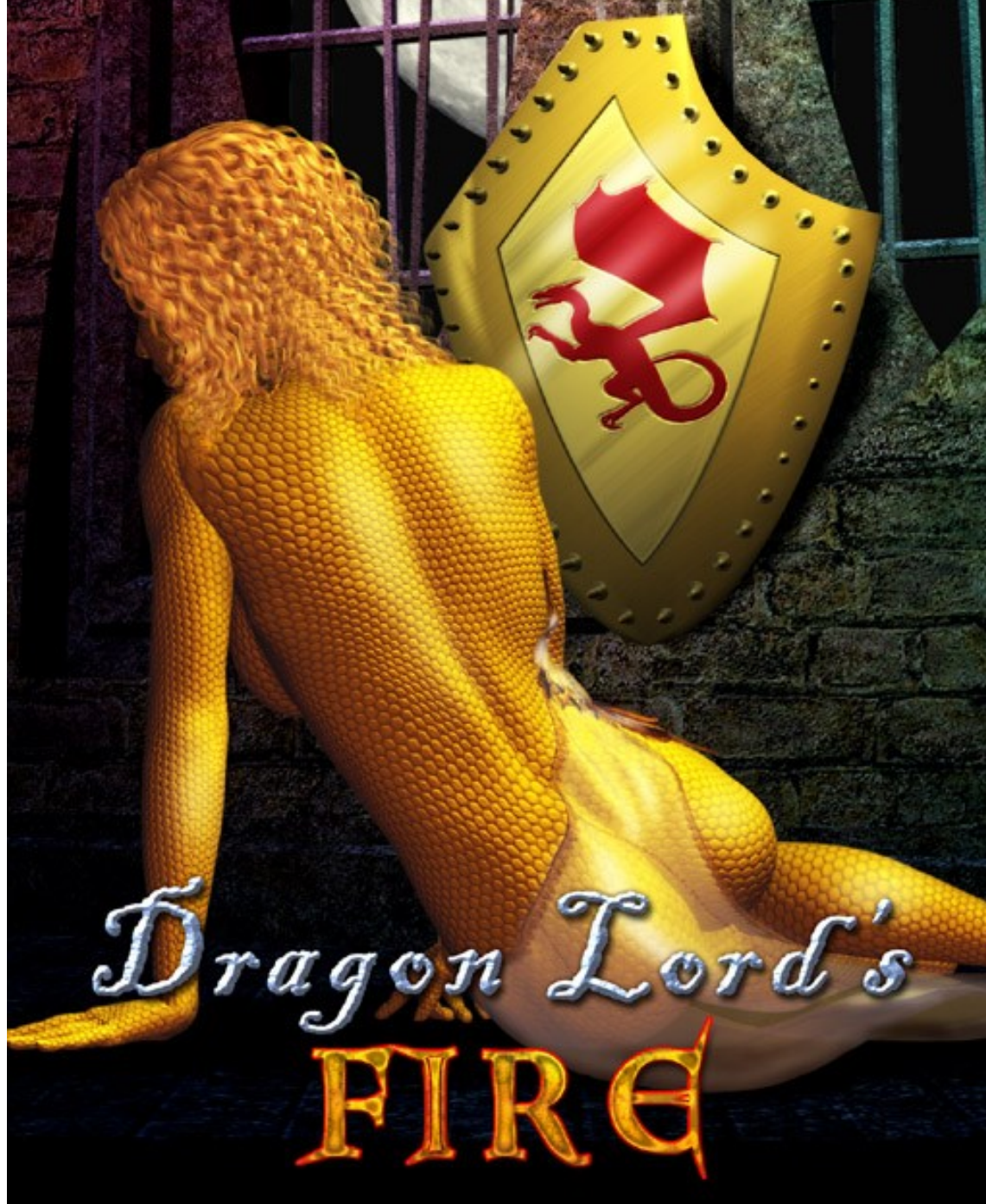


Changeling Press

Cynthia Sax



Dragon Lord's Fire

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Dragon Lord's Fire

Cynthia Sax

Can this dragon shifter convince his golden lady of flame he burns only for her?

Sharing a womb with a dragon shifter has made Lady Trinia different. She hides herself away from all those that could reject her. The rejection she most fears is from her destined mate. She knows the red dragon searches for her. She can feel his presence. She doesn't know that prophecy declares he will love another.

Chapter One

She knelt naked, facing away from him. Her head was slightly bowed, her short blonde locks curling over her ears. That pose exposed her neck, a long neck made for stroking. Her golden shoulders tilted back, the straight line of her spine leading down to the dimples above her ass cheeks. Even the pads of her feet were golden, their arches begging to be licked.

Brennen leaned forward, pressing against the invisible barrier surrounding her. The barrier kept him out, preventing him from touching her as he desired. He snorted without sound. Every night, it was the same, the sweetest combination of ecstasy and torment. He paced, watching her, testing every inch of the shield.

She didn't look at him. All her attention was on the bed of red-hot coals in front of her. She had a passion for fire and heat, his mate, and that excited Brennen. The coals illuminated a face so beautiful it made his breath catch. She was perfect from her serene profile to her taut perky breasts, and she was his.

If only he could get to her. Brennen pushed against the barrier. It held, frustrating him.

That frustration increased as she held out her hand to the heat. Tiny golden scales crept up her skin from fingers to wrist. His body tightened, his already aroused cock straining against his leather breeches. He discarded the restrictive garment. He wore them for his lady, but she could not see him standing in the darkness, wanting her.

She picked up a piece of coal, the scales now covering her arm, and smiled dreamily. She rubbed the glowing red briquette against her neck, over her breasts,

circling her nipples. Everywhere she touched turned golden, the scales protecting her skin. Her face lifted to the pitch-black sky, her mouth opened as though she was moaning.

Her passion greatly provoked Brennen's beast. He had to go to her. He had to touch her. He shifted into dragon form, clawing at the barrier with all his great strength. It did not bend. He roared, rumbling the earth around him, spewing fire from his mouth. The flames deflected off the magical divider back into his face. He beat his wings, flying high, and then dived, talons first. He crashed into a solid mass, collapsed with the impact, then slid to the ground, defeated.

His mate calmly continued her coal bath. She rubbed the coal over her stomach, around her back, between her ass cheeks. Brennen groaned, shifting back into human form. She was driving him crazy. He wished to lick those golden scales. He wanted her more than he had ever wanted anyone or anything in his life.

She pivoted and looked directly at him. Did she know he was there? If she did, she gave no sign of it. She slowly fell back upon the coals, sparks flying up around her. Her knees bent, her legs spread. Sweet mother. She had scales covering her pussy. Brennen's cock twitched. She parted those lips for his perusal. She was wet, the moisture turning to steam as it dropped upon the heat.

