



DRAGONS
OF ARDAÏNE

2

ROE HORVAT

LEVITY

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DRAGONS OF ARDAINE BOOK 2

ROE HORVAT

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Levity

First edition

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*What's the point of staying alive
when you can't live?*

Half-naked in the arms of an angry, domineering alpha, Leo negotiates the limits for what's shaping up to be his hottest encounter ever. After months of hiding in fear, he's giving in to his desires, and it feels glorious. Except things go horribly wrong, and not only do his ex's goons attack him, but now he's being kidnapped by what appears to be a mythical creature. Or maybe he's gone insane. Because dragons don't exist, do they?

Davidson has finally found him. The one. His mate is gorgeous, tastes like heaven, and outright asks for a spanking. He's also in acute danger, and Davidson must rescue him in dragon form, talons out. No wonder Leo is terrified of him. After their awful first night together, Davidson is determined to make things right and protect Leo with all his might.

Levity is an omegaverse erotic romance about a cantankerous dragon and a broken omega who are terrible apart but perfect for each other. The novel features dragon shifters, mpreg, and power exchange.

CONTENT WARNINGS

This paranormal erotic romance features a relationship between a dragon shifter alpha and a human omega. The sexual interactions include impact play, discipline, punishment, and humiliation role play. The story contains shifted and half-shifted sexual interactions and male pregnancy with a graphic birth. Traumatic experiences of abuse by a previous partner are recounted as a character's memories. Sex work and drug use are mentioned. The relationship between the main characters is loving and monogamous.

Disclaimer

Levity is a paranormal erotic romance inspired by MM omegaverse, featuring dragon shifters. The main characters are not fully human, and the described world is different from contemporary human society. While the story contains elements of power exchange during foreplay and sex, these are secondary to the inner rules of the paranormal universe created. The characters' thoughts and actions are not meant to represent an ideal dynamic in a real D/s relationship but are both driven and limited by the paranormal world. The story doesn't contain non-consensual sexual interactions.

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Thank you so much, Rannveig, for all the love you gave my dragons. You've made Leo and Davidson happier.

Vinnie, we don't always hit the ground running, but once we get going, we're unstoppable. Love you to bits!

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I owe my deepest gratitude to every kind, generous person who invested their energy into reading my drafts and advanced review copies, and who listened to my whines with empathy. Each and every one of you who reads, writes, publishes, promotes, and supports LGBTQ+ stories, thank you.

PROLOGUE

Leo

I SHOULD KNOW BETTER than to pick up calls from unknown numbers. A part of me hoped to hear from him, though. Not because I missed him and not because I wanted him back in my life. No fucking way. But I needed to know what I was up against. A certain threat seemed better than constantly looking over my shoulder and considering all the what-ifs.

I clicked answer but couldn't make myself say anything.

“Leonard?”

The familiar voice brought anger and disgust. And relief that I'd been right.

“What do you want?”

“Leonard, dearest, how are you?”

“Cut the bullshit, Fabio. What do you want from me?”

“I want you to come home, *tesoro mio*.”

“I have a new home.” I looked around the hotel room and rolled my eyes. As far from a home as it could get. “I'm not coming back.”

“I've always only done what you've asked me to do, Leonard. I've fulfilled your every wish. You will come back.”

I laughed, but it must have sounded weak. “I won't. Not ever. Leave me alone.”

“I can’t do that, dearest. You’re not safe without me. You need me, and you know that. I can’t let you make mistakes and hurt yourself. And you will make mistakes, dearest. You always do.”

Taking a deep breath, I suppressed the avalanche of swear words I wanted to hurl at him. “My greatest mistake was to ever come near you. I’m done.”

“Listen, Leonard.” I used to find the demanding, accented baritone sexy, but now it made my skin crawl. God, he was sleazy. I felt tainted just listening to him on the phone. What did it say about me that I’d spread my legs for this man a hundred times? “You are not fit to be alone, *tesoro mio*. You’re fragile and vulnerable. My people are looking for you, and when they find you, they will make sure you’re safe until you’re ready to come home to me. You’ll miss me, and you’ll beg me to take you back.”

Why was I even indulging him by continuing the conversation? I now knew what I’d wanted to know. Fabio wasn’t giving up anytime soon.

“Go fuck yourself.”

I turned the phone off and picked it apart. I threw the battery and SIM card into the trash bin and went to the bathroom. Having no idea what I was doing and if it even worked that way, I plugged the sink, filled it, and drowned the device in tepid water.

Bracing myself on the vanity, I pulled in a few deep breaths. I had a few tricks to stave off an approaching panic attack. They were simple, some of them silly, but sometimes, they worked. My eyes landed on my toothbrush. Looking around me, I tried to find five more items starting with the letter T. Tile. Toilet. Tissues. Tweezers. Toenails. I should clip my toenails. I wasn’t keen on wandering outside in search of a pedicure salon. Especially not when Fabio might know where I was.

He would find out eventually, but by that time, I’d hopefully be prepared.

I had a ticket to Ardaine for tomorrow morning. I'd chosen Ardaine simply because I'd never been there and didn't know anybody who lived in the area, plus it was warm all year round. I was fed up with Dalton City's constant rain. My next task was to call a private security business I'd found online. And...shit. I'd just drowned my phone. I groaned, rearranging the to-do list in my head. Ask at reception about the closest store, buy a phone, call the security firm, and pack.

The following morning, I was boarding the earliest direct flight to Ardaine, wearing sunglasses and a ball cap like a character in some cheap thriller. My only hope was that Fabio Altera would find some other unsuspecting omega boy and direct his psycho-daddy energy elsewhere.



THE DREAM BEGAN DIFFERENTLY each time. Some nights, I dreamed of rolling hills and green fields. I'd stand on a cliff overlooking the countryside, and the creature would come to me flying. He would fly right above me and circle back. He never landed but hovered close, and I would quiver with excitement, hoping he'd one day take me with him and carry me far away.

I'd dreamed of the dragon ever since I could remember. Not every week, not even every month, but often enough that there were nights I almost expected him to come to me. I used to think he was my protector, but when things got truly bad, when I failed and hated myself, I feared him.

I barely knew what he looked like—he was a figment of my imagination after all, so maybe he'd changed during the years. I sensed him more than clearly saw him in the dreams, but I knew he had enormous wings and thorns on his head, like a scary fairy-tale dragon. His eyes were orange, and they glowed with fire.

Tonight, I got reminded of him by the tiniest random detail. The sleek hotel room had a generic decor, nothing extraordinary, but the tumbler I'd found on the shelf above the

minibar had an engraving on the side. I rotated it in my fingers, the drink sloshing, and there it was. A winged dragon, curled into a circle. Even hollow and exhausted as I felt, I smiled.

Maybe it was a sign. Not that I believed in such things, but it felt nice to think so. Maybe for once, I'd made the right decision. Maybe leaving Dalton City hadn't been a mistake.

The skyline of Ardaine shimmered behind the tinted window. The climate down here was warmer and drier than in Dalton City, and even the light looked different. The clouds seemed higher up, the horizon shrouded in a gray mist of heated smog. At least it wouldn't rain here for the better part of the year.

The clouds were losing color after the sunset, and feeling silly, I visualized the silhouette of the dragon nearing, flying to meet me.

My old therapist, the one I briefly met after the break-up from my first serious relationship eons ago, suggested that maybe the dragon was me. My own conscience and strength coming to the rescue.

Tonight, I felt closer to the vision than ever. I was almost sure I would dream of him.

Putting the half-empty glass on the windowsill, I pulled out my new phone and checked my emails. The security agency I'd contacted had already replied, and their representative wanted to meet me tomorrow. Still riding this rare wave of adulting, I confirmed the meeting, then I forced myself to eat a sandwich.

With the help of my new lawyer team, I handed over the responsibilities regarding my business in Dalton City. I had no idea what I'd do here in Ardaine, but that would sort itself out eventually. Technically, I didn't need to work, but I should keep myself occupied, or my self-destructive tendencies would come out to play again.

I poured myself another glass of whiskey and traced the engraving with a fingertip. I really hoped I'd dream of the

dragon tonight. It would be like seeing an old friend after a long absence.

RIGHT AFTER SUNSET, the sky glowed a deep red, turning purple above my head. I squinted into the distance, over the rocky shore, the breaking waves, into the far horizon.

There. He was coming. Enormous wings waved, and his dark silhouette grew bigger.

I wanted to call out to him, but when I opened my mouth, I made no sound. Annoyed it was one of those dreams in which I couldn't speak and probably not run either, I sighed. I'd simply wait.

For the first time ever, the dragon dove down in front of me. He gracefully landed on all fours and stepped closer. Stretching his long neck, he nudged my chest.

He didn't speak, but I could hear him in my head.

"Are you ready to fly?"

I nodded. I'd been waiting for this moment for years.

He stepped to the side, his long body curling around me until his enormous head hovered next to me.

"Come, then."

I stretched out my hand and touched his neck. It burned like hell, but I knew I was safe. I put both hands on his scorching skin, and it hurt, but I could easily ignore it. When I climbed up, straddling his neck, I looked at my palms. They were intact. No blisters or reddened skin.

"The pain is only in your head, Leo."

And then he bore down with his giant wings, and I hurtled through the air, clinging to him. I should have been terrified, but instead, I felt happy. Exhilarated even.

"Hold on. We're going home."

I

BITING HEADS

Davidson

- Three months later -

“I HAVE CONFIRMED your attendance next week on Thursday. The exhibition opening at the Architecture Museum, remember?” My personal assistant, Lawrence Bracknell, né Winchester, knew me best of everyone in the entire world, which was comforting, practical, and sometimes infuriating.

I made a face. “Do I have to go?”

“You don’t. But since it’s the governor’s party, you should. I thought you might hate it less, given the number of shifters who’ll be there.”

“Whatever. Just mark it in my schedule.”

“Already done. I RSVPed directly to the governor’s team.”

Governor Figueroa was one of ours, which made his parties bearable. At the same time, whenever I showed my face at one of these events, I could hear the whispers behind my back. Some folks were becoming suspicious. Maybe there was something wrong with me. Maybe my boorish behavior had repelled my mate before we could bond. Maybe my fated mate had died a long time ago, never meeting me... I held the title of the oldest still single dragon alpha in Ardaine, by the margin of a decade. *There must be something wrong with me.* Would be nice to know what.

“This same invoice came twice,” Lawrence said, tearing me out of my spiraling dark thoughts. He placed the printed-

out paper in front of me. “But I called their customer service and sorted it out, so you wouldn’t pay double.”

I glanced at the logo and winced. “You don’t have to handle these.” Yes, I had been letting my assistant take care of escort service bills. Up until now, I’d assumed he didn’t know what the invoices were for. Again and again, I’d underestimated Lawrence Bracknell. Would I ever learn?

The hint of compassion in his features made me feel pathetic—I would have preferred disgust and contempt. “They were very helpful and professional. Good choice, by the way. The company is known for its high ethical standards.”

“You researched escort services in Ardaine?”

Turning on the chair side to side, he looked smug. “A few years back, when I first found one of these and was deciding whether to be mad at you.”

I closed my eyes, rubbing my forehead. He’d known for years. Of course, he’d known. “Anything else you’d like to bring up to enhance my current embarrassment?”

He pretended to think about it, patting his pregnant belly. It seemed to be growing by the minute. Wasn’t he only like four months along? “Not at the moment, no. But I’ll call you later in case I come up with something really good.”

He was unbelievable. “Go home, Lawrence. It’s five ten.”

“Thank you. Ernest is picking me up in a minute.”

“Good.” I turned my gaze back to my screen, hoping he’d leave soon. Stubbornly, he remained seated, the chair squeaking while he wiggled on it.

“I don’t see anything wrong with paying for companionship through an established firm that treats their employees with respect. The omegas who work there have solid health insurance, and their student loans are paid for. They decide themselves if they want to engage in sexual activities with their clients or simply provide company. Sounds like a neat job. In my opinion, you have nothing to be ashamed of.”

I sighed. “Do I *need* your approval?”

Smiling like the sun, Lawrence ignored my remark. “It’s actually considerate of you, in that twisted little way of yours. Until you find your mate, you can’t date anyway without engaging in a potentially heartbreaking dead-end relationship. Paying for sex is sensible.”

I stared at him. “Thank you, Lawrence, for clearing that up for me. My sex life would be a disaster without your input.” My voice dripped with sarcasm, but my assistant only grinned wider. “Are you done *now*?”

“Yes. I just heard the door. That must be Ernest. Have a great evening, sir, and see you tomorrow.”

“Thank heavens,” I muttered.

And he was gone.

The quiet felt sudden, the room cold.

Five months to go, then I’d lose him.

I shook my head, trying to clear it. Lawrence was my employee, clever and efficient, but only an employee. I wouldn’t actually *miss* him once he took the overly generous parental leave I’d promised him. I’d merely miss his capacity to stay on top of things.

It took me one more hour to wrap up for the day. I’d be taking a few reports home with me to read later in case I had trouble sleeping. As I was walking through the sitting area in front of the executive offices, something on the coffee table made me pause. I spun the magazine toward me, staring at the enthralling image.

Blue eyes, almost turquoise, long pale lashes, puffy sensual lips, a birthmark above the top lip. A stunning face. There was something in those eyes, a flash of recognition, like the cover model was a live person looking at me, knowing me.

I frowned. Did I recognize him from somewhere? I’d remember a face like that.

The omega’s ocean-blue eyes drew me in, hypnotizing me. He seemed so deceptively lifelike, even though most of it must

have been makeup and digital manipulation. Plastic surgery? No human being looked that perfect in real life. Impossible. And why was I staring at a lifestyle rag cover model? I glanced at the article title covering part of the man's elaborate haircut. "Dalton City's most desirable omega—who's snatched him up?" Ugh. So trivial. The magazine was an older issue, from last year.

"He's gorgeous, isn't he?" The voice came from behind me. I turned around to see our upstairs receptionist, whose name I hadn't learned yet and possibly never would. They came and went so often, memorizing them was a wasted effort. Curly hair with too much product in it, his suit jacket one-size too small, a dreamy smile on his vacant face—another too young, harebrained pretty boy. Where was HR picking them up? He wouldn't last a month.

"Do you think this is appropriate content for the executive reception area?" I gestured at the magazine. "We're the city's top engineering company, not a nail salon."

The omega went beet red comically fast. After a few seconds of heavy blinking, he snatched the magazine, giving me a wide berth, and scurried away, muttering an apology. His shoulders were hunched.

I rolled my eyes. Lawrence would no doubt say I'd been too harsh with the boy. But a trash bin fodder tabloid on display at Sullivan Aerospace? Really?

AFTER THE FAUX pas with Lawrence, I'd almost canceled the appointment I had tonight. But I knew myself well enough—if I went without sex for longer than a couple of weeks, I'd be biting heads off right and left. I felt a little bad for the young receptionist today. More proof that to behave at least moderately human, I needed the regular outlet.

I'd found Seth six months ago, and now he came weekly, on Tuesdays. He was attractive, but with none of the insolence I was used to from good-looking omegas. Tonight, he arrived wearing simple jeans and a T-shirt. We were past pretending

there was anything glamorous or even remotely date-like about our encounters.

“Good evening, Mr. Sullivan.” He wouldn’t call me by my first name—that would be too personal.

“Good evening.” I headed toward the living room with him on my heels. “Do you want a drink first?”

“Whatever you prefer.”

I briefly inspected the sensations in my body.

“Are you up for two rounds tonight? No playing around.” Meaning we wouldn’t need the sex room. “I want to get it out of my system quickly, and we can take our time later.”

“Sure.”

“Get on your knees, please.”

“Here?” He glanced at the recliners by my indoor pool.

“Why not?”

Seth took the prepared towel and spread it out over the recliner, then he stripped unceremoniously and knelt on it with his ass pushed out. Bracing one hand on the mattress, he reached into his crease and began fingering himself. I opened my fly, pulled out my cock, and gave it a few strokes with my gaze pinned on Seth’s three fingers stretching his hole.

