

The book cover features a woman with long blonde hair, seen from the back, wearing a full suit of ornate silver plate armor. The armor is decorated with a lion rampant on the chest and various heraldic patterns. She is holding a large, yellow and white shield with a lion rampant. The background is a stone wall.

Cynthia Sax

Dragon Lord's
PRIZE

Changeling Press

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Dragon Lord's Prize

Cynthia Sax

Will this golden dragon-shifting lord win the game of love?

Lady Sabine knows that laughing golden eyes alone cannot keep her safe. Lord Berg has yet to prove himself worthy of her hand, failing every secret test she has given him. She issues one last challenge to the dragon shifter. If he succeeds, he will win her love. If he fails, she will walk away from him forever.

Chapter One

Twilight spread its dark fingers across the field as they gathered herbs. Her friend Moira had insisted upon this evening's foraging and Sabine had not argued, welcoming the diversion. Although every room was filled with suitors, the castle was achingly empty without her cousins Taja and Raaf.

And without her laughing lord.

She stared up at the near-full moon, expecting to see the silhouette of a dragon there. Would he ever return? Did she want him to return? He had failed her, running from the tournament as her father had run from battle.

"The Bride Hunt Moon rises this next night, cousin of my heart." Moira paused in her cutting of yarrow. "Many will find their husbands then."

It was a pagan ritual. Flimsy bonds were created without tests of character. "And many will find heartache." When they discovered that the men making them laugh could not keep them safe. "Would you give up your freedom?" Her friend followed the old ways.

"Nay." Moira lifted her filled basket. "I will be needed elsewhere on the morrow."

That Moira, a healer, was needed meant illness, injury, and death was coming. Sabine shivered. The castle was left nigh defenseless, their warriors battling the Ubel army to the south. "We should return."

Moira straightened, hands held out. A strange breeze blew, lifting her unbound black hair, the tendrils moving around her pale face as though they had a life of their

own. Her emerald eyes blazed brightly. Then as suddenly as the wind had begun, it stopped. "Aye." The woman nodded. "It is time."

They entered the forest between the field and the castle. There was no fear of becoming lost. Moira was one with the night, and Sabine had played in this forest since she was a youth. They passed a circle of stone, the site of ancient sacrifices. Sabine's friend bent down, touched the stone, and smiled. "The golden dragon flies this night." Her voice was not her own. "He meets his mate here under the near Bride Hunt Moon."

She knew of only one golden dragon, Treu. Her laughing Lord Berg returned only to meet with another. Sabine's hands clenched. After she'd allowed him liberties she had never before given, he met with another. He was an inconstant creature.

They marched on in silence.

He had said she was the one, his destiny. Yet he courted, wooed another all the time he whispered sweet words in her ear. Who was this woman, this mate, he betrayed her with? Sabine stopped by a stream, bending to wash the dirt off her hands. Moira did the same.

"The night is warm," Moira murmured. "The water is cool."

Sabine met her gaze. "Will you bathe with me?" If they delayed their return, the woman, her rival, might pass this way. Curiosity burned at her.

"I have work to do." Her friend's smile was sad as she took Sabine's basket. "You bathe. I will go ahead."

Sabine hesitated, looking back over her shoulder in the direction of the ancient stone circle. To stay in the forest alone at night was dangerous, but she needed to know.

"It is safe," Moira assured her. "You will come to no harm. Indeed" -- she grinned -- "you will be more protected here than in the castle keep." She gave Sabine a hug. "I bid you well, cousin of my heart."

Sabine was not well. Her heart was breaking. But she drew herself up; this slight pain would save her from a later more brutal fate. Once she saw with her own eyes how laughing eyes could not keep her safe -- she positioned herself behind a giant oak tree at the edge of the stone -- she would not succumb to them again. She would make a match

with a strong, fearless warrior, a man who would fight to protect her. Sabine stared at the sky. She would not dream of dragons and laughing golden eyes.

The forest sprang to life around her. Frantic night creatures rustled in the brush. A stag leaped past her, his brown eyes glazed with fear. Seconds later, giant wings beat the air. Sabine caught her breath as she watched him descend. He was a dazzling creature, the near-full moon reflecting off golden scales. His head reared back, puffs of smoke curling around his nostrils. He stretched out his talons. For one instant, Sabine thought he reached for her.

He didn't. Sabine was hidden and he was here to meet his mate, the other woman. A mist rolled in, covering them both. When it cleared, the rock circle was empty.

He had vanished, and with him, her hope of resolution. Sabine stepped toward where the dragon had landed. Had he shifted so quickly?

There was a flash of movement and she fell. A hand cupped the back of her skull before she hit the stone. A hard, heated body crushed hers. She swung her arm to strike her attacker. Her wrists were captured, her hands stretched high above her head. She screamed. There was no sound, her mouth covered. His taste was familiar, hickory, charbroiled meat. He smelled of smoke and man, a scent she craved these days past. It was Treu. She relaxed.

"Indulging in a midnight rendezvous, angel?" There was laughter on his lips yet his body tightened with tension. "I am willing to accommodate you." He scattered a trail of fervent kisses down her neck.

With his lover tardy, did he assume her a substitute? "No doubt you accommodate many, Lord Berg." She pushed up with her hips in an attempt to dislodge him.

"One, not many." He thrust back, his cock hard against her softness. "I play love games only with you, Sabine." He ground against her.

Love games. While the finding of a worthy mate plotted her life course, this was merely a game for him. "In games, there is one winner." She wiggled under him. He groaned. "Many losers."

"In this game, we will both be winners." His mouth sealed hers, his tongue plunging into her mouth, stealing her objections. He caressed her breasts, rolling her nipples between his fingers, hardening them into sensitive points. She arched, her hands gripping his shoulders. Her pussy throbbed, longing for his touch. She stroked the bulge in the front of his breeches.

"No touching." He grabbed her wrists. "My control is badly frayed this night." He spread her arms, placing her palms flat on the smooth stone. "Leave them here." She curled her fingers. "Flat." He smoothed them out again. "You will not move. If you do, I will stop. I will not touch your pussy. I will not lick your clit. Understand?"

"I understand." Already she wanted to squirm, her pussy wet, her body humming in anticipation.

He sniffed the air. "I think you do." He leisurely unlaced the front of her dress. "Did you wear this for your lover, Lady Sabine? So he could easily suck on your wonderful breasts?" He reached inside, scooping out a breast. Although she had no lover, she kept quiet. "Did he do this?" He licked a circle around her nipple.

"Please." She heard herself beg.

"Or this?" He nipped her and she squeaked. "Or perhaps this was his preference?" He sucked, his mouth hot. He pulled down the front of her dress, exposing both breasts, the neckline lifting them. "Beautiful. You have beautiful breasts, Lady Sabine." He licked the crevice between them. "Almost as beautiful as your pussy." He lifted the layers of skirts, bunching the fabric around her waist, the night air cool on her thighs. "Spread for me, angel."