Brennen stroked himself as his mate played with her pussy, her long, delicate fingers dancing upon her skin, pulling and pinching and caressing. Her thighs quivering, she thumbed her clit. He'd do the same as he fucked her. He'd touch her the way she wished to be touched. His balls tightened, and he clenched his teeth, determined not to come until she did. It would not be long. She pushed up with her hips, mimicking the motion of fucking, her fingers speeding up their tempo. Brennen's grip on his cock increased. She arched off the coals, her breasts thrust upward, her mouth open wide. Brennen lost control. He came, shuddering with pleasure. Liquid heat covered his hand. He was spent yet not satisfied.

* * *

It was mid-morning; the banquet hall was bathed in sunlight, yet a candle burned brightly before Brennen. He waved a callused hand over the flame. When he'd seen the special candles, colored bright red, he'd known he had to buy them. He examined his palm. His skin was clean. There would be no black soot to mar her golden scales.

"There is a new wench in the village." Ein, his second in command, nodded at the tent in Brennen's breeches. "Although she is pretty and blonde, they call her the moth. Do you know why, my lord?"

"I do not care." The girl was not his mate and he hungered for no other.

"I know you do not care yet I shall tell you." Brennen never doubted Ein would. The man wielded his tongue as well as he did his sword. "They say she likes to play with wax and flames. She near burned young Junge's eyebrows clear off." His friend chuckled. "He was not the man to tame her."

The implication being that Brennen was the man. He grimaced. His fascination with fire had not gone unnoticed. "I am not interested, Ein."

The older warrior sighed. "It has been years, my friend, since any woman interested you. A weapon unused grows rusty."

"My weapon is fine." His cock was hard from simply the thought of her. "Only one woman interests me, and I will find her." He had to. She was his mate. Brennen pushed away from the table.

Ein stood also. "And if she wishes not to be found?"

Brennen had asked himself the same question. He glanced at a passing serving girl. She looked away quickly, avoiding his gaze. For years, the girl had worked for him yet still his eyes, his demon eyes some called them, frightened her. Was that why his golden woman blocked their mate link?

It did not matter. She was his. He would claim her. "Her wishes have naught to do with this. I will find her and I will take her." He strode toward the doorway. "Will you aid me, Ein?"

"Have I ever not?" Ein sighed, following. "Do we search to the south this day?"

"Aye." His mate liked the warmth. That she was in the south was as good a guess as any.

Chapter Two

"He comes for me." Lizbeth stared out at the attacking army. A white banner with a black unicorn upon it waved in the wind. "I should surrender before the fighting grows more fierce." Her face was white with strain.

"He comes for the land," Trinia corrected. She placed a gloved hand on her petite friend's shoulder. "He knows not of you."

"I know of him." The brunette shivered. "He is my destiny."

Destiny. Trinia thought of last night and the red eyes staring at her through the dark -- she knew of destiny. For years, she had avoided hers; the craving for her mate growing so strong, it near drove her mad.

She looked to the mountains to the north. With her twin having found his mate, her resistance was weakening. She longed for the same happiness the newly mated couple enjoyed. She wanted the companionship, a strong arm by her side, and babies.

That was not meant to be. Trinia adjusted her veil so no part of her showed. He would see her and reject her. History had shown her that.

"He will not be driven back this time," her friend fretted. "He has twice the men papa has." Pride tinged Lizbeth's voice. "No one can stop him."

Trinia knew someone who could. She paced the small tower room, pausing in front of the fire. Lizbeth claimed it was a fine spring day. Trinia thought it cold and damp. She was always cold. Only in her dreams was she warm, only when she was with him. She longed to feel that warmth during waking hours.

"We cannot stop the inevitable." Lizbeth gathered the cloak around her body. "No more men need die. I will go to him."

"No." Trinia blocked the doorway. The Unicorn Prince was rumored to be a debauched warrior without any weakness. He would trample upon her delicate friend as though she were a weed underneath his sharp hooves. "I will ask for help."

"Your brother --"

"Not my brother." Her twin would assist, if asked, but this was not his battle.

"Ohhhh..." Lizbeth's brown eyes rounded and then she beamed. "You have nothing to fear. The man" -- she hesitated, her head cocked to one side -- "or dragon or..." She frowned before dismissing the dilemma of what he was. "He will meet you and fall madly in love with you and you will have dozens of little dragon babies and --"

"Enough." Trinia raised her hand to stop the flow of fantastic words. "I know what will happen." He would reject her. "This must be done." Mayhap then her craving would be laid to rest, and she could find contentment in her life of solitude. "This is an opportune time." Her pain would have a purpose. Her friend would be safe.

"He will love you," Lizbeth repeated, wrapping an arm around her. "As all who know you do. You are sweet and kind and a wonderful person."

She was a freak of nature, a monster to be destroyed. What man would want her for his mate? "Will you wait for me in the solarium?" She needed to do this alone.

Lizbeth gave her another squeeze before leaving her side. "You will be fine, I know it." She turned once more. "Trinia?"

"Aye, Lizbeth?" Trinia, having second thoughts about her plan, nibbled on her bottom lip.

"The Prince needs to be driven back, but ask your warrior not to harm him." That peculiar request imparted, Lizbeth left the room.

Trinia was alone as she stood by the window, gazing up at the sky, but she was not truly alone. She had never been alone these past years. She pulled down her sleeves, covering her wrists. For their relationship to have a chance, not an inch of her skin could be exposed to his view. Mayhap if he grew to love her mind, he would overlook her deformity.

Mayhap he would love her. Trinia clung to that hope as she dropped all shielding. The connection was instant and strong, stronger than the twin bond she had with her brother. She felt her mate grow nearer. She waited, watching the horizon, her body tingling with anticipation.

She heard him before she saw him, his roar rumbling like thunder across the land. He appeared silhouetted against the setting sun, his scales a blood red, his giant wings beating the air. He was a large dragon, larger than she'd expected. Trinia held her hands to keep them from trembling. She was not afraid. She raised her chin.

He hovered for a moment in front of the tower window, his great dragon eyes peering at her as though he could see through her veil. Trinia felt the lace, assuring herself that it was in place. It was. She relaxed, leaning into his heat. He would not yet reject her.

There was an outcry from below. Trinia glanced down. Men stared up with awe at the dragon, her dragon. Her back straightened with pride. He was an impressive creature.

"You called, my lady." Sarcasm dripped from his lips. A man with hair as dark as night and eyes as red as fire towered over her.

He was handsome -- his face unblemished except for a thin white scar about his brow -- and Trinia's hopes sank. A homely man might tolerate a deformed mate. This perfect dracon would not. "You came," was all she could say.

"I am your servant." Brennen bowed, unable to hide his bitterness. Ein had advised him to charm his mate. He'd intended exactly that before arriving to find her castle besieged. "I assume you want this" -- he waved at the fighting men -- "taken care of." He was her last resort. It was either submit to his wooing or death.

The irritating veil she wore indented as though she sucked in a deep breath. There was a long pause. The lace blew out, granting him a brief glimpse of golden skin. His mate was swathed from head to toe in concealing black fabric.