“You’re already wet,” I remarked. His slick was drooling out around his glistening fingers.

“I’ve looked forward to you fucking me tonight. Been wet and loose for the whole afternoon. You can be rough.”

I needed it. I needed to fucking ruin a hole.

“Stop me if it’s too much.”

Crouching behind him, I batted his hand away and pushed my cock in.

Seth wasn’t skinny. His thighs were chubby and his ass big and round. I needed my boys sturdy, or I’d break them. Even so, my dick looked violent, rammed in his ass to the hilt. A part of me liked it. A part of me fucked as an act of revenge.

The wet slaps and choppy cries wound me up further until I was drilling into the squelching hole.

I am forty-six years old. Most of the dragon alphas my age have teenage kids. And here I am, fucking an escort every Tuesday.

As the anger rose, so did my arousal because I was a twisted, sick creature. I thought of all the omegas I'd dated, hoping they might be the one. Then of all the boys I'd met and hated on sight because they never were the one. I couldn't have any of them, and they couldn't have me because my fucked-up genes insisted I wasn't allowed to procreate with anyone who wasn't a dragon mate. Why give dragon alphas any sex drive at all then? Why couldn't my dick stay limp until I found my fated mate?

Seth came before I did. He was yelling, then keening, then sobbing. I wasn't done, though. In the open space of my living room, the sounds of our fucking echoed around, bouncing off the glass walls and the surface of the water in my pool.

"Slow down, please," Seth gasped out.

Knowing I'd reached his limit brought me a strange sense of relief. I slowly dragged my dick through his bruised flesh and let the pleasure wipe my mind clean for a few frantic heartbeats.

When I poured my cum into him, I remained inside. I didn't soften. Not yet. That was the thing with a shifter's stamina—rarely could a human omega satisfy me. One of the many reasons I paid Seth for his insatiable, resilient body and compliant mind instead of trying to date. Circling my hips, I stretched him out wider, then I pulled out and flopped onto the second recliner, running my hand up and down my slippery cock.

My guest got up on shaky legs and went around the pool to the bar to pour us both a drink, whiskey for me and a gin cooler for him. He winced when he sat down next to me.

"I apologize," I muttered, guilt nagging at me. "We can leave it at this. You're sore."

Wiggling his butt, Seth grinned. “I told you I wanted it rough, and when I asked you to slow down, you did. You have nothing to apologize for. I’ll be good to go again in a few minutes.”

“You seemed to be in pain when you sat.”

“I overdid it at the gym last night. Leg day.” He winked. “I still want your cock.”

Thank fuck. “Glad you’re okay.”

He squinted at me, sipping his cooler, then he shook his head, smirking.

“You’re a strange one, Mr. Sullivan.”

I raised my eyebrows. “Am I?”

He shrugged noncommittally. “Not my typical client.”

“A single, busy man of a certain age and financial means. I thought I was the sex trade cliché.”

“Not at all. Most alphas hire escorts not because they can’t find a date, but because they enjoy having the power without putting in any effort. They want to use a body for pleasure without consequences.”

“That’s exactly what I’m doing.”

“Not really. You fuck me, but that’s it. You don’t get off on controlling me or humiliating me because I’m a whore you paid to do whatever you want. You don’t get off on the transaction. You just want simple cock-in-hole sex, like it’s a brushing of teeth.”

“I’ve tied you up a few times.”

He pointed a finger at me. “But you didn’t dominate me. No power exchange, no role play, nothing. You only worked to get us both off. Again, like a brushing of teeth. At the same time, you’re an attractive man who could date anyone and get his fix for free.”

I chuckled. “What I don’t pay you for is therapy, Seth.”

“You’re a nagging mystery to me.”

He had no idea what mysteries I was hiding.

“Why do you hire escorts, Mr. Sullivan?”

“Because it’s easy.”

“But you’re bored with it. It doesn’t satisfy you.”

I scoffed. “Your hole is oozing my cum as we speak.”

“That’s not satisfaction,” he cried, waving his hand dismissively. “That’s a mere physical release.”

“Why do you work as an escort, Seth?”

He narrowed his eyes, shaking his head. “Nuh-uh. We’re talking about you.”

“*You* are talking about me. And I have no idea why.”

“Like I said, you don’t fit the typical sex buyer profile, and I’ve been trying to figure you out for months.”

“I don’t have the least interest in talking about this.”

Seth finished his drink. “Spoilsport.”

“You’re getting rude, Seth.”

“And yet you still haven’t spanked me.” He winked. Did he want me to spank him? I could do that. But he stood abruptly, and I dismissed the idea. “Can I swim in your pool?” he asked.

“Sure. Just shower first, please.”

He threw me a “duh” look. Maybe he *was* insolent, just a little.

After taking a quick shower in the downstairs bathroom, he came back, naked, and dove into the pool without another word. I watched him do a few laps, then he climbed out and lay on the tiles, spreading his legs.

“I’m good to go.”

During the second round, I could truly enjoy the sensations without frustration and anger muddling my brain. I went deep and hard, once again grateful for Seth’s generous build, and savored the pliant flesh massaging my length. With his legs

folded to his chest, Seth shook in my grip, crying out, his muscles tensing. I didn't want him to get uncomfortable too soon. I grabbed his little cock in my fist, and he relaxed, moaning contentedly. I fucked two more orgasms out of him.

After a powerful climax of my own, I pulled out and wiped the worst of the mess with the towel. Then I sat back, dipping my feet in the cool water, and reached for my unfinished drink. The whiskey burned on my tongue and warmed my cold chest while I looked my fill. Seth knew what I was after. He held his legs under his knees, leaving his crease open for me. My cum slowly trickled out of his loose hole, together with a river of slick. His stretched rim was red and swollen. He looked like a porn star after a gang bang.

“You okay?”

“Yes.” He gave me a lazy smile. “You always make me come the hardest. Thank you.”

“You don't have to flatter me.”

“It's not flattery. You have a great dick and know how to use it. I'm always looking forward to our sessions.”

“Even though it's just simple cock-in-hole sex?”

“You're efficient and straightforward, taking your pleasure but making sure I get mine as well. I have zero complaints.”

“Next you're going to tell me I'm your favorite client.”

“You're not. But you're among the top three.”

I laughed. “Well, you're among my top three companions.” Actually, he was the only one remaining. He took whatever I dished out, didn't pause over my subtle anatomical disparities compared to human alphas, and didn't seem bothered by my occasional crass behavior.

Downing the rest of the whiskey, I stood and tugged him up as well. After the long fuck, Seth felt noodle-like against me. I handed him the towel while supporting him around his waist. By the time he was wrapped in it, he stood confidently on his feet.

“I'm sure you want your privacy now.”

I did. “Do you have a driver waiting for you?” It was one of the safe measures the agency provided—the drivers usually waited for the escorts outside the property.

“He should be by the gate. I’ll text him when I’m dressed.” He collected his clothes. “My employer is organizing a party this Friday, in the Rosebud club. I believe you’ve received an invitation.”

I paused. I had received it and briefly considered it. I used to frequent some high-class sex parties in Ardaine—one of my many attempts to kill time while waiting for the one who wasn’t coming—but it’d been a couple of years since I’d been to one. Was Seth asking me out? Was he interested in me as more than just a client? Did those questions he asked earlier have a deeper meaning than he’d admitted? I had to shut that down resolutely.

“I don’t want to change the nature of our interactions,” I said.

Seth grinned. “Relax. I already have a date for the occasion. I simply think you should do something to shake things up a little. Many local celebrities are coming in disguise. Plus, the boys who work for our agency have a right to choose which clients get an invitation. It’s a way to limit the number of less reasonable people. For your information, I personally vouched for you. It’s a great event, Mr. Sullivan. Loads of beautiful omegas looking for no-strings sex. Think about it.”

How arrogant was I? I thought he was hitting on me when he simply felt sorry for me. Even my escort was trying to fix me up with someone. I dragged a hand down my face. “I will. Thanks for tonight.”

“Definitely my pleasure,” Seth said pleasantly over his shoulder, already walking to the bathroom. He’d let himself out when he was done.

I showered in my ensuite upstairs. When I returned to the living room, Seth was gone. A couple of stained wet towels were neatly folded by the edge of the pool, and the recliners were straightened out. On the dark tile in front of them, I

spotted a few drops that obviously weren't water. Cum and slick. I dipped a corner of one towel into the pool and wiped the drops off. I'd bring the towels to the laundry room later.

All the traces of my visitor were now erased. How long had he stayed? An hour and a half? Maybe I should have taken him to the sex room and done a longer session.

The house felt empty as I strolled around and watered my plants. It was the one task I'd told my staff to leave up to me. I liked the quiet and comfort of the routine. While I was at it, I clipped off a few stray aerial roots of the sprawling monstera by the pool. Then I downed another drink and dove into the water. I was pleasantly sated, but it wasn't even midnight. If I fell asleep now, I'd be up and pacing at four.

Swimming soothed me the same way flying did. Maybe it stimulated the same part of my brain because, together with Seth's visits, it kept me in a tolerable mood. Except it seemed that despite the impersonal nature of our encounters, Seth was getting to know me, and that unsettled me. Having one sexual partner long term was a definite liability, and I'd gotten complacent. Feeling lonely right after he'd left was another warning sign.

Maybe I should go to the party.

MY INSOLENT MOUTH

Leo

Devon Hassel: *Where are you? Call me immediately.*

INSTEAD OF REPLYING, I put the phone on airplane mode and stuffed it into my side pocket. Devon was my personal security specialist—a fancy term for bodyguard—and since he wouldn't agree with where I was going, I'd conveniently forgotten to tell him. I hoped he wouldn't quit over this. I liked him way more than the previous one.

Devon was an omega—thank fuck—so no risk of me flirting with him when I was drunk or something similarly stupid to what I'd normally do. Considering the current threat, he'd advised me not to visit places where the old me would go. Meaning, I shouldn't go to kink clubs and sex parties, and I definitely shouldn't be showing off my half-naked body in search of endorphins and alpha cum.

Sadly, I had a history of doing stuff that was bad for me, oftentimes with significant collateral damage. To refrain, I needed to a) fully realize that it was actually bad for me and b) give enough fucks about myself. But I wasn't a good person, and maybe I deserved bad shit to happen to me. And so, here I was. Horny, not nearly afraid enough, dressed like the glamorous whore I was.

For the hundredth time, I told myself to go back to my apartment. Except it had been months since my escape to Ardaine, and I'd never felt so fucking lonely in my life. The constant fear had turned me into an involuntary hermit. Devon

would be so mad at me for sneaking out, but what was the point of him keeping me alive when I couldn't live? Fabio hadn't bothered me in months. Maybe he'd given up?

I adjusted my mask so it covered my face except for my lips and chin. Unless someone knew me personally and well, they wouldn't recognize me. Hopefully. The thin mirror distorted my body, making me look even skinnier than I was. I'd lost weight, not in a flattering way, but even so, I could still bed just about any alpha I wanted.

The sleek platform boots reached above my knees, hugging my legs like a second skin. The harness, besides sending the right signals about my preferences, framed my nipples. Together with my lips and ass, they were my best asset—big and puffy, they drove alphas wild. Now that I was only a month away from another heat, they looked darker. Juicy. If I could suck my own pecs, I'd sure as hell love to try. My cock had been half-hard and my asshole wet since I'd put on the new harness. The leather felt superb against my naked skin.

I turned my ass to the mirror to check the zipper on the back of my shorts. Twisting my arm, I pulled it down a little, just enough to expose the top of my crease. The dimples above my ass cheeks were showing nicely, glittering with the golden body butter I used. The outfit was in nude hues, almost the color of my skin. From far away or in club lighting, I'd look naked.

The door to the powder room squeaked, a signal for me to get out and mingle. *Showtime*. I lifted my chin, pushed back my shoulders, and using my sexiest strut, I walked out. The posh crowd of masked men seemed to part for me, hungry eyes eating me up, and I bit back a grin, adding an extra swish to my hips. The rush of excitement would never get old. I was hot as fuck and *wanted*.

Everyone here had the same goal—to get off as glamorously as possible with as low risk as possible. Some wore eye masks over their vaguely recognizable features, some covered their faces with lace or paint. The bodies were on display, though. I even saw a couple of omegas fully naked.

One of them was getting a hand job by the bar while a group of alphas looked on. He was collared—his partner held him on a chain, presenting him to others like a piece of meat. I averted my eyes. Chains made me sick.

After grabbing a drink, I walked to a less crowded part of the room. My courage faltered for a moment—it had been a long time since I'd put myself out there—but horniness was winning by a good margin.

The scent of slick and precum got thicker as the evening progressed, and it had me aching deep inside. I watched a pretty omega on the dancefloor, shaking his hips, his little cock hard, tenting his silky briefs. A lean, tall alpha slipped his hand into the man's crease, and the omega began riding his fingers for all to see.

Nobody was full-on fucking here in the main room. The Rosebud club provided a few bedrooms upstairs for that purpose. But there was enough action going on to get me buzzing. With each gulp of my drink, the fear disappeared deeper into my subconsciousness.

After months of celibacy, I'd get fucked tonight. I'd get properly railed. And if the first man finished too early, I'd go find another one. I'd return home bruised, sore, and dripping with cum.

I scanned the room, avoiding direct eye contact. A few of the alphas made my belly tingle. I liked rough, broad bodies and big hands, and a little bit of salt at the temples didn't put me off. Quite the opposite.

“Are you here alone?” a deep voice spoke right into my ear.

I jerked with surprise before turning toward the man. He had only a thin eye mask, making his facial features clearly distinguishable. He reminded me of someone, so maybe he was a public figure of some sort—not that I cared.

“At the moment,” I hedged.

“Can I touch you?”

Straight to the point. I liked that.

“Avoid the zipper in the back until I say otherwise.”

He nodded and skimmed his hand down my back. Cupping my ass, he waited for a reaction. I took a sip of my drink and continued people-watching. If he got me going, I'd tell him to unzip. If not, I'd leave.

With his other hand, he caressed my stomach, then circled his fingers around my left nipple.

“You have luscious nips. Can I have a taste?”

I met his eyes. His directness was comforting.

“You can.”

He bent down, keeping one hand on my ass, and pulled my nipple into his hot mouth. He suckled, humming. Then he gripped the harness and tugged me closer, opening his mouth wider. The sensation got me half-hard, a little bit of wetness gathering in my ass.

I caught a whiff of a scent from his head, and my stomach clenched. He smelled familiar, and not in a good way.

“Let go, now,” I blurted, barely keeping my voice level.

He obeyed immediately. “Everything okay?”

“I changed my mind.”

“Oh.” He looked me up and down, seeming confused. “You want me to leave you alone?”

“Yes.”

His mouth tightened with obvious displeasure, and for a moment, I was afraid he'd make demands. But he shrugged and disappeared into the grinding crowd on the dancefloor.

My heart thrashing, I backed away a few steps until my shoulder blades hit a wall. The smell had brought me back into Fabio's dining room, and I could almost hear the chains rattle. Blurred shapes gathered around me, smelling exactly like that man. I shook my head, trying to get rid of the intruding memories.

Coming here had been a spectacular mistake.

I finished the drink in one gulp, trying to calm down enough so I could think again. I should leave. If only a weak reminder of a certain alpha scent sent me into a panic, I had no business cruising a sex party on my own.

What had I been thinking? I was nowhere near ready for this.

Suddenly, I felt exposed. I reached back and tugged the zipper up. Still, the shorts revealed more than they hid.

I needed to go home and deal with the fallout tomorrow. Tonight, I'd hide in the shower with a dildo. Or even a small knot. I'd sleep with it inside me if necessary. It would be unsatisfying but safe.

It was so unfair! Sex and kink had been my main coping mechanisms since forever. A hard cock plunging into my hole was the one thing I could always rely on to make me feel good about my pathetic existence. Then Fabio ruined everything.

Stop ruminating and move. Go home.