"Treu." That he, with those dragon eyes, looked at her like this, all wet and flushed...

"Spread." She obeyed. "Wider. Show me that beautiful pussy." She spread her legs as far as she could and waited. He didn't touch her. "Such a delicate, dainty little

pussy." His breath warmed her skin. "How could your lover resist doing this?" He licked it with the tip of his tongue and she trembled. "Mmm..." He smacked his lips. "One taste is not enough." The next lick was deeper, more thorough. "Have you ever tasted yourself, Lady Sabine?" She shook her head. She had never thought to do such a thing. "You should." He licked again, his tongue entering her pussy. "You taste like the most decadent wine." He fastened his mouth over her, sucking deep, his tongue thrusting into her.

"Treu." She twisted, hanging onto the rock.

He stopped. "Do not move, Lady Sabine," he warned. "Or I will walk away."

She stilled. She didn't want that.

"Good." He licked her clit. "Because I do not wish to walk away. Not before I do this." He played with that sensitive spot. A hard nub probed her pussy. She tensed. "Relax, Lady Sabine. I will feel you around my fingers." His fingers, not his cock. He slid his finger in slowly. "You are so tight. Your lover must have smaller fingers." The laughter in his voice told her he knew she had no lover. He thrust in and out, in and out. "You have a most accommodating pussy, Lady Sabine." He added another finger, stretching her more. "What it would feel like around my cock." His thrusts grew harder. Passion coiled tighter and tighter. She panted. She writhed. "Come for me." He bent his fingers so he stroked her on the inside.

"Treu!" She screamed out his name. He held her tightly to him, her body fragmenting into a million pieces.

"My Lady Sabine." There was a sucking sound as he removed his fingers from her pussy. "I have to have more. I need more. Do you trust me?"

"Yes." Her legs were spread wide, her pussy open to him. All she had was his to take.

Fabric rustled. "I need to feel you. Nothing more." He slid the length of his cock against her pussy, her wetness covering him. He kissed her as he thrust, their bodies pressed together, his bare chest brushing her nipples, her knees bent, cradling him.

Fucking without penetration. She grabbed his taut ass cheeks, urging him faster. "Do not move, Lady Sabine. I need you too much."

She needed him. Again. Her clit rubbed with each thrust. "Treu." A second explosion rocked her.

"Sabine, I..." He pulled away and groaned. Cum splattered on the rock beside them. "Lady Sabine." He rolled her into his arms. "My love, my angel, that was close. We must wed. Soon."

Wed to this feckless, laughing creature. "Must we, Lord Berg? Have I need of a mate? I have no castle needing defending."

Was that what bothered her? That she brought no lands to their marriage bed? "I have castles enough." It wasn't an idle boast. He had built upon the bounty he inherited.

She stiffened in his arms. "That you do not defend, a sister that you leave unprotected."

His sister, nurtured in the same womb as a dracon, was not without her own defenses, and she had no need of him. Through their twin bond, Treu felt her contentment. "My best men watch over my territory and family." A dracon protected what was his. "As I watch over you, Lady Sabine." His mate. The holder of his heart.

"You left for three days." She stood, shaking her skirt out, yanking up her bodice, covering those beautiful breasts. "Is that how you watch over me?"

Treu rubbed his face. After the exertion of battle and flying all night, he was too weary to wage a war of words. "You are well, are you not?" He would know if she was other.

"Thanks nay be to you." Her face was rosy from her fury and their passion.

"Aye, thanks be to me." He chuckled, wrapping his arms around her waist. She didn't pull away. "Wear my ring, Sabine." He held up the small gold band circling the tip of his finger. "Claim me as your mate."

"It is not that easy."

"It is." They would exchange rings, vows, and be forever bonded.

"I will not be won so easily." She twisted out of his embrace. "The Bride Hunt Moon rises this next night. Hear you of the tradition?"

That any eligible woman unaccompanied by her menfolk while the Bride Hunt Moon shone could be claimed? "Aye."

"If you wish to claim me for truth, you will ride in the Bride Hunt."

He gaped. "You will give your hand on the morrow?"

"Or not." Her chin set stubbornly. "If you do not find me, we do not wed."

His beast stirred at the challenge. He would hunt his mate tomorrow. "I will find you, Lady Sabine." Treu followed his lady into the forest. "I give you my vow." He would claim her.

Chapter Two

From his vantage point on the castle wall the following morning, Treu watched over his lady as she moved through the newly formed maze, her hand on the greenery.

"She will win." The dark-haired beauty, Lady Moira, stood by him.

"Aye," he replied proudly. Sabine was five turns in front of the closest contestant.

"Some believe one is not blessed with both beauty and brains." A sudden wind whipped around them. "You do not believe that."

"Nay. I do not." He smiled as Sabine emerged triumphant. Her laughter rang across the clearing. "Lady Sabine is proof that is not so. She is blessed with both."

"You know her. As she knows you."

Did she know? His lady was a clever lass. She knew of the dragon, aye. He felt her follow him many a night, watching him as he watched her. Could she have connected him to the beast?

"She knows you, in her heart." Moira sighed as though reading his troubled thoughts. "In her head, that knowing is clouded by the past."

What did Lady Moira know of her past? Treu looked down. An emerald gaze held his. In Lady Moira's eyes, he saw a swirl of flames and blood. It cleared, displaying a blonde child standing on castle walls, her mouth open, chest heaving. Treu followed the girl's line of sight. A man in full armor galloped his horse away from the skirmish, warriors closest to the walls pausing in stunned disbelief as he passed. The attackers, taking relentless advantage, cut down the distracted men one by one. The man continued to ride. Arrows flew through the air, piercing the fleeing man's backplate. He

fell from the horse. The little girl crumpled to the stone. A beautiful woman with tears in her eyes dragged her back into the castle.

"Sabine," he gasped, shaken. What horror was this?

"La, Lord Berg, there you are," a bubbly voice interrupted them.

Treu blinked and the vision was gone. Lady Moira turned, looking out at the land, her forehead furrowed.

"Lady Moira?"

"I wish for her happiness, Lord Berg. Do not disappoint me." She continued to face the south.

"We missed you, Lord Berg." The buxom Lady Aimee smiled up at him.

Unlikely she missed him. Two lords stood close behind her. Long-time friends and neighbors, Lords Anteil and Teilen, were rumored to share everything, and judging from their expressions, they shared lust over the coquettish brunette. Treu kissed her gloved hand, trying to dislodge the images of war. "As I missed you, Lady Aimee."

His skin tingled, his beast pulling at his restraints. Sabine was near.