"If you do not mind." Her voice was like molten lava, heating the core of him.

He stepped closer to her until his bare chest brushed against her breasts. Her nipples tightened and he smiled. She was not immune to him. "And what do I get if I do?"

As soon as the cocky words left his mouth, he knew he had made a mistake. She stiffened and took a step back. "Nothing." The word dripped ice. "I have changed my mind. Your services are no longer needed."

She was dismissing him. Brennen's hands curled into fists. "You will let your castle be taken?" She would sever their link?

"It is not my castle." Her head turned toward the mountains. "And you are not the only dragon I can call upon for aid."

"You have another suitor." His beast roared. He would smite his rival. No one would have her but him.

"I have a brother." Her words were slow and measured as though she spoke to a child. "I thought..." Her shoulder rose and fell. "But I was wrong."

He was an ass. Brennen watched her walk away from him as regally as a queen. She'd finally called for him and he had berated her for doing so. He glared at the men climbing the castle walls, angry with himself. As his self-disgust grew, he didn't fight the shift. He flew above the castle, his rage as red as his scales. She was his mate, his.

Their link strong, he felt her move about the castle. An arrow flew through a window, too close to his mate. He roared and swooped toward the archer. His talons raked through the attacker, slicing the man in two.

It was not enough. He climbed into the evening sky and plummeted once again, scorching the men with his fiery breath. They scattered like ants around him. Arrows and spears bounced off his scales. He attacked again and again. He would protect his mate. He would show her he was worthy. He swerved as a cannon ball arched past. It landed, pulverizing the humans. A brute dressed all in black yelled for retreat. Brennen, still angry, chased them, flinging their broken bodies about, until they reached the security of the forest. Even then he torched the treetops until the entire woods were ablaze. His mate liked fire. That should please her.

Some of his energy released, he returned to the castle. He landed in the courtyard, ignoring the panic he caused, shifting as he stalked through the doorway, his feet heavy upon the stairs. He would woo his mate. He would give her anything and everything she desired.

He stood in the doorway. She stood in front of the hearth, her gloved fingers outstretched. The stiffening of her spine told him she was aware of him.

The other woman was not. "Oh dear." The petite brunette stared out the window. "Papa's woods are now on fire. You told him not to hurt my prince, did you not?"

Her prince? Did these women play with another hapless male? "She did not."

"Oh." The girl turned, her hands fluttering to her mouth. "Oh oh oh. You must be..." Her face went blank.

"Brennen, Lord Vulkan, at your service." He bowed, watching his mate out of the corner of his eyes.

"I am Lady Lizbeth." The brunette curtsied. "This is, as you know, Lady Trinia." She waved at his mate. The woman continued to ignore him, poking at the fire.

"Lady Trinia." He tested her name. He liked it. "Of Vulkan."

As designed, that got a reaction. "Of Berg."

"The golden lord." Brennen knew of him. Berg's castle was in the mountains to the north. He had not thought to look there for his fire-loving mate. "It is cold in the mountains this time of year."

"Any time of year," she murmured so quietly even he with his dracon senses strained to hear her.

He stifled a smile. "You would find my home unbearably hot. My castle is at the foot of a mountain of fire. Never does it snow. Some summers the ground cracks with the heat."

Her head lifted.

"I would find it unbearably hot." Lady Lizbeth's lips pursed with discontentment. "Trinia would like it. She claims to never be warm."

"She would be warm in my home." Brennen turned his attention to the brunette. She could prove to be an ally. "She is welcome to visit."

"As a friend?" Trinia asked.

"Nay." Brennen could not be with her and not touch her. "We will be more than friends. I will have you in my bed each and every night."

Lady Lizbeth's mouth dropped open, her eyes rounding, her reaction one of shock. Trinia's reaction was different and it pleased him. Brennen sniffed, smelling her warm, wet pussy. His beast pulled at its restraints. His mate was as aroused as he was.

"Only at night," she conceded. Strain he didn't know he felt eased from his shoulders. "In the dark."

Brennen frowned at that restriction. Her brother was dracon. Surely she knew dragons had excellent night vision. He would see her. His heart squeezed. Was it him she did not wish to see? "It is night now." He took her gloved hand in his.

She trembled, but did not pull her hand away. "I am not in your bed."

Lady Lizbeth cleared her voice. "I should leave. Attend to my parents. Or the evening meal. Or another task I cannot think of."

"Nay." Brennen was decided. "We will be leaving." He waited for her refusal.

The refusal didn't come. "Tell my brother I will be home by harvest time." Brennen didn't correct her misconception. She would not be returning by harvest time, not unless he was by her side. The women exchanged hugs.

"I will miss you."

"And I will miss you." Lady Lizbeth had tears in her eyes. "All in the castle will miss you: my parents, the cook, the stable master, the head --"

"We should leave," Brennen broke into what promised to be a long list. "Come, Lady Trinia." He pulled at her hand.

She had ridden dragons before, Trinia reminded herself as she gathered up her skirts, exposing the breeches underneath, except this was her dragon, her mate. He hunched down, flattening his belly on the paved stones, to better allow her to mount him. His scales were soft. She climbed up, straddling his neck. She felt his heat between

her legs, warming her pussy, reminding her that while she now rode the dragon, she would soon ride the man.

If his need was great enough to ignore her deformity, she would ride the man. If he could not look past it, the room would be dark. She would not see the disgust cool those fiery red eyes. She would not see him leave her bed. Trinia blinked back the emotion.

Her dragon roared. The well-wishers around her fled, Lizbeth waving a tear-soaked handkerchief. His wings beat the air. They gained height, his muscles bunching beneath her. She leaned over, laying her cheek upon his scales. The air grew warmer as they flew. The fields turned green and then to gold, staffs of wheat waving in the breeze.

Lights lit up the open castle windows. That only an outline was visible disappointed Trinia. In the morning light, she would look at it, this home she would never have. He landed on a dragon-sized balcony, shifting before she dismounted. Their feet entangled. She cried out as she fell. Before she hit the stone, he caught her.

"Whoops." He chuckled. "I have you." He was so hot, so hard, his cock pressing against her stomach. "Do you wish me to light a candle?" He sounded almost eager.

She held onto his shoulders. "I wish for you to kiss me."

"Anything my lady demands." He lifted her veil. Her breath caught, aware that the strength of her feelings had caused her scales to shimmer. Would he turn from her? His lips brushed against hers teasingly, playfully nibbling until she, in wonder, opened for him. Had he not noticed? The kiss deepened and Trinia's fears were forgotten. He tasted of smoke and passion. His tongue stroked into her as he backed her farther into the room. Fabric tore.

"Careful." It was her only gown.

"I cannot wait." His fingers fumbled along her back. "I must see you." Buttons pinged around their feet. Her calves hit the bed. He pulled her gown and shift in one motion up over her head, leaving her breasts bare. "Beautiful." Red eyes glowed in the dark.