Determined, I pushed off the wall and turned toward the cloakroom by the exit, only to smack into a hard chest. Hot palms grabbed my shoulders, steadying me. My glass had been empty, so at least I didn't soak the man's shirt.

"Watch it," I mumbled, about to walk around him.

Except his hands on my shoulders tightened.

He inhaled loudly, then bent lower, his breath skimming my forehead. Was he scenting me?

"Wait a second," he rasped.

Startled by the deep, husky voice, I looked up, and up... and froze.

The eyes staring down at me had the strangest hues. They went from dark brown to copper to almost orange around the man's pupils. A simple black mask framed the fiery orbs. How come his eye color was so distinct in the dim light of the club? Like glowing amber.

His hands weighed on my shoulders, burning. Why wasn't he moving away from me?

The corners of his mouth turned down, and his nostrils flared. He looked annoyed. Black beard with ribbons of silver, strong jaw, thick neck, torso of a weightlifter and bulging pecs squeezed in a black shirt, the top buttons open. His luxury, tailored jacket stretched over his magnificent shoulders.

The scent coming from the exposed V of his chest was nothing like any alpha I'd ever smelled before. No musk or sweat and no cologne. Not even a hint of what had made me freak out before. This mountain of a man smelled like fresh air, like a sea breeze in the spring after it'd rained.

My sudden arousal felt disorienting. What was I...? Oh. I wanted to get out of here. I should.

Don't get distracted now.

"Club rules. You're not allowed to touch me unless I clearly consent. Let go, hulk." I didn't mean to sound bitchy, but the words simply tumbled out, my automatic defense systems fully charged and ready.

He emanated warmth, and he was still looking down at me, holding me in place by my shoulders. His strange eyes flashed with anger.

"You smacked into me." Gravelly, rough voice. Sexy as fuck.

"You're a fucking bulldozer," I cried. It hadn't been his fault—I knew that. But his eyes unnerved me.

He scoffed. "I apologize for walking by."

He let go of me, but for some stupid reason, I stood there and stared at him. His clear scent did things to me. Desire, yes, but alongside it...a rush of inexplicable excitement. His amber eyes narrowed, pinned on me with laser-sharp focus, and he sniffed again.

Leaning closer, he skimmed his hand along my collarbones, a featherlight touch that had me shivering. The

next second, he fisted the middle belt on my harness, tugging me closer. He looked furious.

Fuck.

“How about, in lieu of an apology, I shove my fingers up your ass?”

Fucking fuck.

I forgot where I was going and why. Another gulp of his scent, and I was wet already. So wet.

“Do you consent?” he asked.

With my face tilted up and mouth open, I strained toward the magically smelling stranger like a baby bird about to be fed.

“Do you?” he repeated.

I tried to nod. “Yeah.”

Keeping a firm hold on my harness, he licked into my mouth.

Aah. Please...

He was an expert kisser, perfect pressure, deep enough to tease, dominant yet somehow tender. His taste had me moaning—chili, fire, and smoke—had he been drinking whiskey? My legs moved as if he had them on strings. He pushed me into a corner, shoved his thigh between mine, and pressed his immense body against me. The kiss turned filthy. Biting, licking, sucking... He devoured me.

When he pulled back, I was panting.

“What’s that scent, hm?” he spat. “Some engineered perfume you little sirens now use to drive a man insane?”

I didn’t bother responding. Besides, it was he who smelled and tasted strange. Drugging. I just looked at him, mouth open, waiting for more. He kissed me again, ruthlessly and deliciously. The sound of the zipper on the back of my shorts didn’t even startle me.

I wanted it.

He rubbed through my crease with rough fingers, smearing slick around my hole, and I humped his leg shamelessly, sucking on his tongue like I longed to suck on his fingers. His dick. How long had it been since I'd last had a hefty alpha cock in my mouth? Way too long. The erection I felt pressing against me was in proportion to his impressive build, and I wanted to see it. Hold it.

Would it fit inside me?

As soon as I thought of it, my hole fluttered, and the ache bloomed, severe and unforgiving. The man's touch sent me into a state of such need I was in pain.

He groaned as I felt fresh slick seep from my ass. Breaking the kiss, he put his wet finger into his mouth and *growled*. I'd never heard a man make such a sound.

"Bulldozer, you say. Yeah, I could squish you like a bug. But you like it, don't you?"

Not waiting for an answer, he drove two fingers into me and began pumping. Fast and hard, muffling my cries with his tongue deep in my mouth, like he was on a mission to make me come right then and there.

I was at his mercy, and it felt amazing. The alpha's callous and insistent touch made my hole sing with joy. I couldn't keep up with the kiss, and he leaned back, just glaring at me like he hated me even as he was doing his best to get me off.

He thrust his fingers into me with force, and I let him see it all. I moaned and licked my lips, twitched and panted, until the pleasure got too much, and I closed my eyes, my head lolling backward. *Let him see. Let him marvel at how beautiful I am when I'm getting fucked.* The damned mask was in the way.

"Not so mouthy now, are you?" *No, sir.* He was big, angry, and demanding. The stupid slut in me wanted him to get mad as hell and then fucking ruin me with his dick. "Give it to me, c'mon, clench."

I obeyed, tightening my inner muscles, and he hummed appreciatively. "Well trained. Do you have a slutty ass, omega?"

He had no idea. I nodded vigorously, and he chuckled.

“Thought so. Clench again. Work for it.”

Grunting, I squeezed his fingers as tight as I could.

“Obedient. You deserve a reward.”

With that, he worked a third finger into me, stretching me out like he wanted to crawl inside my guts. Groaning, I bore down to take him in deeper, and the fullness sent a rush of exhilaration through me.

“Yeah. You like that. Big, horny hole.”

Then he fluttered his fingers, and I cried out from the delicious assault. He was hitting all the right spots.

“You think you’re something special, pretty boy?”

I shook my head. It was like he could read my mind, guessing all my kinks within seconds of meeting me.

“What are you, then?”

I whimpered. He pushed, almost lifting me up impaled on his fingers. My legs shook.

“What are you?”

“Mmm... I’m a slut. Just a hole.”

He resumed the fucking motion, making me groan from deep in my stomach. “Yes, that’s right. Look at you. So wet. You’re a wanton slut. A big hungry hole.”

Oh yeah. I was a filthy whore about to come on a stranger’s fingers in a crowded sex club. In my element. The true me.

“I’m fucked-up and depraved. Nothing...but a piece of meat. Need you to fill my whore hole. Fuck it. Fuck it hard.” My mumbles were slurred, but he must have heard.

He laughed, the sound dark and delicious. “Whore hole? Oh, you’re precious. I’ll fuck you hard, don’t worry. Use you like the trash you are.”

He could throw slurs at me and ridicule me all night. Slap me, spit on me, jerk off on me. I’d almost forgotten how sweet

the relief felt. I'd missed this so much. I welcomed the shame and embraced it, grinding on the man's hand with abandon.

"Come, you big sloppy hole. Show me."

His command squeezed my balls. His scent intensified, wrapping me up and seeping into me, reaching deep inside me just like his thick fingers. My shorts filled with cum, my hole pulsating, nipples throbbing. I keened.

"That's it." His voice was close now, right in my ear. "You like being my fuckhole, hm? You're clenching like crazy. Suck on my fingers, bitch. Suck them with your ass."

His demeaning words only prolonged my orgasm. I shook, pushing down, craving the feel of his fingers as deep as possible. He held me up, or I'd have collapsed to the floor.

When I stopped convulsing, my guts buzzing with aftershocks, I peeled my eyes open and looked up at him. The arrogant smirk combined with the sizzling desire in his eyes made me want to kneel for him and have him call me appalling names while I choked on his dick. Wanting to please him, I tightened my inner muscles one last time. I gasped, his fingers digging into the now oversensitive tissue in my ass. He hummed with approval.

"Your little shorts must be a mess."

I nodded, incapable of speech.

Slowly, torturously slowly, he withdrew his fingers, staring at my face with hypnotizing intensity. My stretched rim twitched, making me whimper. The man's strange eyes glowed with open fire. Did he wear tinted contacts? Fabio did. I didn't like the reminder. But then the stranger brought his fingers to his mouth and sucked them clean, his chest rumbling with those animalistic growls, and I happily forgot about the past.

"What are you into?" he rasped. "Aside from dirty talk and shaming."

Whatever you want to do to me.

Dazed, I searched my brain for words. Any words.

“Your limits. I want to fuck you, but as you said, there are rules.”

I blinked. *C'mon, you stupid slut. You want cock? Speak.* “I like my nipples sucked and bitten. Spanking and rimming. Hard deep fucking. You'll hold me by the harness and do me on my knees from behind, and you'll last long.” And he was great at the dirty talk, wasn't he? “You'll swear at me, threaten me, and call me names while you fuck me. I want to be fucking railed and treated like a thing. No bondage, no bruises, no piss or shit, and no blood. You'll make me come first, then you'll cream my ass. Immediately after that, you'll leave me alone.” The words piled up, coming from some long-forgotten dark closet in my brain this man had unlocked. *No bondage.* I did have enough sense to say that, at least, even though he might have hypnotized me.

“Sounds good,” he replied, smirking. He still looked angry, but it only turned me on more.

He grabbed me by the harness between my shoulder blades and led me to the grand staircase. We passed others—some pausing to kiss and grope on their way up, some on their way down on unsteady feet. My companion strode fast and purposefully, and his fist in the middle of my back felt like a branding iron.

My shorts were still unzipped at the back, my wet ass cheeks exposed. My cum seeped into the flimsy jockstrap I wore under the shorts, and I felt dirty. Deliciously dirty. The alpha was probably another aggressive, controlling fucker I should stay away from. Who cared? The club rules would keep me safe while he fucked my brains out. I couldn't wait.

He ran his fingers along my crease as we walked down a hallway. At the very end of the corridor, he paused in front of a double door. After swiping a card through the lock, he pushed the door open.

A private suite.

So he was some kind of a VIP here.

“Can I offer you a drink?”

Was he suddenly going to be nice? I didn't want that. I wanted the ruthless jerk who'd call me a bitch while plowing me like a machine. The longer I waited, the bigger the chance I'd chicken out. And I needed the promised hard ride so much I could have wept. The pull to provoke him, to make him flip out and anger-fuck me, was irresistible.

"I can get a drink from anyone downstairs. Take your dick out."

He blinked with surprise but then grinned wolfishly. Grabbing me by the harness, he pushed me against the wall by the door.

"You're rude, boy. You could get a regular out of this if you tried a little harder."

What was he talking about? "I'm not interested in regulars, grandpa."

The low jab at his age only made him smile wider.

"You think you're hot, so you get away with treating people like shit, don't you? But in your business, you'd better learn to please. In a few years, your ass won't be perky enough to compensate for your attitude."

In my business... Confused, I cocked my head to the side, trying to puzzle the pieces together. "You think I'm a whore?" *Well, I am, but I only do it for free.*

He let go of the harness, leaning away with a frown. "I prefer the term escort. Aren't you?"

"No! What the fuck?" Did he think he was hiring a prostitute? There went my promised dicking. "I'm leaving." I moved to the door, but he braced his arm on the wall, blocking my way.

"My apologies. I must have misunderstood. There are a lot of escorts among the people downstairs, but I shouldn't have assumed." He gritted out the apology like he hated saying it.

"You seem like you have experience in fucking whores."

"I do. I have a high opinion of them, too."

“You should have recognized I wasn’t one.”

“Oh really? What should have tipped me off? Your modest attire, Mr. I’m-a-slut? Or your dry, virginal hole?”

“Fuck you!”

He gripped the harness again, almost lifting me off the floor, and my traitorous body lit up with renewed arousal.

“If you’re trying to rile me up, it’s working. I’m going to spank the attitude out of you.”

Even if I wanted to, I didn’t have time to argue because he flipped me and pushed me face-first into a wall.

“Safe word?”

“I…” *I don’t want any.*

“Just say no anytime,” he bit out.

The next second, my cum-stained shorts and jockstrap were on the floor by my feet. He left the harness and the boots, and I imagined how I must look—standing with my legs spread, bare ass on display, high boots and harness, and nothing else. My cock was hard again, sticking out proudly, the small sapphire at the tip glittering.

He grabbed my ass cheeks, spreading them wide, and licked. His coarse beard scratched my sensitive skin, and his thick wet tongue delved inside me without preamble. All my anger, fear, and want merged into a fiery ball that settled in my underbelly.

Damn, that felt good. I pushed my ass out for more, and he licked deeper, humming.

This didn’t feel like the usual let’s-get-him-ready rimming. He ate at me with hunger, suckling and licking as if he wanted to consume me. He slurped up all the slick he teased out of me, groaning after each swallow. And I realized with a surge of lust he was rimming me so he could *drink my slick*.

Then all of a sudden, he pulled back and slapped my ass, hard.

I yelped, but the sting bloomed into a delicious warmth. Another spank. God, I'd missed this!

“How come you taste so good, hm?”

One more.

“Will it get you leaking if I spank you harder?”

I nodded on a whimper.

Oh please, it's been so long.

Smack. Smack. Smack.

“Fucking brat.”

The blows fell one after another, and I moaned and cried and sobbed, grappling at the wall.

“Push your ass out. That's it. That's what you need, horny bitch.”

My ass was burning all over, but I arched my spine and wiggled it at him, vying for more. Because he was right. I needed this. If I could, I'd get spanked every morning and every night.

After a few more slaps, he squeezed my ass cheeks and dove in, lapping at my hole, making hungry humming and slurping sounds.

“Such a tasty ass. You're leaking honey, pretty boy.”

He licked up everything, then he spanked me again. He alternated between rimming and spanking several times—I lost count. I was a whimpering mess, my legs shaking. He told me I was a slut, a greedy, filthy, fucked-out hole. He delivered everything I asked for and more. My absolute favorite was “I'll shut you up with my dick, you fucking bitch” in his throaty, rough bass, his words timed to the rhythm of his palm on my skin. His fingers dug into my ass cheeks painfully hard, and his tongue reached so deep I saw stars. My hole softened, loose enough to take a fist, and released another gush of slick. The man moaned, the sound surprisingly high-pitched, as if he were in acute pain. He squeezed my cock in his other hand,

and I lost it again. Rubbing my ass on his face, riding his tongue, I came with a vengeance.

He gulped everything I'd released and licked over my hole with the flat of his tongue like I was ice cream. Then he flipped me and sucked my cock clean.

With the tip of his finger, he poked at the piercing in my cockhead and smirked.

“You do like pain, don't you?”

“No.” A blatant lie.

“This must have hurt.”

“None of your business.” After the spanking, my voice had softened, and I was struggling to uphold my defiance. I was ready to beg him for another kiss, dammit.

He slid his gaze up my body, curling his lip in displeasure. “But you're not my type. Too skinny.”

He was exactly my type. *Mean, aggressive, big, and bad for me.* “And you're too old. Do you need to rest your knees?”

The alpha rose and loomed over me, more than a head taller than me and twice as broad. I hadn't known people even came in this size. His blazing eyes bore into mine, and I felt like a mouse facing a tiger.

“I'm going to hold my hand over your insolent mouth, shove my dick up your hole, and fuck you until I break you. Good with that?”

“If you can last long enough, sure.” Why was I taunting him? Was I suicidal?

He narrowed his eyes, his lips curving into a sensual smirk. “Too bad you said no bruises. A bench and a paddle would do you good.”

A part of me wanted that. Craved that. *No bondage, no bruises, you whore.* “Dream on. I came up here to get a big cock in my ass. Fuck me now, or I'm leaving.”

His smirk widened. “Oh, you're a treasure, aren't you?” He licked a path from my neck to my ear, grazing my skin

with his teeth. The move was so sexy it took all my self-control not to whimper like the meek little omega he wanted me to be. “It’s big, don’t worry,” he rasped into my ear. “So big, it’ll hurt you deep inside.” And he bit my ear.

The distinct hardness of his dick pressed into my hip through the fabric of his pants, and my hole quivered. I ached for a pounding. Rough and thorough, until I forgot my own name. I wanted him to make me shut up and take it.