"La, Lord Berg, then I wonder that you left us, if you missed us so." Lady Aimee laughed, curling her hand around his arm. The two men shot him dark glances. "You were one of the favorites to win the tournament."

"Yet Lord Berg deserted the field." Sabine carried a bouquet of flowers, her prize for winning.

He'd deserted the field. As her father deserted his castle, his wife, and his daughter. "It was not a decision made lightly, Lady Sabine. If I had only myself to consider, I would have stayed to triumph." But the borders of Erbin had been under attack, the safety of his Sabine threatened. He glanced at Lady Aimee. He had been sworn to secrecy. The king wanted no one to know of the danger.

"In truth?" A pale eyebrow raised. "The competitors were quite fierce."

She thought him a coward, departing when the contestants grew skilled. "I have faced and defeated many fiercer."

"Lord Berg." Lords Anteil and Teilen put their hands on their swords.

"Come, my lords." Lady Aimee left Treu's side to stand between them. "No one would question your prowess... on the field." She placed a hand possessively on each man's stomach.

"I have fought a great many battles," Treu appeased the men.

"Your face does not tell that story." Sabine searched his visage for scars.

He had none, healing quickly and thoroughly while in dragon form. "Your face does not tell of your keen wit yet you wield it well enough." Treu smiled at his cautious mate. Tonight he would hunt her and earn her confidence.

"They are here," Lady Moira announced, her skirts slapping against his legs as she rushed by.

Who were they? Treu peered to the south. The army marched on a horizon farther than a human eye could see. Prince Raaf had returned.

* * *

"Will I lose my leg?" the squire asked fearfully, his voice dulled by the pain-numbing potion.

"Nay." Sabine glanced at Treu. He held the boy's feet. He knew this was no hunting accident. "You will have a scar as Prince Raaf will have. All warriors have scars."

"Lord Berg has no scars," the boy pointed out.

His perfect face was not due to being part beast. Princess Taja's mate was part beast and his face was covered with scars. The only explanation was that Lord Berg was no warrior. Sabine kept quiet, carefully cleaning the wound.

"Did you see the golden dragon, Lord Berg?" The boy smiled dreamily. The potion was strong.

Golden dragon? Sabine met those golden eyes. Was there another one such as he?

Treu glanced away, studying the boy's feet. "Nay, I did not."

"He saved me. I could not run. The Ubel devil raised his axe to cleave me in two. The dragon clasped him in his talons the way a falcon would clasp a mouse." His voice softened in wonder. "In truth, you did not see him?"

"Nay. I did not see him."

"Pity." The squire gasped as she applied the poultice, his legs jerking. Treu steadied them. "You did see the black dragon. I saw you talking with Prince Raaf and Princess Taja." There was no doubt in the boy's voice. Had Treu been there? Had he fought? "She rode the black dragon." More awe. "Our princess. She is fearless."

"She is," Treu agreed.

They worked together for hours, Sabine applying Moira's remedies, Treu helping restrain and distract the men. The men talked of the battle as though Treu fought beside them. Because he had fought beside them. Once could be coincidence. Twenty mistaken identities couldn't be. Sabine felt like a fool.

"Sabine." He caught her arm as she walked away.

"I have to dress for the evening meal." They would keep up appearances, the king wishing the guests to remain ignorant of the threat. She tried to pull away from him.

His grip was strong. He wouldn't release her. "Sabine."

"Why did you not tell me?" Everyone knew he had risked his life, met the enemy in battle, except for her.

"I could not. Upon my return, Erbin asked that I not speak of it."

Her uncle, the king, worried that a hint of weakness would prompt enemies to attack. "I thought you ran from the tournament," she sheepishly confessed. Instead, he rode to battle.

"Aye and you wished me to win you in the tournament." He folded her against his chest. "Only fate and Ubel conspired against us. They will not conspire against us this night."

He would still have her? "I doubted your honor," she mumbled into his tunic. "I would not hold you to your vow."

He tilted her chin upward. "Only death can release me from that vow. I will hunt you, win you, and claim you as my mate, Sabine. That" -- he tapped the tip of her nose -- "you are not to doubt."

Chapter Three

Treu shifted once more from dragon form. The Bride Hunt Moon hung high in the sky and he began to doubt his own vow. No. He tested the air; he would rise to this challenge. He would find his wily prey. She would not leave the borders of Erbin. If need be, he would turn over every boulder and tree trunk to locate her.

Her scent grew stronger. He ran through the forest, dodging branches, leaping over stumps. He stopped again, inhaling. There. So close, he could almost taste her pussy on his tongue. He sprang into a clearing, eager to claim her.

The clearing was occupied. He scanned the scene, his eyes widening, nostrils flaring.

Lord Anteil lay flat on his back, squeezing Lady Aimee's generous breasts. She bounced, mounted as though riding a stallion, her mouth fastened around the standing Lord Teilen's cock. That cock, the second of the night judging from the cum dribbling down Lady Aimee's chin, was sucked on noisily. Bodies slapped together, the men grunting.

Two men, one woman, no Sabine. There was only the gown she had worn to evening meal discarded on the dew-covered grass. Treu clutched it in his fist, bringing the soft fabric to his nose, inhaling deeply, the smell of his mate mixed with the aroma of sex arousing his frustrated beast. This was another dead end... the fourth he'd chased this evening.

"Join us, Lord Berg." Moments away from coming, Lord Teilen's balls tightened as he thrust into Lady Aimee's mouth.

"There is an opening unfilled." Lord Anteil spread the lady's butt cheeks, that pink puckered hole winking at him. She wantonly moaned her approval, her lips vibrating around Lord Teilen's cock.

"Thank you, nay." Although Treu's cock was hard and that hole tight, only one woman would satisfy him. "I hunt a different game." He sniffed the air. He smelled Sabine. Her scent was faint, watered down in strength.

It was watered down. She knew him, Lady Moira had said. If she truly knew him, knew he was dracon, she would also know his habits, his preferences. She would know of his need for a cave to recover in. Not any cave, she would know of the cave he had claimed upon arrival in Erbin. Treu smiled. Clever Sabine. She would think it amusing to hide in his own home.

He shifted as he ran, his wings beating, lifting his changing body off the ground.

* * *

Had she made it too challenging? Sabine reached out her hand to catch the water. Had he given up, not thinking such a doubting woman worth the trouble? This cave -- hidden behind the waterfall -- was not difficult to reach. Not for him. She'd watched him enter it many times in dragon form.

The decoys, designed to make Treu work for his prize, had been arranged before she knew. The women had looked askance at her during the requests. She did not wish to raise more questions by repealing those requests. Had her pride cost her?

No. Water sprayed into the cave as giant wings beat. She backed up and up and up, the torches she lit flickering. A great dragon head parted the waterfall, golden scales glistening. He walked toward her, eyes glowing, talons clinking on stone, steam rising from his body.