She crossed her arms in front of her chest, her fingers feeling the texture of scales over her skin. He lied. She wasn't beautiful. Before she could tell him that, he tossed her onto the mattress. The wind rushed from her chest. He took advantage of her disorientation, slipping off her shoes and then pulling down her breeches, stripping her until she was completely naked.

He was there, she could hear his breathing, but he didn't speak. He didn't touch her. Even his eyes were hidden. Had he turned away? Could he not bear to look at her? A tear slid down her cheek.

"What is this?" A callused thumb swiped her cheek. She bit back a sob at the tender touch. "Did I hurt you?" His bare chest pressed down on her breasts. He was so warm. "Was I too rough?"

"Nay." He had not hurt her, not yet. Why did he stay with her?

As though he heard her thoughts, he moved away, taking his comforting heat with him. There was a clink of flint against steel, sparks flickering like fireflies in the dark. A flame grew tall upon a wick, casting warm light upon his handsome face.

"Let me see." He brought the candle near. It was red like his eyes, like his scales.

"Do not look at me." She turned over on her stomach, taking the bed sheet with her. "You promised me the dark."

"You suggested. I promised not." He tugged the red satin down, exposing her back. "You are too beautiful for the dark." She felt the heat of the flame upon her scales and moaned her arousal. "Do I hurt you, Trinia?" He licked the spot, the moisture on his tongue evaporating with a hiss.

"You cannot hurt me, not with flame." He could hurt her with his words, with his rejection. She closed her eyes as he touched her.

"I would not hurt you ever. I will cherish you." He slipped the sheet off her, heating and licking the curve of her back, the roundness of her ass. "I will keep you warm." Her toes curled. Her pussy grew wet. "I will cover you with fire." He straddled her legs. His hard cock rubbed against her ass cheeks. "Cover your golden scales with

red." She gasped as hot wax splattered upon her. "So beautiful." He peeled the wax off, his thumb rubbing soothing circles into her scales.

She waited, breath held, expelling it when another drop heated her. "How I dreamed of this," his voice rumbled behind her ear. "How I dreamed of you." She arched her back, tilting her ass up. "My golden mate." He stroked between her thighs, finding the moistness of her pussy. "Open for me, Trinia." She spread her legs farther. He dipped a thick finger into her heat, stretching her, as wax slid between the crack in her ass. She whimpered into the pillow. He pumped her once, twice, three times, before pausing. "Too much to touch. Too few hands."

Her body immediately protested his withdrawal. "Brennen," she begged. She needed him now.

He chuckled. "Your aid is required, mate." He rolled her onto her back. "Look at me," he commanded. She obeyed. His face darkened, not with disgust but with passion. "You will be the keeper of my flame." He tilted the candle ever so slowly, the wax sliding, sliding, sliding until a red teardrop fell, landing with a splat on her right nipple.

"Brennen," she moaned, reaching down with both hands to touch her pussy. She wanted his fingers, his hard cock inside her.

"Nay." He balanced the candle between her breasts. "You hold this." She caught the candle before it toppled, but not before more wax spilled. "And I will do this." He cupped her hairless mons, parting her pussy lips. "I know how you like to be touched, mate." He caught her clit between two fingers and slowly applied pressure. "I have watched you many a night."

"Brennen," she cried out, the wax dripping onto her stomach. "Please." She didn't have to ask. He gave it to her. Two thick fingers slid into her wet pussy, stretching her.

"You are so hot, so tight." As he moved, he brushed against her clit with the heel of his hand. She couldn't get enough air. It was too much. The candle rolled over her body, spreading glorious liquid heat. Brennen lowered, capturing it between their chests, snuffing out the flame, flattening the molten wax. He was so hot. Trinia panted.

"I need..." She reached for his cock.

"I know what you need." He positioned himself between her legs, spreading her, his cockhead teasing her. She pushed against him. "I will give you it. I will give you everything." He thrust into her.

She gasped, the pain quick and sharp, a searing heat. Her fingernails dug into his shoulders as he claimed her, overwhelming her mind with a steady, relentless onslaught of sensations. Her nipples rubbed against his chest. Her heels rode his ass.

"Come for me." He reached between them. The extra attention to her clit was all it took. She quivered. She shook.

"Brennen." She came, her pussy muscles squeezing his cock, spurring on his own orgasm.

"Trinia." He roared as he thrust, his hot cum filling her. Two more thrusts and he collapsed on top of her where he shuddered and twitched. His body was so warm, steam rose from his skin.

She held him to her, dazed. He had fucked her, scales and all. He appeared in no rush to leave her now that he was spent, and most amazingly of all, for the first time since leaving the womb, she was warm.

Chapter Three

"You search years for your mate yet leave her the next morn." Ein rode beside him. "I do not understand you, my friend."

"She sleeps." Brennen looked over his land with a critical eye. Harvest approached, the fields bountiful.

"'Tis nearly noon," the warrior pointed out.

"And we are nearly home," he replied. They rode toward the castle. He was nearly home and nearly in her arms. He had requested a tray of food to be readied upon his return. They would picnic in their bed. His body tightened in anticipation. He would dine upon golden scales.

"To leave her to meet your people alone --"

"She meets no one." Brennen frowned. There would be time enough for that. First, he wanted her to himself. "No one is to disturb her." He'd left specific instructions.

"She is a prisoner?" Bushy eyebrows shot up.

"Nay." He would pamper her before she took on the hard work of running a castle keep.

"No one is to meet her. She cannot leave." His friend would not relent. "It sounds as though she is a prisoner."

"She is NOT a prisoner!" Brennen yelled.

"The prisoner is awake, my lord!" a guard yelled back from on top of the high walls. "We barred the room so she could not escape."

They barred her room? "Unbar it immediately! That prisoner is my mate." Sweet mother, she would be displeased with him.

"Yes, my lord." The men ran in different directions. Ein laughed.

"Take care of my horse." Brennen threw his reins to Junge, dismounting before his steed stopped.

"Is she the Guardian, my lord?" the fresh-faced lad asked.

"The Guardian is a myth." He would not add that hocus pocus to the chaos. One angry mate was enough. Brennen's boots clanged against the stones. He took the stairs two at a time.

The hallway in front of his room was a hub of activity. The maid assigned to Trinia cried into her apron. Four warriors moved a heavy oak panel chest from in front of his bedroom door. One huge piece of furniture had been used to stop one little lady.

"Let me by," Brennen growled.

"I am sorry, my lord," the maid pleaded.

"Leave us." He had no time for this. He slammed the door behind him. The figure on the bed -- dressed all in black -- jumped. The empty breakfast dishes on the bedside table rattled.

"Did she not lay out your gowns also?" He had chests full of them -- in an array of colors and fabrics -- waiting for her.

"They are too fine to waste on a prisoner such as I." Her voice was cool and steady. "I thought I was to be a guest."

"Nay. You are not my guest. You are not my prisoner. You are my lady." He sat down with a thump beside her. "I asked that no one disturb you, that is all. I wished to have you to myself."

