. She had to help him.

She stepped forward. The creature was huge. Its head alone was bigger than she was and its body would stretch halfway around her house. But this wasn't the time for caution. When a fairy-tale creature appeared after you wished for it, Tina decided, you had to trust it not to hurt you.

Not knowing if he would understand her if she spoke, Tina knelt down beside his head. His eyes fluttered open and she felt his pain. The purple eyes—just like those of the dragon on the book's cover—were hazy and fading.

"I'm so sorry. Is there anything I can do?"

*Maiden? I found you.*

The beast seemed to mentally project the greeting to her. Tina instinctively answered.

"You're hurt. I need to get you some help." But who was she going to call? She couldn't exactly call the local vet to help a dying dragon.

*No. You can help me. You called me.*

"Yes, but I didn't mean to. Not really." She looked at the huge body. Even assuming she could save the creature, what was she going to do with it? *I really don't have room for a pet.*

Its massive head lifted inches off the ground. She could tell the movements strained the animal's strength. A long tongue slipped out of its mouth and touched the back of her hand. The delicate caress sent a flurry of hot shivers down her spine.

*Do you accept me?* he asked.

"Uh, yes, of course," she answered, not wanting to upset the creature.

His body seemed to slump and for a moment it appeared that the animal had passed out. He began to shimmer and change. His body shrunk and changed, twisted and bent until the beautiful blue-green cast was decidedly pink and his dragon body had collapsed into a human form.

Human? Her mind tried to process that information when it got another jolt. A naked human.

He lay on the ground, flat his stomach. Long blond hair that reached well past his shoulder blades covered his face and arms. Tina took a moment to observe him. The body he'd turned into was well made. Long, muscular legs with just a scattering of pale hair on them led to a nicely rounded backside that made her fingers twitch with the prospect of giving it a squeeze. His back was sleek and powerful.

A low tremor started between her legs and spread warmth into the core of her body. The sensual ache had been distinctly absent from her life for a long time. Something about this man called to her. *Well, it could be the fact that he's naked and I haven't seen nearly enough naked men in the past two years.*

No, it's something else. Something about him.

She'd said the spell and he'd appeared. Now he was hurt. Purple fluid still flowed from the wounds on his back and side.



“Uh, dragon?”

He pushed himself up on his arms and weakly pushed his hair out of his face. His eyes were glassy and pain-filled—and purple. The lavender streaks that seemed to match his blood captivated her, drawing her closer. She’d never seen a more beautiful color.

“Maiden, I have come to you.”

Feeling like she was in a trance, she placed her hand on his. What was she supposed to say? The words appeared in her mind as if they’d been there forever. “I welcome you, my Protector.”

Her answer seemed to soothe him. He half-smiled but even that seemed to pain him. The action snapped her out of the purple haze that had captured her.

“Who are you? Uh, what’s your name?”

“I’m called Raython.”

“Raython, I’m Tina.”

“Maiden.”

“Uh, right.” She stood. “Can I ask what happened? How did you get these wounds?”

He shook his head. The motion seemed foreign and stiff. “I do not know. I entered through the void following your call and soon creatures with high-powered arrows were shooting at me. I barely managed to out fly them.”

High-powered arrows? Bullets, she thought. Or missiles. Well, it was clear that someone had seen him.

“Either way, you’ve been hurt and you’re bleeding.” At least she thought that purple liquid was blood. “We need to get you to a hospital.” Lavender dripped from a cut in his side. “Okay, maybe not a hospital but at least we need to get you to my house. Can you walk?”

He nodded and slowly pushed himself upright. When he came to his full height, he was easily six inches taller than Tina’s five-foot-six frame. Her arm fit comfortably around his back. Despite the fact that as a dragon he’d been huge, as a human, he was tall and thin. Muscular but not bulky. Like a swimmer. Long, strong muscles. She groaned softly thinking of how he would feel against her, over her. Driving into her.

She shook her head and tried to concentrate on taking care of him but the etched lines of his muscles distracted her as she helped him toward the path.

His smooth chest blended easily into six-pack abs. Her gaze kept on its downward path. She caught a mere glimpse of his cock before she snapped her head back up. The man-dragon had just arrived and she was ogling him.

Maybe her sister was right and she needed a man.

Of course, that’s what had gotten her into this mess in the first place. A wicked thought entered her head. If he’d come because she called him, did that mean she could use him before sending him home? She didn’t know the cosmic rules on this sort of

thing. She couldn't keep him, she knew that much, but maybe once he'd healed, before he turned back into a dragon, she could...

She mentally slapped herself. What was she thinking? The man—and she had to think of him as a man—was injured and she was already planning to have sex with him. *You've gone too long without, girl.*

Raython swayed in her arms. "Oh boy, I've got you." She tightened her arm around his back and pulled him against her, encouraging him to use her body as a stabilizer. She could only hope that he could make it to her house because there was no way she could carry him if he passed out.

With struggling steps, she managed to help him down the path to her house and in the front door. The climb up the stairs to her bedroom left them both breathing heavy.

"We need to take care of those wounds," she said through gasping breaths.

"If you have a bathing chamber, I can cleanse myself. That will be enough."

Somehow she didn't think cleaning those wounds was going to be enough but he knew his body better than she did.

It was convenient that he was naked because she could guide him directly into the shower. Still weak, she stayed with him, supposedly to make sure he didn't fall over but the truth was she couldn't bring herself to walk away. This was dragon. She'd seen it with her own eyes and she'd never been prone to hallucinations. With the bulk of blood washed away, he looked at her with blatant question in his eyes. It took her a moment to understand but then she jumped forward. She grabbed the softest washcloth she could find and began to stroke his skin.

"You have delicious hands, Maiden." His voice was stronger and more seductive alerting latent emotions in Tina. Still, the man was injured. She focused on helping him, ignoring the sex that dripped from his words and focused on what he'd said.

"Why do you call me that?" She wasn't exactly "maiden" material.

"You are the Maiden. I am your Protector. With our Warrior, we will defend you." He tilted his head to the side, letting his long blond hair fall over his shoulder. "Is this not the way of your people?"

"Uh, no. I don't think so."

"But you called to me. You read the spell."

"Yes, but that was just a game...for my nieces. I never wanted—"

The light faded from his lavender eyes and she saw the faintest stirrings of panic. *Upsetting the dragon is probably a bad idea.* She spread her lips into a wide smile. "Let's talk about it later. First, let's get you into bed. You need to rest." She looked at the wounds. They were no longer bleeding. In fact, many of them were closed and scarred like newly healed marks. Fascinated, she stroked her fingers across one of the scars. When she pulled her hand away, the mark was gone—as if he'd never been wounded.

"How is that possible?"

"I am dragon. It is how we heal."

The concept pressed down on her already overwhelmed brain allowing her to focus only on the practical. Get him dried off, get him some clothes and then they had to talk.

Tina shut off the water and handed Raython a towel. When he stared at it as if it was a foreign tool, she took it back in her hands and began to wipe him down. He turned to face her, baring his body to her. A fat water drop trickled down his chest, across the tight abs like a child riding a roller coaster and it was all she could do not to lean forward and capture the drop before it escaped into the tuft of blond hair springing around his growing cock. Tina swallowed—*growing cock?* The dragon was getting aroused? Her body responded, heating and melting. Her center felt heavy and empty. The towel fell from her hand and she began to brush away the water with her palms, loving the cool warmth of his skin.

It seemed so natural to touch him. She smoothed her hands across his shoulders, down his hands, swishing away the droplets that clung to him. *The heat coming from my body alone should dry him*, she thought with a slow smile. A vague worry nagged her mind that she was caressing a stranger but it didn't seem to matter. All that mattered was touching him. Having him inside her.

The thought sent off more warning bells—louder this time but not quite enough to convince her to draw back. He moved with her, sliding into her touch. She skimmed her hands down his chest and stomach, retracing the first water drop's path—across the tight ridges and down.

"Mistress, where is our Warrior?" Raython's husky voice interrupted her sensual trance.

*Warrior?* She didn't know any warriors—except maybe one. "You mean Dane?"

"He is our Warrior?"

Tina thought about it. Yes, Dane was a warrior—strong, powerful, defender of the weak.

"Yes," she sighed. Her mind quickly created the image of Dane, sword drawn, advancing on a horde of evil attackers. The picture changed—Dane, fresh from battle, naked, above her, his cock filling her. Her knees weakened and she leaned against the bathroom counter. *Hard and thick he drove into her, using her body as comfort from the memories of destruction. She wrapped her arms around his back and clutched him, feeling her nails dig into his tight skin, knowing he loved to feel the prick of her claws.*

Raython groaned as if he could see the image in her head and shook his hair back. "Oh Maiden, he is an excellent choice. Where is he?"

"He's not here."

"The triad joining will take place when he arrives. We should wait but I'm afraid I need the healing power of your cunt."

"What?!"

"If we fuck, I will heal faster."

She squinted her eyes in disbelief. More at herself than his words because...she was actually considering it. She should be taking him to a hospital or a lab run by someone from the X-Files, instead, she was thinking about crawling into her bed and letting that long, thick cock ride between her thighs.

"But you've healed already." It was a minor protest but she felt the need to offer a token resistance.

"That is the surface. Deep inside the wounds still fester. If we fuck, my body will produce the material needed to heal me." He pulled her into his arms. "Will our Warrior permit it?"

Tina's mouth bobbed open like a fish while she tried to find the answer to that question. Finally she nodded. Dane would "permit it" because he would never know.

She looked down his body, taking in the full package. He was truly magnificent. Strong, sleek muscles. Tall and thinner than Dane – not quite so broad across his chest – but still buff and tight. Her fingers fluttered, eager to return to touching him. She continued her perusal, anxious to see the final stages of his aroused cock.

"Oh, boy." It was long and hard, curving upward, reaching for her.

"Do you not find my shaft pleasing? It is the one aspect of my human form I can control. I can make it smaller." She shook her head. "Or bigger if you desire."

"Lord, no."

"Perhaps thicker?"

"It's fine. Just the way it is." The center of her tummy felt warm and liquid. "It's perfect."

"Oh Maiden, I'm glad you find it so." He gripped the edge of the sink as if he too was having trouble staying upright. "I have seen many in the act of Joining but I've never done it."

*The dragon was a virgin?*

"But my staff is so hard now, I feel as if I will explode if I'm not allowed inside your passage."

"Yes," she said, throwing caution to the wind and blocking out those damned warning voices in her head. She wanted this. Her body was calling out to feel him inside her.

Guided by an instinct she didn't understand, she took Raython's hand and led him into her bedroom. The high four-poster bed dominated the space. She hesitated, not sure where to go from here. She'd initiated sex before but once the idea was planted in her lover's mind, it was an easy ride to let him lead. Raython looked at her with anticipation. Now, she was the one with the experience.

A powerful, feminine energy poured into her body. She felt slightly wicked. An older woman leading the young man astray.

A smile curled her lips as he stared at her with bright purple eyes. It was time to take the dragon to bed.

## Chapter Two

She stopped beside the bed and stared up at her would-be lover. Her eyes didn't linger long on his face. She let her gaze drift down, over the sleek lines of his chest and the ribbing of his stomach muscles to the hard rise of his cock, stretching up to meet her.

He waited, open and bare before her. She reached forward and placed the pads of her fingers on his shaft. Tension whipped through his body as he straightened—but he didn't pull back. Keeping her touch light, she petted his cock, savoring the heat and power beneath his skin.

"May I also touch you, Mistress?" he asked, his voice strung tight.

She nodded and slowly released her prize. Not knowing if a creature from another world would understand the intricacies of pantyhose, she unbuttoned her skirt and let it fall to the floor. Raython watched as if he'd never seen anything so fascinating as her legs. She grabbed the waistband of her nylons and dragged them down, taking her panties along. There was no reason to be coy. She was going to fuck Raython. She might as well get naked as quickly as possible.

The flaps of her shirt fluttered against her bare skin and sent a cool shiver through her body. She was really going to do it. She was going to have sex with a man she didn't know at all—and for some reason it seemed right. Maybe because she knew he wasn't really a man, or because she had called him. She didn't understand it but despite the voices shouting concerns in her head, this felt natural—in her heart and in her body it felt right. It was only the logical side of her that was balking.

"May I assist you in removing your garb?" he asked even as he reached for her blouse. His fingers were awkward as he opened the first button but he discovered the motion after one attempt and quickly undid the clasps.

He opened her blouse and dragged it down her arms. Tina shivered under the intensity of his stare. If she hadn't figured it out before, she knew it then—this would be like nothing she'd ever experienced before.

His fingers brushed the sides of her breasts. "Oh, Maiden, why are you bound in this contraption?" Quick intuitive fingers found the front clasp and released her bra, allowing her breasts to spill into his hands. Her sigh joined his groan. "They are most wonderful, Mistress. Why do you bind them so? Does our Warrior demand this torment of you?" As he asked the question, he massaged the firm mounds with slow circular pressure, easing the day's aches away. The simple motion rejuvenated her, sending energy into her core. "Hmm, yes, I can see why our Warrior would bind you in such a manner." It was a challenge to follow his conversation. The sweet grip of his fingers seemed to know just the right amount of pressure to apply, the exact location of the invisible tension she hadn't known she'd been carrying.

“Not only does it protect you from the eyes of others but it must give him delicious pleasure to ease your pain at the end of each day.”

Tina couldn't speak—too much noise rattled through her head. The picture of Dane's hands on her skin, rubbing her breasts, soothing her aches, captured the energy that Raython had released and sent her nipples into full peak. He seemed to notice the tightening as it occurred.

“Yes, Mistress, most lovely.” His wickedly sensual fingers stroked down, fluttering across her nipples. She'd never thought of her breasts as being particularly sensitive but beneath Raython's touch, they felt heavy and full and so alive. “May I taste them? I have seen many men take comfort from their women in this manner and it seems most enjoyable to both parties.”

Her voice still locked somewhere south of her stomach, she nodded. It was unusual to have a man request permission for each action. And to hear him speak so directly...her pussy fluttered at the possibilities.

Raython dropped to his knees, staring at her breasts like they were objects of art. With reverent fingers, he stroked the full mounds, exploring her skin with the fascination of a supplicant. Tina held herself still and let him touch. His hands were warm and so gentle. She felt herself sinking into a sensual daze. Anticipation faded and she savored in the luxurious caresses.

Her eyes drifted shut and she was filled with images of her and Raython and Dane, twisting and sliding across cool, cotton sheets, of both men filling her body and riding her with long, slow strokes.

“Yes, Mistress, as soon as our Warrior arrives, we will Join.” His breath teased her skin and heightened the tempting fantasy her mind was concocting. She licked her lips—the visceral sensation of Dane's hands holding her hips as he fucked her, driving hard into her, flowed into her sex.

The heat of Raython's mouth closing over her nipple snapped her free of the wicked dream and pulled her back to the immediate sensations. He groaned as he laved his tongue across the tightened peak.

“Most delicious. I understand why men are so fascinated with this activity.” Before she could respond, he'd opened his lips and begun to suck, gently but with a steady force, drawing her breast into his mouth. She groaned as the sweet pressure reached into her core, every motion creating new aches inside her pussy. She needed more, needed his cock filling her.

Breath was in short supply. The vibrations flitting through her body terrified and thrilled her but if she wanted more, she would need to take charge.

She took Raython's free hand and slid it down. With gentle pressure, she pressed his fingers against her mound, silently commanding his touch. After a few seconds, he seemed to understand her wishes and pushed his hand between her legs, one long finger sliding into her slit.

Air caught in her throat. He swirled his tongue around her nipple with a firm stroke before lifting his head.

"Mistress, you are so wet and hot. And such a warm, luscious scent is rising from you." His eyes on her, he let his fingers explore her sex, dipping gently between her folds, circling the hot opening. Tina held herself still, fighting the urge to grab his hand and jam three fingers into her pussy. An accidental flutter of his fingers across her clit made her gasp. He stopped and his eyes widened. "Have I done something wrong?"

"No," she said shaking her head. "That was good."

He seemed to relax and there was a hint of arrogance in the slow upturn of his lips.

"Was it here?" He continued his exploration, watching her closely to see her reactions. He slowly circled down, teasing her entrance with the tip of his finger. "You like that, yes? But it was not what made you squeak."

*Squeak?* Tina blinked. *I squeaked? How embarrassing, how—oh, he found it.* She must have made another sound—though she didn't recognize it as one—because Raython's eyes began to twinkle.

"This is where you find pleasure? I shall continue to stroke you here." It was difficult for her to find breath enough to speak so she nodded. His touch was gentle as he circled her clit. He stared at her intently as if gauging her reactions to each touch until he found the stroke that made her hips roll in slow response.

The arrogance of her dragon seemed to reappear as he smiled and leaned forward, returning his mouth to her breast. With a short learning curve, he figured out how to stroke her clit and suck her nipple in sweet counterpoint until her body was throbbing.

Pressure exploded inside her sex and spread through her torso. She slapped her hand against the wall to keep herself stable. The guy was a fast learner. She pumped her hips against his fingers, needing more than the light caress on her clit. She needed to be fucked—needed to feel him inside her.

As if he heard her thoughts, he lifted his head again.

"Mistress, your plump nipples are delicious but I find my rod is painfully full. Is it perhaps time that I may put it inside you?"

"God, yes." She spun around and climbed onto bed. She'd never felt so needy, so desperate, or so bold. "Come here," she commanded, sliding backwards and giving him room on the mattress. He followed like a man in a trance, his eyes focused on the apex of her thighs, settling beside her. The urgency racing just beneath her skin wouldn't let her slow down. She grabbed his shoulders and pulled him over her, spreading her legs and creating a place for him.

With the intensity of a man focused on doing something exactly right, he situated himself between her thighs, cuddling his knees beneath her raised legs. He gripped his cock in one hand and gently spread her pussy open with the other. Tina scraped her fingernails across the sheets, her body strung tight with the furious need. He placed the tip of his cock against her opening. He looked up, his eyes silently seeking permission.

"Maiden, may I enter you?" His request sounded formal and weighty but Tina couldn't concentrate on that. She needed him. Now.

"Yes."