She swallowed her fear, stepped forward, and placed her palm on his snout. His scales were soft and... His body changed, the scales retracting, leaving skin. She touched a human face. It was Treu's handsome face.

"Another time you may explore the dragon, angel," he rumbled, smelling of smoke and man. "Now, the man wishes to claim his prize." His stomach muscles rippled. His cock, proudly erect, bobbed. "Completely."

Prepared for him, she slipped her loosened dress off her shoulders. It fell with a swish to the cave floor. She stood naked before him, suddenly shy and uncertain.

"My prize is beautiful." Treu looked her over leisurely. "But damaged." He frowned, his rough hand cupping her breast.

Her nipples tightened. "Your prize slipped on the rope climbing down." That the cave was difficult for humans to access eliminated the chance another man would claim her.

"My prize risked much." His tongue traced the abrasions, lapping at them, soothing them.

Her head fell back as Treu suckled one breast while squeezing the other. "Your prize risks all to be claimed."

"Then I will claim her." He pushed a ring past her knuckle. The golden band with a golden stone bonded with her finger, its warmth making her skin tingle. "Does she claim me?" He placed a larger band in her palm.

"She does." The band contracted, leaving no gap between his skin and the metal. "I claim you." A connection hummed between them, an awareness.

"My mate." Treu returned his mouth to her breast, sucking and licking. His fingers threaded through her woman hair, testing her heat. She gasped as two fingers entered her. "I cannot wait, Sabine. I cannot go slow," he warned her.

She reached down and stroked his hard cock. Precum glistened on his cockhead. "I do not wish to go slow." She dipped her fingers into her pussy and coated him with her wetness. His balls tightened.

"Sabine." She spread her thighs as he raised her, bracing her back against the cave wall. "There will be pain before the pleasure."

That she knew, being no young lass. "Then make it a quick pain."

With a dragon's roar, he pulled her down onto him, his mouth sliding along her neck as his cock thrust into her pussy. Pain surged through her and she bit the skin above his collarbone hard to keep from crying out, drawing blood, the metallic taste coating her tongue.

"Sabine?"

He shook, his skin shimmering against hers. She placed a hand over his heart. It beat wildly. She waited for the pain to subside. It did, her pussy adjusting to his width. She hooked her feet around his waist, lifted herself up an inch then impaled herself onto his rigid shaft. He groaned, a sound more animal than human.

"Your prize awaits her pleasure, Lord Berg." She gently bit his earlobe. "Will you not honor your vow?"

"I will." His hands cupped her ass, holding her in place as he moved. "I will fuck my prize so well, she screams from pleasure." He withdrew, teasing her clit with his cockhead, before surging into her, hard and deep. Another full retreat followed by invasion, his cock relentless as a battering ram. Again and again, he plundered her pussy. She gasped out his name as she rode him faster and faster, her heels smacking against his ass cheeks, her nails digging into his back. Her desire built with each assault until she screamed her release. Two more thrusts and he roared, his hot cum filling her.

Chapter Four

Sabine woke alone in her own bed. Feeling shy and uncertain, she didn't call for her maid; instead she quickly dressed without assistance. The golden band on her finger glowed, her body ached from the night's pleasure, and the connection hummed between them, yet she needed the reassurance of his words. Sabine slipped out of the castle doors.

She knew where he was and that frightened her even more. She quietly entered the stables. Why would he ride out this morn? Was he leaving now that he had taken what he wanted?

Treu pulled the girth tight. "With the bond between us, you still doubt me, lady wife?" He addressed her without turning to look at her.

Shame flushed Sabine's cheeks. "You said nothing of leaving." She could not hold back the accusation in her voice.

He sighed, his wide shoulders heaving. "I knew nothing of leaving. Strangers were spotted on the eastern border this morning. Lord Schattenhaft and his bride returned only this morning, and your cousin is too injured to travel. I go in their stead."

Her cousin, Prince Raaf, would not be considered for a minor occurrence. Treu was riding into danger. She moved to his side, needing to be closer to him. "Must you?" There were many ways to lose a husband. Some husbands left their wives and small daughters. Other husbands died.

"I must." The white destrier danced nervously away. Treu laid one comforting hand on his mount's flank; the other he wrapped around Sabine's waist. "I do this to protect you, and all that you love."

"I love you." The words slipped out before she thought to hold them back.

She loved him. Despite her lingering doubt, she loved him. Treu grinned. That was a start. "I love you also, Sabine." He hugged her close. She was so small and fragile.

"I worry for you." Pale blue eyes stared up at him.

He felt her worry. "There is no need, angel." He kissed the tip of her nose. "Remember what I am." He was no normal warrior. He was dragon. "I will return safely to you in three days' time." He would return tonight if he could survey the situation in dragon form. Unfortunately, he could not. The king wanted the patrol, their presence a visible reassurance for the peasants.

"I will miss you." Sabine laid her golden head against his shoulder.

"I will be with you always." He hugged her tightly to him. "And I will visit you in your dreams." Loving her through the mate link was not as satisfying as loving her in the flesh, but it would have to do.

She smiled. "I will sleep the days away then."

Treu chuckled. His lady wife was clever. "I will --"

"My lord, the men are ready," Verrat interrupted, the warrior's lustful gaze on Sabine.

"I am not. Leave us." Treu had not liked the man before this and liked him even less now.

"As you wish, my lord." Verrat smirked as he slammed the stable door. Treu would not wish to include him in the party, but the alternative was to leave him here with Sabine.

"The king has a fear of magic," Sabine explained, "and Verrat is loyal to the king in all ways." She clasped Treu's hand. "You will be careful, lord husband?"

"Look at my face, Sabine." He tilted her chin up. "I have fought many a battle and incurred not a scratch. I am always careful. I have even more reason to be careful now."

"I will give you one more." She hooked her fingers behind his neck and tugged.

Treu lowered his head, giving Sabine complete control of the kiss. It started achingly sweet and tentative, her lips lightly pressing his, her breath whisper soft upon his skin. She nibbled. She licked. Her tongue probed and he obligingly opened his mouth. He allowed her to explore. Her head tilted back. Her curves teased his body. He rested a palm on the arch of her lower back. Her hips ground against him.

Finally he could take it no more, his beast yanking hard against its restraints. He stepped back, breathing heavily. She was so beautiful. Her cheeks were red, her lips plumped, and her eyes glowed.

"I must go." He'd keep her safe.

"Aye." Sabine walked with him as he led his steed outside. The men waited in the courtyard, their horses stomping restlessly. All of the warriors, except Verrat, respectfully glanced away.

"You will return," Sabine murmured as though reassuring herself.

"I will return." That he did not doubt. Treu kissed her again, a short brusque buss, and swung up into the saddle, his mount smooth and easy.