"You are ashamed of me." Her veil fluttered, paining Brennen. He'd hurt her so badly, she hid herself from him.

"I wanted you only to think of me." He covered her gloved hands with his. "It was a selfish notion."

They sat holding hands. Gradually she leaned into him, placing her head on his shoulder. It felt good there.

"Do you think of me?"

Her question was softer than the buzz of bees' wings. "I try not to." Her head lifted and he hastened to add, "Because when I do, this happens." He moved her hand to his cock, hard as it always was around her. "And the men tease me unmercifully."

"Do they?"

"They do." He hugged her close, noting with satisfaction that released, her hand remained where it was. "Ein is the worst. He is my second in command. You will meet him soon, now if you wish."

"Or later." He sucked in sharply as her fingers traced his shaft through the leather. "I thought of you, my lord." She circled the outline of his cockhead prodding his breeches. "Often."

"Did you?" He lay back on the bed, then spread his arms and legs, allowing her to explore him. She tugged his tunic up and he pulled it over his head. Cloth-covered fingers feathered out on his bare skin. "Are there any specific parts of me you thought about?"

"Your eyes, my lord." Her laughter charmed him. "I thought about your eyes." She leaned over his body, her lace-covered face inches from his own.

He stilled. "What about them?" Did they frighten her?

"I like the way they glow when you look at me. It makes me feel... hot." She squirmed on top of him, driving him wild. "All over."

"They glow with desire." He sat up, clutching her tightly to him, overwhelmed by her admission. Only his mate would be aroused by eyes others feared. "They like what they see. Let me look at you."

Her head turned to the open window. "It is daylight."

"I wish to see the sunrays upon your golden skin." He lifted her veil. Her perfect face shimmered with scales. "Do not deprive me of your beauty."

"You think I am beautiful?" He nodded. "For truth?" Straight white teeth nibbled on a full bottom lip.

She didn't believe him. "For truth." He kissed her, sucking on that abused plump flesh. "I vow on my honor and on my..." He pushed up with his hips.

She bounced on top of him, laughing once more. He swore to make her laugh more often. The sound warmed his heart. "That is a serious vow, my lord." She bit the tips of her gloves, pulling them off. "If you break it, I may lay claim to both." She placed those delicate fingers on his stomach, then stroked downward until she traced underneath the waistband of his breeches.

"You already hold both." He helped her with the fastenings, exposing more and more of his skin. His cock, ever impatient for her touch, sprang free. He groaned as her fingers closed around his circumference. "They are in your soft hands."

She teased his cockhead with her fingertip, spreading precum over his sensitive skin. "They will soon be in my hot mouth." He bobbed and her laughter filled the room.

"They are yours to do with as you wish." Everything he had was hers. Brennen watched as those golden fingers stroked down his shaft. A semi-smile teased her lips as she cupped his balls, weighing them in her hands. "Trinia." She was his golden woman, his mate.

"I wish to taste you." A small pink tongue licked the tip of his cock. He felt the heat of her breath upon him. "You have the flavor of summertime."

He knew not what that meant. He clenched the bed sheet as she took him in her mouth. He knew not his own name. His mind could not hold this experience. His beast roared.

She worked him in slowly, inch by inch, until his cockhead tapped the back of her throat. She sealed her lips around his base and sucked. He wanted to thrust. Fabric ripped in his hand as he struggled to stay still. "Trinia," he begged.

She released him, licking soothingly up his cock, around his cockhead, probing his slit with her tongue. "I am hungry for you, my lord." She nibbled back down, granting him small pecks of pleasure. "I wish to eat you."

"Sweet mother." His eyes rolled back in his head as she took one of his balls in her mouth. His head thrashed upon the mattress as she switched to the other. "Trinia," he warned her. He would not last.

"Think of this while we are apart." Her voice was husky.

He would. Never would he forget the sight of his cock disappearing between those golden lips. Her skin glowed, her scales glittered, and her eyes held the knowledge of her power over him. She was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen.

She sucked, inhaling him. He did not resist, coming into her mouth in fierce spurts. She swallowed, not releasing the suction until every last drop was drained.

"You are unforgettable." He pulled her up, cradling her in his arms.

"I am your mate," she finally conceded.

He smiled, nuzzling his chin into her short blonde curls. She was his mate. He had found her. He had won her. She would be by his side for time eternal.

Chapter Four

"She be the Guardian. No mistake, me lord." John, a burly farmer, crossed his tree trunk arms. "The kiddies know; they always do. Look how they love up on her."

They did adore her. Trinia balanced a child on her hip as she spoke with the village dressmaker. Another little girl hid in the folds of her skirts. Two boys raced around her.

She'd be a good mother to their children. Brennen watched proudly. "If there is a Guardian, it is she," he conceded that much. His were a superstitious people. They clung to their myths. As long as they accepted his mate, he could live with the title they'd given her.

"One hundred good years." The farmer whistled through the gap in his front teeth. "My boys and their sons will want for nothing. You done good, me lord." His slap on the back near flattened Brennen. "She must be a looker too, the way you have her all wrapped up."

Brennen hid his grimace. Although she'd swapped her black frock for gold silk, he had failed to convince her the veil was unnecessary. He had to give her time. She'd told him she'd bared her face with her brother's people. She would soon do the same with his.

"That there is the Guardian?"

"Aye, she is," John boomed before Brennen could respond. "Your inn will be busy now, Tom."

"I thought she would carry a bucket of gold or the like." The plump innkeeper scratched his balding head. "'Spect we have to wait for the gold?"

"You have to work for the gold," Brennen added dryly. "Nothing comes from doing nothing."

"Dat is the truth, me lord." John nodded. "The Guardian does not break bread with lazy buggers."

"She is not the Guardian," a voice rang through the square. The crowd parted. An old lady hobbled toward them, her tiny figure buried under layers of shawls. It was Oma. Brennen groaned. Although he was the lord, he had yet to win an argument with the mystic. Logic was no weapon against belief.

"Why are you here, Oma? Should you not be waiting in your hut?" The woman refused to leave her home at the base of the mountain, insisting the Guardian would come for her there.

"I come to see the woman you claim is your mate, my lord." White cloudy eyes lifted defiantly.

"She is my mate, old woman." Brennen stood behind Trinia.

"She is not. She is not the Guardian. She is an imposter." There was a collective gasp at the declaration. The villagers stepped back. The dressmaker snatched her baby from Trinia's arms.

He felt his mate's pain and bewilderment as surely as if it were his own. Brennen's beast roared. This was a threat. "Oma," he growled a warning.

"The prophecy says 'The Guardian shall walk through a river of fire, bringing with her one hundred years of wealth and prosperity.'" Oma's gray head turned to the left and to the right. "If she is the Guardian, where is the river of fire, my lord?"

Brennen was weary to the bone of the Guardian. "I care naught for the Guardian." A discontented rumble swept through the crowd. "She is my mate, and you will respect her."

