

*FB* FREYA'S BOWER PRESENTS  
CHANGING  
THUMBELINA

EMILY RYAN-DAVIS

# Changing Thumbelina

by

Emily Ryan-Davis



Freya's Bower.com ©2009  
Culver City, CA

Changing Thumbelina

Copyright © 2009 by Emily Ryan-Davis, pseudonym. All rights reserved.

For information on the cover illustration and design, contact [meellis@aol.com](mailto:meellis@aol.com).  
Cover illustration © 2009 Freya's Bower. All rights reserved.

Editor: Marci Baun

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form without written permission from the publisher, except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages for review purposes.

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to any person, living or dead, any place, events or occurrences, is purely coincidental. The characters and story lines are created from the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

***Warning:***

This book contains graphic sexual material and is not meant to be read by any person under the age of 18.

If you are interested in purchasing more works of this nature, please stop by <http://www.freyasbower.com>.

Freya's Bower.com  
P.O. Box 4897  
Culver City, CA 90231-4897

**Printed in The United States of America**

## Changing Thumbelina

Life inside a piano wasn't all knitting cobweb sweaters and napping. It was *dangerous*. Every time a clumsy student flung himself at the bench and banged on the ivories. Just to see his fingers walk across the black and whites made me fear for my head.

Beginner pianists weren't the only threat. I hated the start of the fall semester. The cleaners came with their blinding flashes and powerful, roaring suction tubes, and as soon as the dust settled back down, the kids came with their pounding hands and tone-deaf ears. I'd take summer any day of the year. Sure, summer brought heat, but they monitored the humidity by necessity, and there wasn't a student in sight. All I wanted was a little rest. A few more centuries would've done it.

*If the witch knew, she would—*

A door creaked open down the way, at the outside end of the church hall. The piano keys shivered soft, discordant objection to the vibration as the door handle bounced off the yellow-painted concrete blocks I'd glimpsed the last time the movers dragged my house up to the sanctuary for a recital. Damn. The disturbance stopped my stockinette mid-stitch. I put the double-pointed grass blade needles aside, stretched my stiff legs, and wobbled across a dozen steel strings until I reached the hole in the soundboard where a screw used to block the light.

"Which room's it in?"

"Fuck if I know."

"Frog?"

Frowning, I stretched out on the soundboard and pressed my cheek to a knot of wood. I couldn't stick my head through the hole due to the physical specifications of the entrapment curse that had bound me to the hundred-and-twenty-year-old upright. The shadow of a man reached for me as one of the movers stopped in the door of the classroom that kept my piano.

"It's in here." The rough, cigarette-sandy voice raised the hair on the back of my neck. Work boots came close to my face. A clump of red clay, so common in Georgia, fell off the boot and burrowed down into the musty carpet fibers.

Two more shadows angled across the first man's boots. My heart thumped an erratic pattern, as nervous as a new student's first solo. One of the men dropped an enormous wheeled platform on the floor and kicked it up to the piano. It thudded against the wood case and sent my whole house to rocking. I swallowed and withdrew from the stripped screw hole.

The voice called Frog said, "Take that end and we'll get it on wheels. Mike, we'll need a ramp to get it up the stairs."

Shit! It wasn't time for moving! They only moved me for recitals, and recitals didn't happen in summer!

Frog and another man lifted the piano and the keys trembled. A steel string came close to dividing me in half. I dodged and grabbed hold of a tuning pin as the old Steinway tilted and trembled. The wheeled board groaned beneath the piano's weight, and the wheels themselves squeaked as the men rolled my house out into the hall.

Men! They *always* screw up my life! I was perfectly happy—thrilled!—with my walnut shell before the toad's meddling mother tossed me onto a lily pad, and I

## Changing Thumbelina

would've found my own way in the grass if that milky-eyed mole hadn't dragged me down into the rodent tunnels. And if it hadn't been for the swallow and his blasted flowers, I never would have run into the vain prince who decided to give me wings, and the witch never would've been jealous enough to lock me up in a *Steinway* of all things. I didn't even rank a baby grand.

*Men.*

I clung to the tuning pin and fumed as the latest batch of jerks pushed me down to the fire stairs. What pissed me off the most was I couldn't even do so much as bite one of them due to the curse. Futile fury is the worst, and I stewed in it while the piano movers jostled and banged me up the stairs.