“I think I’ll do you right here, against the wall. Are you going to beg for my dick, omega?”

I so would have. I would have swallowed my pride and pleaded for him to fuck me so hard I’d never close my legs again.

Except he grabbed me by my throat, and for some reason which lurked hidden among my well-suppressed memories, *that* flipped my freak switch. All the taunts, the jokes, the game we’d been playing to rile each other up, it all turned to ashes.

The floor opened under my feet, and I wavered above the dark abyss full of terror about to swallow me up.

Get away from him. Now.

His thumb pressed onto my pulse point under my jaw. Cold sweat covered my skin. I couldn’t breathe.

Looking confused, he let go of me, taking a step back. I tried to pull air into my lungs, but my throat just closed up. The harness that had felt cozy a minute ago was all but strangling me now.

Name five objects in the room. Coffee table. Vase. Breathe. Vase. Nightstand. Fucking breathe! Five objects...

The alpha took another step away from me.

“Are you going to be sick?” The fire in his eyes died out. They were brown now with a hint of copper. Kind. Concerned. “It’s okay. I won’t hurt you. It’s okay.” How would he look without the mask? It covered his eyebrows.

My chest burned, and finally, I gasped for air.

“It’s all just a game. I wasn’t going to hurt you, you know that, right? You’re okay.”

That’s your window. Leave.

Panting, I found my shorts on the floor. They were wet with bodily fluids, but I ignored that and frantically pulled them on over my boots. I left the jockstrap on the floor. No time to be fussy.

“Hey, it’s okay,” the alpha murmured. “Let me help you.” Was he trying for a soothing tone? It wasn’t working.

I was going to be sick.

My hands shook so much they vibrated. My phone. Where was my phone? Ah, the clever side pocket in my shorts. Still there.

Breathe. Breathe. Don’t puke.

I grabbed the doorhandle, burst into the hallway, and ran.

When I looked over my shoulder at the top of the stairs, he wasn’t following me.

Coat. I needed my coat. I couldn’t go out wearing only *this*. My shorts were sticky with cum, and I reeked of sex.

The omega at the cloakroom must have thought I was ill. He even asked if he should call someone to get me. I shook my head and grabbed my coat.

A few seconds later, I stumbled out onto the street.

My heart was beating its way out of my chest, but I could breathe again. The cold air helped. I tied the trench coat around my waist and began walking.

It had been a near miss, but I’d managed the looming panic attack surprisingly well. Right now, I could have been lying on the floor upstairs, rolling in my own vomit. That the alpha backed off so quickly helped immensely. He wasn’t an aggressive jerk after all, just a kinky old man who enjoyed degrading pretty young boys like me but would respect their limits. We could have been a good fit, all things considered.

He probably wasn't even that old, maybe just prematurely gray. His body, yum. And his scent!

What a shame.

I was pissed and just plain sad. I wiped my face, and my nail snagged at the mask I was still wearing. I tore it off and threw it into a trash bin I was passing. Then I rubbed my eyes, realizing too late I must have smeared eyeliner everywhere.

So I wouldn't have a cock inside me after all since I couldn't get through a hot encounter without a panic attack.

Fucking Fabio.

I needed to walk off the adrenaline. Moving was the only thing that helped.

This part of Ardaine was busy even late at night, and relatively safe with the posh clubs and restaurants lining the streets. The suited-up bouncers standing here and there gave it some semblance of safety.

I'd walk for a few blocks, then get a cab home.

HOW TO KILL A DRAGON

Davidson

STUNNED, I stared at the open door. The omega had looked terrified before he ran.

Don't go after him. Let him leave.

But he'd just come on my tongue, yelling his lungs out. He'd asked for a rough ride, stating his preferences like a seasoned kinkster, and then he kept taunting me like he wanted to be disciplined. He was obviously harboring strong submissive desires under the thick layer of defiance. Making him beg could have been fun.

Had he changed his mind? He was allowed to. Judging by the way he looked and how he'd acted downstairs, the omega changed his mind infuriatingly often. He was one of those who thought a pretty face and a firm ass gave them a free pass in anything and everything. To sum up, he was too much work for a meager reward.

But his fear? That had been real.

He'd stared at me like I'd been about to dismember him.

I wiped my mouth, the taste of him stuck in my beard. My stomach clenched.

Nobody had ever tasted like that. And he was running away from me.

The first whiff of his scent downstairs had me all but coming in my pants. His slick in my mouth when he came did it. Damn. I hadn't come in my underwear in a good thirty

years. My briefs were wet with fresh release, yet I was still so hard I could hammer nails with my dick.

Those lips with that little birthmark above. All the winged monsters in hell, he had the most gorgeous full lips I'd ever seen. Pouty, pink, with a beautiful little divot at the top, making them look vulnerable while violently erotic, and... argh! To feel them around my dick... No. I didn't allow blow jobs, for plenty of good reasons. What a shame.

The door began closing, probably a draft, and I stood there like a statue. I couldn't go after him. Consent and all of that.

I closed my eyes and clenched my hands into fists. My cock pulsed, but I shut that down. He was just another of many. No difference. Pretty faces, tight holes, needy cries when you fuck them hard...and empty heads. If I could go without sex, I'd never touch another omega for the rest of my life.

Another fucking siren.

But something wasn't right.

His cockiness and naked want, his fear, his scent... Something urged me to find him, and it wasn't lust.

He'll think I'm a stalker. And he's not worth it.

I licked my lips. Sniffed my fingers. *Don't. Just don't.*

Breathing in deeper, I growled. The scent branded me on the inside.

I threw the door open so fast it banged into the wall.

"You stupid old fucker, what are you doing?" I muttered to myself as I hurried down the stairs and pushed through the crowd out onto the street. I looked around, searching for a familiar blond head.

There he was, at the end of the block. Wrapped in a gray coat, he rushed away, his nude boots clacking noisily.

What the hell are you doing, Davidson?

It was the dragon. The dragon was urging me to go after the omega. Which was all kinds of stupid and dangerous.

Nobody's ever tasted or smelled like that.

I made myself stop in the middle of the street. The omega was speeding up toward the city center. I had to let him go. The dragon reared in my head, my temples prickled, and my spine itched.

I made a step forward and stopped again.

Who was this boy?

A high-maintenance brat. That was what he was. What the fuck had he done to me? His taste lingered in my mouth, and his scent still burned in my lungs.

Mate, the dragon hissed. *Mate*.

No. That couldn't be.

Mate.

Bullshit! One didn't just randomly find a mate at a kinky party.

Let. Him. Go.

And I would have had enough strength and self-control to turn around and go home. I would have messaged Seth to please, meet me tomorrow already and let me work him over in the sex room for the whole night. That should have been the end of this madness.

Except just then, a flashy black sedan stopped by the curb, and two alphas in dark suits stepped out. They strode swiftly in the same direction my omega was disappearing. *My omega*.

The hairs on my neck rose, my muscles tensing.

Acting on pure instinct, I took off after the men.

My omega looked over his shoulder, noticing the two alphas following him. He shot off like a rocket, running for his life. The alphas jogged after him, their body language disconcertingly relaxed, like they were sure their prey had nowhere to go.

What have I gotten myself into?

I sped up.

The omega swung to the left, his followers on his heels. Left again. Didn't the boy know this part of the city? Apparently not.

I slowed down in front of the last corner, knowing what I'd find. The alley was a dead end. I peeked around the brick wall.

Fucking shit.

Those fuckers had guns. I, of course, didn't have one. Why would I? It wouldn't help me anyway. We would only end up in a shoot-out, and the omega would get hurt. I plastered myself to the wall. *Think.* I couldn't shift in the middle of the street, and even if I did, they could still shoot me. Which they would. You're holding a gun, and a dragon charges at you? Whether you believe in dragons or not, you shoot. You might not think you can kill it, but you sure fucking shoot.

I wasn't keen on showing these guys how easy it was to kill a dragon when you happened to hit the right spot.

"You're coming with us, Mr. Chase. The car will be here in a minute." The voice sounded hoarse and squeaky. The man must have been a heavy smoker.

The omega gave out a harsh laugh. *Mr. Chase.* Good to know.

"No."

"You'll be comfortable. We have a private jet waiting for you at the airport."

"You can't just kidnap me."

Could I wait for them to get in the car and take them out in the air on their way? But if they crashed or accidentally shot the omega... No.

"We'll accompany you, so you'll be safe on your way back home."

"Tell Fabio my home is here, in Ardaine."

Who was Fabio?

I looked up. A fire escape. What a cliché. I jumped, grabbing the railing of the balcony above me. Three stories to

go. I paused on the last landing to listen.

“Mr. Chase, we don’t want to hurt you, but we do have a specific list of injuries that we’re allowed to inflict in case you’re unwilling to cooperate. We’ll wait for the car, and you’ll get in without a struggle.”

“What does Fabio think I’ll do? Just come back and play his houseboy for the rest of my life? Tell him to go fuck himself. I’m not going anywhere.”

“I’m afraid you don’t get any say in that.”

I climbed up onto the roof and hurried to the edge. There they were. My omega stood with his back to a dumpster, the two alphas in front of him with their handguns aimed at him.

He was crying. Two streaks of tears ran down his cheeks smeared with dark makeup. This was the first time I’d seen him unmasked, and my heart clenched at the sight. Even harried, he looked like something made from starlight. No wonder this Fabio was having a hard time giving him up.

I tore my jacket off and unbuckled the belt. My phone and keys were in the pockets, so I’d have to grab it later.

“We got him,” said one of the alphas into a hands-free set. “Yeah. Just follow my location.”

The car was coming. I had to be quick.

In the end, the dragon decided for me.

Mate, he whispered.

My spine popped, and the familiar fire soared through my muscles. My pants, shirt, and socks got shredded in the process. I briefly considered if the roof would hold my weight but decided to take my chances. It did hold for the couple of seconds I stood on it fully shifted.

I waved my wings, using my tail to push off the roof, then I hovered above the alley.

The men looked around, startled by the noises I was making, but none of them thought of glancing upward. One

swing of my tail sent them both into the brick wall, guns clattering.

My omega stood frozen, gaping up at me. He was so pale.

Terrified.

Talons scraping down the walls, I came crashing into the narrow street. There was not enough room to land properly, and as I flapped my wings to slow down my fall, I sent plaster and dust all over the place.

I grabbed him as he was, wrapping my claws around him, and climbed up, bracing my hind legs against the opposite walls until I was high enough to spread my wings above the rooftops. Some bricks broke out and fell. One of the alphas groaned in pain on impact. *Good.*

Diving above the roof, I picked up my suit jacket with my hind claws. The boy screamed, the sound like a stab to my heart.

He probably thought he was worse off. Instead of two armed alphas, he was now being kidnapped by a mythical creature the size of a small Boeing.

What the fuck are you doing, Davidson?

Ardaine glittered around us as I flew through the night. Good thing people couldn't see me in flight without sunlight, or I'd be all over the news tomorrow. Even so, I gave a wide berth to the two police helicopters I noticed above the cityscape.

The omega, Mr. Chase, was whimpering, shaking like a leaf. I tucked him to my chest to shield him from the wind. He'd be in shock.

But what else was I supposed to have done? Let them take him away from me? I'd just found him. I needed to get him home. Holding him tight, I pushed against the breeze, gathering speed.

Leaving the crowded city behind me, I landed on my property ten minutes later. The house was dark, all staff gone

for the night. I put the omega on his feet, and he crumbled to his knees.

I had to shift before he took a better look at me. Closing my eyes, I went through the ordeal, the familiar snapping and whooshing sounds spreading through the still night air.

In a few seconds, I stood naked on my lawn, holding my suit jacket in my hand.

The omega glanced up at me, mouth open. He was shaking. The night was hot, and I hadn't flown too high, so he shouldn't be freezing. It must have been fear that made him tremble.

Without thinking, I shrugged into the suit jacket and felt even more like a fool. My naked dick swung between my legs, but at least I was suited up. I could almost hear the proverbial goblins cackle.

The omega was still looking at me, unblinking. Was he a little green in the face, or was it the effect of the dim lights lining my lawn?

When he convulsed and heaved, I had my answer. He vomited loudly, gasped a few times, and threw up again.

Shit.

I hurried to his side, supporting him with one arm around his chest. Putting my hand on his forehead, I waited as he dry-heaved some more.

“You’re safe. I got you. Nobody’s kidnapping anyone.”

Wiping his mouth, he threw me a look like I was crazy.

“Where am I?”

I pointed at my house. “My home.”

“Do you drink whiskey?”

Ignoring his non sequitur, I sniffed his messy, sweaty hair. The dragon rattled the cage.

Mate.

Which was impossible, but I'd deal with that nonsense later. Now that I was human again, the dragon's voice was weaker, easier to ignore.

“Can you walk?”

He clambered to his feet and blinked up at me. His gaze was sharp, and he looked exquisite without his mask. Full lips, big, almost turquoise eyes framed by long lashes, geometrically perfect eyebrows, straight smallish nose, regal bone structure. I vaguely recognized his features. He looked like one of those men on billboards downtown, like he fell out of a perfume or underwear ad. Except he was way prettier than those airbrushed wax figurines.

I was staring into the single most beautiful face I had ever seen up close. Even with the smeared makeup and tears, pale and sick, the omega looked fairylike. And he seemed admirably alert under the circumstances.

“You?!” He stepped back, but I kept my hand on his biceps, unwilling to let go of him. He ripped his arm away, swaying before he found his footing, standing with his legs and arms spread as if he needed the extra support to keep himself upright. He shook his head disbelievingly.

“It is you.” He sounded outraged. Considering how hard I'd made him come earlier, I would have expected him to be less disappointed in seeing me again. *Maybe it was the toothy muzzle that put him off.*

“My name is Davidson Sullivan.”

I wanted him to feel safer, but was it thoughtless of me to say my real name like that? Nobody would believe him if he claimed that I was a dragon who'd demolished a back alley and flown him to his mansion in the woods. On the other hand, he could tell the media that Davidson Sullivan frequented kinky parties, which could become an issue.

But something told me that my omega already had too many problems on his plate and wouldn't waste his time blabbing to the tabloids.

Grimacing, he unceremoniously spat out some saliva—understandable after vomiting all over my lawn. He briefly scanned his surroundings before looking me up and down.

“You’re naked.”

“I have a jacket.” I didn’t know why I felt the need to point it out.

He gestured to my groin with a shaking hand. “That’s a dick.”

“Yes. Are you in shock?”

“It’s huge, but no.”

That took me a second. “I meant—”

“I know what you meant!” he snapped, throwing his arms in the air, his long coat fluttering around his slim body. “Two gorillas with guns tried to kidnap me, and then a freaking pterodactyl picked me up on the street and flew me here, into the middle of nowhere. So yeah, maybe I am in shock. I don’t know. You tell me, Mr. I-Have-a-Jacket, should I be in shock?”

“Davidson is the name. And you’ve been picked up by a dragon, not a pterodactyl.”

“A dragon.”

“Yes. A dragon shifter to be precise.”

He glowered at me, but his chin trembled, ruining the effect of his otherwise impressive bitch face. “I don’t give a shit about which species of hallucination it was. Seems I’ll wake up with the hangover of a lifetime tomorrow, and for that, I need my bed and bathroom. I want to go home.”

I would have laughed because Mr. Chase had a sharp wit to go with his staggering beauty. Except there was nothing laughable about his predicament.

“The men who tried to take you. Do they know where you live?”

He froze, his pale face going blank. Then he dug the heels of his hands into his eye sockets, kneading. “Fuck. Shit.

Fucking fuck.”

What was the protocol here? I’d brought him here, and now what? Would he accept if I invited him inside? Would he tell me who’d tried to take him and why? Could I do something to protect him? Should I even care? The idea of letting him leave and never seeing him again made me red-hot mad. I clenched my fists. It was imperative I got him inside my home. The dragon paced, itching for a fight, his instincts all over the place. He needed the omega safe, in my home. *We found a rare gem. Let’s bring it to the lair and lock the doors.* Yeah, right. I tried to be rational and think around the haze of fury and want.