"Soon, lord husband." Her upturned face shone with love.

"Aye, soon, lady wife. Sweet dreams until we meet again." He laughed as he rode away. He would please her well this night.

* * *

Sabine stood in the courtyard once more. This time, she waited alone, the square devoid of people. A blanket of stars twinkled above her head.

Not a whisper broke the silence yet she felt the giant wings beat the air. The skirt of her sheer gown flapped in the breeze. The straw on the cobblestones swirled. She looked up. The golden dragon reached out for her, moonlight reflecting off his sharp talons. She wasn't afraid. Anticipation zinged through her body. He'd come for her as he said he would.

The beast landed, his front legs shaking the ground on either side of her, his heat warming the cool air. Sabine patted his neck. He roared without sound, wings outstretched, fire flaming from his open mouth.

She circled him, trailing her fingertips over his form, cooing sweet love words that never left her throat. He acted as though he understood, lowering his head so she could look into his golden eyes. She kissed the tip of his snout and those golden eyes closed.

She continued moving until she reached his hindquarters. His legs were the size of tree trunks but what interested Sabine was between them. The biggest cock Sabine had previously seen had belonged to Raaf's prize stallion. This dragon cock was four times that size. It was long and thick and fully erect.

The dragon, Treu in beast form, wanted her. He would not fit inside her. She stroked the cock and the dragon's head lifted. She could give him pleasure in other ways. She ran her hands down it from the bulbous cockhead to the base. It moved, the scales rippling. She pulled her gown over her head, standing naked in the moonlight. A long tongue flicked over her bare feet. She laughed.

She straddled the cock, nestling it between her breasts, pressing it against her pussy. It felt good, warm and soft, the scales a gentle friction as she moved up and down, her pussy juices lubricating the cock. A dragon tongue slid from her neck, down her backbone, between her buttocks, teasing the hole there, before making the journey upward again.

Sabine ground against him, the pressure inside her building and building. He was so hot, so big. She cried out as his tongue -- that magical forked tongue -- slid into both her ass and her pussy, the double penetration unexpected yet what her body yearned for. His tongue vibrated, a silent, steady rattle against her clit. It was too much, the pleasure unbearable. She exploded in a body-draining climax. He didn't stop, continuing the vibration, drawing another almost painful climax from her. Only then did he indulge in his own satisfaction -- the giant dragon cock shooting hot cum into the air.

Sabine sagged against him, his tongue stroking her back in a slow comforting action. She closed her eyes.

When she opened them again, Treu, the man, held her. She smiled at him. He smiled back, his expression satisfied man. *I love you*, he mouthed to her. She told him that she loved him also, that she missed him, that she counted the hours until she saw him again. He couldn't hear her but still she talked, telling him all about her day, about how she was happy to see her cousin, Taja, again with her new husband, the fierce Lord Schattenhaft, about how they had left immediately for their home, but invited them, both of them, for a visit.

They would visit if, no when, Sabine reminded herself, he returned. He would come back. His arms tightened around her. He had to come back. She loved him too much.

Treu rolled her onto her back. The stones beneath her were strangely soft, softer than any bed Sabine had ever slept in. He kissed the words from her lips and the worry from her mind until all she thought about was him. He caressed her breasts, his calloused hands rough against her sensitive nipples. She moaned, arching. His lips moved to her nipples, tugging, nipping. His fingers drifted down to her pussy. He spread those lips, pumping her, his thumb circling her clit.

His fingers weren't enough. She needed his cock inside her. She wrapped her legs around his waist, her pussy humming with need. Still he wouldn't enter her. She yanked at his hair. He looked up from her breasts, baring his teeth. As she watched, he clamped down on her nipple, his cock entering her pussy in one long, hard motion.

He paused. Waves of feeling crashed over Sabine, battering her senses, gradually lessening to gentle ripples until she was calm once more. She was serene yet stretched, connected to him so completely that she felt the veins in his cock pulse against her pussy walls. Time hung with him seated deeply within her, his muscular form pressing down.

Why wasn't he moving? She wiggled, her skin itching with the tension. Did he not know how much she needed him?

He smiled slowly, gazing at her with glowing gold eyes. He knew. He was torturing her. He licked the mark on her breast with frustrating thoroughness, his

movements slow and methodical. She thrust her chest forward, trying to entice him. With every push forward, he drew back until he withdrew entirely, leaving her pussy empty.

He braced himself up by his arms, holding his body over hers, seductively close but frustratingly far. Heat radiated from him. His smoky scent enticed her nostrils.

She looked down. His cock glistened with her pussy juices. It bobbed, fully erect and magnificent. She needed that cock inside her.

The denial was unbearable. When she thought she couldn't take it a heartbeat more, he thrust, biting her other nipple, the combination of pleasure and pain driving an orgasm so severe, she silently screamed.

He withdrew, drove forward, withdrew, drove forward, angling to hit her clit with each advance. Her mind a puddle, all Sabine could do was feel and hold on as he claimed another orgasm from her pleasure-saturated body. She trembled. She shook. She called his name. He surged into the fury of that orgasm to hold firm, his beautiful face contorted with passion. His seed flooded her pussy with heat. He collapsed upon her, a heavy welcome weight in her arms.

He was there. He had not left her. He would never leave her.

Chapter Five

His lady wife was a wanton in bed. Treu struggled to keep a grin off his face as he surveyed the ruins of a castle keep. The men looked at him with distrust as it was, his disappearance at the battle combined with his unmarked visage sparking rumors of witchcraft.

Verrat was the worst of the bunch. Treu glanced over his shoulder. The big warrior, caught watching him, looked away. None of the others were any more loyal to him. These were Verrat's men. They could not be trusted.

She woke. Miles apart, he felt her senses heighten. How he wished he were there to see her sweet smile. Her blonde hair would be adorably mussed. Her pale blue eyes would be misty with sleep.

A dark form passed in front of a window in the deserted tower. It was so quick, another man might have missed it, but Treu was not a man, he was dracon. "It is occupied," he announced, motioning them to fall back. Why would someone inhabit a dilapidated fortress? It was probably nothing, but to be cautious, he would send the news to the king before investigating. "You" -- he pointed to a squire -- "go back and --"

Pain shot through his shoulder. "What?" Treu reached back. An arrow stuck out of his backplate. Someone thought to kill him? That was foolishness. His healing abilities... Treu's brain fogged... *Can't... Not happening...*

He slid out of his saddle, losing consciousness before he hit the ground.

* * *

Sabine lay in bed, staring up at the ceiling. It was too quiet. Something was missing. It took her a full minute to figure out what that was. The connection between her and Treu had dimmed.

She threw back the covers, jumped out of bed, and pulled the first gown she found over her head. She didn't bother lacing it. She didn't stop to brush out her long locks. She hurried out into the hallway.