"Hold the ramp—"

"God damn it!"

One second, the Mike voice was grunting and muttering curses. The next—the next, I was sliding out of control. My shoulders gave out, and I lost my grip on the tuning pin that decorated a jagged stake.

I expected to hit the floor hard, but I tumbled into a soft pocket lined with lint. The piano mover's heart trotted recklessly, tearing off toward its finish line. His blood blossomed near my aching shoulder.

The church bell's flinch rang in my ears long after the snap and crunch of splintering wood, the thunk and twang of snapping wires stopped echoing in the stairwell.

One of the men muttered, "We are so fucked."

Another—Mike—said, "You're bleeding, man."

I held my breath and tried to shrink myself invisible as my pocket crinkled and gaped away from the warm, solid chest wearing it.

"Fucking piano stabbed me."

Frog. His shirt sagged back to his chest. Beneath my left foot, his nipple hardened.

"You're bleeding all over the damn place."

"I'll live."

"You'll get stitches. Get out of here."

The men argued over the necessity of treatment while I tried to climb up Frog's pec. I had to get out of his pocket before he left the church. I didn't know *how* to live outside the musty basement.

"Whatever. You do the paperwork. I'm going home."

Dizzy with panic, I scrambled for the opening of the pocket. I'd almost gained the top hem when a huge hand swatted across my cover, stunning me and knocking me back to the bottom.

Trapped—but free. Frog had exited the church. Over the warm, spicy scent of his body, I detected the crisp freshness of open, under-a-big-sky air. I knew it wasn't spring for the world, but it was for me, and I suddenly, inexplicably, craved a man.

A thousand fantasies overcame me, all featuring the man whose heart beat beneath my cheek. I spread my fingers against his chest to test the firmness of his muscle. He must have felt my groping because he nearly squashed me a second time. I learned my lesson and held still for what seemed like forever even though I desperately wanted an orgasm. Maybe if I was very careful....

## Changing Thumbelina

My stealthy masturbation came to an abrupt end when Frog took off his shirt and dropped it in his kitchen sink. Greasy water soaked the fabric, chased my desire into hiding, and sent me scrambling, half-swimming, to escape being drowned...and then I started to grow.

Lukewarm water poured down the small of my back, carrying foamy brownish suds that smelled like...daffodils? The fragrance poked and prodded my memory but confusion and growing pains hindered my ability to focus. Panic, too—what would Frog do when I sprouted up in front of him?

He turned away.

I breathed deep and focused on the ugly collage of tattoos that danced down the big man's broad back. A long pink tongue licked the ridge of a spinal scar and forked just before it disappeared under his belt. Ugly.

An ugly man had destroyed my house.

As much as I wanted to pluck a plate from the dish rack, throw it at him, and curse him for rendering me homeless, I didn't want to draw his attention. No time for confrontation. Now that desire no longer plagued me, I knew this was seriously not good. I could feel the witch-wires of the world twitching, delivering little electric snap-shocks out into the spell connection. A spell had been broken, a witch's word overrun, and if the witch herself weren't still alive, odds were she had a descendant obligated to get things back under control.

I had to get out of there. Who knew whether Della's great-great-grandbaby had the good taste to return me to similar accommodations? I shuddered at the prospect of spending the next hundred or so years bound to a toilet brush caddy.

While Frog occupied himself with a drink, I held my breath and levered my hips up out of the water. Something sharp scratched the back of my thigh and stopped me mid-slide. Ow. I couldn't move forward any further without driving it into my muscle. Pinned, literally. Damn. Della IV was probably already rushing to find out what'd happened to her ancestor's spell, and I couldn't escape because of a—I shifted, glanced, and cringed—cheese-crusted fork on the brink of skewering my behind. And *gross*, what was that slimy orange film dripping from the back of my thigh?

The hairy, tattooed man grunted and smacked his forehead against the icebox. I jumped, lost my grip on the edges of the basin, and slid back into the soapy water. At least the fork stopped digging into my leg. If only he would leave the room, I could throw stealth out the window and get *out* of there!

He tensed and straightened, and I crossed my fingers for luck, but he turned toward me instead of away, and—*shit*!