“Could they have tracked your phone?”

My omega shook his head, still hiding his face in his palms. “They must have followed me to the club and waited for me outside.”

“So they might know where you live.”

Suddenly, he faltered, clearly about to fall, and I hurried to catch his elbow. He flinched away at first, but then he leaned on me heavily.

“To answer your earlier question, yes, I do have whiskey,” I said. “And you need it. Let’s get you inside.”

He stumbled by my side, trembling all over. Out of all my conquests, I’d messed this one up in the worst way, hadn’t I?

“Will you...eat me?” he asked after a few steps, sounding like he meant it.

“I already did. You were delicious.”

He groaned at my stupid joke. “The thing you were before...”

“A dragon. No, I don’t feed on people.”

“That’s what you’d say, of course.”

“If I wanted to hurt you, I’d have already done it.”

“Unless you want to grab some toppings with your dinner.”

This time I couldn't help it and laughed. "I do like my steak with all the trimmings, not going to lie. But I'm sure you taste much better alive than dead."

He scoffed but let me lead him into the house.

I pulled out my phone from my jacket pocket and used the app to hit the lights in the atrium. I chose the dimmed evening setting so as not to blind my guest. He gazed around, gasping audibly.

"Why is everything black?"

"Um. Personal taste."

"Are you a psychopath?"

Why did his insult make me chuckle? "I hope not."

"So you change into a giant reptile—"

"Dragon."

"Whatever. You change into a dragon, frequent sex clubs, and your house is decorated like a goth funeral home..." He trailed off, slowing down his already sluggish pace.

"And you are wondering whether you're better off with me or out there with Fabio's goons on your heels?"

He sucked in a breath at my use of the name.

"How do you know about him?"

"I heard you say the name in the alley."

He nodded to himself, as if the answer had appeased him. "I need the whiskey. I don't want to throw up again."

"This way." I brought him to the living room, using my phone to engage the alarm on all the entry doors to the house. I usually didn't bother when I was at home, but today, I wouldn't take any chances.

I sat my omega on the sofa by the pool bar and poured him his drink.

He took a large gulp and grimaced, looking me up and down.

“Could you put on some pants? It’s distracting.”

Oh right. My dick was still showing, and the jacket must have made me look especially ridiculous.

Except I didn’t want to let Mr. Chase out of my sight. Not even for a minute. I reminded myself the doors were secure and the alarm would go off if he tried to leave.

Deliberately slowly, I walked out of the living room, my neck prickling with awareness. Then I took the stairs three at a time. I dragged on the first pair of pants I found, black jeans, and unlocked my phone. Because there was a good chance that with his face, Mr. Chase had done something to land him a place in browser searches.

He did look familiar, but I would have remembered someone so beautiful.

Staring at the blank screen of the browser, I suddenly connected the dots. The cover model at the office a few days ago. Was that him? Blond lashes, deep-blue eyes, the birthmark above his lip. What were the chances?

I swiftly typed the keywords.

Chase, omega, model, Dalton City

The first few results were ridiculous. Career advice on becoming a model. No, thank you. Chasing models. Ugh. And then...

Leonard Chase

I clicked on the underwear ad image and stared, open-mouthed. Was he even human?

His lips were parted, eyelids drooping, his expression undeniably sexual. He was wearing white lace briefs and an open white dress shirt, one nipple showing. Big, puffy, pink nipple. It must have been smeared with some oil for the photoshoot because it glistened. With one hand, he cupped his smooth belly. The ad basically screamed, “Breed me!” Holy fucking insanity. I quickly saved the image to my phone.

The information online about Leonard Chase was abundant. Seven-year-long modeling career, a beauty brand

with its base in Dalton City, and a line of erotic lingerie. Named by some magazines as the most beautiful omega in the country three years in a row, followed by a few dating scandals, and substance abuse allegations. And... *Huh*. Relinquished control of his businesses and disappeared from public life earlier this year, rumored to be abroad or in rehab.

So that was why he looked familiar. Even though I didn't follow any gossip magazines and didn't have use for the products he promoted, I'd glimpsed his face before, maybe even several times.

He obviously wasn't abroad or in rehab.

Another search on *Leonard Chase, Fabio* found me a Fabio Altera, a Dalton City entrepreneur and, *would you look at that*, a former governor candidate. In the last race, he'd lost to Benjamin Whitehall.

What had I gotten myself into?

Dropping my phone into my pocket, I hurried downstairs. I found Leonard Chase on the sofa where I'd left him, except he was curled up on his side, staring in front of him unseeingly. The tumbler was empty.

"Another?" I asked.

"Yes. Rocks if you have them. Soda on the side."

I made him the drink and poured myself one as well. I brought him a glass of water and sat by his head on the sofa.

"No soda, sorry."

He guzzled the water, then sipped the whiskey, and lay back down.

What now? I couldn't admit to searching him up online. But I could ask—and see if he'd lie.

"Who's Fabio?"

Leonard visibly recoiled again. The mere mention of the name had an immediate effect on him. "An ex. He's a big name in Dalton City."

"Why is he trying to find you?"

“I was something he owned and lost. He doesn’t like losing.”

“Have you contacted the police?”

“No. Up until today, he hadn’t broken the law. And even if he did, he would make sure nobody could prove it.” He looked at me. “I guess I can’t call the police now, can I?”

“We can. But we would have to come up with a believable tale.”

He made a derisive sound into the glass and swallowed more whiskey. “No point anyway. Even if the police were able to catch them, which I doubt, they’d never get to Fabio.”

“What do you want to do?” *How can I help?*

“Move again, I guess.” His voice was empty, void of emotion. How badly must Fabio Altera have hurt the boy that meeting my dragon merely rattled him in comparison?

His scent rose around me, and even with the fading hint of vomit, he smelled better than any omega I’d ever met.

The suggestion that I could still find my mate shook me to my core. It had been too long now. How big a chance was it that a random club hookup would turn out to be the one? His scent, taste, the way the dragon hovered...

“What’s your name?” I asked unnecessarily. I felt like I could read his changing expressions, and I wasn’t usually great at reading people. Who was I kidding—I actively avoided looking into most folk’s faces because they pissed me off on principle. But Leonard Chase... I could look at him for hours.

He blinked, and a little crease appeared between his eyebrows. He was clearly considering what was safe to tell me.

“Leo.”

“I’m sorry about what happened, Leo. I wanted to help you, and I didn’t know how else—”

“I know why they followed me. But why did you?”

Apparently, my online search gave him too much time to think.

“I tried not to.”

“You *tried*.” He scoffed. “I guess I should be grateful. I would have been tied up in a private jet, with my toes broken or something.”

“I won’t hurt you.”

“You keep saying that, yeah. Was there something hallucinogenic in the drink?”

“I don’t think so.”

Closing his eyes, he blew out a breath. “So the creature you turn into...”

“I’m a dragon shifter. There are many of us all over the world.”

“How come nobody knows about you?”

“If you start telling people tomorrow, will anyone believe you?”

He scowled in front of him, not acknowledging my question.

“I can help you.”

No reaction. His scowl darkened even more.

“Have you drugged me?” He gave me a scathing glare that looked positively vicious on his gorgeous face.

Too bad I found even his seething anger beautiful. “No, I haven’t. Do you feel strange? Did you take something at the club?”

“One small drink. Never let it out of my sight. But do I feel strange? I flew over the city in a dragon’s claws. I think that qualifies as strange.”

“You’re sober, Leo.”

He sat up straight and downed another large mouthful of the whiskey. “Not for long,” he said darkly. “Why do you have a pool in your living room?”

“Um. I like water. It calms me.”

Shaking his head infinitesimally, he swigged the rest of the good-sized drink. “I think I need to sleep. Or wake up. Either of those would do me fine.”

“I’ll bring you some comfortable clothes.”

Leonard leaned against the backrest and looked up. “Even your ceilings are dark.”

“I promise you, I’m not a murdering psychopath nor do I feast on human flesh. I might have unconventional taste in interior decor, but you’re safe here.”

He met my gaze, and his features seemed truly exhausted. The shock had worn off, leaving him drained. “Not like I have any choice but to trust you.”

“I have a guest bedroom. Several, in fact.”

“You’re right that the water’s calming. I’ll stay here if that’s okay.”

“Sure. I’ll bring you clothes and a blanket. There’s a bathroom over there if you need to use it. The cupboards hold all necessities.”

When I stood to go upstairs, he scrambled up behind me. The bathroom door clicked shut as I walked through the atrium.

I came back to the living room after a few minutes, carrying a fleece blanket and some sweats I’d found that were too small for me but would still fit two of him. Leo was back on the sofa and already asleep.

So I unzipped and pulled off his boots, covered him with the blanket, and sat down into an armchair next to the large sectional he sprawled on.

I shouldn’t be watching him sleep like the creepy monster I was, but I couldn’t tear myself away.

NOT A DREAM

Leo

THE VIEW WAS SPECTACULAR. Green hills spread all around me, the sun was just setting, and I breathed in the shimmering fresh air. I stood barefoot in short, soft grass, and it tickled my feet. I grinned. Such a beautiful day.

Where was I? Why was I completely naked outside? I looked around, but only small clusters of oaks and maples dotted the countryside. Who cared if I was naked? Was this the paradise garden? If so, nakedness was allowed.

The wind picked up, and I looked into the sky. Golden-lined clouds floated high above, fluffy and lazy, and among them, a silhouette of the most graceful flier. Magnificent wings waved through the air, and my heart fluttered with excitement. He was coming for me.

The creature sailed noiselessly closer, landed on all fours, and folded his wings. His head was almost as big as I was tall. He nuzzled my chest, puffs of hot breath washing over me. With steady hands, I stroked his forehead and along the thorns lining his head. He growled, and the noise roused a swarm of butterflies in the grass. They spiraled around before fluttering away in all directions.

He smelled so good. Tantalizing. My mouth watered, and warmth pooled in my underbelly.

“Close your eyes.”

I'd do anything he asked. With my eyes closed, I felt him changing under my hands.

"Are you ready?"

Instead of a dragon, a man stood in front of me. A good seven feet tall, with enormous shoulders and a wide, muscular chest. He cradled my face and kissed me, and I got drunk on his taste. I moaned into his mouth, my nipples tightening and my hole flooding with slick. I grappled at his hard body, pulling closer and rubbing all over him.

"I'll fuck you, don't worry. You're mine. My wet hole."

I sank to my knees and tried to mouth his cock, but he stepped away, laughing.

His erection was enormous. Thick and heavy, swaying between his thighs like a weapon. Was I in heat? It surely felt like it. His scent was making me so aroused I could weep.

"Please. Please, fuck me."

"Turn around."

Lowering myself on my elbows, I offered him my ass. The position gave me a sense of relief. This was what I was good for. This was my purpose.

He stroked my ass cheeks, and I hoped that soon I'd feel him in my crease, but no. His touches were light and teasing.

I whined, but he only chuckled. He kept caressing my body, leaving scorching marks all over me, but he didn't touch me where I ached the most.

My ass must have been gaping open, slick oozing out. I felt so fucking empty; the aching void in my womb brought tears to my eyes. My belly was coiling and cramping up. But he'd fill me, and I'd be at peace.

"Please!" I cried.

"Leo."

"Please, I'm begging you, please..."

"Leo, wake up."

“Please...”

“Leo!”

The scent. It was him. Except there were no grassy fields and no sunset. Only the dim light of a lamp, the glimmering surface of water, and dark walls. The scent and warmth were the same. I clung to his chest, naked under my hands. So warm.

I didn't care where I was as long as I was with him. I opened my mouth over his skin and licked. A shiver went through me. He hugged me, holding me tight.

“It was just a dream.”

A perfect, amazing dream. He was about to fuck and breed me in that dream. And I ached for it.

Whining pathetically, I kissed and licked his skin where I could reach. My fingers snagged on the waistband of his pants, and I pulled on them, trying to get to his cock. I found the buttons of his fly and managed to undo at least three.

“No, Leo. I...”

“Please. Need you.”

Because I'd already begged him, so it didn't matter. Was that a dream too? Somehow, I found the stupid zipper at the back of my shorts and shoved them down my legs. I reeked of old cum and fresh slick.

Again, that growl. It sent electric currents through my body. Taking the shorts off the rest of the way, he rolled on top of me, and I spread my legs so he could settle between them. Hot, hard dick grazed my crease, and he kissed me. So close. Yes! Oh yes!

I fisted his thick erection and guided it in place. I didn't need any foreplay. I was wet and ready.

When he began inching into me, my lower body lit up like the sky on New Year's. The girth. God, he was hung like a horse. More. And even more.

I whimpered, and he lifted his face to look at me.

His eyes glowed with fire.

“Leo,” he whispered.

I strained toward him, wordlessly urging him on. I needed this like I’d never needed anything in my life. Groaning, he pushed deeper, stretching my body open. The fullness was nothing but exquisite.

“Do it,” I managed.

He latched on to my mouth and thrust. Hard.

I saw stars. The sharp sting of pain quickly dissolved, and tendrils of pure bliss traveled through my guts when he rocked and thrust back in. Not nearly to the root, but so deep I felt the pressure in my entire torso. How big was he? Nine? Ten inches? Thick as my wrist. I’d never seen a cock that big on a man.

He isn't a human man.

The warning voice in my head was weak. My raging lust drowned it out.

The biggest fucking cock ever, just for my whore hole. Maybe I’d finally get enough.

He squeezed my ass cheeks, pulling my hips up to meet his thrusts, and with his other hand he fisted my hair. I clung to his shoulders. I wasn’t sure I was awake. The only real thing was the slide of a hard, warm cock in and out of my open body. Despite his size, his thrusts were smooth and easy, and so satisfying. The pumping pressure in my core rose. More. God, I was so slick, my hole squelched.

My orgasm struck me like lightning. Suddenly, the most delicious pleasure exploded in my middle, my flesh yielded, letting him in even deeper, and raw energy flared outward into my limbs. He clutched me to him, his hips snapping faster, his dick carving me out, and in the middle of the glorious climax, I fell in love with it. That cock. It was made for me. Made to satisfy *me*. Maybe it was the long dry spell, but having this man’s inhumanly large erection stretching my body wider and deeper while I was shivering with an orgasm was by far the greatest sensation I’d ever experienced. He could be a freaking

Pegasus or a swamp monster, and I wouldn't give a shit. I'd forever love that dick.

When he came, he roared like a wounded beast. The sound almost scared me. Burrowing into me, his cock pulsed, coating my insides with hot cum. Warmth spread through my guts, as if my body could soak the seed up. As if it could become a part of me.

He didn't soften at all.

I lay pinned under him, helpless, and so content I could dissolve into a cloud of pink fog.

Gentle kisses covered my face, his beard tickling my cheeks and brushing my lips. How come he was suddenly so tender? Where was the promised bench and paddle? I opened my mouth, and our tongues tangled.

To my amazement, he started moving again. Slow, lazy fucks, through all the cum and slick, his cock just as hard as it had been when we'd started. I didn't mind. At all. The friction felt marvelous.

"Do you still want it hard?" he murmured against my lips. "On your knees while I hold you down? I can fuck you all night."

Oh Lord, yes. Yes!

"Leo, answer me."

"I want it. I want everything."

What if I *was* hallucinating?

In that case, whatever anyone had given me at that party, I needed to find that person and buy a lifelong supply of that shit. I whined when he slowly pulled out, leaving me empty and stretched.

He flipped me and tugged on my waist, and I got into position, ass up and face smashed into the sofa cushion. Wiggling my ass, I was ready to beg, but he didn't keep me waiting. He pushed his mammoth dick back inside me, and my brain overflowed with happy chemicals.

I briefly thought how I'd missed fucking, but no fucking had *ever* felt like this.