"You may want this woman now, my lord, but the Guardian is your fate," the woman spoke softly. "You cannot run from it." Before Brennen could formulate a convincing rebuff, she turned and slowly walked away.

Trinia didn't know what had happened. One moment, Brennen's people embraced her. The next, she was declared a fraud. Belligerent faces stared at them. Brennen glared back at them, rage rolling off his frame with red-hot heat.

The change was because of the tiny fey woman. "Where will she go?" Trinia touched the sleeve of Brennen's tunic.

"I care not," he muttered. Trinia waited. "She goes to her hut where she waits for a myth," he added.

"Is it far from here?" The woman had no carriage, and no horse.

"She makes her home at the base of the mountain of fire, too close to the base. One day her interfering will be ended by the mountain she so loves."

This worried Brennen. She heard the concern in his voice. "We have room in our carriage. I wish to see more of your land. What say you to inviting her to join us?" Trinia ignored the villagers' whispers.

Brennen placed a large hand on her shoulder. "She denounced you to our people, Trinia. She is not worthy of your kindness."

"She is one of our people," she said louder so the villagers might hear. "All of our people are worthy of kindness." She gathered up her skirts, walking briskly to the old woman's side. "Oma!" The fey woman stopped. "May I call you Oma?"

"You may call me what you wish, child." Eyes clouded over and unfocused examined her. "I meant you no harm." A wrinkled claw of a hand gripped her arm. "For his sake and that of his kingdom, he must be with the Guardian. You love him. You will do the right thing."

That right thing was to leave him. She was to step aside and let this Guardian claim him. Trinia silenced the scream of sorrow crawling up her throat. "I will try." If it made him happy, she would.

The carriage rolled up behind them. Brennen stepped down, his boots landing with a thud on the gravel road. "We will take you home, Oma." Trinia took one arm and Brennen took the other. They lifted her gently.

"You will speak no more against my mate, old woman," Brennen warned. "I will not stand for it."

Oma patted Trinia's arm. "I have no more to say, my lord. I but wish for your happiness."

"Trinia makes me happy." Her heart squeezed as he took her hand. "There will be no one other than she."

He believed that. There was no doubt in his visage. Yet the fey woman believed he would care for another as strongly. Although the old woman did not reply, her pressed lips communicated that well.

Trinia did not know what to believe. If Oma spoke the truth, could she love a man destined to be with another? Did she have a choice?

Chapter Five

By the evening meal, Trinia had made her choice. Her presence at the head table, sitting at Brennen's side, caused friction between him and his people. She could not stay.

"Where is the golden goblet?" Brennen roared, picking up the silver goblet placed in front of Trinia. All heads in the banquet hall turned.

"It is for the Guardian," the serving girl whispered, not meeting Trinia's gaze. No one had looked directly at her all eve. It was as though she no longer existed.

"It is for my mate!" The goblet was crushed in Brennen's hand. Wine dripped over his fingers. "Replace this at once." He tossed it at the stone wall.

The girl rushed to do his bidding. His people returned to eating. Trinia poked at the chicken breast before her. It was bland and tasteless, a marked difference from the meal served the eve before. The servants were not openly rude to her but sent the signal all the same that she was not wanted.

Brennen felt it as keenly as she did. His knuckles were white around his knife. His body was stiff. His temper was short.

Trinia sighed. She knew what she had to do. She loved him too much to cause him this sorrow. "I will be leaving in the morn." She had called for her brother through their twin link. It would take him a night to arrive. "I wish to return home." It was a lie. She wished to remain forever by his side.

He flinched as though struck. "This is your home."

The hall grew quiet once more. All listened to this discussion.

"Oma --"

"Does not wish to move." He slammed down his tankard, ale spilling over its sides. "As long as this damn Guardian does not appear, she has a reason to stay. That is her choice. She may live her life as she pleases. This is my life and my choice, and I am not ruled by an old woman. You are my mate. You belong by my side."

It was not so simple. Oma was fey. Fey folk had ways of knowing. "The Guardian could also be your mate." It pained her to say it.

"Nay." He stood. "You are my one true mate. Never question this."

Trinia remained seated, saying nothing. He was her love, that she did not doubt. Was she his?

"You do question this." His broad shoulders heaved. "Come." Brennen extended his hand. Trinia took it, finding solace in his heat. "I will show you why you are my mate and no other." He snatched up his cloak and led her to the courtyard. "I will show you why the beast will only accept you. I will take you to his home."

Was this not the beast's home? Heedless of the people around him, Brennen shifted. Scales covered his skin. Wings grew from his back. His red eyes changed from human to dragon. His giant head pushed Trinia toward his back. She climbed on, straddling his warm neck between her thighs, and he beat his wings. Straw and dirt swirled around them. He flew, clutching the cloak in his talons.

The smoke plume above the mountain of fire, barely visible against the setting sun, grew near. A tremor of excitement flowed through Trinia. The increased elevation should have made the air cooler. Instead the temperature rose. Midway, her dragon dropped the cloak. It fluttered down, draping over a leafless tree. The dragon roared as he continued to fly.

They circled the summit and Trinia's eyes grew large. Orange and red lit up the sky. Waves of heat collided with her body. She gasped, tearing the veil from her face, to better catch her breath, scales protecting her skin. He descended into the funnel. Trinia's gown burst into flames. He roared, swinging his head around to peer at her with his red dragon eyes. She patted his neck to reassure him, and then closed her eyes, letting the fabric burn.

He landed on a ledge, wings outstretched. She slipped to the ground. Stone was to their backs. Molten lava swirled below them. "It is so beautiful." Trinia reached out her fingers to it. Blessed heat. Her dragon roared again, this time with a lilt of laughter in his rumble. She smiled. He was happy.

He was home. This was her dragon's cave. It suited him and it suited her. Would it suit the Guardian? Only if she was like Trinia as the heat would blister and burn human skin. Was there another such as she?

A long dragon tongue licked her bare leg, the moisture evaporating immediately. She was naked. He was dragon, an aroused dragon. His cock stood large and erect. "What do you wish to do, my dragon lord?"

The tongue crept up her leg, between her ass cheeks. "Ohhhh..." It felt so good. "Is that what you wish?" He roared his answer. She lay facedown on the ledge, overlooking the molten lava below, and spread her legs. Sensuous heat blasted the soles of her feet. She glanced over her shoulder. Her dragon grazed her skin with his fiery breath. The heat moved up her body, over her legs, caressing her ass, the flames licking into her pussy. It felt as though he touched her all over, all at once.

"That feels so good," she moaned, raising her hips so he could better reach. He bathed her in fire, heating her almost to the point of pain, the fire lapping up her pussy juices. She shook. His dragon tongue parted her ass cheeks so his fire could probe both holes. She clenched the edge of the ledge, the lava bubbling below them. It was too much. She couldn't hold back. "Brennen," she screamed, the ferocity of her orgasm causing light to dance before her eyes.