He pushed the first few inches into her. Tina tensed. Despite the hunger raging, it had been a long time since she'd had sex and what if she didn't please him. All the latent feminine concerns suddenly rose to the surface. She stared up at him. The grim determination on his face soothed her fears. He was completely intent on pleasing her. He wanted *her*. They were somehow cosmically connected. He pushed another inch inside her and she moaned, loving the sensation of being filled.

"Oh Raython," she said, smoothing her hands up his shoulders. "That feels so good."

"I'm glad you find it so, Mistress," he said through clenched teeth. "I had no idea it would be this tight. Should I make my rod smaller? I have no wish to hurt you."

The hesitation in his voice melted away any self-consciousness. This would just be about them.

"No, it's wonderful. You feel amazing inside me." Light seemed to flare in his eyes. She rolled her hips upward, easing him deeper. "See, you'll fit. We'll fit together."

His jaw muscles twitched and she knew he was fighting the urge to drive into her. Feeling sensuous and powerful, she curled her leg around his back and nudged him forward with her heel. The pressure seemed to trigger something inside him and he thrust forward, driving fully into her. She gasped. He was long and pressed deep inside her.

"Have I hurt you?"

She shook her head while she recaptured her breath. "It feels good."

"It is most wondrous, Maiden," he agreed. "I am honored to have been called by one such as you. Our Warrior must be most pleased with the tightness of your cunt." Tina shivered at the bold words and the thought that Dane might be pleased. Strange how the mental reminder of another man didn't crush her desire at all.

Raython had made several other references to the Warrior having made love to her and she felt no need to correct him. Not now. Not when he was balls-deep inside her. All she wanted to think about was him fucking her. He held himself still as if savoring the sensation of being inside her.

After long moments when she thought she'd scream, he spoke. "Mistress, may I move?"

"God, yes."

He rolled his hips forward as if wanting to go deeper before he slowly withdrew. The pleasure reflected on his face made Tina's heart beat faster and her insides melt a little more. He didn't rush—just kept a steady wave of long, slow thrusts in and out. The whole experience was new to him and strangely it felt new to her...as if she'd never taken a man inside her body before. Certainly she'd never had a man like this before.



She gripped his shoulders and planted her feet on the mattress. Slow and sweet was wonderful but the delicate strokes weren't enough to allow her to come. As he sank into her again, she thrust up, driving him deep and hard. His head snapped up, his eyes wide. He froze for a moment then again started his slow withdrawal but this time, he punched his hips forward plunging into her with strength.

"Yes," she groaned, holding onto him and countering the hard thrusts. His hips drove faster and faster, massaging her clit with each penetration. It seemed to be an instinctual movement—as if the dragon knew precisely where to stroke her body.

The wicked pressure moments before an orgasm drove her onward, making her crave more and more of him. Their bodies slapped together. Raython's hair hung down around his face, forming a curtain around them. The silky strands caressed her skin like thousands of fingers.

She drove upward, loving the hard slide of his cock drilling into her. She was close. The sweet release was just out of reach. She cried out, the desperate need to come binding her body with tension. But the release hovered just beyond her reach.

"Mistress, how may I serve you?" he asked, panting as he rode her.

"Touch my clit," she whispered.

He immediately freed his tight hold on her hip and slipped his hand between their bodies. With an experienced lover's touch, he honed in on the right place, lightly rubbing the outer edge. It was enough. Sparklers went off inside her body. Tina screamed and arched up, intensifying the climax with another hard drive of Raython's cock.

His groan melded with hers. As the sharp spike of her orgasm departed, it left behind a sweet rush of pleasure. Each stroke sent another teeny ripple into her pussy. Raython kept on—as if he knew she was still experiencing minor orgasms.

"Mistress! I feel my release coming." Raython's breathless words verged on panic. "May I take my climax?"

He was asking permission to come? Though she loved the feel of him, she couldn't be selfish.

"Yes," she moaned.

He tossed his head back and she saw the strain on his face, the torture in his clenched jaw. He pumped into her hard and fast. Seconds later a roar filled her bedroom and hot semen splashed into her womb.

Raython froze for a moment, trapped in the sensations of his first orgasm and then collapsed down, landing on her with an inelegant thud.

The breath broke from her chest with a grunt. Raython lifted his head. His eyes were hazy. "I'm sorry, Mistress. I was not expecting the sensation of coming inside you to be so powerful."

His words triggered a momentary panic in her. "Oh my God. Can I get pregnant from this?" She started counting days. She didn't think it was near to her fertile time of

the month but to be honest, she didn't monitor it that closely. It wasn't like she had to worry about missing a period. She hadn't had sex in so long it wasn't an issue...until now. Unprotected sex with a dragon. *Oh my gosh, what would the children be like?*

"Surely not, Maiden. Only the Warrior may get you with child." As he said the slightly slurred words, he dropped his head down to her chest. After a few long moments, she realized he'd fallen asleep. On top of her. His cock had slipped out but the rest of him was curled around her.

His hair formed a white waterfall over his shoulder. He looked so sweet. She stroked her hand down his back. When he woke up, they would have to do some serious talking about the situation. Like how long he was staying and how some silly spell book had actually called him from another world.

Yes, when he woke up, they would talk.

But when Raython woke up, he had other ideas.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tina stared down at the man—uh, dragon—asleep in her bed. His body golden in the pale light of the room. The sun had set while he'd slept through his first afterglow. When she'd finally become too stiff to lay beneath him any longer, she'd attempted to roll him off her. The process had succeeded in waking him.

She planned to talk to him, to find out what was happening in the "bigger picture" but then he'd sweetly begged for another "healing fuck" from her and with those beautiful eyes and that hard cock staring at her, Tina hadn't had the will to refuse him. He'd loved her hard and fast, shooting her to a bright orgasm before he once again came inside her. And then he'd fallen asleep again.

But this time he'd collapsed beside her so she could escape to the bathroom. After cleaning up she'd paced the tiny space trying to figure out what to do. She'd just had sex with a creature out of a fantasy novel and it had been great. Her stomach dropped away as desire plunged into her again. With whimper, she repressed the sensation. She needed answers, not more sex.

What she needed was help. *Dane.*

His name popped into her head but she pushed it aside. Explaining this to Dane would be impossible. No, she needed feminine help.

Her sister.

Tina opened the bathroom door and peeked out. Raython was spread out taking up three-fourths of her mattress. She tiptoed toward the robe as he rolled over.

"Maiden, you've returned."

Before she could think about what to say, he grabbed her arm and tumbled her onto the bed. His mouth latched onto her nipple. Like a fiery string connected to her pussy, her sex began to throb with each pull of his mouth. He reached between her legs and plunged his fingers into her wet slit.

Tina whimpered and punched her hips upward, driving him deeper.

Raython lifted his head and looked down at her. "Our Warrior must well appreciate the heated passion that flows through your body."

Tina sighed, pumping against his fingers. "He wouldn't know because he's never made love to me."

Raython's fingers stopped moving and tension invaded his body. Tina opened her eyes and stared at the man above her.

"You've not Joined with the Warrior?" Panic lurked at the edge of his voice.

"Joined? You mean had sex with? Uh, no. We've never had sex."

"Oh no." He rolled out of bed, his naked body glowing in the low light of the room. "How is this possible? I saw your thoughts. You had such clear images of him. You know what it feels like for him to fuck you."

Tina remembered her fantasy of Dane coming to her. It had been pretty explicit and specific. But how had Raython seen it? Well, he was dragon, obviously he had some kind of psychic power as well. She'd have to remember to keep her sexual fantasies to herself.

"I've thought about it a lot," she said with a little shrug, pulling the sheet up and over her body. It was fine for him to stand around naked. He had the body of a Greek god in his early twenties. She had the body of a woman in her mid-thirties who should probably exercise more. "I have a very vivid imagination. What does it matter?" Exasperation was fast on the heels of confusion. She'd had two pretty spectacular climaxes and from the rise of his cock, there was potential for more tonight but not if he didn't climb back into bed.

Raython paced the small space between Tina's bed and the door. "The Warrior has every right to kill me." He came about, his long blond hair snapping around his head. "Will he? You know him best. Will he kill me? If I apologize?"

"You want to know if Dane will kill you if you apologize for having sex with me?"

"No, if I apologize, will he forgive me and not kill me?"

"Why would he kill you in the first place?" Tina said, sitting up, realizing her hopes of any more orgasms tonight were fading fast. Probably for the best. Her body was starting to ache from the unusual activity. Still, there were other ways besides a hard fuck. She snagged her lower lip between her teeth and considered the possibilities. Raython, licking her. Her returning the favor. It definitely had potential. She just had to lure Raython back to bed.

"The Warrior has the first right to make love to the Maiden. You belong to him. I am the Protector—sent to bind and guide the love between you. It was not my place to come inside you before he had done so."

"I'm sure Dane won't mind." Well, he might mind a little, she thought. The heat between them was pretty strong and Dane didn't like to share.

"I will apologize when we first meet," he said earnestly. "Then perhaps he will not kill me before the Hunters attack."

"Okay, that's it." Tina threw off the sheet and climbed out of bed. She walked to her dresser, pulled out a nightshirt and jerked it on before she spun around and faced him. "You have a lot of explaining to do. I ignored some of it because I was...well, I was horny and you seemed willing but if you're not going to oblige my hormones any longer, we're going to talk."

She handed him a thick terrycloth robe and stalked out of the bedroom. She padded down the stairs to her living room and plunked herself down on her couch. Seconds later she heard the tap-tap-tap of Raython's feet. He walked in, naked.

"Where's the robe?"

He looked around. "That thing you handed to me? What did you wish me to do with it?"

"Wear it. Don't they have clothes where you come from?"

He drew back and she could tell she'd offended him with her sarcasm. "Of course. I've simply never worn them before. This is my first time in human form."

"I'm sorry. Don't worry about it. Just have a seat." She indicated the other end of the couch. "And use a pillow to cover that thing."

She wasn't going to be able to have a serious discussion with his cock waving at her.

"Yes, Maiden." He sat down and pulled a pillow onto his lap.

"Now, talk. Act like I don't know anything about this—spells, Maidens, Warriors. And what was this about someone attacking?"

"The Hunters. They will come for me. They awakened also when you said the spell."

"I said the spell which was supposed to draw my true love to me...not a dragon. No offense."

"No, the spell calls both of your loves. Your Warrior and your Protector." He shifted forward. "A true love is made up of three. The Warrior, the Protector and the Maiden."

"But I thought love triangles always end badly. At least they do in the movies. Someone ends up hurt."

Raython drew back. "No, the triangle is the most stable form. The three points create the plane of love and allow the three to exist on that plane. If all are open to it, no one is harmed and all are loved."

And he thought Dane was her Warrior. Somehow she couldn't see Dane in a three-way.

Not that she had convinced Dane into a two-person relationship. Not yet. They'd skirted the issue—even ending up in a lip-lock on one occasion—but neither had made the move that would push them beyond that point.

"So, this plane is created—and the three lovers are together and happy, right?" Raython nodded. "Where does the *attacking* come in?"

"The Hunters. They are demons, created by the evil wizards in my world to hunt down dragons. They cannot see us until we are freed by our Maiden's spell. Then they seek us."

"And what happens if they find you?" she asked, leaning forward.

"We will fight. The Warrior and I. And if we are triumphant, the Hunters will be killed and none shall bother us."

"And what if you aren't triumphant?" She didn't like the idea of relying on Dane for this. He was a tough guy but involving him would mean explaining Raython's presence and she wasn't sure she could do that.

"Then the Hunters will succeed in capturing you and me. We will experience the torments of Hell before ultimately dying."

"Oh, goody. I'm involved in this as well?"

"Yes, the Hunters seek dragons for their blood and their Maidens for the pleasure the woman can give them." He stared at her with purple and serious eyes. "It is not a pleasure for the Maiden."

"No, I expect not."

"Do not fear, Maiden. If the Protector and the Warrior work together, it is almost impossible for the Hunters to succeed."

There was too much going through her head. She dropped back on the couch and stared up at the rugged wood ceiling. She loved this place. It was comforting. Even when the world was not. But nothing could calm the raging torrents in her head.

"How will the Hunters find you?" she asked to the sky.

"They will track me. They are slow and not too bright but they will come and we must be ready. We must call your Warrior."

Great. She just had to get Dane out to her cabin and convince him to defeat creatures from another world.

"Will they arrive before morning?" She cracked an eye open to Raython.

"I do not believe so. I was most careful in masking my travel and as I said, they are not bright. Still they will come."

"I'm going to bed. It's late. I'll call Dane in the morning and give him a heads-up." *He's never going to believe this.* She barely believed it and she'd seen the dragon and the instantly healing wounds...and the purple blood. *If I call him tonight, he'll think I'm drunk. At least in the morning, he'll think I'm sober. Crazy but sober.* "Any possibility of changing my Warrior?"

Raython drew back as if she'd waved a dead mouse in front of his face. His nose crinkled, his eyes tightened and his upper lip arched up. "But he is the chosen one. How can you think about Joining with another once you've Joined with him?"

Tina peeled back the afghan she'd dragged over her legs and stood up. "I haven't actually 'joined' with him if you'll remember. And I had sex with you which you didn't seem to mind."

"But it is acceptable, even desirable, for the Maiden to join with the Protector, under the Warrior's permission of course. Do you think he'll kill me for having you first?"

For a moment, he looked young and worried. Tina sighed. "Dane won't kill you. He might not be too thrilled with either of us, but he won't actually hurt you. Now, I'm going up to bed. Are you coming?" He stood up, his cock was still hard and strong. She smiled. "Maybe you are," she teased with a wink. She'd be willing to go another round or two with him and that thick shaft before morning.

He shook his head and took a single step back. "Not until our Warrior gives me permission. At that time, I will fuck you as often as you wish. Let us go upstairs and I will cuddle you while you sleep."

Tina glowered at the dragon but she couldn't *make* him have sex with her. Still, it irritated her a little that he could be so obviously aroused and still refuse to fuck her. She turned away and started toward the stairs, adding a little more swing to her hips, enough to draw his attention. She wanted him to see what he'd be missing.

"Tomorrow we will contact our Warrior and we will gain his permission," Raython announced. The tension in his voice soothed her ruffled ego.

She smiled over her shoulder. He hadn't moved from his position in the living room. His eyes were connected to her backside.

"Early tomorrow."

Raython nodded, not raising his gaze. "Very early."

## Chapter Three

The irritating “bing-bong” of her doorbell jerked her from a pleasant dream that involved Dane, Raython and a can of whipped cream. Her eyes snapped open and she glared at the clock. It was nine in the morning.

Tina twisted out of Raython’s binding embrace, grouching softly as she stumbled from her bed. She peeked out the upstairs window and yelped. Four cars and two vans filled her driveway and the road leading toward her house. And there were men. Lots of men. Pouring out of the vans and cars, dressed in camouflage and carrying rifles of some sort.

“What the hell?”

The doorbell rang again. She glanced down and saw a familiar form. Dane. And another man she didn’t recognize. With a quick glance toward Raython, she dragged on her robe and left the room, leaving the door open enough so the click didn’t wake the sleeping dragon.

She hurried downstairs, scraping her fingers through her hair as she moved. Raython’s hands had made a mess of her long brown strands but with the insistent ring of the doorbell a third time, she knew she didn’t have time to stop and brush.

Streaks of apprehension raced down her spine. There was only one reason strangers would be on her front porch at nine on a Saturday morning. And that reason was lying naked in her bed.

Trying to act confused but not too panicked, Tina opened the door. A little flutter went through her stomach as she smiled up at the local sheriff. It had nothing to do with fear and everything to do with lust. *You’d think after last night, I’d have every bit of arousal out of my system.* But Dane’s serious face still made her ache.

Beside him stood another man—dressed in a black suit and with a face dominated by grim eyes and lips. Two others, dressed in the same dark suits, climbed the three steps up to her porch and stood behind Dane.

Dane, wearing a dark green long-sleeved shirt and khaki pants, looked more casual than the others.

“Dane? What’s going on?” she asked, deciding to attack directly.

“Mornin’, Tina, sorry to bother you so early.”

The deep, gravelly sound of his voice sent another tingle into her sex. She pressed her lips together to stifle a moan that threatened. What was wrong with her? She’d been around Dane a lot in the past four years and while she’d been tempted to jump him any number of times, it had never been this acute.

"Can we come inside, ma'am?" The man in the dark suit beside Dane moved forward.

Tina didn't open the door any farther, waiting for a nod from Dane. Him she trusted. She didn't know these other men.

"What's going on?" she asked, hopefully with enough innocence. "Who are these guys?" She lifted her chin toward the cars behind Dane's shoulder.

He grimaced. She didn't know if it was real or faked for the purpose of putting her at ease.

"Can we come in?"

She hesitated for a moment longer then opened the door, trying to focus on being a helpful, curious citizen. Not someone who knew that the creature they were seeking was currently naked in her bed.

Dane and the others stepped into her living room. She backed up just enough to let them in but didn't walk down the three steps into the seating area. She didn't want these men here—except for Dane. She definitely wanted him there. Actually she wanted him upstairs in her bed but that was currently occupied by a creature from another world.

Stifling the bubble of hysterical laughter that threatened, she gathered the edge of her robe and tried to look serene.

"What's this all about?" she asked, her nerves snapping.

"Did you watch the news yesterday or this morning? All those reports about a flying dinosaur?" Dane asked. She nodded. Her heart moved into her throat and she was glad she didn't have to speak. "Well, this is Special Agent Frank Donavon with the FBI. They are investigating that incident."

Donavon stepped forward as if he was trying to capture some of the room space that Dane's presence held. "Ma'am, we are sorry to bother you this morning. In reality, what everyone saw yesterday was a test plane. A glider really. The crew thought it would be funny to paint a dinosaur head on it before it made its first flight."

Tina didn't respond. She wasn't sure if she could lie to the FBI. Then again, he was lying to her.

And he did so with friendly smile.

"They think it crashed on your property, Tina," Dane interjected. "They'd like to search your lot."

It was a lot of land and they wouldn't find anything.