Holding me by the harness and with a firm grip on my hip, he fucked me like a god. Or...no. Not a god. If the devil existed, this was how he fucked. Long, firm, self-assured thrusts, a proper *taking*, with an edge of pain and darkness, demanding my complete submission to the greatness that was his cock. He took his time, bringing me higher and higher, the thick girth pulling on my rim on the way out and shoving my organs aside on the way in. His firm cockhead battered the mouth to my womb, and I imagined his cum saturating the tissue. He took up so much real estate in my guts I felt like a cocksleeve, as if it was more of him than me in my own body.

And the stuff he said.

Fucking hell.

“This’s what you want? You want it so hard you’ll sob? You’re meat, omega, meat with holes in it. This’s what you’re good for. I’ll fucking break you, pretty boy.”

In the end, the sex defied basic limits of anatomy. My pelvis must have turned into jelly because there was no way all of that could fit into me and feel good. But his balls brushed mine, my ribcage about to burst, and I flew into orbit. Keening cries poured out of me, and my lower body pulsed and twitched, as if plugged into electricity. My inner muscles woke up and squeezed his cock, milking it in me. All of it. To the root. Fuck, it seemed to reach my heart.

The orgasm turned me into something primitive, like I didn't have two brain cells left to rub together, and only a chorus of voices echoed in my empty head, pleading for more of his cum. Then he thrust harder than ever before, impaling me so brutally I couldn't breathe.

His dick throbbed inside me, a ball of warmth growing in my belly. I gasped from the pressure. My poor womb. He squished it with his humungous tool. I needed it to open up. I needed the cum in there. But I wasn't in heat, so he couldn't breed me. *Breed me. Oh, please, breed me!* I gave out an anguished cry of need.

“Shh. Shh, beautiful.”

He enveloped me in his arms and tugged me to his chest. Rolling us to the side, he spooned me, pumping his hips, keeping me full. He fisted my cock, his thumb rubbing the piercing, and he grazed my neck with his teeth.

The tender fucks massaged his cum into my flesh. I was soaked with his essence. My cries turned into contented moans as he stroked me leisurely, gliding in and out of my overflowing hole.

“Mhmm. Good boy. You can relax. Just a few more fucks, and I’m done with you. Just a little more. You liked it when I hurt you deep inside?”

One last climax rose and fell, tingles spreading over my skin, and I groaned from deep in my belly where his cockhead made love to the sealed mouth of my womb.

“That’s it. You like that, hm? So skinny and breakable, but you took me to the root. A big, pliant hole for my dick. You feel like heaven when you’re coming.”

I felt pretty good myself. My inner muscles fluttered one last time, making me hyperaware of the warm hardness still stuck in me, impossibly deep. He hummed appreciatively.

“Yeah. Hug my dick tight and keep it warm. That’s a good boy. You’re a good fuckhole, omega, like silk around my cock. Such a juicy, hot piece of ass.”

His praise made me all warm and sleepy. He peppered kisses down my neck and over my shoulder, and I twitched with delicious aftershocks.

“Good?”

“Mmm. Thanks,” I mumbled. My lips and tongue felt numb.

“See, I said I’d shut you up. You get so nice when you have a big dick in you. A nice, well-bred boy.”

He chuckled, and the vibration went through his dick straight to my womb, making me moan again.

When he stilled, keeping us joined, I took stock. My cheek was chafed from the sofa cushion, my lips chapped, my throat hoarse and mouth dry like I'd been screaming for my life. My cock had gotten limp in his fist, but he still held it, cradling it protectively. My belly was smeared with my own cum.

And my ass. Lord have mercy.

When he retreated, his half-hard cock flopping out wetly, I felt air in me. Like my hole became this huge, cavernous space. He reached into my crease and began massaging my taint. He rubbed around my stretched rim and dipped his fingertips inside me.

"It's okay. It's over now. You did good, my little fuckhole. Relax."

Was he reading my mind? How did he know what to say? With every word and every gesture, he was cementing his status as the best fuck of my life.

Ever so slowly, I felt my inner muscles tightening, my body closing up again. His cum remained in me. There seemed to be so much of it; I wouldn't be able to keep it in when I walked. I didn't want it to leak out.

I needn't have worried.

He slid out from behind me and scooped me into his arms. He carried me through the atrium and up the stairs, to the end of a hallway where a door stood ajar. He laid me on a bed and stepped away.

"Davidson?"

I couldn't be alone. It was imperative he stayed with me.

"I'll be right back."

A door clicked, and my chest squeezed with anxiety. I listened to the water running. When he reappeared, the light from the bathroom outlining his immense silhouette, I exhaled with relief.

He held a glass of water to my lips and put another on the nightstand. The cool drink soothed my parched throat.

Unbuckling and removing the harness, he kissed the skin he uncovered. The bundle of leather dropped to the floor with a thump, and wet lips brushed each of my nipples. Then he pulled the duvet from underneath me, lay down beside me, and tucked me to him. With his hot skin against mine and his cock in my crease, I felt so amazingly safe.

I'm full of his cum.

And I wanted to be. I wouldn't have showered even if he'd offered. His cum in me felt right. It belonged there.

Tender lips brushed my nape, and the duvet weighed on my limbs comfortingly.

If I was still dreaming, I hoped I'd never wake up.

SERIOUSLY?

Davidson

I WOKE up to an intense ache in my groin and a powerful scent burning through my nostrils. It permeated the sheets, and when I took a deep breath, the ache intensified.

Then I remembered. Leonard Chase, the most beautiful man I'd ever met, was in my bed. But that didn't explain my strong physical reaction. I'd fucked him into next week—I should be sated and fast asleep and not worked up as if I'd edged myself for days.

I peeled my eyes open, finding his naked shoulder right in front of my nose. Fuck. He smelled even better than last night, sweaty and used, covered with dry slick and old cum. Filthy. Images from earlier flooded my sleepy brain, making my cock throb. How his pretty mouth opened on a wail, his swollen, tearful eyes stared up at me, his reddened nipples, my handprints all over his pale ass, his pucker, raw and open, it glistened, and my dick drove inside, stretching it impossibly wide... Front and center was the memory of his hot body hugging my dick root to tip, twitching and clenching with his orgasm, sucking my cum out of me.

Mate, the dragon insisted.

But I refused to accept that. Him? Leonard was the prototype for all the omegas I despised. Gorgeous and fully aware of it, used to wielding his assets like a weapon, spoiled, rich, self-centered, and so bored he frequented sex parties with prostitutes. I could very well imagine how he'd ended up in

the mess he was in. He dated all the wrong men, toying with them, cheating on them, and then he was surprised he found himself in a back alley with guns aimed at him.

No. He wasn't my mate. I couldn't start a family with such a man.

I was just frustrated, and he smelled good.

So good.

Anger mingled with arousal, making my heart pound. To hell with it. Mate or no mate, I wanted into that hole. I wrapped my arm around him and tugged him to me. Moaning, he rubbed his ass against my twitching erection. Even unconscious, he acted like a slut.

I dug my fingers into his inner thigh and spread his legs roughly. He jerked, giving out a quiet whimper.

The dragon snarled, aghast. Shocked by my own behavior, I loosened my grip.

I was angry, yes, but I didn't want to hurt Leo.

I smoothed my hand over his skin in apology, and he reached between us, running his fingers along my erection. He was definitely awake now.

He twisted his torso and turned his head back so he could kiss my jaw, the gesture surprisingly tender. My heart picked up.

What a hypocrite I was.

I berated this boy for going to a party I myself went to, for acting horny, flirting with me, and taunting me when it was what I'd wanted. I had no idea what had brought him all the way into that alley. I had no right to judge him.

"I'm sorry..." I stopped midsentence. What was I apologizing for? My thoughts?

I couldn't make sense of the mess in my head, but the physical need I felt toward Leo almost brought tears to my eyes.

He fisted my dick, just underneath the head, and I shuddered from the sensation. I'd think later. Now I had to fuck.

I dragged his questing hand away and locked his wrists above his head. I could easily hold them both in one hand. My muscles pulsed with strength, demanding an outlet. I found his hole with my fingers, and he whined needily when I brushed his opening. It was still wet, swollen, and sloppy. Fucked out. The traces of our coupling, the marks I'd left on him, only made me desire him more.

“You want it again?”

“Yes. Go deep and come in me.”

No more words were needed, no preparation—he was open and loose. Pulling his ass cheek to the side, I lined up and glided home. His silky flesh molded itself around my cock, covering it with a layer of slippery liquid. My cockhead felt incredibly sensitive, and the slick heat sliding against the tip sent currents of electricity through me. Had anyone ever felt this good impaled on my dick? Knowing why he was so dirty and wet, that I was plowing through the remnants of my own cum, turned my blood to lava.

I held him in place and *fucked*, chasing my orgasm, until I all but pounded into him. Incubus that he was, he came wailing and sobbing, his ass squeezing me tight, drawing the cum out of me. My orgasm raged through me in a series of explosions, making me roar and buck and maul Leo like a mindless animal. It dissolved in tingles, and I clutched Leo to me, my hips pumping, my cockhead buried somewhere in the very center of his lithe body. I liked the weak, pitiful sounds he made.

“Yeah, so deep. Love it deep,” he muttered. “For an old man, you’re a beast.” He chuckled sleepily.

I should cane his ass purple for that casual comment alone. Instead, I snapped my hips once more, and he yelped as if I'd stabbed him.

“Fuck, you’re huge. Hurts so good.”

“You like it when it hurts?”

“Mmm. Love it. Your big cock punched my womb. Made me come so hard.”

“Greedy cocks slut. How about I wake you up in a few hours and do you again?”

“You can wreck my hole. Use me all night.”

“By morning, you won’t be able to walk.”

“Deal.”

I stayed in him, my dick softening ever so slowly, and he seemed to fall asleep within a minute.

Leo was a menace, but when I made him shut up and take it, he turned into a sweet little nympho. Was he even aware of how many times he’d gasped “please” and “thank you” while I’d called him names and used him like a thing? I liked that he became all pliant when he got enough dick, his voice losing its sarcastic edge. I wondered how hard and often I’d have to do him if I wanted him to act nice all day long. It would be fun to try.

I stroked his skinny torso down to the gentle swell underneath his bellybutton.

And I froze.

What?

No.

With my palm on his lower belly, I felt the subtle cushion that most certainly had not been there last night.

I acted on autopilot, my mind blank.

I pulled out of him, and he rolled onto his back in his sleep, his arm covering his forehead. His lips were parted in a subtle smile. He looked so content, as if he was having the most pleasant dream, and his inhumanly beautiful face seemed younger, almost innocent, without the smirk he wore like armor.

With my heart trying to beat its way out of my ribcage, I looked at his chest and gasped. His pecs were swollen already, beautifully rounded, the perfect size to fill my palms. His nipples stuck out atop the soft mounds, cherry red, enlarged from the changes in his body. And yes, his underbelly curved just enough to make it noticeable. I bent over him and nuzzled next to his nipple, pulling in the scent.

I closed my eyes.

My mate.

After all those years, my mate was here, in my bed, sleeping peacefully while his chest filled with lover's milk and his womb uncoiled to welcome my cum.

Of course, the dragon had been right. I was a fool to argue with my nature in the first place.

The most beautiful man in the world was my mate, and he was as broken as they come.

But I wasn't whole either. And after how I'd treated some of the omegas I'd fucked, maybe I deserved this.

I kissed one sweet nub, hunger twisting my stomach. My body knew what to do—it seemed like the most natural thing in the world. I opened my mouth and pulled one straining nipple in. After only a few gentle sucks, the taste poured onto my tongue.

Suddenly, I wasn't all that angry anymore.

Leo didn't even wake up, but he hummed from his dream. Carefully, I suckled on his right pec, drawing in the magical liquid. It muddled my mind, no doubt chasing the last scraps of my reason away, but I needed it. I wanted to feel all the love my dragon held for this boy. Mmm, how his flesh filled my mouth. The taste got more intense, trickling down my throat, and my groin ached anew.

Not caring anymore if I woke him up or not, I rolled us to the other side and sucked his left nipple. I wrapped my arms around him tightly in case he tried to escape me. But his hands dove into my hair, and he moaned ecstatically.

“What are you...” he mumbled, then groaned. “Fuck. That’s... Oh shit, yeah, don’t stop. Yesss.”

He wasn’t entirely awake, or he’d freak out for sure. He was nursing me, and if he were fully conscious, he’d realize it wasn’t something human omegas could do unless they’d given birth. But I kept him under the spell with firm pulls of my mouth, and the weak trickle of lover’s milk got stronger the longer I sucked.

“Davidson...” His fingers tightened in my hair. “You’ll make me come again.”

I skimmed my hand over his hip and dove into his crease. I shoved two fingers into his fucked-out hole and pumped, my cum frothing and squelching around them.

The orgasm made him keen, his body twitching and shivering, his hole fluttering around my fingers. His nipple squirted into my mouth, and I quickly latched on to the other one while he bowed with a second wave of pleasure.

I gorged myself on his flavor, and with every drop, my determination grew, chasing the anger away.

I have a mate. Finally, I’ve found him. And no matter how spoiled or obstinate he is, he’s going to love me.

Love. The idea lifted years of pain and bitterness from my shoulders.

This breathtaking man was going to love me.

“How did you do that?” he murmured, sounding dazed. Sleepy and confused, he hadn’t even noticed the flow of lover’s milk. To him it probably seemed like I’d sucked his nipples to orgasm.

I kissed the raw nubs and nuzzled his sternum. “Good?”

“Fucking amazing.”

“It’s still early. Sleep.”

“Can I just get some water?”

Sated, no doubt already affected by the bonding, he sounded gentle and sweet.

After wiping my hand on the sheet, I handed him the glass from the nightstand, and he drank eagerly. Then he plopped back on the pillows.

“I’m all mellow,” he slurred, his words barely understandable.

I lay down beside him while he wiggled into a comfortable position on his side. He sighed.

“Never knew my nipples could be so sensitive. That was epic.”

Boy, you have no idea what your body can do.

Soon, I would need to tell him and show him, but that could wait a few more hours. I held him, my mind buzzing like a swarm of bees, full of ifs and buts and suspicions. But I always circled back to the one thought shining through everything like a beacon.

I have a mate!

Leonard fell asleep easily, trusting and unaware he was bonding with a dragon.

THE MAN AND THE MONSTER

Leo

CURLED up into a ball against the headboard, I stared at him. Davison Sullivan. He sprawled on the bed, nearly seven feet of solid muscle, salt-and-pepper beard, mature, angular face—all my dreams and nightmares wrapped in pinstriped silk pajama pants. I thought I'd dreamed the fucking, but my crease and belly were crusty with cum smears, plus I stank of my orgasms and sweat. My nipples felt weird, my pecs swollen after he'd sucked them. He'd worked me over something fierce. Considering the size of his dick, I should be cramping up on the bathroom floor, but my hole wasn't sore at all, just soft and slick. Maybe it had been a dream after all?

I brushed my fingers over my opening just to check I was intact down there. My rim was puffy and oily, but nothing hurt. Some liquid smeared my fingers, and I brought it to my face. It looked like cum, but when I sniffed, it smelled different. Like cream. I couldn't detect any hint of the salty alpha musk. How much of it was still inside me? Wiping my hand into the ruined sheets, I glanced back at Davidson. The bulge in his pajama pants drew my eyes.

The memories that played in my head were way too sharp. At the same time, some details seemed blurry, like I'd been under the influence even though I had barely been drinking enough to provide a light buzz. What I remembered best was the glorious, fantastic, five-star sex. Furious, fabulous fucking. The kind of fucking people wrote poems about. Every touch, every filthy word, the stretch of his grand dick in me, *how the*

fat crown pressed against my womb, the way he smelled, how he called me a sloppy fuckhole in that low, growly voice, and the sound his hand made on impact when he spanked me—everything seemed to be tailored to make me lose my mind. I'd had hundreds of alphas trying to impress me with their sexual prowess, but Davidson was the best lover I'd ever had, no contest.