I clapped my hands over my breasts and pretended to be invisible as a coughing, choking fit overcame him. Maybe he'd die from the shock. God, please, that would be the best stroke of fortune I'd ever had in my life. My encounters with the opposite sex never ended well, and I was *not* going to escape one entrapment only to become the object of yet another man's lust. If he'd just die on his own....

Instead of dropping dead, he pointed his dark glass bottle at me and said, "I am not crazy. This is painkillers and booze, and you do not exist."

Blood, sweat, and beer taunted my nostrils for a split second, and then he was gone. He left the room. Didn't lay a finger on me. Shock tied me to the sink until I

## Changing Thumbelina

realized my mouth was hanging open. Unreasonable, irrational indignation surged up from some stupid place inside me that didn't know how to keep its damned opinions to itself, and my legs, which didn't know how to keep *their* opinions to themselves, finally got me out of the wet seat.

I shouldn't have followed him, but I did, and waded across a cold, sticky, crumb-crust floor to do it. Had a hundred and twenty years inside a piano turned me ugly or something? The anomaly of a man who didn't want to touch me was just so bizarre! It's not like he had a wife, or a mistress residing with him. A greasy handprint on the wall, the old-sweat odor of his house, and the thick layer of dust dulling blue curtains to grey attested to his bachelor life. Could he prefer men? Why did I even care?

He sprawled on a tattered brown plaid sofa, forearm across his eyes. A tuft of dark blonde hair drew attention to his armpit, the muscled length of his side. I could walk my fingers down his ribs and count them one at a time by touch. Would he jump if I pressed his hipbone?

Tattoos colored his chest and stomach. A butterfly even adorned his triceps. An ugly bruise purpled his shoulder, its edges blending with a trail of greenish brown ink frogs that hopped from one nipple to the other. Visually, he did nothing (well, little) for me. My last lover had been beautiful and refined, gleaming and flawless. Frog, however, possessed craggy features and ragged scars that reminded me of sharp, ugly rocks. His vulnerability called, though, and next thing I knew I was sticking my finger in his navel. He flinched, bucked his hips down and away.

"Go away," he growled. "I don't have time for wet dreams."

I couldn't help it. I looked—and sucked a deep breath. Inconvenient, irrational turn-on. I didn't have time to admire the silky crown of his member, which had popped through his unzipped fly. Or question the strange bit of metal attached to his flesh. I hadn't even noticed his pants were unfastened, but couldn't avoid the fact now. He reached down to adjust and I glanced away, up to his face, my gaze colliding with his glassy-eyed, pain-bright stare.

"You don't want me," I said. Kind of amazed, really.

He squeezed his eyes shut and turned his face away. Angry scratches bloodied his jaw. A white square of gauze, abloom with a red rosette in the middle, stuck to his temple. Injuries from the piano's fall. When had he applied a bandage? I frowned and backed away, suddenly aware of the cold, sticky soap drying on my calves. And of the time. A long time had passed since the piano, and the spell with it, broke. Where was the witch?

"I need clothes." I poked his shoulder.

"Hallucinations don't wear clothes."

I stared at him a moment longer, then went in search of something to wear. He might be in denial, but I wasn't...except for my foolish hope that the further I ran, the longer it would take Della's descendant to find me.

The second floor of Frog's small house bore a layer of dust even deeper than the first floor's. Careful not to touch anything I didn't have to, and extra careful not to look at his bed so I wouldn't succumb once more to fantasy, I chose one of his rumpled shirts from a basket of wrinkled clothes.

## Changing Thumbelina

I also discovered a towel, a shower, and a huge jar of waxy soap that smelled of daffodils mixed with...fairy dust?

*Normalcy* soap? Why would Frog have a supply of the enchanted blend in his house? Humans *were* normal; they didn't need something to *make* them look normal.

He must have used some in the kitchen. Water hadn't grown me; soap scum in the soaking dishes had. Did I want to stay this size? I stood beneath the spray and stared at the soap. Would normalcy help me evade the witch? My fingers shook as I dipped them in the jar, lathered and rinsed.

Squeaky-clean and shivering in his enormous shirt, I crept back to watch him sleep. The bulge was gone from his pants. My fingers itched to touch; I clutched them up in my hem and closed my eyes.

"Who are you?" he asked.