"Brennen." She rolled over, her body shaking. He pulled her toward him, straddling her between his hind legs, his giant dragon cock cradled by her curves. She wrapped her arms around him and he rubbed, his cockhead sliding between her breasts. She stroked the precum on his tip over his cock. It did not evaporate as other moisture did. He was dragon, and fire was his element.

"You are so big." She touched him. "So strong." The speed of his rubbing increased. "So hot." He jerked in her arms. "I want your heat all over me." He roared,

pulling back. She spread her legs. "Inside me." His huge cockhead nudged against her pussy lips, too large for entry. "That is it." He curved his neck, straining to watch. He must have liked what he saw. His body stiffened. "Bring on the fire," she called out to him. Fire covered both of them as he came, his cum propelled with such force that it flooded her entire womb with heat. There was fire around her. There was fire inside her.

"Brennen." Her own orgasm raked over her, splintering her mind into a thousand pieces. *Mate*. That word repeated in her brain, a dragon's whisper. "Mate," she said it out loud. Her dragon roared.

Chapter Six

With the rising sun came a threat. The golden dragon had entered his territory. Brennen's beast yanked on his controls. He was coming for Trinia, to take her away from them. "Tell him to turn back."

"Brennen." Trinia didn't look up from her morning meal. "I cannot."

"I will hurt him if he comes closer." He covered her gloved hands with one of his. He wouldn't let her go.

Her head rose, the lace concealing her face. "He is my brother."

"You are my mate. I will kill anyone who tries to take you from me." He couldn't live without her. How could she not see that?

"I am not --"

"The cook made pastry this morn." A serving girl interrupted them, standing before their table, a tray of baked goods in her hands. "Do you wish one, Lady Trinia?" The girl didn't look directly at Trinia.

Brennen's rage rose with the coolness of the address. "Lady Trinia?" he roared. The girl jumped. "She is not Lady Trinia to you. She is to be addressed as 'My Lady' as I am addressed as 'My Lord.'" He would not tolerate the disrespect.

"Brennen." Trinia squeezed his hand.

"Patience, my lord," Ein, seated to his right, advised.

"We have no time for patience." The golden dragon drew nearer. Brennen stood. All heads in the banquet hall turned. "If we do not show my lady she is welcome, she will leave us."

Not a word of protest was sounded.

Scales shimmered over his skin. His dragon roared inside him. "Is that what you wish?" Brennen yelled at his people. "You wish for my mate to leave?"

"The Guardian --" a guard mumbled.

"There is no Guardian!" he bellowed. "I will not live without the woman I love because of a myth."

"Love?" Trinia whispered.

He looked around him. All this he had built for her, only for her. It meant nothing without her. "You wish for her to leave, then she will leave." The hall buzzed with relief. Smiles spread on faces. "But I go with her."

"My lord," Ein groaned.

"Nay, Brennen." Trinia stood. "These are your people."

The golden dragon was so close, he heard the beating of his wings. "They are not my people. They are the Guardian's people." He strode toward the entrance, his dragon clawing to the surface. "Let her take care of them." He shifted, his wings beating, lifting his changing body. The golden dragon was etched against the horizon. The brother's youth was offset by his size. Brennen's dragon roared with satisfaction. He would be a worthy opponent.

He climbed into the sky, high above the golden dragon, and dove, his talons outstretched. He connected and they rolled in the air, roaring, their wings struggling to right their combined flight. As they leveled, Brennen doused a golden neck with flames. The dragon jerked away with a screech, raking talons over Brennen's sensitive stomach. His scales protected him. The attack didn't pierce his flesh.

They broke, circling each other, breathing fire. The golden dragon roared. Brennen's dragon roared back. "Mine," he declared, prepared to fight to the death. No other dragon would touch her.

"They will kill each other." Trinia stared up at the dragons with dismay. This was no play fight. The two beasts had killing on their primitive minds.

"Aye." Ein stood beside her. "My lord would die rather than let you go. He spent many a year searching for you."

"For the Guardian." She could not compete against a myth.

"For you. Never once has he spoken of this Guardian."

Trinia held her breath as her red dragon attacked once more. At the last minute, her brother veered to his right. The red dragon flew past with an angry roar. She exhaled.

"He needs you. The people need him."

"His people will never accept me." They wouldn't dare. They feared the Guardian.

"They will only accept the Guardian."

Trinia appreciated Ein's honesty. Could she live amongst people who hated her? She sighed. She must. Brennen needed her. She couldn't leave him.

The dragons circled in the air, Trinia's ears ringing with their verbal insults. "This cannot continue." Her red dragon swooped. The golden dragon rolled. Talons gripped bellies. They fell, wings flapping. "I must stop this."

"How?" Ein's broad forehead wrinkled.

"The only way I know how." Trinia blocked her presence from Brennen.

The impact was instant. The pain in the red dragon's roar tore at her. He twisted, breaking the fatal embrace. Large wings beat faster than Trinia had ever seen a dragon fly. He didn't slow, landing with a skid on the courtyard stones. Everyone, including Ein, scrambled for cover. Trinia stood there.

Brennen shifted. "You will NEVER do that again," he raged, his chest heaving.

Trinia pulled her gloves off, letting them fall to the ground. "There is only one way to ensure that." She held out her hand. Battleworn warriors shrank back, blanching at her golden scales. Trinia ignored them, watching Brennen. He was all that mattered.

"You would do this?" His red eyes glowed. "In truth?"

She flipped back her veil. They would never respect her. Mayhap the future would be easier if they feared her. "If that is your wish, my dragon lord."

He drew a ring from his tunic. "It is my dearest wish." He slipped it on her finger. "You are mine. I claim you."

The golden band instantly tightened, reassuring Trinia. She was his true mate, the connection between them humming. "I am yours." She smiled, turning the ring so the ruby picked up the sunlight. It was the color of his eyes.

"Grant me the same honor, Trinia. Claim me." He held out another ring, this one larger.

"I claim you. You are mine." She placed the ring on his finger, binding them for all eternity.

Joy lit those red eyes. "We will travel to the south, find another mountain of fire, build a new castle there." His words were spoken as a vow.

He would leave all he had built for her. She could not ask that of him. "There is no need." She smiled at him through the mist of emotion. "We will stay here. This is your mountain of fire. This is your castle."

"The people --"

"Your people," she corrected. "I will love them as they love you." She looked up at him. He gazed down at her. All else disappeared.

"They are blessed." The kiss he gave her spoke of reverence. His touch spoke of decadence, his hands clasping her hips, pressing her against his hardness.

Wings beat the air. The golden dragon landed, her brother Treu shifting before he reached the ground. "Sister." Treu laughed. "You do know how to welcome a warrior. For a moment, I thought your mate would kill me."

"I still may." Brennen stood between them. "She is mine, dracon."

"I would hear that from her." Treu's grin vanished.

They would both hear that from her. "Treu, I am --"

A rumble shook the ground. Brennen glared at Treu. "Was not me," her brother protested.