He couldn't be—what had he said?—a dragon shifter. Such things didn't happen in real life. I hadn't flown here wrapped in grisly claws. Did I even remember the creature? I wouldn't be able to describe it to save my life. But the memory of his skin against mine as he cradled me to his enormous torso was clear. Like snakeskin, smooth, the smell delicious.

How come I wasn't freaking out and running away from him? I should have run. Instead, I'd woken up in the middle of the night, so horny I'd begged him to fuck me. That wasn't normal. It felt like heat. Like I'd die if didn't get his cum inside me.

It was almost like that one time when Fabio had given me the stuff, and I'd lost control...

Had Davidson drugged me so he could rape me? But it felt so good, and I wasn't hungover at all. I perfectly remembered the lust I felt toward him. I still felt it now, staring at his sleeping form.

Maybe the drug was still in my system? My senses worked. I could think clearly. Somewhat.

Did dragons exist?

He blinked awake, immediately meeting my eyes. "Leo."

"I need help," I blurted. Which was stupid because he was the last one who'd help me, right?

He sat up, rubbing his face, and caught my gaze again.

"What is it? Why are you huddling over there?"

"I need help," I repeated. "Something's wrong with me."

"Come here."

He offered me his hand, and without thinking, I took it, letting him pull me sideways into his lap. He smoothed his fingers up my back, over my shoulder, and cradled my face in his palm.

“See? That’s better.”

Against my better judgment, his touch comforted me. I knew I should be afraid, but I just...wasn’t.

“What’s wrong with me?”

He kissed my forehead. “Nothing’s wrong with you.”

“I see things and feel things that aren’t real.”

His chest lifted with a deep sigh. “What if I told you everything you’ve seen is real?”

I shook my head. Not possible. “Then why am I not afraid of you? I felt those claws. Hell, we flew above the city, and I thought I was going to die. I should be terrified of you.”

“You’re not afraid of me because you know I’d never hurt you.”

I scoffed. “Believe me, I am *not* equipped to know that about anyone.”

He tilted my chin up, frowning at me. “What do you mean?”

His thick, black eyebrows had a few silver strands in them, and when he glowered, two deep creases appeared between them. How old was he? He had deep lines in his face and some gray in his beard and hair, but his body seemed full of youthful strength, his torso chiseled. On one of my many lonely nights since I’d come to Ardaine, I’d watched a documentary about Greece, and Davidson looked like one of those statues. The god Zeus himself. His eyes glowed orange, like embers. I simultaneously marveled at how gorgeous he was and dreaded how delusional I must be, resting all cozy in his embrace.

“Am I finally losing my mind for real?”

He smiled, shaking his head as if I was being silly. Cupping my cheek, he caressed the corner of my mouth with

the pad of his thumb. Inhaling deeply, he nuzzled my cheek.

“We’ve found each other,” he whispered, still smiling. “We are true mates. Dragons mate for life, and you’re my omega. That’s why you feel safe with me. Deep inside, you know me.”

I blinked. Blinked again. His scowly, stern face looked kind now, lit up with excitement. He brushed my lips with his fingertips and leaned in, clearly about to kiss me.

Maybe I wasn’t the delusional one.

Spluttering, I pushed his hand away and averted my face. “Are you fucking kidding me?” I cried. “Do you really think I’m this dumb?”

His expression transformed into the dark glower I remembered from last night.

“Leo.” His tone held a warning, like I was a misbehaving child he was about to scold, which wound me up further.

“Let go of me.”

“Leo...”

“Let go!”

He loosened his grip around my torso, and I scrambled away from him.

“Is this like your thing? Do you do this on a regular basis?”

Oh, the outrage in his features. Glorious. “What?”

“Is this what you tell the hookups after you fly them to your Dracula castle?” I could hear my voice shaking, but I plowed on. “Because you need to change your spiel. No self-respecting omega will ever fuck you again after you tell them they’re your ‘true’ mate.” I painted quotation marks in the air for good measure.

“Whether you like it or not, you are my mate, Leo. From now on, you’ll be with me.”

The firm certainty in his tone made me red-hot mad. Who did he think he was?

“Last night you thought I was a prostitute! But now I’m your mate?”

His mouth opened and closed, but for once, nothing came out.

Whenever I was afraid or unsure, I went straight for the jugular. It was a reflex, a defense mechanism I’d perfected over the years. I used it to chase people off before they could come close enough to hurt me. And Davidson had come so close in a single night I needed to cut deep. “You know what, your dick is not big enough to compensate for this level of crazy. Besides, I don’t do relationships, definitely not with someone who could be my father. You’ll have to kidnap someone else.”

I swung my legs over the edge of the bed, facing away from him. I got vaguely nauseous, my pulse thundering in my ears. Was I hungover after all? Fuck, I needed to go home. But what if Fabio’s goons were waiting there?

“Where do you think you’re going?” Davidson growled, sounding ominous.

Don’t puke. “Anywhere. Whatever you drugged me with last night is fading. Thanks for the fuck, old man, but the fun’s over.”

Where was I going?

My chin trembled. Good thing he was behind me and couldn’t see my face because I was completely lost.

What was I going to do? Where would I go?

A single reasonable idea popped up in my head, and I clung to it. I needed to call Devon Hassel. My security guy would no doubt be mad at me, but he’d protect me. I looked around on the floor for clothes, but there was nothing. Not even a cum-stained towel. Where did I leave my phone?

Fucking shit.

This lunatic claimed I was his mate. What a pile of nonsense.

But I saw him with my own eyes. I felt it. He's the dragon from my dreams.

Dragons didn't exist. Fated mates didn't exist. He must have drugged me. There was no other rational explanation. Yet again, I'd ended up screwed over by an abusive, manipulative bastard. My own fault.

I stood, taking a step away from him, and my stomach heaved. *Don't puke. Don't you even think about it.*

Another step. My coat and pants must be downstairs. My phone might still be in that pocket. I just needed to move.

Except my arms and legs got heavy, and I couldn't pull in a breath.

I heard him rise from the bed behind me. His footsteps neared until I felt his exhale on my neck.

Why was it so hard to just *walk*? Pure terror gripped me by my throat. Something was seriously wrong with me. At that moment, liquid leaked from my hole, an abundance of his cum. *Oh Lord. All the sex. All the cum. And I still want him. Does it mean he's right?*

"See? You can't leave me, Leo," Davidson said behind me, sending chills down my spine. "Not ever."

With the last of my courage, I spun around to face him. Pointing my finger at his chest, I let my fear and confusion fuel my rage. "You don't get to order me around! Just because you've fucked me, you don't get to own me. Newsflash, I *am* a whore. I've had countless of men like you cream my hole, but none of them is here making claims. You can go all alpha and throw furniture around. I don't give a shit. You'd have to fucking break my legs to make me stay here!"

He was fuming, his eyes blazing, muscles in his jaw ticking.

"Then go." He pointed at the door. "Get out."

That wasn't what I'd expected.

"OUT!" he roared.

I tried. I really, truly tried. I made it all the way to the bedroom door before my legs folded under me, and I crumbled to the floor. I gasped for air, wheezing.

The hallway was just a couple of feet away, but I couldn't even crawl. Any attempted movement away from him caused my chest to constrict and bile to rise into my throat. His feet appeared in front of my face. As soon as he was near enough, my stupid body took it as a sign that oxygen was a thing again.

Breathing harshly, I looked up.

He stood above me, staring down at me like he hadn't decided whether he wanted to spit or jerk off on me. Possibly both?

"Why do you think you can't leave, Leo?"

I shook my head. This wasn't happening.

Curled by his feet, I quivered head to toe. Was he going to beat me up? Why did that seem like a good thing?

"You're a dragon mate. My true mate. You'll stay with me."

"Dragons don't exist," I gritted out.

You know that's a lie.

He grabbed my wrist and pulled me up. Next thing I knew, he was dragging me through the house. I stumbled after him, defenseless against his strength. I didn't even try to get out of his iron grip. Because I was a dumb whore, his angry streak turned me on. God, I needed a brain transplant.

Once we were inside the grand atrium by the staircases, he finally let go of me.

"Stay put," he ordered.

"What?" I demanded. "You think you can chain me in your dungeon? Force me into marriage? What?"

Except he didn't speak. He paused in the middle of the vast room, dropped his pajama pants, closed his eyes, and bent his head.

The weirdness of it made me pause. What the hell was he doing?

Then I gasped.

Lies. Everything I'd been telling myself had been nothing but lies.

His skin flooded with a dark-gray color, shimmering, like metallic paint spilling over his body. His arms and legs lengthened as he fell on all fours. His body grew, muscles swelling, bones cracking loudly. Once he lifted his head and faced me, I was plastered to the wall behind me, my stomach roiling and blood thundering in my ears.

It was him.

The long neck, the reptilian muzzle, those sharp thorns sticking out of his head and back, and massive wings swiping the floors.

The dragon.

He was silver gray and immense. His head was as long as I was tall. He snarled, pointy blood-red tongue running along his glistening teeth.

Even as I suddenly found myself in the middle of what must be another drug-induced nightmare, *I knew* he was real. His eyes, the way he hovered above me, how he moved...

He was real, the only thing in the world I was sure of, and the rest crumbled into shambles. He was what I'd been waiting for, what I'd been missing all along. This creature was my fate. My life and my death. The recurrent dreams I'd had since childhood resurfaced, making my mind explode with colors.

I knew this creature. I'd known him for years. Everything else had been meaningless lies.

He walked over to me, four giant feet making the floors groan, and his scorching breath fanned my face. I was frozen in place, barely able to breathe, as the dragon's nose poked my chest, and he leaned back a few inches, his huge orange eyes pinned on me.

I wanted to fall to my knees and beg him to forgive me, but I couldn't make myself move.

“Leo.” The rumbling voice gripped me by the throat. My pulse went haywire, my heart beating so fast it hurt. He sounded like a landslide, like a fucking earthquake. I'd never heard an earthquake, but the ground sure shook under my feet when he spoke. “This is who I am. This is who you are now tied to forever. *You are my mate*. And you will never touch another man. I forbid it.”

It was Davidson's voice, but so much deeper and louder. My very bones vibrated from it.

“You're only mine. Do you understand?”

I opened my mouth but couldn't utter a sound.

“Do you understand?” he thundered, making my brain rattle around in my skull.

“Yes,” I piped up.

What was I supposed to do? If a dragon the size of a plane tells you something, you do it, no questions asked. Besides, he was right, and I was wrong. I'd been wrong about everything, and a part of me had known. Maybe that was why I'd always been such a lousy excuse for a human being. Fake. I'd been lying to myself all my life, ignoring what I knew in my heart to be true. I'd never felt whole, always failed at everything, never been truly independent even as I'd pushed away anyone who'd come near enough.

Because I was never meant to be alone.

How could I be when I was a mere shadow of a person? I'd always belonged to the dragon from my dreams, and only he could make me whole.

“Turn around.”

Shaking head to toe, I did as I was told, presenting him with my naked back and ass.

“Spread your legs.”

He wasn't going to hurt me, was he? Not in a bad way. He just said I was his mate. That meant he wouldn't hurt me, or would he? Did I want him to?

My twisted mind imagined he'd do something horrendous, like bite me, cut me with those claws, singe me. Could he breathe fire?

I widened my stance. Squeezing my eyes shut, I waited, panting.

Whatever he'll do to me, I deserve it.

Something hot and wet slid up my calf. His tongue. It was huge, like a snake, and it felt wrong. Oh so wrong. *A dragon is licking my body.* He wasn't going to do something in this form? Right? That would be just... *Oh fuck!*

The fat tongue dragged up my leg and slipped between my ass cheeks. Thicker than any cock, longer than my arm, it swept through my crease, over my hole, and along my spine until it curled around my neck and squeezed. I quivered on the edge between horror and exhilaration. I could smell him, and that was not helping. His scent aroused me even as I trembled with fear. The hot tongue flicked over my nipples, and this time, a sob escaped me. This was sick!

He licked down my back and into my crease again, rubbing over my opening. I flushed all over with shame because it should have been horrifying, even disgusting, but instead, I was throbbing with arousal.

The thing was, I *liked* shame. Very few things could bring me to my knees with desire like shame. I was aroused, ashamed for it, and more aroused because I felt ashamed, and the spiral climbed higher until I panted with want, so turned on I was barely human anymore.

His breath heated my neck, and when he spoke next, I jolted.

“A monster licks your ass, and you're hard.”

Resting his head against my back, he inhaled deeply, his chest rumbling.

“I love the taste of you, my little mate. Your scent.”

His nose pressed against my ass cheeks, my skin heating and cooling as he sniffed. I whimpered.

“Do you know what dragons do, Leo?”

Kidnap people and turn them into brainless sluts?

“They look for treasure.” He took another deep breath against my skin. “When they find it, they keep it and guard it. You’re my treasure, Leo. And no, you can’t leave. Your own body won’t let you.”

His tongue slid between my legs again, the tip circling my cock for a moment. Then he moved the hot muscle along my inner thighs and through my crease, back and forth, licking over my hole, smearing slick all over me, until I couldn’t do anything but moan and push out my hips for more.

Just as I was sinking into the feeling, fully prepared for him to penetrate me like this, the touch was gone, and my skin chilled where I was wet. I heard loud breaths and growls, but I was frozen in place. Was I in shock? My body was thrumming like a live wire.

Davidson reached around my torso and grabbed my pectorals. He was human, but in my mind, I could still feel his other form present, the sheer size and strength of him, hidden from sight but ready to be unleashed whenever. He squeezed where I was most swollen, fisting the sensitive flesh until I cried out in pain. Brain-melting, delicious, sweetest pain. *Oh God, yes! I need this!*

The brutal possessiveness of his hold made my hole flood with fresh slick and my cock jolt. I arched into his hands, seeking relief. The empty ache grew, unforgiving. Sweet Lord, I needed to get fucked or die.

“You want my dick?”

No point in lying. “Need it.”

He rolled my nipples between his thumbs and forefingers and pulled on them. “You do like pain, don’t you?”

God, yeah. “Yes. Yes, I do.”

“Beg.”

“Please, fuck me. Please. I need your cock.” Damn, I sounded pitiful. “Hurt me and make me come. Please, Davidson, please.”

“That’s a good omega.”

And he shoved it in me. All of it. My flesh swallowed him up, all the barriers inside me crumbling easily, organs pushed aside to make space for him. My stomach must have bulged. He snapped his hips, delivering a solid punch to my womb, and I cried out with raw joy.

He was ruthless, but I savored his cruelty.

“Hurts, huh?”

“Yes.”

“And you like it.” It wasn’t a question.

“Yes!”

“I’ll keep pounding you until your hole’s so stretched you’ll be in pain when I’m *not* fucking you.”

Why did that sound like heaven? “Please!”

“You’re stubborn, but I’ll fuck you into submission. I’ll make an obedient little mate out of you.”

With an iron grip, he pulled on my enlarged pecs, my nipples rubbing his palms, while he plundered my hole. I’d have bruises around my nipples, but I couldn’t care, not when every slide of his cockhead brought a slice of an orgasm, the pain in my pecs only feeding the fire.

What was leaking from my nipples? It smelled sweet, like honey.

“Taste yourself,” he ordered, offering me one hand. I licked the strange liquid off his palm, and the taste shot straight to my groin.

I came screaming while his cock hit the mouth to my womb on each stroke.

When I slumped, cum dripping from my untouched cock, he pressed deep inside me and bit my neck. Had he drawn blood? *I hope so.* He massaged my aching pectorals and pinched my nipples.

“I’ve waited for you for twenty-five years.” The next few thrusts got truly painful, my poor nipples felt like he’d tear them off, and I welcomed it because I needed the punishment. It made me soar. He made me soar. “You’ll love me, and you’ll be faithful and loyal. A good little omega.” Pausing deep inside my sore guts, he bit me again. The sting of his teeth on my shoulder sent a fresh wave of lust through my veins.