My pulse leapt; my eyes flew open. His gaze fixed on mine once more, but some of the fever-glaze was gone. He was alert, and I had no idea how to answer that question. Thumbelina came to my lips but wouldn't go past. Maia, the name chosen by the prince, had been a gift/insistence, along with pretty butterfly wings. Maia and the wings were no more, however, not since he had finished with me. I'd never named myself. Would he just accept anything I offered?

I ventured, "Tina," and squirmed as he examined my face and I examined his in return.

He had muddy hazel eyes. Same color as the tattooed frogs, except shiny. I sucked a deep breath, expecting swamp-fragrance on my taste buds, and memory exploded in my mouth. He pushed himself up, and lily pads drifted in his pupils.

"How did you get in here?" He wrapped his fingers around my wrist; calluses as rough as walnut bark pinched over my racing pulse.

"I—you brought me." I pulled; his grip tightened. Panic burned over the flavor of earth and green water, set into my lungs and stole my breath. I leaned back, dragging on his hold with all my weight. "Let me go!"

He gave way so fast, unexpected, that I fell over my own feet and crashed back into a wall of cold silver buttons. My elbow connected with a knob, and drum beats slammed into my ears, burying me under an angry orchestra of biting German snarls. I saw stars as I slid to the floor. By the time they cleared, he straddled and framed me with his arms and his thighs.

"I didn't bring you here. I didn't invite you. How did you get in?"

A toad crouched over his lily pad. The old nightmare, kidnapped and helpless, chased Tina into the back of my head. Thumbelina cowered, whispered, "I want to go home." Only for my ears. Growly *du hast* hid the verbal weakness from him.

Scowling at the tattooed hulk, I left Thumbelina to cower and focused on forgetting I'd ever been her. My manners had degraded a lot over more than a century of forced isolation and I didn't even try for polite. "Get off me."

I pushed my knees up against his torso and pretended to ignore the delicious ripple of his abs, defined and hard on my shins. "You *brought* me in. Threw me in the kitchen sink. Ever hear of cleaning your dishes after a meal, not days later?"

Confusion drove the lily pads from his pupils. He withdrew, rocking back to balance on his heels. "Why would I put you in the sink?"



## Changing Thumbelina

I was suddenly on eye level with his nipples. God, what an amazing chest. If he hadn't been covered in blood, I'd have licked one of the tight, fascinating discs.

"Your name's Frog?" I asked, ignoring his question.

"Initials. It's Frank."

Most unsexy name in the world, and I didn't care. My interest in sex revived itself faster than I could spell the three-letter word; desire pierced deep and long, like the synthesizer violin tone whistling from the nearest speaker.

"Frank. I want to ride you."

He blinked. "What?"

I planted my foot against the middle of his chest and shoved. He spilled over on his back, his head smacking the dusty hardwood floor with a thud. I rose up over him and straddled his knees. Within seconds, I had his erection in my hands. Drums thundered in my ears, and his pulse slammed against the base of my thumb. I wrestled his cock free of its denim confines and positioned him to receive me.

"What the fuck are you doing? Crazy bitch, get off." He surged up and bucked his hips to throw me, but instead of tossing me off, the move jabbed his cock against the soft inside of my thigh.

Oh, I wanted that. A gate deep inside me flung its doors wide and clenched a hard demand for his thick thrust. Driven by the violent need, I held on as he thrashed. He flipped to his side and I grabbed the pockets of his jeans, pulled him with me until he fell over me, heavy and panting and dimming my own ability to breathe. His eyes flashed a wild signal just before his instincts overrode the illusion of normalcy.

"You're enchanted," I marveled. "That's why you have the soap." His face froze, but the glamour didn't. Fey magic shimmered and peeled away; a leathery, dirty brown creature hid beneath his bland flesh complexion. His amphibian tattoos writhed between his nipples. I couldn't tear my eyes away from the unnatural game of leap frog.

*Changeling.* A lust for possession coiled between my thighs. I curled my hands tight and buried the craving, the need to catch him in my fists and stuff him into a jar as if he were a firefly and I a seven-year-old tomboy.

He growled and named me. "Pixie. How did you get in here?"

Trickster. That's what he called me, when he said that word. Even though he was wrong, his naming made me feel it true. I stretched beneath him. Smiled. "You brought me in. Are you going to put me in a box?"