"Well, I think that..." She stopped speaking when the four men in front of her stopped listening. One by one she watched their eyes leave her and turn to the stairs. Bracing herself for what she knew was behind her, hoping that Raython had put on the shorts she'd left lying at the end of the bed, she slowly turned.

Nope. He was naked. Gorgeous, sensual, and definitely naked. Raython stood halfway down the stairs, his hair brushed back over his shoulders baring his body to



everyone in the room. Even more revealing was the look on his face. He had that aura about him that said he was satisfied. Even Tina could see it. He gave off the attitude of having fucked the night away.

Which he could have, she thought with a silent groan, except he'd made his little *discovery* and refused to touch her except to hold her while she slept. It had been sweet and loving but her body craved more. The telltale ache in the pit of her stomach rumbled again.

He strolled down the stairs and snapped her out of her arousal. Unaware or uncaring that the four men stared at him, Raython directly toward Dane. Raython stopped in front of him and with a blatant inspection, he scanned down Dane's body. Pausing at his chest and his crotch, and finally reaching his feet. Tina held her breath.

"Excellent choice, Maiden. He will make a fine Warrior and bear you strong sons."

"What the f—"

"Uh, sorry." She grabbed Raython's arm and pulled him backwards until he stood beside and a little behind her. "This is Rayth—uh, Ray. He's my brother..." She saw another widening of the eyes from the FBI agents. "In-law. *Ex*-brother-in-law."

The three FBI men nodded wisely. She wasn't doing a good job of lying about this, but none of them seemed to mind. They just thought she was trying to cover up an illicit love affair. Dane wasn't so easy. He folded his arms across his chest and glared at Raython. Raython stared back, not cowed at all by Dane's stare.

"Don't you have some clothes to put on?" Dane asked.

Raython tilted his head to the side then looked down at his body. After a long moment of self-inspection he looked back up to Dane. "Why? Am I not pleasing? Do you find my form offensive?"

A hint of red marked the base of Dane's neck. "No, but there is a lady present."

Raython shook his head, causing his hair to drape forward over his chest. "Tina does not mind. She finds my shape and size most enjoyable."

A strangled sound erupted from her throat and mixed with the quiet chuckles of the FBI agents. Dane wasn't laughing. The heat in his eyes warned her to stop this before it went any farther. "Why don't you go upstairs and put on some clothes," she suggested to Raython. "I'll talk to these men and then you and I will talk. Go." The last words were spoken through clenched teeth. It was a good thing she trusted Dane not to gossip or the fact that she'd had a naked man in her house would be all over town by evening.

"But we must Join with our Warrior," Raython protested as she nudged him away.

"We'll talk about it later. Now go." She pushed his back, directing him upstairs. With a final glance at Dane, Raython walked away. If her living room hadn't been filled with FBI agents and a would-be lover, she would have turned around and watched him as he climbed the stairs. She knew from last night that he had an incredible ass.

She waited until she heard the upstairs door open then flashed a half-smile, half-grimace at her visitors. "Sorry about that. He's a little strange."

"Obviously." Dane's voice had retained his grim, mocking tone.

She glared at Dane then offered a tight smile to the FBI agents. "You say you want to search my property."

Agent Donavon smiled but the emotion didn't reach his eyes. "We tracked the glider this direction and we think it crashed somewhere in the woods behind your house. If you'll just give us permission, we'll clear this up. Funny how one plane makes people start seeing flying dinosaurs."

"Dragon," Tina felt compelled to say.

"What?" All three of the agents, in the process of turning away, stopped and looked back.

"Well—" She gave a shrug and a tinkling laugh. "The reports I heard were that it looked like a dragon. Not a dinosaur."

"Ahh." Suspicion she hadn't wanted to inspire wavered in Donavon's eyes and Tina wanted to kick herself.

"It's fine. Search away." There was little evidence of Raython's landing, except for some purple blood. "How long will it take?"

"Probably just a couple of hours." He looked to Dane. "It will take us a few minutes to get organized and then we'll head out."

Dane nodded. "I'll be right out."

The three agents nodded politely to Tina then left, leaving the front door open. Half-turned away from her, Dane stared out, watching the soldiers checking their gear.

"I'm going to stay with them just to make sure they —"

He paused.

"To watch out for me?" she offered.

He nodded but still didn't look at her. "I didn't know you were seeing anyone," he said casually.

"I'm not." But that didn't explain the naked man in her house or the fact that she'd spent most of last night having sex with that man. "I mean I wasn't." She stopped. "I'm not really sure that I am," she said, not caring if Dane was confused. She was confused.

He nodded and turned back to face her. His eyes grew hard and the line of his mouth flattened out. Tina looked over her shoulder. Raython had come back downstairs, silently watching them.

"Maiden, we must tell him."

"Tina, what's this all about?" Dane looked at her with those direct, "no-nonsense-so-don't-bullshit-me" eyes.

She pushed the door almost shut and took a bracing breath.

"Does this have something to do with the FBI knocking on my door this morning?" Dane demanded.

She nodded. It did no good to lie to him. He would know the truth soon enough. "It's a little unbelievable so I want you to keep an open mind."

Dane shrugged a little but didn't speak.

"No, I mean a *really* open mind."

"It's open, now tell me what's happening?"

"They aren't looking for a plane. Or a glider, or whatever they're calling it. They're looking for a dragon." She blurted out the words in a rush.

Disgust and confusion zipped through Dane's eyes. "What?"

"A dragon. A flesh and blood, not of this world, only exists in fairy tales dragon."

His lips curled into an exasperated grimace but Tina didn't let him speak.

"You said you would keep an open mind and I warned you it was unbelievable." To give Dane some credit, he nodded and let her talk. "It started Thursday night. I made wish..." She quickly ran through the spell, seeing the dragon fly by the school, and finding it lying in the wood behind her house. "And while I was standing there, it changed." She pointed to Raython. "Into him."

Crushing silence fell on the room. And stayed there for long seconds until Dane's explosive "What?" shattered the quiet.

"Raython is the dragon," Tina said patiently. "*He* is what they are looking for."

Dane's body tensed and for a moment she thought he was going to pace but he stayed still—ready to pounce but frozen. "You're telling me that this guy—" He slashed his hand toward Raython. "—is really a flying dinosaur who just happened to land in your backyard."

"My name is Raython and do not be absurd," Raython announced with a strange combination of arrogance and defensiveness. "It was no *mistake* that I flew to these forests. I was summoned. When Mistress Tina read the spell, she freed me from my prison and called me to her side. Now, we must complete the triangle and bring her true loves into union."

Dane felt his mouth sag open as he stared at the blond man. The blond *naked* man. Didn't he own any clothes? Obviously Tina didn't mind that her houseguest was naked. Not that it was any of his business, Dane acknowledged through mentally gritted teeth. Tina could see anyone she wanted. Sleep with anyone she wanted.

He'd just sort of hoped that she wanted to sleep with him. Instead she'd picked a stud some fifteen years younger than both of them. And this guy had somehow drawn her into whatever twisted world he lived in.

"Tina, honey, you can't seriously believe all this?" he asked, deciding to ignore the naked intruder. He took her hands in his and stared into her eyes, trying to reassure himself that she was the sane, reasonable woman he'd always known her to be.

She winced but nodded. "I wish I didn't, but it's true. I saw it with my own eyes. When I walked up, the dragon was laying there, bleeding from a half a dozen wounds. I knelt beside it and it turned into him."

He glared at the man he now saw as the rival to get into Tina's bed. Being as the man was naked, it was obvious he hadn't sustained any injuries. All Dane could see was smooth bare flesh.

"There's not a mark on him."

"He healed. Overnight."

"Tina—" Dane sighed and shook his head.

"Yes," Raython interrupted. "Mistress Tina was most accommodating to give me access to her cunt and by releasing my seed, I was able to create the energy to heal myself."

Dane stepped away and didn't bother to hide the mockery in his words. "Oh, that's a novel approach. Fuck me and I'll feel better. What game are you playing?" He directed the last comment to Raython.

"It is no game, Warrior." Raython sounded deadly serious.

All of Dane's instincts went on alert. Even if the man was crazy, he believed this to be true and that made it worse. It made him much more dangerous than some schmuck who was trying to con a beautiful woman into bed.

"I came here because I was called by our Maiden," he announced. Dane opened his mouth to protest but the other man held up his hand in an arrogant command of silence. Shock made Dane's mouth fall shut. "Have you a dagger?"

"A what?"

"A dagger. A knife. Do you have one?"

The commanding tone of the man's voice made Dane raise his eyebrows and move slowly as he unclipped the little holster at his hip and pulled out his knife. He flipped open the blade and handed the weapon to Raython.

Stepping closer to Tina, in case Raython decided to attack, Dane watched as the man drew the knife toward his arm.

Tina tried to step forward. Dane reached out and held her back.

"Raython, you're just healed. Is this a good idea?"

"Our Warrior needs proof and we have little time." With that announcement, he slashed the blade across his forearm.

Pale purple blood flowed from the wound.

If Dane hadn't known that it was his blade that had cut the man, he would have mocked it as a prop. But that was a real wound with real lavender blood flowing from it.

He stared for a long time then shook his head, hoping that as he did, the image would disappear like an etch-a-sketch. The picture remained.

A man—tall, blond, physically perfect from what Dane could tell and bleeding lavender blood.

“Oh my God.” The words finally found release.

“Exactly.” Tina placed her hand on his arm, drawing his attention. Slowly, he pulled his eyes away and looked down at her. “Ready for another surprise?”

He shook his head then nodded. He could handle it, he told himself. He was a cop after all. He’d seen worse than some man who bled in purple. His eyes flicked back to the wound which Raython was allowing to bleed.

“It seems that in Raython’s world, every woman has two...love...rs.”

He could tell that wasn’t the word she wanted to use but the delicate blush in her cheeks warned him not to ask.

“And?” he prompted when she didn’t continue.

“Well, it appears that...that I and—” She indicated Raython, who was still dripping purple onto her floor. “Raython and uh, well...”

She whipped her head around and stared intently at the other man. Raython blinked and then as if he understood her silent question, he said, “In my world—the loving relationships are based on three points. The three points form the plane of loving. Maiden, Protector, Warrior. Tina is the Maiden, I am the Protector, and you are the chosen Warrior.”

Dane knew his mouth had to be hanging open but he couldn’t contain his shock. His day had been hellish from the start. No day started out right when the FBI was waiting on your front porch at dawn but to find this asshole was fucking Tina had sent the day sliding into Hell. And now, this guy wanted him to believe he was the third rung of a mystic ménage à trois.

“Raython, that’s enough. Let him just deal with this. He’s got enough on his mind.”

“We do not have time,” Raython protested. “The Hunters came awake the moment you read the spell. Our passion will act as a guide.” He bowed his head, looking remarkably contrite for one who’d seemed so cocky. “I apologize, Warrior, for fucking our Maiden without your knowledge. I thought you had already penetrated her else I never would have presumed to do so.” He glanced at Tina. “She had such a clear image in her mind of how it felt when you fucked her that I assumed it had already happened.”

The red that had been lingering in Tina’s cheeks blossomed again. So, she’d imagined fucking him, had she? Well, that was the first good news he’d heard all day.

“But now that you are here, we must Join. Before the Hunters find us.”

“Join how? What hunters?” His mind captured the words, instantly banishing the image of being inside Tina to the far corner of his mind.

“Join as is normal. As is expected,” Raython responded, as if the answer was obvious.

Dane looked at Tina, hoping she could explain.

"I think he means by sex. We 'join' by having sex."

"You and me?" He'd been hoping for that for more than a year. If this instigated getting into Tina's bed, he could accept it.

"All three of us must Join," Raython answered.

Dane thought his heart would stop. He knew it missed a few pertinent beats and when it started again, it was racing as if to catch up. He'd opened his mouth to ask what in the hell the dragon-boy was thinking. He wasn't having sex with another man. No way. But before he could speak, Agent Donavon tapped on the not-quite-closed door and it swung open.

"We're ready, Sheriff, if you'd like to join us."

"Right. I'm there." He backed toward the door, not knowing where to look. For the first time in his twenty years as a cop, he was flabbergasted. Gobsmacked as his Australian buddy would say. Sex with Tina. He could handle that. Sex with Ray or Raython or whatever the hell the man called himself. No way. Never in his wildest imaginings was he letting another man touch him like that.

But damn it, he didn't want to leave Tina alone like this. He didn't trust this guy or the insane story about dragons and purple blood.

"I'll come back. When they've finished their search."

Tina nodded.

"We'll talk then."

He stepped onto the porch and pulled the door shut behind him. Donavon waited at the bottom of the steps. "Problem?"

"No," Dane said, shaking his head.

"So that guy was her ex-brother-in-law?"

It was clear that the FBI agent didn't believe a word of it.

Dane shrugged. "They always were a close family."

\* \* \* \* \*

Tina peeked out the kitchen window, watching Dane as he spoke with Agent Donavon and then followed as the groups of men began trekking into the forest behind her cabin.

She wanted Dane. Her body hummed with a low-level need. It was as if last night had merely primed her for more. She wanted to feel him, fucking her, between her legs, making her scream as he pushed inside her.

"Yes, Maiden, that's it. That will bring our Warrior back to us."

"What?" Tina turned around and stared at the all too close Raython. "What are you talking about?"

"Your desire will bring our Warrior to you. You must spend the day focusing it, drawing it into your body."

She smiled and shook her head, trying to ignore the flutter of need in her pussy. Why was it that both Dane and Raython could make her hornier than hell with a look or a few words?

"I think I'll get some work done," she announced with a false attempt at putting the situation behind her. "I've got papers to grade and...why are you shaking your head?"

"We have much to do before our Warrior returns."

"Yes, I was thinking about that. Doesn't Dane have to agree to this whole Warrior/Maiden/Protector thing?"

"Yes."

"What if he doesn't?" Dane was a good guy but he was immensely practical. Telling him there was a mystical connection between them had probably sent him running for the woods. He might not ever come back.

"Then he is not your chosen one but I have a good feeling about him," Raython announced. "He is handsome, strong. He will get many fine sons on you."

Since Tina knew for a fact that Dane had had a vasectomy while married to Beth, she knew that wasn't going to happen. But it would be nice to have him act as her Warrior for a short while—just long enough to defeat the demon warlords who were chasing Raython and her.

Tina shook her head, stunned by her own thoughts. Somehow her life had turned into a fantasy novel. She looked at Raython. An erotic fantasy at that.

"Anyway, I really do need to get some work done."

"But we must prepare you."

"Prepare me for what?"

"For our Warrior's return."

Tina let herself be led back upstairs. How was she supposed to prepare for Dane's return?

\* \* \* \* \*

Seven hours later, when he knocked on the door, she had her answer.

She'd never been so ready to fuck someone in all her life.

Raython had begun the "preparations" with a warm bath, followed by a full body massage. When he'd finished massaging the larger expanses of skin, he turned his attention on smaller, select parts—primarily her nipples, her clit and her pussy. Each touch brought her arousal to a new level, bringing her excruciatingly close to climax before easing her away, until she whimpered with each caress, her voice weak from begging.

Raython's response was always the same. "Our Warrior will satisfy you."

He'd damn well better, she thought as she opened the door.

Just seeing him, grim and handsome, his lips curled into an irritated frown, made her pussy clench with unfulfilled need. She took a deep breath. Every sense in her body seemed to focus on his scent. He smelled clean – of soap, a light aftershave, and male.

"Dane." His name came out as a sigh. Almost a moan. Her body – tormented and teased – felt full and sensual. Heavy with desire. God, she needed him. It was all she could do not to jump him right there in the doorway but she knew she couldn't. He hadn't accepted anything that Raython had told him this morning. He was back so they could discuss it – not so that he could fuck her until she couldn't walk.

The thought made her whimper.

"Tina? Are you all right?" Dane stepped inside, coming close and cupping one hand around her upper arm and placing the other on her hip.

Her knees weakened and she sagged forward. Dane caught her and pulling her hard against him. It was too much. A distant voice reminded her that he was there to talk but her body wouldn't be denied any longer. She rubbed against him, pressing her breasts to his chest, feeling her nipples poke at him. It felt so good. She couldn't stop herself from repeating the motion. Her nipples tingled and sent bright stars into her sex. She grabbed her lower lip with her teeth, trying to contain the groan but still a sound slipped out.

She needed him. Now.

He was her Warrior. Destined to be her lover.

But until he agreed, nothing could happen. Using all her strength, she pushed against his chest and stood upright.

"Sorry about that." She looked at his mouth and licked her own lips. God, she needed to taste him. Raython had enhanced his caresses with images, whispered fantasies of Dane inside her, kissing her, touching her. Always leading her back to him fucking her.

Dane cupped his hand under her chin and lifted so that she looked into his eyes. "Are you all right? You look flushed. Almost feverish. Are you hot?"

The mere touch of his hand set off new tremors of need inside her pussy.

She swallowed and stepped back. She had to get away from him. She couldn't stay near and not have him naked. Damn Raython and his preparations.

"I'm fine," she assured him, scraping her hands through her hair. "What did you find?" she asked, hoping to sound normal.

"Not much. Some tracks...and purple blood. They took samples."

Tina watched his mouth but barely heard the words. All she could think about was his lips on her skin – his tongue sliding into her pussy. A whimper echoed from the back of her throat. Dane looked around, searching with his penetrating eyes.

Raython stood at the bottom of the stairs, dressed in a pair of old sweats Tina had cut off just above the knees. They were stretched tight across his crotch, revealing the



thick line of his erection. The teasing he'd tormented her with for the past seven hours had obviously had an effect on him as well but that didn't ease Tina at all.

Dane glowered at Raython.

"What's wrong with her?" he demanded.

She opened her mouth but couldn't find the ability to put into words what she needed.

"I have prepared her for you." Raython left the stairs and walked to her side. "Since you left, I have caressed and stroked her body, arousing her for your pleasure when you returned. You are here and she is ready." Raython stroked his hand over Tina's hair. Her head followed the movement, tilting backwards. She groaned softly. "As promised, I have not penetrated her without your permission."

Dane stared at Raython and then at Tina. She had the look of woman completely trapped in passion. "You've kept her on the verge of coming for almost seven hours?"