Moira rushed toward her. "Sabine?"

"Treu... he... I scarcely feel him." Panic crowded out her words.

"But you feel him." Her friend grasped her arms, holding her still. "He is alive. He will stay alive."

"I must go to him, Moira." She couldn't stay here and wait for their connection to disappear entirely. She would fight for it. "I will ride out and find him."

"Where? Where is he?"

Sabine paused. "I know where he is." She closed her eyes. A vision hovered at the edge of her mind. The dark shapes made no sense. "I can't see it. I know, but I can't." Her hands curled in frustration.

"Look at me, Sabine." Moira shook her. Their gazes met. "Think of the place as you look into my eyes."

The spinning darkness slowed. A tower reflected in Moira's green-eyed gaze. The tower edged a blackened wall. Tall grass grew all around. "The old castle keep." The king had forbidden Sabine and her cousins from playing there, the site a place of painful memories, but they had ventured into the structure on a dare. "I must go there, Moira. He is in danger."

"I am to join you." Lines deepened around her friend's full mouth. "Prince Raaf is also to come."

"He is injured." Her cousin would slow them down. They could not ride quickly with his bad leg.

"He is needed. To save one relationship, another must die." Moira's voice deepened, the reverberation strange. "I will explain to him. Go." Moira shoved Sabine. "Have the stable master saddle the fleetest of steeds. We ride hard today."

* * *

"Dead... Eat you... Dragon..."

The words drifted around Treu. He hadn't the strength to open his eyelids. He could not feel his body. He could not feel Sabine. Even his beast was quiet.

"Fool... Tied up... Tied the knots myself," another voice replied, increasing and decreasing in volume.

Warped laughter echoed. "When... wakes... change into the dragon... then... eat you."

"No, then he will die. See... spikes on the ceiling?" There was a pause. "The room is small, the ceiling is low. When he changes, the spikes will kill him. We will then pluck his scales. Know you how many warriors we can outfit with one dragon?"

Treu could not hear the reply.

"Wrong." There was more laughter. "Dozens, and dragon scales are the toughest material on earth. Our army will be invincible."

"You will not see the victories. The dragon will eat you first. He will not die quickly."

"We have done this before, many times. I will not be dragon food."

It was a trap especially designed to kill dragon. What insanity was this? Feeling rushed into his body. His back burned with pain. There was a hiss of a whip, the bite of leather upon his skin. Treu's beast stirred in response. It took all his concentration to prevent the shift. He had to prevent it. If he changed, he died.

He would have to escape as a human. But how? He was securely restrained, spread out on a table dripping with his blood. One slip of his control and the beast would run free.

Would he ever see Sabine again? He would. He was alive, he reminded himself, and while he was alive, he had hope.

Chapter Six

"Wait, Sabine." Raaf pulled her down from where she stood. Her cousin, wearing a set of Treu's armor, smelled of her husband. It was comforting and frightening at the same time, another man wearing his battle gear. "We observe first, act second."

"We have observed long enough. He is inside. He is weak." Sabine felt his pain. Her brain knew they must wait and plan. Her heart pushed her to run to him.

"He will be dead if we fail. We cannot rush this, cousin of my heart," Moira reinforced Raaf's wisdom.

"Why did we not bring an army?" Raaf muttered. "I counted nigh close to a half dozen men enter the ruins."

They'd entered and were not seen since. Only two men guarded the entrance. "If we attacked with an army, they would kill him." Sabine moaned as the men's armor reflected the sunlight. "That is why he was taken. They wear dragon scales." One guard wore a pearl white. The other wore brown. None of the men they'd spotted wore golden armor.

"He lives." Moira hugged Sabine. "He will continue to live. Today we rescue Lord Berg with our wits, not our swords."

"Three people against eight seasoned warriors?" Raaf snorted. "'Tis a fool's quest."

"Two beautiful women, one escort, against eight seasoned warriors. Methinks the odds are even." Moira grinned. She tugged down her gown, exposing her white shoulders.

Raaf's gaze swept her dark-haired friend. He gulped, his mouth moving convulsively. "Lady Moira, I... I... I..."

It was the reaction they wished for. Hope lifted Sabine's heart. She loosened her laces, allowing the curves of her bountiful chest to appear. To ensure results, she tucked a corner of her skirt into her sash, her shapely calves visible.

"In the presence of beautiful women, men are blathering idiots." Moira rolled her eyes. "We offer them this wine." She poured a powder into the flask. "They need only drink a mouthful."

"Will it kill them?" a recovered Prince Raaf asked.

"Nay." Moira's eyes flashed. "I am a healer, not a murderer. They will sleep a deep sleep, dreaming of sisters, one of the moon and the other of the sun." She hooked her arm in Sabine's. "Come, sister. We go to save your lord husband."

If they failed to fool the men, they would be killed or worse. Sabine had seen that worse happen when her father deserted her mother. She loved Treu more than she had ever loved anyone in her life. They were connected in a way she had never known. Yet in that moment, she felt a bone-wrenching fear. She wished to run away, far and fast.

Her father had run away. Sabine braced herself. She was not her father. Her courage would not fail her. She would learn from his mistakes. She would not allow her loved ones to suffer.

"Our future is built upon the ruins of the past, cousin of my heart," Moira whispered into her ear. "I have seen seasoned warriors turn to mush before you. All that practice was for this moment."

Moira was right. She could do this. Sabine held her head high. She could do this for Treu and for their future.

The guards at the entrance straightened upon seeing them. They placed a hand on their swords, ready to draw them at a moment's notice. Sabine leaned forward, dusting imaginary straw off her skirt, allowing them a clear view of her bosom. She looked up, wide-eyed, and slowly smiled.

Their jaws dropped.

Aye, she could do this. "It is a hot day, is it not, sister?" Sabine purred, tracing the hollow between her breasts with her finger.

"Aye, 'tis." Moira licked her bottom lip, throwing Raaf a silencing look as he sputtered. "I am burning up from the heat. Are you also parched, kind sirs?"

"We are thirsty for whatever you offer," the bigger one answered, leering at them.

"Think you if we quench their thirst, they will quench ours, dear sister?" Sabine opened her flask.

"We may, but what of him?" The smaller one pointed a dirty thumb at Raaf. "Does he not quench your thirst?"

"Him?" Moira laughed, low and husky. "He does naught. He watches. We have a desire for men of action. Know you any?"

"We are men of action." The tall one drew himself up to his full height. He was a big brute.

"I see you are." Sabine suppressed a shiver. For Treu, she did this. She tucked the flask into the front of her gown, cradled in the crevice between her breasts. Moira did the same. Raaf's expression darkened. His fists clenched.

"Will you partake of our bounty?" Sabine tilted her head back.