His eyes gleamed. Probably calculating the possibilities of the role reversal. Pixies were his predators, traditionally, but here he'd landed on top. I regretted the switch, but only briefly. He stirred, and his member, still thick and hard, pressed my navel and nudged regret to the wayside. I had to have him. I didn't have to do the taking.

"What are you going to do?" I whispered, still awaiting a response. My legs spread to accommodate his girth. To issue my fragrant invitation.

"You came from the piano, didn't you?" He lowered his head and pressed his nose to my throat, opened his mouth over my skin and inhaled. Tasting and scenting me. "You still smell of the old wood."

## Changing Thumbelina

Two rings of shivers rippled and spiraled away from the spot his nose touched. They felt distinctly different from cold trembles. These were pure heat, blue like the heart of the flame, and I clutched his hips as I melted into them.

“What if I did?” I whispered. His teeth chased the pulse behind my ear and nipped as it leapt. I shuddered.

“If you were in the piano, it means someone put you there.” His hand fell upon my breast, squeezed and plucked at the tight bud that poked the fabric of his shirt. The shirt I wore. I’d chosen it because it smelled faintly of his cologne—his unique scent, sweat and daffodil soap and the remnants of a hand job he’d given himself sometime recently.

I opened my mouth to voice some flippant reply and instead drew his stronger, undisguised scent over the back of my tongue. I wanted to taste him.

“I gave up blood for you,” he continued.

“When are you going to collect your debt?”

He answered by hooking his hand beneath my knee and pressing down into my body. His mouth was waiting to catch the gasp that praised his decision. The tenderness of his kiss surprised me. The brutality of his penetration didn’t. Frog accepted my groaning appreciation with an unexpected grace that confused my body. I shoved his head away so I could concentrate on the way his cock stretched my long-ignored muscles.

Frog groaned, his lips landing between my breasts since I wouldn’t indulge his tenderness. “You should be locked up,” he muttered against my skin.

His hips belied his objection, drawing back and thrusting forward eagerly. His rhythm was too erratic. Every time the broad head of his cock forged deep, he jerked it back. His piercing taunted me, coming and going. I wanted him positioned just so, focused on the trigger, working me until I fired. I wanted to come, but I had to get him off first so he could focus.

On a mission, I wrapped my legs around his waist, pushing up on his cock, forcing him to ride higher against my clit. He grunted and grabbed my ass, spent himself disappointingly soon. Too soon even for my urgent timetable.

My pussy contracted, attempting to draw another thrust from him, but he pushed my hips to the floor and lifted his head from my breast. Accusation roughened his voice. “You brought it too early.”

“You didn’t have any control.” I closed my eyes, surprised to feel myself arching into his frame, rubbing my nipples against his pecs. His breath warmed my cheek, setting off a craving for tenderness that my logical brain didn’t want. No gentle kisses. No sweet breaths.

“What are you afraid of?”

My face screwed up in a scowl. “That you’ll talk me to sleep before it’s my turn to come.”

He moved inside me, a lazy stroke that stopped my breath. My womb clenched. His big hands glided down my arms and drew my hands over my head. “I like talking. And since I’m the one *in complete control*, I say we talk.”

“Idiot. You broke my *curse* when you dropped the piano. My time’s not up yet. The sorceress of the house will be here any second to put me in a new prison.” Before I could stop them, aching words jumped to my lips, confessing, “I haven’t had an orgasm in more than a hundred years, and if you talk—”

## Changing Thumbelina

He kissed me, mercifully stopping the flow of words, and lifted me from the floor. Grateful that he'd decided not to make me beg, I rewarded him by touching my tongue to his. His cock responded to the contact, growing and swelling to massage a deep, trembling spot.

Thunder shook the house as he mounted the first step. He stopped moving, stopped kissing, and raised his head. His jaw tightened. "That isn't a storm."

Past his shoulder, lightning brightened a dingy window. "Not the raining kind," I whispered. Della's descendant was close. I wouldn't get everything I wanted, but I would take as much as I could.

His fingers flexed, one hand gripping my ass, the other buried in my hair. "Can you tell how close?"

I shook my head and dragged his lips back to mine, remembering my desire to taste him. The dark, earthy flavor of his tongue returned me back to freedom, to high blades of grass and racing barefoot over soft soil. Much like the freshness of spring, he beckoned my sleeping sexuality to full attention. And I—well, I did something for him too—he proved it by rocking my shoulder blades against the wall of the stairwell and spending himself inside me a second time.