Raython winced and the regret soothed Dane's snapping nerves.

"I had expected you to return before now else I would not have begun preparations so early. But her body needed to be ready to accept yours. We must Join. We must come together. The three of us. Her climax must occur with us inside her body."

Dane shook his head, trying to assimilate all the information "Ray" was throwing at him, all while fighting the urge to flip Tina around and cram his cock inside her pussy. She would welcome it, he knew. At this point, she'd accept any relief.

He stopped. That's what he could give her—relief. Glaring at Raython to let him know he wasn't happy with the situation, Dane bent down, slipped his arm behind her legs and picked Tina up. She curled into him, wrapping her arms around his neck and placing her mouth against his skin. The hungry nip of her teeth sent a shaft of need down into his cock. Damn, he wanted to fuck her.

The idea of making love to Tina—of finally being in her bed and inside her—had kept his cock semi-erect all day. Now, his erection fought against the constraints of his jeans. He needed to be inside her. And from the looks of her, she needed it as well.

Ignoring all the concerns—that another man had aroused her, that this man claimed to be a dragon—he carried her into her living room. None of that mattered as he placed her on the couch. Her legs instantly separated. Her white robe hid her secrets but the sweet action of her spreading thighs made him crazy. For almost a year he'd been moving toward getting Tina into bed. He'd only resisted because of her friendship with his ex, but now, none of that mattered. She was here, hungry, desperate for sex.

His cock leapt in his jeans.

He was finally going to have the woman he'd fantasized about.

## Chapter Four

"Let me help you, baby." Dane pushed her shoulders until she leaned against the back of the couch. Her hands reluctantly released him. He reached down and lifted the edges of her robe, baring her body. More hands joined his, separating the top and revealing her naked breasts.

"Her nipples are quite sensitive, Warrior. I have spent a long time arousing them."

Dane stared at her breasts—the tips were pink and puffy. Full and stretching forward. He couldn't resist. He placed his fingers over one of the tight peaks and pulled gently. Tina groaned and arched up matching his touch. Her legs shifted and he knew she felt the need in her pussy.

He sat back on his heels. "Spread your legs, baby, let me see your pretty cunt."

"Dane, please." The hunger her beneath her words called to a need deep inside him. He couldn't let her ache like this. She widened her legs, completely baring herself to him. The seductive perfume of her arousal rose from her heat and Dane groaned softly. He bent down, moving toward the center of her need, his own desire building with each passing moment.

"But, Warrior—" Raython placed his hand on Dane's shoulder. "She must come with you inside her."

Dane slipped his fingers up the inside of her thighs. She was wet—before he could even get near her pussy he encountered her moisture. The tip of his index finger brushed the lower lips of her cunt.

"Does it have to be the *first* climax?" he asked, his voice soft, his eyes focused on the deep pink flesh open to him.

"No. Just that she climax while you are inside of her."

Dane bent down and laved his tongue up the inside of her thigh. Her feminine moisture coated his tongue. He wanted to growl at the warmth that exploded in his mouth. "She'll come more than once tonight," he vowed. First he would satisfy the vicious arousal that controlled her body then he would take her. He would give her his cock and fill her with his juice. Vague warnings went off in his head—that he was too accepting of Raython's presence—but it no longer seemed to matter that another man was joined in their love play, as long as he was the one to plunge into her hot, wet cunt.

Dane growled and pressed his mouth against her pussy. Liquid fire poured from her sex. He gathered it into his tongue then pushed inside her, needing more, needing her flavor.

Tina arched into his hands, her ragged cry alerting him she was close. Too close. He wanted to enjoy her, linger over her flesh, but her need was so strong that he relented,

circling her clit with his tongue and slurping it between his lips. With one gentle suck, shudders racked her body and she screamed. Her knees clamped around his head, holding him in place as he continued to lick her, bringing her back down to earth.

Her taste was incredible and he wanted more – wanted to make her come with his mouth, his cock. Feel her wrapped around him.

“Warrior, we must Join.”

For a moment he’d forgotten the other man was in the room. Dane lifted his head, staring first at Tina then at Raython. Raython knelt beside the couch stroking Tina’s breasts. He was naked once again, his cock hard and thick.

Dane shook his head. He couldn’t believe he was considering this. None of it made sense – it probably wasn’t even real. It was just some con Ray had created to make unsuspecting women sleep with him. But that didn’t explain the purple blood...and it didn’t ease the desire in Dane. This was his chance to have Tina. To finally be inside her.

Despite the concerns racing through his head, his body was driving him one direction – Tina.

“How? What’s involved?”

“We must Join. The two of us loving our Maiden.” Raython lifted her hand and sucked her middle finger into his mouth. Tina groaned. “She is capable of much pleasure. We can give her that pleasure.”

Dane looked at the other man’s lips on Tina’s skin and felt his own crotch tighten. The sensual web that Ray had bound Tina in was stretching out its tendrils to include Dane. He could feel himself being drawn in but there was no will to resist.

Her body was still tight and twitching with need. Dane had no trouble imagining her twisting beneath their hands, screaming as they each fucked her.

He looked into her eyes. The haze of desire blurred the green depths. He pushed his finger into her cunt and felt the sweet grip as she clung to him.

“Is this what you want?” he asked. “Both of us, fucking you.”

She hesitated but Dane could see the answer in her eyes – along with her hesitation and fear. She wanted both of them but was afraid to say it. He felt the foreign need to reassure her that it would be fine.

“If it’s what you want, baby, I’ll give it to you,” he said meeting her sensual gaze...and realizing as he spoke the words, it was the truth. “We’ll both fuck you – if that’s what you want.”

“Yes.”

Her breathless response and the slow roll of her hips sent more pressure into his cock. It was time. He would have her...and then he would have to let Raython have her. He still didn’t know if he could handle that but he’d promised Tina.

“Come on, baby, let’s get upstairs and get comfortable.”

Both men helped her to standing. Her knees were wobbly and still weak from the hours Raython had spent touching her and the killer orgasm Dane had given her. It had been sharp and clear—a bright climax that had zinged through her body. But now, the need had returned. She needed to be fucked. Needed a cock inside her.

She turned slightly. Her body was practically vibrating. She opened her mouth and Dane was there, conquering and consuming. His tongue thrust between her lips and she tasted the dark musky flavor of her own sex. She leaned into him and languished in the power of his kiss. The bright new sensation filled her. She entwined her tongue around Dane's drawing him inside, needing him.

Another hot mouth covered the nape of her neck—and the true possibilities of two lovers filled her.

After all her fantasies, she would finally have Dane...and Raython. Her knees weakened further and she clutched her would-be lovers, holding herself upright.

"May I assist you, Maiden?" Raython asked. Before she answered, he lifted her up, pulling her from Dane's grip. She glanced over Raython's shoulder. Dane hesitated and she knew he was considering bolting from the room. He watched them until Raython was halfway up the stairs. Then Dane followed. A slight brush of sympathy flooded her chest. It was a lot to spring on a man but she needed him.

It was imperative that she have these two men—that she be able to claim them for her own.

Raython shouldered open the bedroom door and placed her in the center of the bed. He stared down at her body then carefully curled his hands around her thighs, pulling them apart until her sex was open and bared. He stepped away and looked at her critically, as if he were arranging flowers. Seemingly satisfied with what he saw, he turned as Dane entered the room.

"For your pleasure, Warrior," he announced. Dane walked to the end of the bed and she could see the edge of his mouth kicked up.

Words of defiance flared inside her head but she controlled them. Her feminist sensibilities could be soothed tomorrow. The passion flaring in Dane's gaze told her all she needed to know. He wanted her.

She lay on the bed, watching the two men who would be her lovers. Heat spread through her body.

"Perhaps you'd like to undress, Warrior," Raython said, stepping forward. "I could assist you, if you'd like."

Dane's lips curled down. Tina wondered if that was too much for a man like Dane to accept. She tensed, waiting to see if he would leave but he just shook his head warning the other man away. Raython took a step back but continued to watch with clinical interest. She didn't have any idea how far Raython expected to take this "Joining" but she was pretty sure she knew Dane's limits.

Flat on her back Tina watched as Dane slowly unbuttoned his shirt. Raython's hours of sensual "preparation" swamped her with renewed force at the mere sight of

Dane's bare chest. Broad and muscled. She knew he worked out but she'd never seen him naked before. The sharp lines of his chest rolled into the sweet curves of his shoulders and tight biceps. She sighed as she watched, wanting to trace the individual lines with her fingers and her tongue. She pushed herself up and crawled to the end of the bed.

Dane stepped forward to meet her. Her body silently whimpered with relief as she stroked her fingertips down the tight muscles of his stomach. She continued the downward caress, scraping her nails across the thick bulge of his erection.

"Open the metal bindings containing his shaft." Raython's words slipped into her already swirling consciousness and guided her hands. She eased the metal tab of Dane's zipper down and pulled the clinging material of his boxers and jeans with it. The hard line of his cock sprung forward, hard and long. Thick.

Feminine distress mixed with the anticipation in her pussy. Soon, she would feel his cock inside her.

*Foreplay, seduction, temptation.* The words circled through her head but none of them mattered. She needed to be fucked. She wrapped her hand around his erection and held it. The warmth flowed into her palm promising sweet release. A dribble of pre-cum pearled at the tip. She leaned forward and swiped her tongue across the head of his cock, collecting the drop.

Masculine groans reached her from two directions. Her tongue peeking out from between her lips, she looked up at Dane. His hands were curled into tight fists at his side. The tight line of his jaw made her teeth ache in sympathy. Watching his face, she smoothed her palm up and down his hard shaft. Desire exploded from his eyes.

"Keep that up, baby, and we'll never make it to this 'Joining' you and your boyfriend think we have to do."

The words were low but not harsh. More of a sensual threat than anything else.

With a slow, gentle stroke, she slipped her hand away from his cock and rolled onto her back. Raython moved to stand beside Dane.

The heat from one pair of eyes was devastating—with both men watching her, she was amazed that she didn't burst into flames.

She moaned softly, her body desperate for something to fill her.

She spread her legs and pushed her fingers into her pussy. The wet warmth of her sex heightened the wicked need inside her. She stared at both men as she pumped her fingers in and out of her pussy.

The two cocks pointed at her seemed to rise even more. Dane reached down and stroked his erection as he watched her finger-fuck herself.

"Maiden, you must let the Warrior have you." Raython's voice was filled with concern. "We must come inside you to complete the Joining."

*We?* Raython's choice of pronouns made her tremble. She knew both men would fuck her but it seemed deliciously wicked to have both of them coming inside her.

Dane pushed his jeans down, letting them crumple to the floor.

She looked at the two naked men standing side by side. They were different in so many ways—Dane was broader, more muscular. Raython was long and sleek. Dane's cock was thick and hint shorter than Raython's. Both were impressive. Hard and ready.

God, she wanted them.

She opened her mouth to beg them to fuck her, but the words that slipped from her lips were foreign. They came from a place deep inside her that she'd never recognized.

"Warrior, Protector, will you Join with me?"

They moved as one. Dane climbing on the bed and kneeling between her spread thighs. Raython moving to her left side. She was surrounded and overwhelmed by the masculine strength around her.

Dane reached between her legs and pulled her hand away. He carried her fingers to his mouth and slowly licked her juices from her skin. Each stroke of his tongue tingled through her clit. She glanced at Raython and saw him watching Dane as well. His mouth hung slightly open as he observed the sensual banquet Dane made of her fingers.

"You're delicious, Tina." Dane swiped his tongue across the pads of her fingers. "I'm going to eat your sweet pussy, and next time, I won't be rushed."

She nodded, hungry for that sensation.

"But now, I need to fuck you."

"Yes." The moan erupted from her throat.

"Ray, you said you liked playing with her tits." He lifted his chin toward her breasts. "I think Tina would like you to suck on her nipples while I fuck this pretty cunt here." He followed the words with a slow thrust of his fingers into her pussy. "Oh, baby, you are wet. Like you really need to be fucked bad."

"Dane, please." He was teasing her, damn it.

He stared at her with hard, hot eyes. "We'll do this in my time." A shiver raced down her spine and settled in her sex. "Ray, her breasts."

"Yes, Warrior." Raython immediately bent over and covered her nipple with his mouth. She arched up, pushed her breast into his mouth.

"That's it, baby. Feel us both." Dane pumped his fingers inside her. "Oh baby, you're going to hold me so tight."

She squeezed her lips together to hold back the groan that was threatening. Her nipples were stretched to their limit. Raython's relentless tonguing and licking had made them sensitive to the mere brush of air. Dane's fingers inside her kept on the verge of coming.

"I think she's ready for some cock." Dane covered her free breast with his hand giving the mound a gentle squeeze. "Do you want my cock, baby?"

"Yes!"

He pulled his fingers from inside her and stroked his shaft, smearing her cunt juices on his cock.

"Warrior, your rod is so thick," Raython said. "Will it not hurt our Maiden? Perhaps you should make it smaller."

"Noooo," Tina cried. She wanted him, just as he was—now. The edge of Dane's mouth kicked up but her heart was racing so fast with the anticipation of finally fucking Dane, that she let the arrogance pass.

"It's all yours," Dane said softly fitting the rounded head to her opening. He pushed the first inch inside and Tina held her breath. Raython was long but Dane's width would stretch her aching flesh. He pushed in deeper—giving her just a little more—then he drew back. He pulsed his hips within her, shallow and slow, massaging her entrance.

Raython's mouth trailed between her breasts, his tongue leaving tendrils of heat in its wake.

Dane pulled back until he almost slipped free. Raython lifted his head and looked at Dane. Some signal seemed to pass between them. Raython covered one straining nipple and sucked hard as Dane plunged inside her.

Her cry filled the air. She snapped her teeth together and endured the sweet pain of having him inside her. After so many dreams, he was finally fucking her.

Dane held himself deep inside her for a moment, then began a long, slow retreat followed by a fast, hard penetration. Each stroke into her seemed to go deeper, filling her more every time.

"Excellent, Warrior. She finds much pleasure on your cock. I can feel the need rising in her."

She planted her heels on the mattress and thrust up, countering each heavy drive into her. He rode her hard as if he'd been aching to feel her as well. She wrapped her hand around Raython's shoulder and reached out to clutch Dane's arm as they loved her body.

Pleasure rose fast and strong—the steady thrusts of Dane's cock and the pulls of Raython's mouth pushed her higher.

In the corner of her hazy thoughts, she remembered something Raython had said. That they had to come together. And she didn't think he meant just Joining. They had to *come* together.

"I'm close," she whispered. Raython's head snapped up and he knelt beside her. The sudden movement seemed to startle Dane and he drove into her one more time and froze. Tina groaned and tried to roll her hips. One more touch, the lightest graze against her clit and she could come, she knew she could. Dane's hands gripped her waist and held her still.

"We must Join but I did not have the time to properly prepare her for a second penetration, Warrior." Raython bowed his head as if apologizing. He dropped his

hands to his side and waited, his long cock reached high, stretching toward his stomach.

Dane took a few shallow breaths. "You need to come inside her to complete this joining thing?"

"Yes, Warrior."

"Will fucking her mouth count?"

"Yes."

Dane reached up and scraped the sweaty hair back away from her forehead. "Can he do that, baby? Will you take him into your mouth?"

He made it sound as if sucking Raython off would be doing Dane a favor.

"Yes," she whispered, eager to have her mouth filled. The light taste of Dane's cock had left her craving more.

Dane drew her hips high up his thighs, keeping the connection between their bodies. He ground his crotch into hers and was rewarded by the delicate tightening of her cunt as he watched the other man direct his cock toward Tina's mouth. Raython leaned forward, wrapping his hand around his cock and offering it to Tina. She turned her head and opened her lips. Dane couldn't suppress the groan that clawed at the inside of his throat. He never would have thought it was sexy to watch his woman suck another man but seeing her take Raython's penis between those pink lips while Dane penetrated her cunt was amazing.

As Raython's cock slid into her mouth, Dane returned to fucking her. Her body was still tense but the break had given them all a moment to pull back. He slowed his thrusts and allowed himself to enjoy the sweet push and retreat into her pussy.

She groaned. The sound seemed to squeeze his cock. He watched Ray's eyes drift shut as she sucked, as he pumped his shaft between her lips.

"That's it, baby. Take him. Swallow him whole," Dane whispered, encouraging her and subtly reminding her that he was the one fucking her. "Do you like having him in your mouth?" he asked knowing she couldn't speak with her mouth full of cock. "He likes it. Don't you, Ray."

"Yes, Warrior," Ray said through gritted teeth. "Her mouth is truly as wondrous as her cunt."

Dane drove in—hard and deep—and reveled in the sound of her moan.

"Then it must be something wonderful indeed because this tight little pussy is something very special." He knew Tina was listening to every word. Her eyes flickered toward him, glazed with lust and hunger. "That's it. Take us both. Let us fill you."

*Let us fill you with our seed.*

The strangely formal words entered his mind but he held them back.

There would be no "seed-planting" between them. For the first time in years, he regretted his decision to have a vasectomy. The image of Tina pregnant with his child exploded into his head. He knew it was impossible, but his body wanted to fulfill it. He



began to pump inside her, the need to pour himself into her now desperate. Each stroke brought him closer. He had to come – had to come *inside her*.

Her hips met his with each thrust. It wasn't necessary to hear her muffled groans to know she was with him. Her body was still creaming, still clutching his. She was close to orgasm. He was vaguely aware of Ray's growls of pleasure as the other man rocked into Tina's mouth.

The thought pushed him to the edge but he fought it. Something deep inside him held him back. He needed them. With him.

He reached down and grabbed Tina's right hand with his left. Their fingers twined together as he thrust inside her. There was no way he could stop. His body was driven on some instinctual path. He had to come. She had to come.

He felt another hand and looked down. Ray had taken Dane's right hand in his. Dane looked up. Ray held Tina's free hand.

They'd formed a triangle.

Energy exploded around them. Dane felt his palms heat, turning to fire, burning until he wanted to pull away but couldn't. It was as if electricity shot from his body and flowed into Tina's and Ray's through the connection of their hands. Even as he sent the power into them, it came back to him – different and distinct. Masculine and feminine.