"The blonde wench is mine." The larger one stepped forward, his gaze on her bosom. Rough hands grabbed her breasts, squeezing them painfully. Rancid breath puffed against her bare skin. She held her breath as the giant drank. His bloodshot eyes widened. He stared at her, disbelief on his face, before toppling.

The smaller one already lay in a heap on the ground. "Quick. We must go." Moira pulled her away.

"You play a dangerous game," Raaf muttered as they entered a darkened passageway.

"And battle is less dangerous?" Moira retorted. "We but use the weapons we were born with."

"You are a witch."

Moira stumbled. Sabine righted her. "Enough talk." Moira and Raaf had bickered the entire trip. Sabine, worried for her love, was weary of it.

Sabine led them. She had no need of directions. Her connection to Treu grew stronger with each step. He was weak and in pain, terrible pain. They hadn't much time.

The two guards outside the room were as easily disposed of as the first. They drank greedily, Sabine's guard groping her with a force to leave bruises on her breasts. When he finally fell, she kicked the heavy-handed guard to the side.

Raaf drew his sword and swung the solid metal door open. A wall of stench hit them as they entered the small room. Sabine gagged.

The men, Treu's torturers, were taken by surprise. Raaf's sword cut through the air, adding their blood to Treu's. Sabine did not feel sorrow, not when she saw what was left of her husband. There was no skin remaining on his back. He was a bloody lump of flesh.

But he was alive.

"Sabine," he gasped out, raising his head. His beautiful face was sliced into strips, one gash exposing bone.

"Treu." She cradled his chin in her hands as Raaf hacked through his bonds. "Why did you not change?"

"That is what they wanted. Look." Moira stared up at the ceiling.

Sabine inhaled sharply. Menacing spikes protruded from the low ceiling. "Oh, Treu." They propped him up, Sabine taking most of his weight. His heartbeat was reassuringly strong, unlike the rest of his body.

"He is too weak to walk." Raaf expressed what Sabine was thinking.

"Leave... me."

Sabine glared at her husband. "We will not leave you." How could he think she would?

"Once he is outside, he can shift." Moira picked up the blood-soaked bonds. "His front is unharmed. Drape him over me and tie him. I will drag him."

"You?" Raaf scoffed. "You could not drag a wet kitten. Drape him over me."

"You are hurt." Moira's bottom lip curled. "The effort will reopen your wound."

"It is but a minor wound compared to this." He nodded at Treu's bloodied body. "If my wound reopens, you will stitch me up once more. It would not be such a hardship." Raaf gave Sabine's friend a boyish smile.

"Not a hardship for some --"

"Enough," Sabine snapped. They had mere minutes before discovery. "Prince Raaf will aid him. I will take the lead." She would distract any guards they chanced upon. "Lady Moira will protect the rear."

"The rear being a certain prince," Moira muttered, earning her a dark glance from her adversary.

"Silence." Sabine held the door open. The fallen guards could be discovered at any time. They had to flee the tower.

It was slow going along the dusty passageway. As they neared the exit, they heard yelling from the direction of the cell. "Hurry." Sabine motioned toward the light. The sound of feet pounding on the stones neared. "Give me your sword." She pulled Raaf's sword from the sheath. She was no swordswoman but she would give her all to protect her injured love.

Moira blocked Sabine's progress back. "This is my fight." Her dark-haired friend raised her hands and started to chant. Wind and dust swirled around her. She made a motion as if to push the vortex. The funnel cloud, gaining intensity, spun away from them toward their pursuers. There were screams and the thumping sounds of bodies tossed against stone walls.

"What?" Raaf paused to look behind them.

"Hurry," Sabine repeated. There was no time to discuss what had happened. She stepped out into the light, breathing in deeply of the fresh air. She could see no guards. "Come." She gestured toward the glen where they'd left the horses.

Raaf slowed, breathing heavily, until, deep in the forest, he stopped. "I am sorry. I can go no farther." His leg was red with blood. His face was white.

"They went this way," someone called.

"We will not make it. They are too close." Sabine held Treu's face. "Shift, lord husband. We need the beast."

"The beast... too weak... cannot fly. Leave... me..."

She would not leave him behind. "You two go. I will stay with him."

"No," Moira refused. "If he shifts, if he can stretch out his wings, I can do the rest."

"What can you do?" Raaf questioned. "We have no time for healing."

"Trust me, cousin of my heart," Moira addressed Sabine, ignoring Raaf. "All my practice is for this moment."

It was their only chance. "Can you do that, Lord Treu?" Sabine looked into those gorgeous golden eyes. "Can you shift and stretch out your wings?"

His scream of pain turned into a roar of triumph as he shifted, scales covering his growing body, talons extending from his hands and feet. Moira and Raaf staggered backward in awe and fear. Sabine called out encouragement. Their pursuers yelled out to each other.

"Come." Sabine climbed onto the golden dragon's back. He roared as they brushed against his gaping wounds. Moira sat behind her with Raaf at the rear. Warriors entered the clearing, swords drawn. "Hurry, Moira, we have no time." Her dragon was a large helpless target, his wings outstretched and still. He was too weary to flap them.

Moira chanted, her arms raised to the sky, her face tense with concentration. Wind gathered beneath them, pushing upward. They hovered, low off the ground, and gradually gained height. Arrows whizzed by them. Still Moira chanted, her hands waving forward.

Then finally, they were flying. Sabine bent down, laying her cheek upon the dragon's neck. They flew over a lake and the forests and the cleared farmland around the new castle. Treu's bleeding slowed, eventually stopping, scales growing over where the gashes had been. He flapped his wings, tentatively at first, then stronger and

stronger until the wind was no longer needed. Moira stopped her chanting, collapsing back against Raaf.

"You are a witch." Raaf's statement rang with accusation.

"You are riding a dragon," Moira pointed out.

"He did not choose to be a dragon. You chose to be a witch."

"Lady Moira saved our lives," Sabine reminded Raaf. For that, she was grateful. "And she is my friend."

"Still?" Moira's voice was edged with apprehension.

"Always." Nothing would change that. Sabine reached back to grasp her friend's hand. Moira gave her fingers a squeeze.

They landed close to the cave where Sabine and Treu had exchanged their vows. Sabine watched with sadness as Raaf limped off, leaving Moira behind. "He will come around." It was a lie Sabine, herself, didn't believe in. The queen, Raaf's mother, a sweet, generous woman, was rumored to have been killed by a witch.

"He will not. He cannot love what he hates." Moira's smile was sad. "I will bring you food, cousin of my heart." She hugged her. "Heal thee well, Lord Treu," she addressed the golden dragon. Her friend walked away, turned, waved once more, and disappeared into the forest.

"It is you and I, my lord." Sabine patted her dragon's face, careful to avoid the still tender wounds. His answer was more yawn than roar. He was tired, as was she.