Familiarity struck me once more when he resumed climbing the stairs. I felt as if I'd been here before, carried deep into the toad's tunnel, toward a bridal bed. My stomach tightened. Frog's similarities to my first husband.... *No. Find the differences.* His differences—especially the thick shaft stirring my cream—loosened all my other muscles. They liquefied in anticipation.

Soon, he regained himself and delivered me to his rumpled bed. He dropped to his knees between my feet, pulled me forward until my ass balanced on the edge of the mattress. Another splinter of lightning flashed outside, coinciding with the touch of his tongue to my clit. I groaned and jerked, thrusting against the tongue that nuzzled lower, exploring my wetness.

*Deeper.*

I wanted him to lick me hard but couldn't work the words to my lips. My knees called out for him, splaying wider and wider until my inner thighs burned with the stretch.

"Hold still," he muttered. Two thick fingers replaced his tongue, stretching my pussy until the delicate tissue stung like the muscles in my legs. My feet rocked on the floor, tapping an urgent rhythm as I rose toward him.

*Tap.*

*Tap-tap.*

My eyes flew open; my body stilled. The shape of a gnarled branch danced across the wall, reaching between the splatters in a shadow pattern of raindrops.

*Tap.*

A sob rose to my throat. "*Hurry.* You don't have time to fuck around!"

The house rocked on its foundation, proving my fear. Panting, I struggled to my forearms and grabbed a fistful of his hair, tearing his mouth away from my navel. Irritation brightened his eyes, which were already lit with such determination to fulfill me that I suddenly, inexplicably, wanted to stay with him forever.

Disgusted with my own foolishness, I shook him by his hair and hissed, "She's already here."

## Changing Thumbelina

Confusion twisted his coarse features. “What?”

“The witch. Can’t you hear her casting?”

“No.” His fingers eased from my heat. I squeezed my eyes shut against tears, against the certainty of another hundred years without touching. Frog rubbed my thighs. Sorrow roughened his voice. “She’s not casting for me.”

The witch’s Morse code increased in tempo, a staccato rhythm quickening to join the throb of bass coming from the stereo downstairs. I felt Frog move but I couldn’t hear him over the ever-louder curse being constructed outside in the rain. His weight came down beside me. He cupped my face and turned me toward him. I couldn’t bring myself to open my eyes, to see him in the jerky illumination of the witch’s determination.

“I don’t want to go back,” I whispered. “I thought I did—that I wanted the safety, the solitude. The peace. But now—now, I’m afraid I won’t forget touching again. I don’t want to remember this for a hundred more years.”

“Don’t listen.” He covered my ear with his palm, muffling the sound of the rain. “Don’t you know? Half the power is acknowledgment.”

Tears I’d been trying to ignore welled beneath my eyelashes and overflowed into the corners of my eyes. He touched one with his thumb, and then cradled my other ear. His breath whispered across my lips, fresh and green like spring. “Don’t listen, Tina. Stay here.”

The magic of choice tingled in my toes, short-lived but glorious. My heart swelled. When I opened my eyes, Frog’s face hovered above mine, his features transformed into a lovely composition of parts. Desire, concern, promise, hope. The parts I understood, but not assembled as a man’s costume. He was missing demand, entitlement, possessiveness—the only male garb I’d ever experienced. The puzzle almost erased the witch, but the music downstairs went silent, and I couldn’t escape the tattoo of sorcery imbedding itself in the window frames, the shingles on the roof, the chimney’s bricks.

I rolled toward him, my mouth traveling from his shoulder to the soft circle of his nipple. He drew a deep breath when I tasted his skin—river water, intoxicating. I pressed my nose to one of the frogs inked into his flesh and said, “You have to finish for me. Please.”

Conflicted emotions crossed his face. After a moment, he withdrew his hands from my ears and awkwardly rubbed my shoulder. A flush rode high on his cheeks. “You should have something better.”

“I’ve had a prince. I *want* you.” I nudged my knee between his thighs, glorying in the differences between our bodies—his hard, heavily muscled, hairy; mine soft, slender, smooth. I didn’t want to commit his texture to memory, but I couldn’t seem to help myself. Even more than I feared remembering the weight of his body, I feared forgetting it. Something had changed in the last little while, between the moment he hefted my piano onto the dolly and the moment his lips caressed mine.