He thrust forward one more time – his body no longer able to hold back. His semen erupted from his cock, flooding her womb. The tiny contractions through her cunt fluttered along his cock. He felt the gentle massage of her pussy on his cock but also inside – as if his body was creating the sensation.

Ray shouted his release and Dane's cock twitched and poured more cum into Tina.

Tina's hunger, her pleasure at Ray coming in her mouth, seeped into Dane's body.

He felt it all. His pleasure, her pleasure and Ray's.

After a long, seemingly endless climax, Dane opened his eyes. The world seemed to have stopped spinning around them and the strange electricity that had reverberated between them was gone. His breath struggled to fill his lungs. Dane looked down at Tina.

Her eyes were filled with the same stunned surprise that he was feeling.

*What the hell had just happened?*

He pushed up on his arms and started to withdraw, knowing he'd been inside her long enough to make her sore. Her gasp was seconds behind a jolt of pleasure into his cock. He stopped. It wasn't possible but he had to check. He reached between their still connected bodies and gently massaged her swollen clit.

She groaned and his cock hardened, like someone had stroked a hand down his penis. Ray moaned.

Dane snapped his head up. *He'd* felt it to. It was if they'd all shared the same orgasm.

It was too much for Dane to handle. The whole fucking day was too much for him to handle, he decided as he pulled out of Tina. Dragons, purple blood, Joinings. And now community orgasms?

Voices screamed in his head, all shouting advice. The loudest of which was he needed to get the hell out of there. To think. Something wasn't right. He still didn't quite believe Tina's dragon story. Not that he disbelieved it exactly, but a dragon? It was crazy.

He rolled away, planning his escape. He glanced at Tina. She was still on her back, his cum dripping from between her legs. Raython was hunched over her, licking her nipple. His mouth encircled the one closest to him and he began to suck.

Dane felt his own nipples tense in response. He licked his lips. He wanted to taste her. Without consciously directing his movements, he crawled up the other side of her and latched his mouth onto the peak of her free breast. She arched up and groaned. Soft sighs and whispers had been replaced by deep throaty pleas. He felt each sound deep in his chest. Dane swirled his tongue over the tight nipple, keeping his touch light but persistent, drawing the peak higher and scraping his flat tongue across the tight surface.

Her fingers slipped behind his head, holding him there.

Tina stared up at the ceiling trying to capture the remnants of her soul—they were scattered in the atmosphere. She'd never felt anything so wildly sensuous as having these two men caress and touch her. Her body was a wicked contradiction of exhaustion and desire. As contradictory as their styles. Raython sucked her as if he wanted to swallow her whole—a desperate kind of need. Dane swirled his tongue slowly around her nipple as if he was calling it out to play and when it arrived he teased it and taunted it.

Raython lifted his head, flipping his long hair back over his shoulder in one smooth, flowing move.

"Warrior, may I penetrate our Maiden?"

Tina tensed—and she couldn't decide if it was because *she* hadn't been asked, or if it was the anticipation of Dane's answer. For all his appearance of a modern man, he was a Neanderthal at heart and he'd just been asked to allow another man to fuck his woman.

She didn't know if Dane had truly claimed her but she felt claimed. She felt bound to him. Joined.

Just as Raython had said.

Dane allowed one last swipe of his tongue across her taut nipple then lifted his head and stared at the other man. "You want to fuck her?"

"Yes, Warrior." Raython kept his head bowed, strangely submissive for one who had somehow gotten all three of them in bed together.

Tina couldn't help but look at the long, heavy shaft that rose between Raython's legs. She knew precisely how long. Not only had she taken it inside her vagina, she'd sucked him and been unable to swallow more than half.

Dane pushed his hand between her legs. He slipped one long finger into her pussy and pumped as if testing her. Her hips punched upward to meet his touch. Dane tickled the inside of her pussy and let his fingers fall free.

"She's wet and still hungry."

The scent of her sex combined with his cum filled her head, making her feel drunk with need.

"You may have her," Dane agreed.

Raython raised his eyes – lavender fire glittered in their depths as he smiled.

"For our pleasure, Warrior."

Dane's hand cupped the breast Raython had been sucking, flicking the nipple with his thumb while Dane casually – occasionally – licked the peak before him. Tina and Dane watched Raython as he positioned himself between her legs.

He held his cock in his hands, poised at her entrance, but didn't move forward.

"You may enter her," Dane announced.

Raython plunged inside, driving deep. Tina screamed. She couldn't hold the sound back.

"Stop!"

Dane's command froze the room. He traced his fingers along her cheek and stared into her eyes. "Are you all right?" She nodded. "I won't let him hurt you. I won't let anyone hurt you."

His final words settled into her chest and she knew his vow was now part of her.

"I was just surprised," she whispered.

"Do you want him to continue?"

She nodded, then realized what it would look like. She wanted *Dane*. She'd been lusting after *Dane* for four years – long before her friend had divorced him.

And here she was telling him she wanted another man to fuck her.

"But only if you agree," she said.

Dane drew back. His eyes wandered down her body to the point where Raython's penis filled her.

Her body was hungry for Raython's cock – for his style of fucking – but she couldn't, wouldn't lose Dane over this. Not so soon after she'd found him. She would do almost anything to hold him.

"I will let him have you."

She groaned with relief though a secret corner of her mind was amazed that she'd so willingly given up control of her body. He turned to the Raython. "Make her come," he commanded.

“Yes, Warrior.”

Raython pulled out, his long, lovely cock taking ages to withdraw from her body before he drove back in. As he worked in her pussy, Dane lavished his attention on the rest of her body. The inside edge of her elbow, her breasts, the sweet curve of her neck. So many forces worked on her body that Tina couldn't keep track of them. She clutched at whichever body was nearest, not knowing if it was Raython or Dane she grabbed. It didn't matter. They blended into one being. Fucking her and loving her until her body exploded in another orgasm. She heard Raython's shout.

And Dane's growl. Seconds later he was back between her legs, driving deep, driving toward his own climax. Tina tried to help, but her body was quickly losing strength. He thrust in deep – fast and hard – and she felt him flood her once again.

## **Chapter Five**

Tina drifted into a quiet doze—her body replete and warm. Her lovers surrounding her. She cuddled into the broad chest in front of her, feeling the other man behind her. Two cocks, not fully hard but not soft either, pressed against her.

“It appears we’ve exhausted our Maiden.”

She recognized Raython’s voice and smiled because he still referred to her as their “Maiden”. She was pretty sure the term implied “virgin” and if she hadn’t been disqualified before—which she had—she certainly was now.

“Yes,” Dane agreed.

The cock in front of her—from the thickness she recognized it as Dane’s even without opening her eyes—began to harden.

“She’ll be sore and uncomfortable if we leave her in this state,” Raython said. “With your permission, Warrior, I will bathe our lady and return her to your side.”

If she’d had the strength, she would have protested. Not because she didn’t desperately want the attention Raython was going to give her, but she feared that Dane would leave. That while they were away, he would think about what had just happened and run.

The warmth behind her disappeared and strong arms lifted her from the bed. Even with her eyes closed, she knew it was Raython who carried her. The soft brush of his hair tickled her cheek as he took her into bathroom. He placed her gently on her feet and Tina knew it was time to open eyes and face the world...face Dane.

Raython bent forward to turn on the faucets. Steam built inside the small shower stall. Tina looked over her shoulder. Dane stood in the bedroom, naked and watching. The turbulence in his eyes reached her from across the divide. She started to speak but Raython’s touch stopped her. He wrapped his arm around her waist and lifted her slowly into the shower. Her knees trembled as her feet hit the floor.

“Don’t worry, Maiden. Our Warrior is strong and will abide with us.”

Raython’s voice was low and she knew it was meant for her alone. Before she had a chance to respond, he followed her into the shower. He spun her around so her back was to the nozzle. When she lifted her gaze, she looked directly out the door. Dane was still watching.

Water splashed down her back. Raython dropped to his knees before her. The quick movement drew her eyes away from Dane. She watched the blond head as he lathered up a washcloth. Slowly, he began to stroke her skin, starting with her ankles and moving upward. She placed her hand on the shower wall to stay steady. Exhaustion

threatened to drag her to the tub floor and she gave the wall more of her weight. The mental pressure of uncertainty added to her exhaustion.

She was afraid to look up, to see if Dane was still watching them, waiting for them.

The bubbles teased her already sensitive skin. Raython's touch turned slow and sensuous as he moved to her torso. He placed the rag to the side and covered her breasts with soapy hands. Her body still vibrated with the violence of the orgasms she'd received so the firm massage of her breasts sent renewed waves of need into her pussy.

"Raython—" she sighed his name and leaned against the wall, her knees trembling. He slipped his fingers along her breasts tugging on her nipples, drawing the peaks even tighter.

He knelt before her and silently nudged her legs apart. There was a momentary rush of cool air followed by heat as Raython's hands slipped between her thighs and began to wash her. He lathered up her pussy and slid his fingers into her slit. As he washed her, he stroked her, circling her clit in seemingly random patterns.

It seemed like the dragon wasn't done with her yet. She let her eyes drift shut—afraid to look at Dane.

Raython stood up and spun her around, facing her into the spray. He lifted her left leg to the side of the tub and let the water sluice down her breasts and rinse the bubbles from between her legs. His hands followed, aiding the water and heating her skin with his touch. He reached her sex and pushed two fingers into her passage, driving deep. The pretense of bathing disappeared—it was a straightforward finger-fuck. He pumped into her, each stroke a wicked temptation for more. Without her command, her hips swung forward, countering his thrusts.

"That's enough, dragon." Dane's growl shattered the sensual haze that surrounded her but the hunger that lingered beneath his words triggered a new desire. "Bring her back to bed," he commanded. There was no doubt he expected to be obeyed. Raython bowed his head in silent acknowledgement of Dane's dominance.

As if prodded along, Raython snapped the water shut and quickly dried her with a towel. He didn't let her help but there was none of the sensuality of the bath.

Again, it seemed as if he could hear her thoughts. "The Warrior wishes you to return to his side." There was a hint of triumph in the dragon's eyes. "We should not keep a lustful man waiting."

Nodding her agreement because she couldn't really think of another response, she followed him out of the room. It was odd walking into a room—even her own bedroom—naked. Particularly when two equally naked men waited for her. Her fingers twitched at her side—nervous with the need to cover herself from their intense scrutiny. She raised one hand but the tightening of Dane's jaw stopped her.

"She is most beautiful, is she not, Warrior?"

"Yes, she is."

The low rumble of Dane's words sank into her sex—another layer of sensation in her overly wired body.

Raython stepped forward and led her to the bed, once again positioning her in the middle. He nodded to Dane then took up a place on her left side, stretched out beside her, his hands skimming across her breasts and stomach.

Tina tried to stay still but the need was too great. She twisted, sliding her feet across the soft sheets, seeking some relief to the growing need.

"Spread your legs for me, baby." She heard Dane's order as a visceral command and there was no way she could ignore it. Dane crawled up on the bed, settling himself between her open thighs. "I was rushed earlier," he said, whispering against her skin. "I won't be this time."

Dane licked the inside of her thigh, teasing her skin with his fingers and tongue, warming her cooled flesh. It was impossible to contain the soft, needy sigh she heard slip from her lips.

He took his time, making a slow approach to her sex, wandering fingers and tongue across her thighs, drifting down to tease the backs of her knees. Raython's hands tightened on her breasts. She looked up at the young man but his gaze was on Dane, watching the other man lavish attention on her skin, drifting ever closer to sex.

"Please," she begged softly, needing more. Dane raised his eyes and stared at her. The hunger in his gaze melted her very insides.

"I won't be rushed," he said, reminding her. He pushed her legs open farther adding to her feeling of vulnerability. Raython leaned over to look into at her spread pussy. Dane let him stare for a moment then placed his mouth against her outer lips. The whisper kiss he placed on her skin sent a warm shiver up her spine. He traced the inside of her folds, licking and tasting every inch, drawing close but never quite touching her clit.

Hours of sensual torture had given her the confidence to know what she wanted. She scraped her fingers into Dane's spiky hair and held his head, holding him against her as she pressed up. He took her silent command and slipped his tongue into her pussy, sliding just inside and fluttering the tip.

"Ah!" She squeezed his head as the tension shot into her cunt.

Still slow, but with more deliberation, he swirled his tongue around her clit, lapping at it before gently sucking it between his lips. Raython's fingers tightened on her breast as she twisted beneath Dane's slow assault—his wickedly clever mouth leading her higher and closer to another orgasm.

The mattress dipped beside her drawing Tina's attention away from Dane's wickedly clever lips. Raython knelt at her hips. He hovered beside Dane, watching curiously.

Finally, Dane seemed to sense Raython's inspection and lifted his head. Tina watched her lovers. The tension hanging between the two men was foreign and seductive. Raython stroked his hand down her stomach, through her curly hair.

"You've done this before—put your mouth on her cunt," Raython said, tilting his head and giving her the impression of a confused puppy. "Our Maiden seems to find great pleasure in this."

Dane used his thumbs and spread her pussy wide. Then with Raython and Tina watching he licked the long line of her slit. She cried out, arching her back as he fluttered his tongue across her clit.

"Have you never eaten a pussy before?"

Raython shook his head. "I was forbidden to take human form until my Maiden called to me."

Dane leaned away, his thumbs still holding her open.

"Taste her. She's delicious."

Raython didn't hesitate. He bent down and dipped his tongue into her sex, following the path Dane had traveled. Tina gasped at the delicate roughness of his tongue.

Raython's eyes were wide as he looked at Dane. "She is delicious. May I taste more of her?"

Dane considered the request for a long moment then nodded. He placed a final kiss on her clit, leaving her with a flash of his tongue and a promise of more. Raython whirled around and took Dane's place between her legs. He dragged his tongue along her damp flesh. It was the most amazing sensation. Different from the slow loving Dane had given her. It was untutored and quick but the desire was there.

Dane rolled out of the way. The surreal feeling of the whole situation struck her as Dane whispered instructions on how to eat pussy. "Slow down, kid. Let her feel it. She'll let you know when she wants more. There. That's it. Suck on those sweet lips." Raython learned quickly under Dane's tutelage. He sampled her with delicate flicks of his tongue and then delved deeper, seeming to enjoy pushing his tongue into her passage.

Dane watched the sensual tension flow through Tina's body. He'd brought her so close to climax and then given access to her cunt to another man. And all he felt was desire—his and hers. She pressed her shoulders into the mattress and rolled her hips up, smashing her mound against Raython's face. The dragon seemed eager to please and it looked like he'd taken her silent direction and begun to suck on her clit.

Her eyes were heavily clouded with passion.

A growl rumbled in the back of his throat. *This was his woman.* He'd brought her this far and now another would make her come.

He felt his hand move, like he was going to physically pull Ray out of the way. Tina's warmed fingers stopped him. She grabbed his arm, digging her nails into his skin—holding onto him as if he was her anchor. He looked at her body—flushed and pink, so ready to be fucked. Her eyes fluttered open and she stared at him. She was



beautiful—her body consumed by the experience. He'd never seen anything so arousing.

He had to taste her again, feel her skin against him.

Dane curled over her and covered her mouth with his, driving his tongue into her warmth, instinctively matching the rhythm that Ray was setting between her legs. It didn't make sense—hell, none of this made sense. He sank into the kiss, losing himself in her taste and desperate hunger of her lips. Every subtle stroke of her tongue called a response from inside him, as if he knew what she needed. Her fingers circled his cock and Dane moaned, feeding the sound into her mouth. The slow stroke of her fingers—and the hot licks of Raythor's mouth on her—drove Dane to the edge.

He ripped his mouth away and gasped for air. They were stealing everything from him. His ability to think, breathe, his existence was wrapped up in the two of them.

It had to stop. He still wasn't sure she believed Tina, or Raythor, about the other man being a dragon, but something had happened when they'd fucked the first time. His body was still pulsed with the energy.

His chest rising and falling in long, ragged breaths, he stared down at Tina. She looked back. Beyond the arousal there was concern, maybe even fear. She was as unsure of this as he was but he couldn't stop now. He turned and looked at Raythor, lapping at Tina's sex with true abandon, and from the tension in Tina's thighs, some newly learned skills. He had his face buried in her pussy.

Tina groaned and arched her back, pumping her hips up. Raythor lifted his mouth but he didn't turn to Tina. He looked to Dane and as if the dragon had spoken, Dane knew the question. *How do I make her come?*

Dane reached down and separated her pussy lips with his fingers. "Suck her clit. Swirl your tongue around it then suck lightly."

The dragon eagerly fell on this new treat and Tina's groans reached a fevered pitch. She clutched at Dane's arms, pulling him over her, back to her mouth.

"Let him make you come. You want to come, don't you?" he whispered, pressing his lips to her ear. "Then I'll fuck you. I'll drive my cock so deep you'll never forget what it's like to feel me inside you."

He leaned away and watched her, watched her body writhe beneath Raythor's newly trained tongue. Passion flowed out of her and it was all he could do not to push the dragon out of the way and fuck her now. Instead, he let her enjoy the pleasure's being fed to her...knowing that more awaited.

The rise of her orgasm swirled around Dane, weaving itself into his body, into the space between his pores until he was consumed with her need. She was close, but Raythor had withdrawn, gone back to his delicate licks. Dane didn't understand how he knew this but damn it, she needed to come.

"Finish her off," he commanded, his body responding to the need vibrating through her cunt.

Raython lifted his head and a smirk curved his mouth. "If it pleases you, Warrior."

Raython returned to her clit. Dane could almost feel every stroke of the dragon's tongue, as if it was moving around his cock. Phantom strokes licked the head of his shaft and then as if a warm, moist mouth encompassed him, he began to pump his hips. Tina's hand tightened around his shaft and he fucked himself against her fingers.

Her body bowed back as she struggled to have more.

"Damn it. Make her come," Dane said again, feeling the rising need in his cock.

"Yes, Warrior."

Raython circled his tongue around the tight bundle of nerves and Dane thought he'd go through the roof. He leaned over, taking Tina's breast in his hand, and capturing her mouth with his, needing something, needing the connection. She attacked his lips, slipping her tongue into his mouth, demanding more sensation. He gave her what he could, all while feeling the steady rise of her orgasm.