"My lord, my lord!" a guard on the wall yelled. "The mountain of fire, it has cracked in two."

They raced up the stairs, Brennen in the lead. A jagged red fracture zigzagged down the mountain. Trinia stared in horror as lava poured out like blood from a wound. "It will cover us all. We must move our people."

"Nay. Worry not. We are prepared for this." Brennen hugged her close to him. "I will seal the crack." He kissed her quickly. "Wait here for me to return," he instructed as he shifted into dragon form, flying from the castle walls.

He was a glorious beast. Trinia watched his departing form proudly.

"What now, sister?" Treu watched also, eagerness on his golden face. He was not one to stay idle as others rushed to the rescue.

"We wait." Brennen would stop the lava flow before it reached his people. They knew not to build homes at the mountain's base. Trinia's heart stopped. "Oma," she whispered. "Brother, will you fly me to the mountain?"

Treu frowned. "Your mate said --"

"Someone he loves is in danger. He has forgotten her."

Upon reaching the hut, Trinia discovered that though he had not forgotten the old woman, his preparations had been for naught. She slid from the golden dragon's back. Lava flowed to the left and right, surrounding them, the land around the hut an island in the river of red. Warriors stood on the wrong side of the bank, throwing rocks and tree trunks into the stream. Their efforts had no effect, the objects sinking into the heat.

The red dragon was as frantic, his roar edged with panic. "Go to him, Treu." Trinia patted the golden dragon's neck. "Aid him in his efforts. I will be fine."

She left him, ducking through the doorway, her eyes peering into the darkened hut. "Oma?" Where was the old woman?

"It is you." Oma sat serenely in a chair by the lit hearth. "Forgive me, Guardian. I thought your appearance to be our lord's test of faith. It was not his. It was mine and I did not pass."

Trinia did not know of what she spoke. She was no Guardian. "We must leave, Oma. The mountain of fire has cracked. We are surrounded --"

"By rivers of fire," Oma completed, rising to her feet. "Aye, I know. You are to carry me through that fire." Her gray head hung. "I am not deserving of such an honor."

Trinia now understood Brennen's frustration over the Guardian. They had no time for this. "Yet you were chosen to receive it." She pulled on the fey woman's arm. If the fire was too deep, she could not hold her high enough. "Are you to fail this test also?"

Opaque eyes scanned her face. "You are too good to me, Guardian." She allowed herself to be led from the hut. "I will devote my life to serving you and your descendants."

The old woman would serve her descendants? Trinia shook that bewildering thought from her head, blinking in wonder as she swung the tiny fey creature into her arms. Oma weighed less than the air around her. If she released her, Trinia fancied she would float.

"Nay, Lady Trinia!" Ein shouted, his steed dancing upon the far bank. The animal frothed with sweat.

"Worry not," she assured the man. Trinia stepped into the lava, wincing as pain shot up her legs. Her feet found bottom. She waded up to her thighs, her dress melting into nothing.

The walk was short yet Trinia thought it would never end, each step an exercise in torture, the pain searing. Finally she reached the far side, Ein reaching down to pull them to safety. "My lady." He swung his cape over her, hiding her nudity.

"She is not your lady." Oma stepped away from Trinia, glaring. "She is the Guardian. You will address her as that."

"The Guardian." The men fell to their knees.

Trinia did the same, her charred feet collapsing underneath her. Ein lifted her onto his horse. "Was there ever any doubt?" the old warrior grumbled.

Chapter Seven

"Where is she?" Brennen roared as he stormed through the castle. He hurt. He'd thought he knew pain when she chose to ride with the golden dragon. That was nothing compared to what he felt now. His mate hurt. Leaving the golden dragon the task of reinforcing the seals applied to the mountain, Brennen had flown to Trinia's side.

"Your chamber, my lord," Ein advised. "All is well."

"All is NOT well." His mate was in pain. His boots rang on the corridor floors.

"The Guardian sleeps, my lord." Oma blocked his chamber door. Her nose wrinkled. "You smell of soot. You must bathe before you touch her."

"I care naught for the Guardian," he growled. "Move or I will move you." He drew his sword, his patience gone. He must see Trinia.

The old woman stepped aside, mumbling about bad smells and baths.

He burst through the door, the wood splintering under his hand. "Trinia!"

"Here, my dragon lord." She sat in his large tub. She was naked, her breasts bobbing above the water, her golden scales glistening. She was so beautiful.

His instant hard-on deflated upon spying her folded legs. They glowed as though heated, mist rising from the water. "What did you do, mate?" He reached out a fingertip.

"Careful." His skin sizzled with the touch. "They are hot."

"You hurt." His voice cracked. He would carry that pain if he could.

"I am healing quickly." Her smile was gentle. "I am part dracon." She spread her legs. "And I do not hurt all over." Although her pussy was concealed by the water, his

cock hardened once more. If she was aroused, the pain must be bearable, he reassured himself.

"Oma says I should take a bath." He stripped off his clothing.

"Ahhh... but you are not ruled by an old woman." Trinia's golden gaze swept over him, her lips curving in appreciation. "Nor do you listen to the Guardian."

Brennen growled. "I wish to hear naught of the Guardian." He stepped into the tub. The water was warm.

"That is unfortunate." Trinia hooked her glowing legs over the sides of the tub. "Because the Guardian wishes for you to fuck her." Her fingers swept down her stomach, underneath the water. "She needs your big cock in her hot pussy."

Brennen's jaw dropped. "You walked through the river of fire." The last knot of worry in his back eased. She was the Guardian. Their people would now love her as he did.

"For you." Her eyelids lowered as she played with herself, her nipples tightening. "I would perform any task for you."

She had hurt herself for him. "You will not put yourself in danger again." He kneeled, water sloshing onto the floor. "Your pain is mine." He cupped her tight ass, lifting her hips out of the water.

"Is my pleasure yours, my lord?" She moaned as he bent his head, licking the water off her pussy. She was delicious, his mate. He flicked her clit with the tip of his tongue. Her fingernails scraped on the metal tub. "Oh, Brennen." She twisted. He held her fast, nibbling on her, his tongue stroking inside her. "Feel my pleasure."

"I will taste your pleasure, my lady." He would have all of her. He worked her pussy with his tongue until her head thrashed, her blonde curls bouncing against her cheeks. As she hummed, her orgasm approaching, he entered her, his cock stretching her. "Trinia." He rode her, the waves gaining a ferocity matching their loving.

"Brennen!" She threw her head back. He sucked on her neck as they came together, her pussy walls vibrating around him. He poured all he had into her until he had nothing left, collapsing on top of her.

She threaded her fingers through his hair, holding him to her chest. He listened to her heartbeat, strong and steady under his ear. She was safe, she was healing, and she was his. "Does the Guardian have any other requests?"

"She has many requests." She smiled at him. "You may spend a lifetime fulfilling them."

She could command him as she wished. He was her loving servant.

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.