The witch might be outside, watching through the window as she pulled the threads of my new prison, but she couldn’t breach this moment. Couldn’t take away this touch.

Frog hummed a song, his kiss trailing to my ear, my temple, as he found my breast and cradled the tender flesh. His knee rose against my sex, pressing,

grinding, driving me wild and filling my mind with his rhythm, driving from my ears the witch's hateful cacophony. Orgasm crept upon me, and I didn't see it coming. My mouth opened on his throat, teeth scoring the tendons that flexed and stood out when he rolled to his back and lifted me astride his hips. My knees found their places by instinct; my fluttering pussy searched out and enveloped his cock. This time, his piercing rode along the knot of my g-spot and chased a hoarse shout from my throat. More. I wanted him deeper, and twisted myself until I could brace my feet in the tangle of blankets, until I could lift myself off him and plummet down again. His testicles cushioned my ass each time I took him.

I loved the way his back arched, the way his nipples beaded into stark points and goose bumps coasted over his painted body. He reached for my thighs, parted the lips of my pussy, pinched and pulled on my clitoris while the breath rushed from his lungs and he came deep in my womb.

Watching him took me someplace I hadn't visited in a long, long time; I kept my eyes open as I came.

His arms encircled me, hugging behind my back and pulling me down to recover atop his chest. After a while, after his heartbeat slowed, I realized I couldn't hear anything else.

Cold fingers walked down my spine. My voice shivered. "She finished casting."

"You're still here." He stroked my hair, pulled impatiently at the folds of his shirt, which still hung from my shoulders. "Stay as long as you can."

"You don't understand." Horror chased away my languor. I fought his grasp, pushing free of his arms, and stumbled from the bedroom.

He called my name—Tina, the name I gave myself—and the word ached. It was only my name here. I wouldn't hear it again after this.

Why was I still with him?

I moved to every window in his house, pulling dirty curtains aside and peering into the dark. Wet grass glistened under streetlights. A rapid stream of water ran down the narrow driveway outside.

"Tina, stop." He trapped me against the last window, a huge one in the living room, and drew me back against his chest. Gentle fingers smoothed hair from my cheek, making room for his kiss. "You're safe here."

*Here.*

"Try to go outside."

"Mmm?" He nuzzled my neck.

I closed my eyes, fighting an overwhelming desire to relinquish suspicion and fear and allow myself to sink into him. He didn't understand—hadn't come to the same conclusion yet that I had reached. I didn't know how else to tell him, except to say it again. "The door. Open it and try to go outside."

He took me with him, kept me close at his side as he indulged me and removed the security chain, thumbing the deadbolt and pulled the door open. Fresh, rain-cool air rubbed up against my naked legs. I stared out into the fluorescent-lit dark. A car drove by, red taillights vanishing around a corner.

Holding my breath, I pulled away from him and tried to cross the threshold, only to find that my foot wouldn't descend upon the front stoop. Dread coiled in my stomach.

"Go out there." I groped for his hand, yanked him forward.

## Changing Thumbelina

“I’m not wearing any pants!” He went, though, not stopping until he reached the edge of the small porch. I thought I heard him mutter “damned crazy woman” beneath his breath.

Frog in the wet night was the most beautiful sight I’d ever seen. Relief robbed the strength from my legs, and I sank to my knees. “You’re not trapped.”

“Of course I’m—” He stopped and pointed at me. “But you are.”

I nodded, swallowed, feared his response. I could be happy enough with him—as long as he washed his curtains—but he had the freedom to go. Could he be happy enough with me?

“And that means you’re at my mercy.” He grinned—the first smile I’d seen from him. His cock twitched back to life. I sighed. Men were so damned insufferable once they came to that particular conclusion.

Excerpt from

*Dragon Queen:*  
*Book 1*  
*Mating Call*

by

Emily Ryan-Davis

A Freya's Bower Paranormal Category Novel

## Dragon Queen: Book 1: Mating Call

Careless of broken glass and bare feet, Cora ran to grab the phone. “Ma, something’s watching me,” she panted into the receiver.