She pulled back, gasping for air...and shouted his name.

"Dane!"

The climax ripped through her body and Dane felt it echo through his own. He had to have her, had to fuck her.

Raython lifted his head and rolled away, opening the space between her thighs.

"Fuck her, Warrior," he said. "Fill her."

"Dane, please."

The hunger surging through him sent him to his knees. Raython reached out, slipped his hand between Dane's legs, and cupped his balls, gently fingering them as Tina's hand pumped his cock. The double caress stole the breath from his body. Not even the foreign sensation of a masculine hand touching him could wilt his hard-on.

"Fuck her, Warrior. She's yours."

Dane snapped at the dragon's urging. He grabbed Tina's legs and spun her around until her open sex was spread before him.

Tina held her breath as he placed the thick head of his cock against her opening and began to push inside her. Her body was sensitized—primed for any touch, for any caress. He drove into her—hard, sinking into her pussy until he filled her completely.

"Yes," she whispered. Her tiny cry seemed to trigger something inside him. Dane pulled back and plunged in deep, filling her, stretching her.

Her hands gripped convulsively, grabbing whatever was near her. The depth of her soul knew that Raython held one hand and Dane held the other.

Dane's cock filled her cunt. She opened her mouth and screamed, the pleasure-pain too much to hold inside. He didn't stop. He drew back, always holding her hand, and plunged inside her.

Voices swirled through her head—Dane and Raython’s—urging her higher, faster, making it impossible to resist. Long, steady thrusts, filling her pussy time and again until she couldn’t contain the sensation.

“Come for me!” Dane shouted. And her body responded. The orgasm erupted from her cunt and spread through her body. As if she was truly connected to him, she felt the jolt vibrate through her pussy into Dane. His cum filled her vagina, hot and pulsing.

A tight grip formed around her left hand. Raython pressed up on his knees, holding her hand and Dane’s. Raython tilted his head back and his cum shot forward splattering in trails across her stomach.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tina woke up slowly, her mind waking with the slow sure knowledge that her body had been fucked beyond recognition.

She cracked open her eyes as the reality came flooding into her head. Every memory of every touch reverberated through her body. She shifted and winced. The ache between her legs reminded her that the three of them hadn’t stopped until early morning. They’d collapsed into a pile and fell into a heavy sleep.

She raised her head. Raython lay beside her. The covers were thrown away. His naked body bared to world.

But she knew something was missing.

Dane was no longer beside her.

He’d left her. A wail joined the frantic beat of her heart.

The rush of the downstairs toilet flushing sent her flying from the bed. She had to see him. Had to explain.

Except how did she explain everything that had happened? She didn’t understand most of it herself.

Snagging her robe off the floor, she threw it on as she hurried down the stairs.

Her pride was slightly eased when she saw Dane hadn’t fled for the door. He’d stopped to have a cup of coffee—started by her automatic timer. She crept into the kitchen, unsure of her reception.

Dane drank from his cup then paused as if he sensed her behind him. Slowly he turned.

Heat flowed through her body as she looked at him, melting her sex, and drawing moisture from deep inside.

His eyes were cool, distant, as he nodded her direction. She braced herself for his rejection, trying to slow her racing heart. But even as she stood there, she recognized that not all of this warmth was hers. Some of what she was feeling came from Dane. The strange ability to sense the other’s emotions had lingered with the sunrise.

“You’re leaving,” she said.

"I need to get to work."

It was Sunday and she didn't think even the sheriff worked on Sunday, unless it was strictly necessary. He was trying to escape.

"About last night—"

He shook his head, stopping her words.

"I don't know what happened last night. Or what's going on." He took a long drink of hot coffee. "I just need to go."

Tina nodded.

A self-mocking smile curved Dane's lips. "You seem so accepting of this. Doesn't it bother you?" He waved his hand in the general direction of the bedroom upstairs. "We both fucked you last night. And you let it happen. Hell, *I* let it happen. I don't know how you can accept all this."

Tina shrugged and walked forward. She needed to touch him. Needed to connect with him in some way. "I saw it happen. I know what he's saying is the truth." She smiled, trying to lighten the mood. "And I got two incredible lovers out of the deal."

Dane nodded. But when she reached out to touch him—he pulled away. It was subtle and gentle but she knew he'd avoided her touch.

"I need to think about this, Tina. I need to think about everything."

He put his mug on the counter and walked away. She heard the front door slam shut seconds later. Unexpected tears welled up in her eyes and tripped over the edge. She stood there, listening to the sound of her own breath, feeling her cheeks grow wet.

"Please do not cry, Maiden." Raython's warm body pressed against her back. She relaxed into him, needing the comfort. "He will return. He is the one."

She shook her head. "You didn't see his eyes."

"He is our Warrior. He will fight for us."

She didn't answer. She couldn't. She didn't have Raython's confidence that Dane would return to her. To them.

And the thought of losing him made her chest ache. As if her heart would never beat the same without him.

Dane rubbed the center of his chest trying to ease the ache. It didn't feel like a heart attack but if ever a day deserved one, it would be this one. The pain had begun when he'd left Tina that morning. And hadn't stopped all day.

What made it worse was—he thought it was emotion that caused it. Damned if he could tell if it was his or hers. Ever since they'd—he stopped. He didn't really know what to call it. Had sex? Fucked? Made love?

Whatever it was, when the three of them had touched hands and climaxed together, something had happened. He'd thought about it all day, trying to figure out if it had been his imagination or some kind of electrical shock. He had no answers but

something had changed. He was able to sense their emotions. Tina's were strongest, but Ray's were present as well.

Dane decided *that* was the foreign sense of anger he felt. Ray was pissed that Dane had left them. But damn it, he had a job to do and he needed to think – something he couldn't do around Tina.

"What are you doing here on a Sunday?"

Dane looked up. Agent Donavon, looking as formal as he had the previous day, stood in the doorway. Dane had been so lost in his thoughts he hadn't heard the other man walk in.

"Just catching up. Come in." He nodded to one of the two chairs in his office. "I'm assuming you're looking for me or you wouldn't be hanging around an empty office. Things are pretty quiet on a Sunday in this town." That was one of the reasons Dane liked it. He'd had his share of high-crime areas and explosive murder rates when he'd lived in Chicago. When he'd married Beth, they'd moved back here to get away. By the time they'd divorced, Dane had gotten himself elected Sheriff and felt like this was his town. And he was ready for the FBI to leave it.

Whatever was happening between him and Tina and Raython, it wasn't something that the government needed to become involved in.

"I was just checking to see if you'd heard anything else?" Donavon said, finally lowering himself into the chair.

"About what?"

"About that plane. I know how small towns are. The folks are more likely to talk to you than someone like me. Wanted to see if you'd heard any strange rumors floating around." Donavon gave a shrug which wasn't nearly as casual as he probably meant it to be. "Things like that sometimes lead us in the right direction. No matter how wild they sound at the time."

Dane shook his head. "I haven't even spoken with anyone except you...and Tina."

"And did she say anything? She seemed a little nervous when we were there yesterday."

Dane scratched his neck. "I think she was embarrassed at being caught with a younger, naked man in her house. Things like that get out, it could ruin a woman's reputation." He added a touch of warning to his voice. "She teaches at the fancy boarding school down the road. She can't afford to have her morals questioned."

The answer seemed to satisfy Donavon. He pursed his lips together and nodded. And waited. It was a technique interrogators used to get people to talk. Leave a heavy silence and someone will feel compelled to fill it. Typically, Dane would have waited him out but he was curious how much the FBI knew.

"What about that purple stuff you guys found? What was that?" Dane had been stunned when they'd found puddles of the purple liquid by the river on Tina's land. It had matched Ray's blood.

"It's a new kind of fuel. Very hush-hush, you understand."

"Ahh." Dane tried to look suitably impressed but wasn't sure he succeeded. Donavon was lying to him and doing a pretty good job of it but Dane knew the truth. The source of that purple liquid was currently hiding in Tina's house.

"Well, I guess that's it." Donavon stood and walked to the door. "You'll let me know if you hear anything." It wasn't a question so Dane didn't answer. "I'll be around for a few more days, keeping an eye on things."

The implied threat wasn't missed by Dane. He nodded and watched as the FBI agent left.

He would have to warn Tina.

Donavon wasn't going to give up.

By late afternoon, Dane had made deep inroads into his piles of backed-up paperwork. He could probably spend another few hours working but what was the point? He was stalling because he didn't know where he was going to go when he left the office. Home? Back to Tina's?

The work he'd done had been fairly mindless giving him plenty of opportunity to think but time hadn't helped. He was no closer to an answer than he'd been when he'd run from Tina's cabin this morning. He wanted her. He'd been dancing around her for almost a year trying to figure out how to approach a friend of his ex-wife's without the town exploding in scandal.

*Like this wouldn't cause a scandal.* He massaged his forehead with all ten fingers. *Dane, Tina, and a dragon.* That would get people talking.

It should have been simple to walk away but it wasn't. There was something about Tina that drew him. It felt right last night when he'd fucked her for the first time. Even with another man there, it had felt right. The memories of seeing Raython with his mouth between Tina's legs, licking her sweet pussy. The amazed look of the other man as he'd learned the thrill of making a woman come with his mouth. Damn it, even *that* made his cock hard.

A strange restlessness pushed him to his feet. An urgency to move throbbed in his chest. He paced around the front of his desk, clenched and unclenching his right hand. Strange. It felt empty. It *was* empty—but it felt like there should be something in his grip. After circling his desk three times, he decided he wasn't going to get anything else done.

But he still hadn't decided where he was going when he left.

He knew what he'd find if he returned to Tina's cabin and he knew what would happen. He'd end up in bed with her and Raython. And he still had no idea how he felt about that. And that first time together. He'd never experienced anything like that before. It was like his orgasm had been magnified by three—like he was feeling Tina's and Ray's inside his own body.

His cock hardened as he walked to his car. Well, it hardened further. He'd spent much of the day fighting off a hard-on.

He started his car and pulled onto the main road. It took him a few minutes to realize he'd turned right, heading out of town toward Tina's house, not left toward his own. As he acknowledged the decision that he was going back to her place, a line of tension that had pulled on his shoulders all afternoon seemed to disappear.

But a new sensation began—like fire in his stomach. He gripped the steering wheel, pulling on it. He needed to go...needed to be somewhere. There was danger. Fear.

The cell phone buzz shattered his thoughts.

"Sheridan," he answered.

"Dane, we need help."

"Tina? What's wrong?" Her panic welled up in *his* gut and he floored the gas pedal. The need to get to her wiped out all the concerns from the afternoon.

"The Hunters. They've come for Raython. He ran out of here a few minutes ago and flew away."

"As in turned into a dragon and flew away?"

"Yes."

"Where did he go?"

"I don't know. I think toward Flattop. He was trying to lure the Hunters away from me. We can't let anything happen to him."

"I'll find him." He snapped the phone shut and looked out the window, toward the tall peak Tina had mentioned. Something circled the mountaintop. It looked like a bird but there was no way he should be able to see a bird from that distance. It had to be Raython. Four other dots filled the sky near the dragon.

Dane slammed on the brakes and spun around the tight corner. Dust filled the air as he hauled ass up the dirt road. It was early spring. Few tourists or locals would be on the trails. He kept his foot to the floor. They were attacking Raython.

Fury filled him and the need to howl clawed at the inside of his throat. Dane stretched his neck up, trying to break the tension. After a long moment, he realized it wasn't his own rage that filled him—it was Raython's.

Dane was connected to the dragon in the same mystical way he felt Tina's pain.

As if he could hear Raython's thoughts, one thing kept repeating through his head—protect his Maiden.

## Chapter Six

Dane reached the parking lot of the popular trailhead and was glad to see it was empty. Grabbing his gun, he took off at a full run, up the trail. The first plateau wasn't far up the hill and that's where he found them.

A blue-green dragon crouched low. Pale purple flowed from wounds at his side as the dragon growled and snapped at three men. A fourth lay on the ground. Green blood poured from a gaping hole in his chest. Raython's teeth had obviously connected at least once. The other three men attacked him from three sides.

The fantastic reality of the picture before him had only a moment to sink in before he reacted like a cop.

"Drop your weapons." Dane sighted his gun on the middle attacker.

"It's the Warrior. Kill him," one of them commanded.

The nearest Hunter spun around and ran, full speed and sword drawn at Dane. Dane turned his gun and fired. The Hunter bounced backwards as the bullet struck him. He landed on his back. For an instant he froze, then kicked his legs out and was back on his feet. No visible wound.

Dane looked at the gun and the man stalking him.

"Human weapons won't kill us, Warrior. Surely you have some other way to defend your Maiden," the Hunter taunted as he strode forward. The threat against Tina sent fury exploding through Dane's chest and into his limbs. The Hunter casually spun his sword in his hand. Dane aimed and fired seven straight shots in the Hunter's chest. Even if it didn't kill him, the impact knocked him backwards. Dane scanned the area for a weapon. The sword of the fallen Hunter flashed in the sunlight. Dane fired again and ran, picking up the sword and spinning to face his attacker.

Beyond wooden sticks as a child, Dane had never experimented with any weapon bigger than a knife, but as his hand molded to the hilt, knowledge seemed to flow into his body. It wasn't a clear thought or specific direction – his body simply knew.

He lifted the sword and blocked the Hunter's downward stroke. Dane kicked the man in the chest, knocking him backwards. The fury turned to rage inside his head, inside his heart and he let it flow into his muscles. These men had threatened his Maiden. The Hunter flew with the force of Dane's thrust and landed hard on the ground. Dane followed, raising the sword and plunging it deep into the chest of his attacker.

A voice in his head whispered that he'd just casually killed a man but the concern disappeared as the body around the sword crumpled to dust, leaving behind only tiny puddles of green blood.



Raython's scream snapped Dane back to the fight. He whipped around in time to see a Hunter twist a sword in Raython's side. The dragon howled again.

"Back away," Dane commanded. He walked forward, the sword comfortable in his palm. The Hunter jerked the sword from Raython's side and faced Dane. He was vaguely aware of Raython's attention on the remaining Hunter. Raython would handle him. Dane swung the sword with all his strength. *This* Hunter didn't assume that Dane was inexperienced. They fought, metal crashing against metal, each stroke vibrating Dane's arms but instead of weakening, his rage carried him on—making him stronger. The world collapsed around him until all he could see was his attacker. All he knew was he must kill him.

Dane beat him back, stalking him and weakening the Hunter with hard, furious blows. The man's eyes widened as he realized Dane was winning. He stumbled, tripping over a rock and landing on his back. Battle strategy allowed no room for thought or consideration. Dane knocked the sword from the Hunter's hand and drove the point of his weapon into the man's chest.

Again, he evaporated into a puddle of blood.

Dane stared at the remains, his heart pounding loud in his ears, his breath harsh and shallow as he regained control of his body. And his mind. He looked over. The final Hunter was in a crumpled pile, wounds dripping with green blood. Raython stood over the body. He opened his mouth and fire exploded from his throat, incinerating the Hunter and leaving a pile of dust behind. The flames stopped. He turned to the remaining body and repeated the same treatment. All that was left of the four Hunters was dust and blood.

"Will there be more coming—"

*Fear. Pain. Rage.* The triple emotions assaulted him—binding his stomach into knots. Raython cried out.

Dane clenched his teeth and fought the urge to double over.

"What is that?"

He looked up as Raython raised his head.

"Tina." *Our Maiden*, they said in unison.

*More Hunters. After her.*

Her fear built but the anger grew with it. She was strong but she needed help.

Dane ran toward the dragon. "Get us there. Now." Dane moved through instinct. Just as when he'd picked up the sword his body knew how to use it, he knew that Raython was his companion, his partner.

Raython lowered his head and presented a space on his neck.

Dane climbed on—the Hunter's sword still gripped in his hand—and wrapped his arms around as much of Raython's throat as he could.

Muscles contracted beneath him as Raython leapt into the air. Cold rushed past him as the dragon flew. The steady flaps of his wings rocked Dane back and forth. He

climbed high and then plunged down screaming a warning as he dropped. Tina's emotions continued to bombard him. They combined with the rage burning inside his chest. Raython screamed and Dane echoed the sound.

The dragon hit the ground hard and Dane leapt from his back. The world was strangely clear—focused to the point of pain. Without thought he catalogued the situation. One Hunter lay on the ground, a dribble of bright green flowing from his forehead. Seven others backed Tina against the wall of the cabin. She gripped an iron frying pan between both hands, a sturdy weapon against her attackers. They circled, not able to get close before she would swing for their heads.

A corner of Dane's mind admired Tina's strength and ingenuity but the violence in him barely recognized it. He grasped the Hunter sword in his fist and strode forward. The Hunters immediately forgot Tina and turned to face Dane and Raython.

One raised his sword challenging Dane. A second dared Raython. The third crumpled to the ground. Tina stood over him, her cast iron skillet marked with green blood. Dane grunted his approval then turned his focus on the creatures that dared come near his Maiden. A battle cry, ripped from deep inside his soul, shattered the near silence of the forest and Dane plunged in the crowd. He lost focus on anything beyond the men attacking him. His sword was in constant motion, tearing through Hunter flesh, his body exulting as each died shuddering under the weight of his blade. Vague awareness of heat and flames told him that Raython was fighting the demons as well.

Dane didn't stop. He moved forward, cutting down anything that dared challenge him.

Two Hunters lunged into his path. Hatred and fear illuminated their eyes but Dane didn't care. He raised his sword and swung. The slow, steady thunk of his blade shattering their bodies barely penetrated his thoughts.

He was the Warrior and he would defend his Maiden.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dane swung around—looking for more. Where were they? He would tear the flesh from their bones. The sword fit his hand to perfection, a part of him. He scanned the battlefield, barely noticing the green bloodstains or the burning patches of grass. Or the blood dripping from his own wounds.

*Kill.* He must kill those who dared touch his Maiden. He could smell them, their vile stench lingering in the air even as their bodies were incinerated by Raython's fire.

The field around him was empty. They were gone. The threat was gone, but his body didn't relax. Adrenaline, fear and fury still flowed through his veins.