Sabine climbed back onto her dragon's back. They flew the short distance to the cave's entrance, passing through the concealing veil of water. He curled up deep in the cave, his body heat evaporating all moisture in the air, and there they slept.

For over a week, they slept and ate, Moira leaving cattle, bread, and fruit next to the pool of water. Sabine explored her dragon, ensuring that his wounds were healing, and taking pleasure from his dragon-sized needs. She talked to him. She told him how scared she'd been, how she now understood what her father had felt that life-changing day, but how she didn't think she could ever understand the decision he had made. She would never leave Treu.

Then one morning, she woke to find him gone. She climbed up the rope ladder to walk down to the pool of water. There, Treu, in human form, crouched on the banks, staring at his reflection.

He was scarred. Treu touched the silver slash across his face. The minor wounds had healed completely. This one, the oldest and the deepest, had left a permanent mark.

He had never thought himself a vain man, but this disfigurement shattered that belief. He felt less than he had been. Would Sabine love him despite it?

He sensed her approach before he heard her. She was always with him. Through the entire ordeal in that horrid cell, all he had to do was close his eyes and she was there. He couldn't bear to have her turn away now. "I am hideous." He continued to stare at his face.

"You are not hideous." A soft hand rested on his bare shoulder. He trembled under her touch. "You are wonderful. I did not think it possible, but I love you more today."

"How can you?" He was scarred. He had been captured. Not only had he not protected her, he had not protected himself.

"You chose to stay with me." Her fingertips skimmed along his neck. "A lesser man would have chosen death. This is a reminder of that choice."

"It will be with me always." It was not a piece of clothing to be shed. It was permanent.

"As will my doubts and my need for reassurance. When I look at your face" -- she traced the scar -- "I will be reminded. I will feel safe."

"Lady wife..." She said all the right things.

"Do you not wish me to feel safe, my lord husband?" She kissed him, nibbling along the jagged white line.

"I do." He could not think of self-pity around her. All he could think of was her. Treu captured her face between his hands. "I will not fail you again, Sabine."

"I know."

That she didn't deny his failure pleased him. If she was truthful with this, she may have been truthful about her acceptance of his scar. Treu brushed his lips against hers. "You are not repulsed?"

"Judge for yourself, lord husband." She took his hand, placing it under her skirt. He touched bare inner thigh, her undergarments discarded days ago. He combed through her private curls, entering her with his index finger, and she shuddered. "Am I repulsed?" She breathed heavily. Her pussy was slick and wet.

His cock hardened. "If this is repulsion, lady wife, you will soon be screaming your disgust." He laid her down on the grass.

"I will hold you to your vow, Lord Berg." Her smile was pure beguilement as she pulled her gown over her head.

In the height of passion, if she spoke not the truth, her smile would fade. He would see her disgust. "Roll over for me, angel. I need you ass up." He would take her from behind.

"Nay, ass down." She shook her blonde head. "I wish to watch you fuck me."

Those crude words spoken by his refined lady wife aroused his beast. He growled, his clothing disappearing, his naked body shimmering briefly with scales. "I will fuck you well, Lady Sabine." He loomed over her, casting shade on her soft curves. "You will have much to watch." He dipped his cock into her heat.

Her eyelashes lowered in anticipation. "Watch." He gently shook her. Her eyes snapped open. She looked down.

He did also. His cockhead glistened with the wetness of her pretty pussy. "Watch as I fuck you." He slid between her pink folds, rubbing along her clit. "Watch me fill you." He sank into her up to his balls.

"Treu," she sang out, clinging to his shoulders.

"See how your wetness coats my cock." He withdrew until only his cockhead remained inside her.

"It looks... I want..." His lady wife licked her lips.

He knew what she wanted. "You want to taste you on me?" When she nodded, he wanted to roar his approval. Instead, he rolled onto his back, pulling her on top of him. "I am yours for the tasting, Sabine." She straddled his thighs.

"Watch me as I taste you." She bent her head, brushing her golden hair away from her face, giving him a clear view of her full lips. He felt her sweet breath on his tender skin. A small pink tongue darted out, the tip grazing the slit in his cockhead. He groaned. This was beyond torture.

She smacked her lips, her head tilting. "I taste good."

"The most decadent wine," he croaked as she licked him again. This time, her tongue traveled along his length from base to tip. *Oh, sweet Sabine.* His fingers clawed into the dirt.

"I wonder..." She paused and then showed him what she wondered, taking him deep into her hot mouth.

"Sabine," he begged.

She bobbed her head, fucking him with her mouth, sucking, then releasing, sucking, then releasing, her gaze holding his. He was so close. He wouldn't last. "Ride me," he demanded. He would come inside her.

She frowned around his cock, creases of confusion forming between her pale blue eyes.

"Ride me like you would a steed," he explained.

"Ahhh..." There was a pop as he left the suction of her mouth. "I will ride you as I would the dragon." She crouched over him, spreading her pussy lips, and slowly lowered until she sat fully on him.

She was still, too still. "Ride me, Sabine." She had to move. He thrust upward. She remained securely seated, smiling slowly. She knew. She was torturing him as he once tortured her. "Sabine," he warned. He was beyond games. He needed her too much.

"Do you still doubt my desire for you, lord husband?" She flung familiar words back at him.

"Sabine."

"Do you?" She flexed her pussy muscles, clenching and unclenching his cock.

He shook. "Nay, nay." He broke under her sweet persecution. "I do not doubt your desire."

She rose up on her heels before sinking back down on him again. "When I doubt you, I will look at your handsome face." His cock slid along her slick pussy once more. "When you doubt me, you will fuck me." Her flesh quivered around him. They would come together. "Do we have a bargain, lord husband?" She withdrew, awaiting his answer.

"Aye, we have a bargain, lady wife."

"A bargain." She drove down on him with a cry. He thrust upward with a roar, squirting hot cum into her vibrating womb. "I love you, Treu." Sabine collapsed on top of him.

"I love you, Sabine." He stroked her back. She was beautiful and witty, brave and persistent. "But I warn you, if we are to fuck when I doubt you, I may doubt you often."

She laughed.

Cynthia Sax

Some girls dreamed of knights in shining armor. Cynthia Sax dreamed of dragons, magnificent flying dragons. Being a bloodthirsty little thing, Cynthia usually dreamed of these dragons eating the damsels in distress. Now, she dreams of them doing... ahhh... more pleasurable things.

Cynthia is happily married. Although her hubby has not yet shown any shapeshifting abilities, he does buy her medieval princess costumes to wear around the house. Cynthia's rather traditional mother-in-law now always calls before visiting. You can learn more about Cynthia by visiting her website at www.CynthiaSax.com or email her directly at Cynthia@CynthiaSax.com.