“That’s me, and now I have to get another inroad since you broke the first one. You really shouldn’t wear black, darling. I know it’s touted as the in thing and some fashion moguls swear that blondes look best in black, but it makes you look washed out. Don’t you have anything blue?”

“You?” Cora choked. “That’s what it feels like when you’re watching someone? My god...” Miranda drew a sharp breath and Cora added hastily, “...dess. You scared me to death! Don’t do that again!”

“You never tell me anything. I have to keep an eye on you somehow,” Miranda huffed. “Right now you have bigger problems. That circle is far too small, not to mention too thin, to contain two dragons. What *were* you thinking? Where is your sister? I *knew* you could do it, you know, it was just a matter of coming into your own and finding your goddess. We’ll have a party to celebrate your newfound power.”

Cora shelved the spying issue for another day and asked, “What do you mean, *two* dragons? What do you mean, too small? Diane’s with her girlfriend.”

“I thought she was seeing somebody named Richard?”

“That was ages ago. She’s been with Alissa for at least a year.”

“You girls never tell me anything.”

“Ma, can we focus? Dragons in my living room? Not even *my* living room.”

“Well, it’s not unusual, or even unexpected. We all call them eventually. I’m surprised you’ve summoned one before Diane, to be perfectly honest. She’s so much more attuned than you are.”

Cora couldn’t believe what she was hearing. She didn’t know where to start asking questions, either, and she wondered at the wisdom of keeping her mother on the phone instead of calling Diane.

“Oh my,” Miranda said. “You should see this, Cora. Doesn’t Diane have a cordless phone?”

Cora felt panic welling up in her stomach. “See what? I don’t know.”

“See these two battling for dominance in that little circle. Darling, I understand you’re confused and frightened, but you can’t leave them to their own devices. They’ll tear one another apart.”

She went to the door and opened it far enough to press her cheek against the jamb and peek through the crack. “Damn it,” she swore into the phone. “I can’t see anything from the bedroom.”

“Well, trust me, it’s rather remarkable. One is red, the other is white. I’ll need to review my dragon lore to figure out what the colors represent. Oh my,” she said again.

“What am I supposed to do?” Cora hissed into the phone.

“Traditionally, you’re supposed to, well, you know. Mate with it. But of course nobody expects you to mate with *two* of them. There’s been some mistake.”

Cora closed the door firmly, went back to the bed, and hung up on her mother. Before the phone could ring again, she dialed Diane’s cell phone.

“I have a pair of dragons trapped in your circle, and Ma is telling me I have to fuck them. Could you come home please?” she said before Diane had a chance to talk.

“I’ll be right there.” The phone went dead.

**Buy Now!**



**If you enjoyed this story, check out Freya's Bower's other offerings:**

**Genres:**

Freya's Bower Angels & Demons Page  
Freya's Bower Capture/Bondage Page  
Freya's Bower Chick Lit Page  
Freya's Bower Contemporary Page  
Freya's Bower Fantasy Page  
Freya's Bower Futuristic/Science-Fiction  
Freya's Bower Lesbian/Gay  
Freya's Bower Historical  
Freya's Bower Military  
Freya's Bower Mystery  
Freya's Bower Paranormal  
Freya's Bower Suspense  
Freya's Bower Time Travel  
Freya's Bower Werewolf/Vampire  
Freya's Bower Western

**Ratings:**

Freya's Bower Tangy Page  
Freya's Bower Sizzling Page  
Freya's Bower Spicy Page  
Freya's Bower Sweet Page  
Freya's Bower Beyond Sizzling Page

**And come chat with Freya's Bower authors at:**

FB Author Circle: <http://fbauthorcircle.blogspot.com/>  
FB Author Chat Yahoo group:  
[http://groups.yahoo.com/group/freyasbower\\_authorchat/](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/freyasbower_authorchat/)

**Or join our newsletter:**

FB Yahoo Newsletter:

[http://groups.yahoo.com/group/freyasbower\\_newsletter/](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/freyasbower_newsletter/)

FB Store Newsletter: <http://www.freyasbower.com/>

**Or stay up to date with what is happening at FB:**

WCP/FB News Blog: <http://wcpfbnews.blogspot.com>

MySpace: <http://www.myspace.com/freyasbower>

Freya's Bower podcasts

Freya's Bower on Twitter: <http://twitter.com/wildchildeditor>