The soft press of a footstep in the grass spun him around, his sword raised and in motion. He swung around and down. His mind cleared an instant before he struck, realizing it was Tina. He jerked his momentum, pulling back and away, narrowly missing her.

She froze as the blade flashed inches from her body.

"Oh my God, Tina, baby." He drove the point into the ground and reached for her, silently thanking God she hadn't moved. "Are you okay? Did I hurt you?"

She shook her head and he could feel her heart pounding. She'd been terrified but she was safe. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her against his chest. Seconds later, she was struggling. It took another few moments for Dane to realize he was crushing her.

He released her and stepped back. Red blood dripped from the cut on his arm and mixed with the green on his hands. With all the energy pouring through his body, he should have been shaking but his grip was rock solid. And strong. He could break her with one hand.

"Dane—" She reached out.

He backed away. "Don't touch me." Concern filled her eyes. "Not now. I don't want to hurt you."

"You would never hurt me," she said with such assurance that Dane wanted to howl. How could she trust him so much? She didn't know the hatred running through his body. The need to kill. Destroy those who dared approach her.

"The Hunters are gone," Raython announced as he walked up beside Tina. He'd returned to his human form at some point.

"Will more come after her?"

"No. They followed the energy of our first Joining. Now that that is done, there will be no way for future Hunters to find us."

Dane nodded, his body barely containing the fury still riding his veins.

"Why don't we all get cleaned up?" Tina suggested with a hesitant smile. Damn, he'd frightened her. He shook his head. "Dane, you're hurting and you're covered in green muck. You need to—"

"I think our Warrior needs a moment to gather himself," Raython said, placing his hand on Tina's shoulder. "Perhaps you would care to go upstairs and bathe."

Dane's mind—so clear and sharp moments ago—was fuzzy and confused. He nodded and turned to go. He only knew he had to get away from Tina before he hurt her.

Tina watched Dane's back as he trudged into the cabin. It was as if the life had disappeared from him and all that was left was a shell.

"Do not worry. I have heard of this when a man is not trained to be a Warrior. He was not prepared for the power and energy that gave him the strength to defend you."

"But I can't leave him like that." She turned and looked up at the dragon. Her own fears faded into insignificance. The devastation on Dane's face had wiped them clean. "He's hurt."

"He will heal as I have." He held up his arms. Dried purple marked his skin but there were no cuts. "We are Joined. His body will take on the healing properties of mine."

Tina nodded. The physical wounds she could have possibly healed, but the pain in his gaze—she didn't know.

"I don't think he should be alone."

"And he will not be. Give him a few moments to quiet himself and then you will go show him that he is the Warrior and the man for you."

She felt her eyes widen. "How am I supposed to do that?"

"By giving and speaking your love for him."

Tell Dane she loved him? Could she really do that?

She did love him, after all. It seemed so simple standing there. She'd *been* in love with him. Raython's presence had merely triggered that love and drawn it to the forefront. She rolled back her shoulders and stared at the upstairs window. She'd given him enough time.

He'd protected her—now it was time for Tina to take care of her Warrior.

She quickly washed up in the downstairs bathroom, her fingers shaking slightly as she watched green blood swirl down her drain. Raython appeared with one of her robes and held the edges open. She slipped her arms inside. He closed the soft material around her and held her back against him.

"Remember that he is our Warrior. You do not have to be frightened of him or of the emotions inside you." He was reading her mind, again. The sensation was strange but not intrusive. It seemed natural for him to know her thoughts.

She nodded and went upstairs. The bathroom door was partially open so she pressed her hand to the panel and stepped inside. Dane's massive presence filled her shower. She stood in the doorway and stared at his naked form, water cascading over the grooves and curves of his muscles. *He is truly beautiful*. Rugged and masculine and pure, powerful animal.

He didn't look up at she entered. He dropped his head against the shower wall, concealing his face.

"Tina, you shouldn't be here."

"Here is where I need to be."

"I don't want to hurt you." His words were slow and harsh, as if he was speaking through clenched teeth.

"Dane—"

He lifted his head, finally turning to look at her. The weight of the last two days hung on his shoulders.

"Did you see what I did to those men? I killed them and if there had been more, I would have killed them too."

"You were defending me and Raython. And they weren't men. They were demons." She placed her hand on his shoulder. Dane wanted to draw away but couldn't find the strength. Her touch was warm and some of the pain inside him began to melt away. "You became the Warrior when you were needed, but you won't stay like that forever."

She continued to stroke him, rubbing her hand down his back, refilling the well of his humanity with each touch. The pure comfort and companionship that flowed from her presence soothed the mental wounds he'd caused his psyche. He lifted his head and turned to look at her. It struck him that while he'd fucked her last night, he'd spent very little time loving her.

He leaned down and placed a whispered kiss across her mouth, breathing in her taste. Her lips chased his, opening in a feminine welcome he wasn't strong enough to resist. The Warrior screamed inside him to grab her and take her but Dane brutally crushed the urge. He looked into Tina's eyes—love pouring out of her gaze—and a humbleness filled him that silenced the Warrior's cries.

Last night there had been desperation, need.

Tonight there would be love and tenderness.

He shut off the water and climbed out of the shower. Tina was there with a towel and quickly dried him. The fluffy towel sensitized his skin as she stroked every inch of him. He stood, letting her minister to him, knowing she needed this as much as he did. When he was dry, he straightened and faced her—bare and open. Letting her see the man that she was binding herself too, because he knew after tonight, there would be no way he could let her go.

She shrugged her robe off her shoulders and took one step away, as if she too was giving him a chance to see her. All of her.

"You're beautiful, Tina."

A hint of red bloomed in her cheeks and Dane told himself he would tell her of her beauty every day of their lives together.

"Come with me, Dane."

She said his name distinctly and he understood the significance. They were the Maiden and the Warrior but they were also Dane and Tina. And that is who they would be tonight.

She led him into the bedroom and with a sensuality he didn't think she even understood, she crawled onto bed and opened her arms to him. He followed, laying down beside her, their bodies touching, their eyes matched and peaceful.

He made love to her, being as gentle as he could, drawing on the silence in his mind to soothe her fears. Her body was so sensitive—reacting to every caress. He licked and kissed her breasts, tasting the firm flesh but never applying his teeth. He didn't want her memories of him to be the creatures covered in green blood. He would be a man worthy of loving her. She twisted on the sheets, moaned sweetly as he smoothed his

hand over her stomach down her legs. He followed the path with his lips, learning the crease where her legs met her body, dipping into the hot warmth of her pussy.

Now it was just the two of them and there was no rush, no urgency. This was about loving and touching. He pushed his tongue into her slit and moaned at the warm rush of liquid that greeted him. He took his time, savoring her flavor and the delicate moans that were breaking from the back of her throat.

"So sweet," he whispered.

"Please, Dane, I need you." Her climax was rising but she didn't want to come without him inside her.

He raised his head and she could feel the conflicting emotions rattling through him. He wanted to keep licking her, loving her gently. The fear that he might return to the violence of the Warrior tore at him.

Now she understood how Raython seemed to comprehend her worries before she did. "I love you," she whispered. "And I trust you." As she spoke she wrapped her hands around his upper arms and pulled, encouraging him to come over her. "You won't hurt me, Dane." He held himself above her, his hard cock pressing against her pussy, close but not entering her. "Come inside me."

Tension zinged through his body and she knew he was fighting himself. She smoothed her hands up his shoulders and waited, giving him the time he needed. He looked up and stared into her eyes.

"I love you." The low whisper of his voice wrapped around her heart. He took a deep breath, placed the head of his cock at her entrance, and slowly pushed in.

They came together in slow, luxurious strokes, voices blending together, their bodies matching perfectly as they made the long ride to climax.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dane pulled her back against his chest and insinuated his hand between her legs, cupping the pussy he now considered his. He slipped his middle finger into her warmth, tickling her clit. She sighed contentedly and even without seeing her face, he could tell she was smiling. She would accept more. If he chose to roll her over and push himself into her, she would welcome him.

She'd accepted his darkness. After coming down from his battle berserk, he'd realized what he'd done. He didn't regret killing the Hunters. There would have been no other way to stop them. But the way he'd reveled in the fight—his body almost exulting in the power to destroy. That was what frightened him most.

Tina's acceptance had smoothed that over. It still lurked beneath the surface and probably would for a long time. And if someone dared threaten his Maiden again, he knew the Warrior would rise inside him. He would be there to fight for her. Just as Raython would be there to protect her.

The mental reminder of the other man cleared out the last of Dane's post-orgasmic daze. Raython was still here and it was clear he was staying around. Raython was as bound to Tina as Dane was. And he'd defended her just as strongly.

But if Raython stayed, he would do more than protect her—he would continue to be her lover.

Dane stared up at the ceiling. Could he accept that? He couldn't let Tina go. He loved her. She was a part of him. So was Raython.

"Where is Raython?" he asked, knowing Tina wasn't asleep.

"Downstairs, I think." She looked over her shoulder. "He sent me to you. Saying you would need my comfort."

*Damn. The dragon was right again.*

Dane shifted, pressing his growing cock against her butt and resettling his hand between her legs, giving him better access to her opening. She was getting wet.

"Would you like me to summon him?" Dane asked, once again finding himself falling into the formal language of Raython's world. "Shall I call him up here to fuck you?"

Her pussy fluttered at the thought but Tina hesitated. And that eased Dane's heart. She wanted the dragon to join them but she was concerned about Dane's reaction.

"You enjoy him, I know."

Tina took a deep breath and considered her answer. She couldn't lie. She wouldn't. The triad joining had bound them all but she knew that Dane could just as easily pull away. She didn't know what she would do if that happened.

"I do," she said speaking from her heart. "But I also enjoy just being with you." She turned in his arms and smoothed her hand down his chest. "I don't know what I'm supposed to say or feel anymore. It seems so strange to want two men."

Dane nodded but didn't speak.

"I mean, I love having you inside me. And tonight has been wonderful." She shrugged. "Last night was wonderful as well—with both of you." She looked into his eyes. "I guess I need to know how you feel about it. How you feel about Raython?"

Dane rolled to his back, drawing Tina with him. She pushed up on her arm so she could see his eyes.

"I don't know," he finally admitted. "I've been trying to deal with it all day. At times, it pisses me off to think of another man touching you. But last night, watching Ray with his mouth between your legs." He brushed the hair away from her face. "It was hot. And I wanted you to have it. I wanted you to have all the pleasure you could." He smiled and shook his head. "And I knew that soon it would be my turn to make you scream."

She let the silence build for a moment before asking the question she knew hung between them. "So, what happens now?"

Dane paused. She felt it in his body. Then he smiled. "Now, we summon the dragon and the Warrior and Protector make love to the Maiden." Tina opened her mouth but Dane shook his head. "We'll deal with tomorrow then."

She licked her lips, not knowing precisely what she should do. Dane took the responsibility from her.

"Raython," he called softly. "Our Maiden has need of you." Even as he spoke, Dane pulled Tina over him. He lifted her up and spread her legs until she straddled him, then wasted no time in sliding into her pussy. Tina felt her sex relax around him, welcoming him back inside where he belonged. She gripped his shoulders as she savored the deep penetration.

When he was fully seated inside her, Dane stroked his fingers down her sides, over her hips until his warm hands covered her ass cheeks. He cupped her and pressed her against him, rubbing their bodies together. Tina's eyes drooped closed. It was so good, feeling every inch of him.

His fingertips brushed the sensitive crack between her cheeks, tickling her dark opening. She gasped and snapped her head back, staring at her lover. Was he really suggesting what she thought he was suggesting?

Dane looked over her shoulder and she realized Raython had entered the room. "Is she not beautiful, Protector?" Dane separated her ass cheeks just slightly baring her to Raython's view.

"Yes, Warrior, she looks most enticing while mounted on your cock."

Tina felt his hunger—not only in his words, but inside him. She could sense his desire to fuck her ass. The image sent wild flutters through her sex. She'd only ever imagined it, never dreamed anyone would. Raython's hungers heightened her own. As she was sorting through the emotions and sensations running through her body, she stared down at Dane.

"Will you accept him?" Dane asked. He reached up and brushed her hair back away from her face. "You want him. I can feel it." He stroked his fingers against her anus. "You want both of us, filling you, coming inside you."

His voice was the final level of seduction and Tina could resist any longer. "Yes."

"Do not worry, Maiden," Raython said softly as his hands joined Dane's on her skin. "I will be well oiled and I have made my rod slightly smaller to not cause you any pain."

Tina remembered he'd told her could control the size of his cock. She tensed as she felt his fingers grow slippery and begin to slide across her skin, dipping into her opening, massaging gently.

"Relax, baby, I won't let him hurt you."

Tina nodded and tried to focus on something besides what was happening to her. She wanted this but still, it was frightening.



"Kiss me, honey." She followed Dane's whispered command, reaching up to his mouth, feeling the shift of his cock inside her. Their mouths met and opened, each seemingly desperate for the taste of the other.

Pressure built against her ass as Raython began the slow, tight penetration. Tina instantly recognized that he had indeed changed the size of his cock. There as no way this was the same shaft that had filled her pussy. It felt thick but nothing compared to when he'd fucked her.

Dane held her steady while Raython pushed into her. When she tensed, he soothed her, kissing her, squeezing her breasts, whispering to her. The words filled her as surely as their cocks.

"That's it, honey. Feel him. Feel me. Do you like it? Having both of us inside you?"

She nodded, unable to speak. Raython continued to press, the sensation growing tighter and more painful. Every inch that slipped into her was new. It was impossible to keep her mind focused on the pain when so much pleasure was overwhelming her body.

"Enough," Dane commanded. "Only pleasure tonight."

"Yes, Warrior."

"Now, we fuck her. Slowly."

Tina shivered at Dane's command and the slow withdrawal of his cock. She whimpered at the loss but sighed as he slid back into her. As if on cue, Raython pulled out. The lube he'd used allowed him to slip easily inside her. Slowly, he penetrated her again, pushing a little deeper.

She gasped.

"You like that?" Dane asked. The full weight of his cock inside her was more than enough but the added entrance of Raython's cock into her ass was too powerful for her to combat. She nodded and reached for his mouth with hers. The delicate twining of his tongue distracted her as Raython pushed the last few inches into her.

"Let us make her come hard, Warrior. I love to hear her scream when she finds her pleasure."

Fire exploded in Dane's eyes at Raython's words and Tina felt them resonate in her pussy. "Yes," he agreed, his eyes holding hers captive. "Let's make her scream with pleasure."

Both men moved in time, withdrawing and penetrating in a delicious rhythm that left no part of her body free from their touch. She bit her lower lip to keep from screaming and dropped her head on Dane's chest as Raython took control and began to thrust into her ass. The pain was sweet and the gentle slides built into pleasure as Dane rocked slowly against her. Raython continued the slow, steady pulses, never driving too deep, just illuminating the sensitive nerves with each pass.

"That's it. He's close, can you feel it?"

Again Tina nodded. On the edges of her own pleasures lingered Raython's and Dane's, combining and increasing her own. "Feel him come inside you." Dane's voice moved inside her head like a caress. She arched her back and pushed back against Raython's thrust. She moaned, feeling him slide deeper. "That's it. Take him. Let him fill you."

She felt Dane's words inside her head—encouraging her, driving her on—like he was a part of her, already inside her.

She braced herself against Dane, holding her hands on his shoulders and rocked in time with Raython. Dane gripped her hips, moving with her to keep his cock inside her. Raython's pace picked up but he was still gentle. The steady press of his shaft rubbed her hard against Dane's cock.

"Come inside her," Dane commanded. He gripped Raython's hand where it was pressed against Tina's hip. The dragon raised his head and stared into Dane's eyes. Ray reached out slowly and placed his hand on Tina's. His stare bore into Dane and without word, Dane knew what to do. He covered Tina's free hand with his, completing the triangle.

Raython tipped his head back and groaned as he thrust into Tina's tight passage. Dane felt it as if it was his own orgasm. The sound and fury seemed to set off her climax and she shivered in Dane's arms. The warm contractions of her pussy along his cock were enough to trigger his orgasm and he poured himself into Tina's welcoming sex.

They held themselves still all three bodies trapped and entwined together.

Raython's voice whispered across the silence. "Three points to complete the plane of love."

## **Chapter Seven**

Dane dragged himself out of bed at the sound of a car engine coming up the driveway. It was barely seven in the morning. Who the hell would be visiting Tina at this hour? He padded over to the window and looked out.

Donavon. The FBI agent got out of his car and looked around. Before walking to the door, he strolled through the lawn, stopping at the burned patches. Splatters of bright green Hunter blood were scattered across the grass. Donavon knelt down and stuck his finger into the viscous liquid. He rubbed it between his thumb and forefinger.

Dane pulled on his jeans anticipating the ring of the doorbell. When it sounded, Tina rolled over and looked up at him. Love and lust combined together in his heart as he watched her. Raython lay behind her—the doorbell hadn't woken him but Tina's movements seemed to disturb his sleep. He grumbled and pulled her back against his chest.

"Who is it?" Tina asked. Her voice was husky and soft. And sent a shaft of need into his cock. It was all so new but still that seemed like a powerful reaction to a simple question. He momentarily wondered how long this intense connection between them would last, then decided he didn't care. Tina was his and Raython belonged to both of them.

"It's Donavon."

Fear erupted in her eyes and she placed a protective hand on Raython's arm. Dane waited for the jealousy to hit him but it wasn't there. He knew how Tina felt about Raython and about him—he had her love, her desire. He could feel it pounding through his body even as it did through hers.

"Don't worry. I'll handle it."

He walked to the bed, leaned over and kissed her. The hot, wild taste of her mouth almost tempted him to stay but the doorbell rang again. Donavon wouldn't go away.

"I'll be back," he said.

As he walked down the stairs, he felt every inch the Warrior Raython claimed him to be. His Maiden and Protector were up in his bed. Now, he just had to get rid of the interloper before his castle was secure.

He opened the door.

"Good morning," Dane greeted, leaning against the doorframe, not letting the man see beyond him. Raython was more than likely to walk down the stairs naked again.

Donavon's only reaction was a slight tightening around his eyes but beyond that there was no indication he found it strange that Dane was filling Tina's doorway.

"Morning. Sorry to bother you so early but there was another incident yesterday."

"Another plane?" Dane asked with as much innocence as he could muster.

"Uh, yes. Very similar to the first one." The clever light in Donavon's eyes warned Dane not to underestimate the man. "You wouldn't know anything about these new reports, would you?"

"Me?" Dane drew on his years of training and years of watching criminals lie and kept his eyes on the other man. "No. I have no idea what's going on."

Donavon stepped away, walking to the edge of the porch and looking over the side. Dane had no choice but to follow him. He should have cleaned up the Hunters' blood, he realized, but there had been other, more important things on his mind at the time. Like fucking Tina. Feeling her tight cunt wrapped around his cock. And Raython joining them—binding them. He'd needed that. Needed the two of them to keep him sane. The battle rage still lurked in his chest, ready to break free at the first sign of attack.

"Would you mind telling me what that green substance is on the lawn?"

Dane shrugged. "I have no idea."

"It seems remarkably similar to the purple liquid we found in the woods."

"I thought you said that was a new kind of fuel."

"I lied." Donavon turned and faced him, his stance aggressive, the light in his eyes daring Dane. "We don't know that stuff is. We shot at something and this stuff leaked from it. Our labs can't identify it. I think something strange is going on and I think you and the woman who lives here know more than you're letting on."

The Warrior responded to the implied threat. His hand curled into a fist, ready to defeat any who might harm his Maiden. Dane's chest rose and fell in short heavy breaths, filling his body with energy, strength, power...then it hit him. Sharp in his groin—tension and need.

*Tina's. And Raython's.* They were making love. He could feel it. Feel the rise of arousal that flowed between them, the love created by their three connecting points. His cock hardened, pressing against his jeans. He needed to return to his woman. Needed to give her the pleasure.

"Sheriff, are you listening to me?"

Dane blinked and looked up, refocusing on Donavon.

"Actually, no."

"I think you'd better tell me what you know about these spots on the grass. Whatever it is, it isn't natural. It could be dangerous."

Tina's need was building. Raython had pushed her hard and fast, close to orgasm but not giving her the release. Dane knew Raython was waiting for him to return to give their Maiden the first climax of the morning.

"I honestly can't tell you anything about those spots on the grass. If you want to call your crew out and test them, you're welcome to." Dane was pleased he sounded so

professional considering his mind was back in the house, mentally driving his cock into his woman.

"And you're sure you didn't see anything?"

The front door opened quietly. Dane and Donavon turned at the sound. Tina stepped onto the porch wearing nothing but Dane's shirt, buttoned in two places – one across her breasts, one at the bottom to keep the tails closed and her pussy private. She sagged against the wall, looking exhausted and aroused. He thought she would speak – to plead with him to come to her – but Raython walked out. He'd pulled on shorts but there was no hiding his erection pressing against the material. He wrapped his arm around Tina's waist, sliding his hand inside the shirt and pulling her back against him.

Along with the pulsing in his cock, Dane felt his lips try to pull up in a smile. *In for a penny, in for a pound.* No doubt this would spread around town.

Dane watched his lovers for a moment then turned back to the FBI agent.

"I've been a little busy," he said with a slow, seductive smile. And he could have sworn there was hint of red along Donavon's collar.

"Yes, well, I'll let you get back to your...friends." He walked the length of the porch nodding to Tina and Raython. Tina didn't notice. Her eyes were closed and her head tipped back against the wall. Raython's hand stroked softly across her belly. Dane could almost feel the caresses on his own skin.

As Donavon walked by, Raython leaned forward and placed a hot, openmouthed kiss on Tina's throat. She moaned. And there was a quiet hitch in the back of Donavon's throat. He stopped and stared at the seductive tableau before him. Raython trailed his tongue up the side of Tina's neck, then looked at Donavon. "Delicious."

Donavon swallowed and spun around, stomping down the steps.

"I'm going to take a sample of this green substance," Donavon announced. He paused and once again dared Dane with his eyes. "And I'll be keeping an eye on this area."

Dane nodded and strolled down the porch to Tina and Raython. "Good day, Agent Donavon," he said.

Tina opened her eyes as he drew near and reached up, wrapping her hand around his neck and pulling him down, demanding his kiss. He quickly forgot the FBI agent's existence, knowing he had to ease the pulsing need in Tina's cunt. She moved forward, pressed against him by Raython, who continued to kiss and lick her neck, lifting her hair to reach the back.

Dane cuddled his cock between her thighs and was rewarded as Tina rubbed against him. Her whimper warned him she was close but damn if he was going to let her come without his cock inside her. He hitched one leg up, widening the space between her legs for his hips and giving him direct contact with her clit.

"Soon, baby, soon I'll be inside you," he whispered against her lips.

The clatter of metal against glass jerked Dane from his sensual fog. He ripped his mouth away and spun around, putting Tina behind him.

Agent Donavon stood on the lawn, a glass jar and spatula in his hand—his eyes locked on the three people on the porch. This time the blush crept past his collar up his cheeks. Dane looked down. The man's trousers were tenting.

"I'll just be leaving now." Steeling his jaw, he strode quickly to his car.

Dane smiled. If there was a Mrs. Agent Donavon, she was going to enjoy her husband's homecoming.

"Dane, please, I need you."

With a nod to Raython, they moved as one, stumbling into the house, away from any more prying eyes. Dane didn't doubt that Donavon was serious when he said he would be keeping an eye on them for a while. But that concern was for later. Now, he needed to satisfy his woman.

As soon as the door closed, Tina groaned and pulled herself up. Raython helped, lifting her hips so her open pussy was directly matched to Dane's cock.

"Please, Dane, come inside me."

While Raython held her, Dane opened his fly, his cock springing forward, reaching for the cunt that belonged to him. He slipped his cock inside, slowly penetrating her, filling her inch by inch in a way he knew would drive her insane. She wanted it hard and fast but he wanted to enjoy sliding into her. Feeling her tight passage cling to him.

When he was balls-deep, and could go no further, he felt Raython shift, giving the majority of Tina's weight to Dane. He knew he was lubing up, ready to slide into her ass.

Tina rocked on Dane's cock, trying to get him to move but Dane held her still, keeping her in place for the second penetration. The thought made Dane's heart try to burst from his chest. She wrapped her arms around his neck burying her face against his shoulder. Her whimper told him when Raython started to enter her. Dane whispered softly to her, helping her relax and let herself be filled. He tickled her clit, making her cunt tighten around his shaft.

The pressure to thrust was incredible, but he held back, needing to have her completely filled. The dragon pushed in slowly, still gentle. Dane held her, holding her ass cheeks wide until Raython was full-hilt inside her as well. By silent agreement, neither male moved, letting her adjust.

Tina lifted her head and glared at Dane.

"Damn it, both of you. Fuck me."

She watched the arrogant smile that Dane flashed over her shoulder and knew Raython had one to match. She was going to be well challenged keeping these two men in line. But she was up to it.

Then they started to move and all thoughts but the drive to satisfaction left her head. Dane leaned back against the door, pumping his hips up, driving deep and hard

while Raython held her still, keeping her in place for Dane's thrusts and slowly pulling his cock out of her ass. The heavy pounding in her pussy, countered by the almost delicate fucking of her ass, sent all her nerves into overdrive. Dane's hands cupped her breasts, pinching and teasing the tight peaks.

She knew she was lost, totally in their control, her pleasure was theirs and theirs belonged to her. She relaxed and let them take her. She dropped her head back. Dane's mouth opened on her pulse. The delicious heat flooded her body. The bodies around her grew tight, ready to explode. She felt Dane's rise to orgasm and it pushed her higher.

"That's it, Maiden, feel the pleasure we share." She felt more than heard Raython's voice in her head. It infiltrated her being until she accepted him as a part of her – and Dane as well.

The energy ricocheted between them until she could no longer tell who was coming and who was on the verge. Her body shook, her arms clutched Dane but beyond that, she knew nothing except the long wave of pleasure.

She opened her eyes and stared at the tangled mass of limbs. They'd somehow ended up on the floor and from their position – halfway down the three steps into the living room. It hadn't been a graceful slump.

"Is everyone okay?" she asked, lifting her head and surveying the damage.

The two men grunted. She looked at her lovers. Their eyes were closed and their bodies wrung out in exhaustion. There was still a lot to work out. Real life was going to intrude on their sensual world but for now, she was just going to enjoy being with these two men. A spear of sunlight broke through the window casting a long shadow across their bodies.

She smiled and remembered the words of the spell.

"By daylight come my loves to me."

## Epilogue

Dane ground his back teeth together and slapped his hand on top of his desk. The sound jolted his secretary. Her head snapped up then she smiled sympathetically.

"Should I get your wife on the phone?"

Barely able to speak, Dane nodded. He knew he should be embarrassed by the fact that Jennie seemed to understand was happening but he couldn't. His body couldn't handle the emotion of embarrassment when fucking was on the line. It had been going on all morning and his cock was about ready to explode.

Dane and Tina had married four months ago – about six months after Raython had landed in the forest behind her house. The three of them lived in Tina's cabin. There was plenty of speculation about the relationship and Tina's weird "cousin" but few said anything out loud. Dane had become used to the sly looks and "nudge-nudge" comments. It was just something he had to live with. Ray was a part of their lives.

But it was moments like this that Dane wanted to strangle the dragon.

"Tina's on line one."

Dane nodded and sighed with relief as Jennie closed his office door. He grabbed the handset.

"Baby, what are you doing to me?"

Tina panted in his ear. "I'm sorry. It's not me." The soft little groan that she gave moments before she was going to come slipped through the phone line. Dane felt it curl around his cock a like hand, rubbing him, squeezing him. "It's Raython. He's been on me all morning."

Dane felt everything. "I know, baby. Tell him to knock it off. I can't concentrate."

"I've tried. He just keeps...oh God...licking me." She screamed and Dane almost came in his pants.

"Hand the phone to Raython," he said, knowing she was useless for long moments after she'd come.

"Hello, my Warrior."

Though he tried to resist it, Raython's voice sent another strike to his groin. When Ray was loving Tina, his voice became pure sex and Dane couldn't fight its pull. It brought to mind the full impact of Raython's mouth. Dane had learned its power five weeks ago.

"What are you doing, Raython?" he sighed, trying to sound irritated and not aroused.

"Tongue-fucking our Maiden. She is most delicious."



Dane closed his eyes and ground his teeth together. "I know, but could you –"  
"You should come home and fuck your wife. She needs you."

Dane glanced at the clock. It was only one o'clock. "I'll be home at six," he said firmly.

"Now."

"I have work to do."

There was a silence on the other end of the phone. Then Raython said, "My tongue is quite strong. I can continue licking her pussy until you get home. I will prepare her. Arouse her but not let her come so she will be most hungry for your touch."

Dane felt a punch in his gut. He couldn't last another five hours of this. He'd be insane and Tina would be desperate for some cock.

"I'll be home as soon as I can," he growled. He slammed the phone down and quickly straightened his desk. The tension in his crotch wasn't fading. Raython obviously was not taking any chances. He was going to keep on Tina until Dane walked through the door.

He grabbed his coat, thankful that it was long enough to hide the erection that was obvious against the button fly of his jeans. He walked into the reception area.

"Jennie, I've got to head home."

She nodded. "Will you be back this afternoon?"

Dane remembered the need in Tina's voice. Raython had been licking her all morning. It was going to take both him and Dane hours to satisfy her. "Probably not. Uhm, frozen pipe." *Mine.*

He made it to the cabin in record time—Raython had increased the pressure. Even before Dane walked in, he knew that Ray had kept Tina on the verge of coming since he'd left the office.

It was a beautiful sight that greeted him. Tina lay naked on the couch. One hand massaged her breasts and the other was buried in Raython's hair, holding him in place. Her hair was wild, stretched out across the pillows as if she'd ripped it from the tight bun she wore while she was working.

Raython was also naked, kneeling on the floor with his face buried between her legs. Tina's eyes fluttered open and she saw him. Reaching for him, she whimpered.

"Oh, thank God, you're home."

Raython lifted his head and turned to face him. Her sexual fluids glittered around his mouth.

"I have prepared her for your rod, Warrior."

As Dane walked forward, he began undoing the button fly, jerking his jeans down until his cock was free. The atmosphere was strange, like he was taking part of some momentous occasion. Dane knelt down, moving into the space between her legs that Raython had vacated.

The dragon leaned forward, swiping his tongue across her slit. Tina shivered, her body primed. Then Raython lifted his head and turned to Dane. He moved toward Ray, accepting the other man's mouth on his, his tongue twining around his. He could taste the warm flavor of Tina's sex. The blatant sexuality of the kiss struck him. Dane drew back, more than a little surprised that he'd just allowed another man to kiss him, but the concern faded into insignificance as he stared at Tina, open and waiting for him.

"You are most ready to fuck our Maiden, Warrior."

Raython crawled up to lay beside Tina. He fingered her breasts, plucking at her nipples, drawing them high and tight as if to present them to Dane.

He looked at Tina to stabilize himself. She stared back at him with clear eyes and whispered, "Come inside me, Dane."

His heart exploded with love and need. He pushed forward. The familiar grip of her cunt made him groan. It was exciting and familiar and felt like coming home. He drove fully into her, seating himself to the hilt. Tina's back arched and she came. The contractions that massaged his cock lured him to follow her but he stopped, wanting to watch her. She was so beautiful when she came—her breasts flushed a pale red, her eyes sparkled.

As she sank back on the couch, Dane looked up. Raython was watching him. He nodded. "Very nice, Warrior. Give her more." With that, the dragon bent down and began to kiss on her breasts, sucking long and deep on her nipples. The sight of his mouth on her skin and Tina's tiny moan made Dane grow impossibly harder. It was like Raython was half of himself. There was no jealousy. Only pleasure.

Dane leaned forward, moving over her, pounding harder and harder into her sex, losing all ability to control his actions, only knowing he needed to be inside her, deeper, needing to join with her. Exhausted from his fucking and Raython's oral attention, Tina could barely respond, moaning with each penetration. Dane reached out, taking her right hand in his left, binding them together as he rode her. Raython captured Dane's other hand, linking their fingers together as well. It seemed natural and right. At the edge of his vision, he noticed that Raython had closed the triangle by taking Tina's free hand. Dane knew Raython only did this when something big was going to happen but the desperation in his cock wouldn't let him stop or focus on anything but Tina—fucking Tina.

The pressure built—for him and for Tina. He could feel her on the verge of coming again and knew her orgasm would send him over. He worked harder, needing her release for his own. Then the subtle flutter in her cunt pressed against his cock and he let go, flooding her with his seed. He gripped the two hands in his, feeling the power flow through them, building and echoing between their three bodies.

Another climax jolted through his cock and Tina screamed as she came again. Raython followed seconds later.

Five hours later, amid a tangle of sweaty, exhausted but very well-sated male bodies, Tina lifted her head and stared at her two lovers. They'd taken their positions against her—Raython on the left, Dane on the right—but something was different. Where usually Dane was very careful to not touch Raython, their wrists crossed each other as they each reached around Tina and neither pulled away. She was pretty sure it had something to do with that very sexy kiss they'd shared.

When the three of them loved together, Dane kept both males' attention on Tina but she could feel it shifting, feel Raython pressing Dane for more intimate touches. Her mouth kicked up in a small smile. She needed to prepare herself for a time when Dane and Raython would become lovers without her between them. The thought sent a teasing shiver into her sex. She held herself still despite the urge to move. If she shifted too much, one of her lovers might see it as an invitation for more and she wasn't sure her well-loved body could handle it.

Instead, she snuggled between her men. They were all awake but silent, listening to the room and feeling the energy that still hung in the air and moved through their bodies. It hadn't been this intense since the first time they'd made love together. When they'd first bonded with each other.

"Raython, why did you drag Dane home so early in the day?" she asked softly over her shoulder. There had to be a reason. He'd specifically set out to arouse her to the point of forcing Dane to come home.

"You were fertile and it was the prime window for impregnation."

Tina and Dane sat up, twisting around to stare at the dragon.

"What?" they asked in unison.

"You wanted a child, did you not? Now, you will have one." He smiled.

"Uh, Raython, I can't father children," Dane pointed out. Tina could hear the hint of disappointment in his voice.

Raython scoffed—a talent he'd learned in the ten months in this world. "Human mechanics cannot counter destiny. You will have a child together, and I will have someone else to protect."

With that announcement, he rolled out of the bed and left the room, closing the door behind him. He did that when he wanted to give Dane and Tina time together.

She looked up at her husband. "We're going to have a baby?" The stunned joy in her voice matched the look on his face.

"He hasn't steered us wrong yet," Dane admitted with a self-mocking smile.

"What do you mean?" she asked, curious. Dane had adapted to having Raython in the relationship, but he was definitely the Alpha male around the house. He tended to keep Raython out of their discussions.

Dane rolled over, insinuating himself between her almost constantly spread thighs. His cock slipped into her pussy, filling her with that delicious sense of fullness that never seemed to go away.

"Well, he was right about the Hunters attacking us."

"Yes," she smiled.

"And about me wanting to be with you for the rest of my life."

This time she blushed and said, "Yes."

He pumped his hips, giving her a sweet taste of the fuck to come. "And didn't he say something about you finding your true love?"

"I believe he did," she said, teasingly.

Dane turned serious. "Well, no one loves you more than I do."

## **About the author**

Tielle (pronounced “teal”) St. Clare has had life-long love of romance novels. She began reading romances in the 7th grade when she discovered Victoria Holt novels and began writing romances at the age of 16 (during Trigonometry, if the truth be told). During her senior year in high school, the class dressed up as what they would be in twenty years—Tielle dressed as a romance writer. When not writing romances, Tielle has worked in public relations and video production for the past 20 years. She moved to Alaska when she was seven years old in 1972 when her father was transferred with the military. Tielle believes romances should be hot and sexy with a great story and fun characters.

Tielle welcomes mail from readers. You can write to her c/o Ellora’s Cave Publishing at 1337 Commerce Drive, #13, Stow, Ohio 44224.

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