“I’ll soak you in my cum, bring on your heat, and then I’ll breed you.” His voice caught, rumbling growls warping his next words. “Fill your belly with life and your tits with milk. And then I’ll fuck you when you’re fat with my child.”

The sudden yearning wiped out everything I thought I knew about myself. The vision of my pregnant belly got seared into my brain.

“You want it, don’t you? You want to get knocked up.”

I couldn’t speak, but my animalistic moans must have been clear. My womb felt fucking empty even as he pummeled me like he wanted to kill me with his cock.

“Can’t wait to hear you scream when you give birth.”

Working up the speed again, he gripped me tighter, and his words got choppy. “You’ll stay. Say it.”

“I... I...”

“Say it.”

“I’ll stay!” I wailed the words as another climax took over. Davidson’s cock pistoned in and out of my hole, turning the pleasure into an inferno. Nerve endings I hadn’t even known about joined the storm. Was my body still mine? Didn’t feel like it.

When he finally came, my legs gave out. He lifted me, pulling me off his cock and hoisting me into his arms as if I

weighed nothing. I hung in his hold, my arm swinging and head lolling. Every cell in my system seemed to buzz and sparkle. The orgasm refused to fizzle out, and I felt gloriously helpless.

I tried to clench to keep his cum. I wanted it. But I was so fucked out I couldn't control my muscles. Oily liquid oozed out of me, smearing between my ass cheeks.

He carried me upstairs to the bedroom where he laid me on the dirty sheets. Wrapping his arms around me, he hummed. I felt raw but so alive. Fresh layers of cum and slick covered my inner thighs over all the filth still clinging to me since last night. But I didn't want to wash it off. Not ever. He peppered me with kisses—my shoulders, neck, chin, cheeks, and temples. I couldn't move my legs to close them. I was stretched out and open, and maybe I'd stay like this forever. Just a hole, wet and ready for another taking. The idea of being used shouldn't have excited me so much, but it did. My skin was prickling everywhere, even my mouth and tongue. The mess between my legs felt appropriate. I was stained. Marked as his.

He kissed my lips and grazed them with his teeth, then he licked down my throat to my chest. Slowly, he dragged his mouth to my nipple and closed his lips around the swollen pec. With long, powerful pulls, he began sucking. After the cruel squeezes, the gentle suckling made me melt into the mattress.

My hands dove into his hair without my permission. I combed my fingers through the strands and closed my eyes. My mind reeled, but then a deep sense of gratitude overshadowed everything else. I felt good. So good. Sated, warm, wonderfully exhausted. And the glorious tingling in my pectorals brought a wide, mindless smile to my face. As far as aftercare went, this was heaven.

Yes, Davidson could do whatever he wanted with me. Fuck me, beat me, suck me dry, or eat me alive. Even get me pregnant. Whatever he wanted.

He can change into a dragon. He is the dragon. My dragon.

Reaching between my legs, he unceremoniously pushed his fingers into my hole. I was so loose I couldn't tell how many. The sucking got more intense, and I stopped caring about anything but the sweet sensations in my chest. How come my body was making milk? Was it milk? Did it matter? I decided it didn't. Davidson liked it, I loved when he sucked it, and that was all. I massaged his scalp while he drank from my body for ages, switching sides and gulping loudly when he managed to lure enough liquid out of me. When he finally let go and laid his head on my shoulder, pinning me to the bed with his huge body, my nipples were all drawn out, my pecs throbbing. He moved his fingers around my rim, then stilled, keeping me plugged. It was possessive and crude, and I loved it.

“You're stuck with me, Leo, forever.” He kissed one abused nipple. “But I'll love you like nobody has ever loved you before. You'll be a dragon's treasure.”

From the corners of my eyes, tears ran down my temples while Davidson nuzzled my bruised torso.

Was I this man's mate for life?

Deep in my heart, I wished it were true. I wished I weren't hallucinating. I'd dreamed about the dragon since childhood, and with my entire soul I longed for him to truly exist. To choose me.

He'd punish me and keep me in line, fuck me and hurt me just how I needed it. I'd be the perfect mate, the best omega, quiet, obedient, and devoted. I'd love to be his plaything, my hole wet and open for his dick anytime he pleased. I'd serve him, give him beautiful sons, and he'd take care of me.

He'd love me and change me into something more. Someone better.

I fell asleep soiled and sore, with his fingers still inside me.

WHAT I DESERVE

Davidson

LEO HAD bruises on his chest. I sat leaning on the headboard, holding him sideways in my lap, and he slept with his head on my biceps, his arms folded like a child's. He felt so small and fragile in my arms. But the devil down underneath knew the boy was driving me mad. So beautiful, so damned pigheaded, audacious, and just...infuriating. My reward for *decades* of waiting.

His eyelids moved in his sleep, pale lashes fluttering, and he parted his lips on an exhale. Quiet and asleep, he looked otherworldly beautiful. It hurt to watch him.

By his collarbone, partially hidden under his folded arms, I could just glimpse a dark spot. The marks I'd left on him. It must have hurt badly, but he'd come screaming his lungs out. After I'd put him in his place, he fell asleep with a small smile on his stunning face. Goddammit, but my omega was a handful.

Leo enjoyed pain and punishment. His begging and the chain of orgasms he went through were proof enough. Even so, I shouldn't have done that. I'd acted on rage and desire, and it had been wrong. I combed my fingers through his blond locks, and Leo nuzzled my pec in his sleep. He seemed so meek and trusting now. Petting him, I looked my fill.

My darling mate.

Finally.

I skimmed my hand down his side, over his hip, until I rested my palm on his swollen little belly. How long until his next heat? Would he want a baby? Something told me I'd have a lot of convincing to do if I wanted Leo to give me a child soon. Caressing his stomach, I ached with yearning, lust and hope, and small sparks of joy danced around my ribcage.

Slowly, he opened his blue eyes, looking right at me. I smiled so he knew I wasn't angry with him anymore, but his face remained blank. He stared at me, unblinking, his mouth parted.

I caressed his cheek and kissed his forehead.

"How do you feel, darling?"

He frowned, studying me cautiously. "I'm good, thank you."

His polite, quiet reply threw me. I'd have expected something snarky. Maybe he was just sleepy.

"It's lunchtime. Are you hungry?"

I didn't like the purplish circles under his eyes. Petting his cheek, I tried to gauge his expression, but he seemed half-asleep still.

"I...need to use the bathroom. Please."

Please? Did he think I wouldn't let him?

"Of course. Come."

I got up, tugging him with me, except as soon as he was standing, he swayed. *What the hell have I done to him?*

"This way."

Holding him around his back, I led him to the ensuite. Stupidly, I almost followed him inside. I stopped myself at the last second. He closed the door, and I leaned on the wall next to it, waiting.

The toilet flushed, water ran, and then...a loud thump.

Shit.

I burst inside to find Leo on his butt on the floor, gripping the edge of the sink. *Fucking hell!*

I knelt by him, cradling his face. “What happened? Did you hit your head?”

“No. Just got a little dizzy.” He blinked up at me, confused.

I quickly checked his head for injuries, but there was nothing. Hoisting him up in my arms, I carried him out of the bathroom. I was about to put him back to bed when I realized something.

“When was the last time you ate?”

He wrapped his arms around my neck, his hold weak like a kitten’s, and his head lolled on my shoulder.

“I don’t know.”

Sullivan, you stupid oaf.

“I need to shower first,” he murmured. “My thighs. They are crusty. Stuff’s coming out of me.”

Was there any alpha on the planet dumber than me? Since last night, I hadn’t given him anything but whiskey and cum. He was barely standing, bruised and dirty, and he thought he had to ask for permission to go to the bathroom.

Angry with myself like never before, I put him in the shower stall, and holding him to my chest, I set the water temperature. I covered him in suds, massaging his back and ass, and he stood unmoving, holding on to my neck with both arms, his head resting against my chest. I washed his crease, rubbing his hole, and his breath hitched. Of course, that made my dick throb. He sighed when my erection brushed his belly and even ran his fingers along the length. I pulled his hand away. I couldn’t fuck him again before I fed him, dammit. He’d pass out on me.

I dried him and wrapped him in a bathrobe before grabbing a pair of sweats for myself. Enjoying how he clung to me, I carried him all the way to the downstairs kitchen. I sat him on

a chair by the breakfast table and punched the button on the coffee maker.

“Do you drink coffee?”

“Yes, thank you.”

“Milk?”

“Yes please. No sugar.”

The politeness weirded me out.

“Any food allergies? Preferences?”

He shook his head, looking at the tabletop. He sat like a schoolboy at a principal’s office. And I realized, with a wave of anguish, that he must be terrified of me. After last night, I feared myself. I averted my gaze and focused on the food. First, I put a glass of juice in front of him, except he didn’t touch it.

“Leo, drink the juice.”

Without a word, he took the glass and drank half of it in one go. “Thank you,” he said in a low voice.

His quiet obedience was seriously messing with my head now. Maybe he was just tired? In any case, I’d feed him first.

My staff had restocked the fridge before the weekend, so I could make him a solid brunch. It took about twenty minutes, and for the whole time, Leo sat in silence, nursing his coffee.

He eyed the food, looking a little stunned as I served it. French toast, bacon, boiled eggs, cheeses, fruit salad, yogurt and granola, and a store-bought quiche I’d heated up.

“Is this okay?”

“I’ll never be able to eat all of this.”

“Take what you like.”

“Thank you.”

He put a piece of bacon on some toast and chewed it delicately. Seeing him eat brought me immediate relief. He’d be okay. I exhaled and dug in. I’d been starving.

With my encouragement, after finishing his toast, Leo ate a solid portion of yogurt with granola and fruit.

“Are you feeling better?”

He nodded, sniffing his second mug of coffee. “I’m okay. You don’t have to worry.”

“I apologize for last night, Leo.”

That startled him. He looked up, his eyes wide. “For... which part?” he stammered.

Indeed. After all he’d been through, which part was I most sorry for?

Starting with the obvious, I pointed to his chest. “I left bruises all over you. I’m sorry.”

He looked down at his near-empty plate, silent.

I refrained from groaning with frustration.

“Leo, come here.”

He jerked at the command as if I’d shouted it at him. Pinning his blue eyes on me, he bit his lip, hesitating.

I attempted another smile, and to my great surprise, it worked. The chair squeaked when he pushed off the table. He shuffled toward me until he was close enough I could reach him. Then he stopped, standing in front of me with his head down.

Where was his sharp wit and defiance? I fucking broke him last night.

I took him by his waist and tugged him into my lap. Carefully, he straddled me, still looking down. I tipped his chin up. Color was slowly returning to his cheeks, and his eyes seemed more awake. I couldn’t decide which suited him best, his stubborn glare or this new, timid expression.

“Kiss me.”

Without a word, he leaned in and pressed his lips to mine. I roped my arms around him, cupping his nape, and took over the tender kiss. His fingers dove into my beard, and he sighed.

He tasted of banana and coffee. He melted into the kiss, his body recognizing its mate, even if his mind had to be reeling.

Then I tucked his head into the crook of my neck and held him tight.

“Have you eaten enough?”

“Yes. Thank you.”

“Are you still dizzy?”

“No.”

I stroked his back and thigh through the thick bathrobe.

The dragon wanted me to drag Leo upstairs and keep making him come until he forgot about fears and doubts. But guilt wouldn't let me.

“How do you feel, Leo?”

“I'm okay.”

“I'll need more details. Are you sore? Doesn't it hurt?” I brushed my palm over his chest.

“No. There's only this tension in my pecs, but it's not unpleasant. I promise I'm not hurt.”

“Can I see?”

Averting his gaze, he slowly tugged the bathrobe down his shoulders. It scrunched up around his back and elbows, exposing his upper chest.

Oh, for the love of the universe. The purplish spots covering his torso made me want to kick myself. And the crescents at the base of his throat and on his shoulder—were those bite marks?

“I'm so sorry, Leo.”

“It doesn't hurt. I swear. I liked what we did last night. I needed it.”

“I'll be more careful.”

“I like it rough,” he murmured.

He did, I knew. I could bend him over the table right now, and he'd take it and thank me. But that wasn't what he needed.

His pecs were rounded, his nipples hard and dark with blood. I kissed his collarbone, and he sucked in a breath. The scent of lover's milk drifted from his skin.

"The tension you feel..." I cupped one pec and squeezed gently. "I can bring you relief. Do you want that?"

He gave a small nod.

Holding him around his waist, I lifted him and sat him on the edge of the table. Then I took one nipple into my mouth. The flavor burst on my tongue, the milk flowing immediately, and Leo gasped.

Swallowing the delicious liquid, I leaned back to check his expression. He was staring at me with wide eyes, his lips parted. I brushed my thumb over his wet nipple.

"It's called lover's milk. All dragon mates have it during the first few weeks. Your body's changing for me."

Not saying anything, he ran his hand down my jaw. When I leaned in for more, he cupped my nape, gingerly pulling me to his chest. Quiet moans spilled from his throat.

Nursing me soothed him. His breaths evened out, and he hummed quietly when I pulled his nipple deeper, the milk squirting down my throat. I could smell his slick, fresh and tantalizing, but at the thought of fucking him, my conscience nagged at me.

It might be what he wants, but it's not what he needs.

Leo needed to feel safe with me. And after last night, that would take a while. I'd been such an insensitive jerk.

Listening to his calming heartbeat, I emptied both sides while he hugged my head. Then I kissed a line up his throat and shared the taste of his milk with him. When I ended the kiss, he chased after me before he caught himself. Placing a finger over his lips, I marked my spot for later.

"I was harsh with you last night and this morning. I'm sorry."

Leo looked away, his cheeks getting pink. Why wasn't he saying anything? What was going on in his head?

"Do you accept my apology?"

"Yes, of course." Except it sounded like he answered without thinking.

"You must stay here with me, Leo. You can't leave."

He nodded, his eyes down.

With the white terrycloth robe framing his exposed chest, he looked incredible. Golden lashes whispering over his cheeks, full, swollen lips, his long neck and pale shoulders, the divot between his collarbones... His cherry-red nipples glistened, straining toward me. He looked like a classic masterpiece that should be guarded in a safe somewhere. Only the bruises spoiled the image of impeccable beauty.

I gathered the edges of the bathrobe and pulled it back over his shoulders, covering him. He glanced at me through his eyelashes, biting his lip. His cock tented the robe. When I tugged him back into my lap, he went willingly, hugging me around my shoulders.

I couldn't take back what I'd done to him, but I could and would protect him from more harm.

"Fabio won't give up after last night, will he?" I asked.

"I don't know."

"I'm not letting you out of my sight for a minute until we sort that out. I might have an idea what we could do about him. You said you had a personal security adviser. What's his name?"

"Devon Hassel."

"I'll contact him, but I need to check a few things first. You're safe here as long as no one knows where you are, do you understand?"

"I won't tell anyone."

"Where's your phone?"

“I think I left it by the sofa last night. It was in my pocket, in those shorts.”

“Okay. I’ll put it on charge for you, but we need to turn it off for now. Is that okay?”

“Sure.” He sounded anything but sure. “It’s been on airplane mode since last night.”

Cradling his face in my hands, I forced him to meet my gaze. “Leo, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to be so rough with you.” I winced. “Well, I did it, so I guess I did mean it, but I regret it. I just need you safe. You’re very important to me. The most important person in my life, in fact.”

“I understand,” he murmured. And I could see that while he understood the words, he didn’t get it at all. He’d agree to whatever I said because he was afraid of me, and I couldn’t blame him.

“I have work to do now, but I can take care of everything from home.”

Silence.

“I need to reschedule a great deal since we can’t be apart. If I go to the office downtown, you’ll come with me.”

“Okay,” he said robotically, his wide eyes full of silent questions.

“Do you need to take care of something yourself? Anything work-related? Contact friends? Family? You can use my laptop.”

He shook his head, a hint of embarrassment marring his features. Didn’t he have anyone who’d worry about his whereabouts?

“I was taking a break. I don’t have any photoshoots until next month.” Work. No mention of any people close to him.

“Would you like to swim while I sort everything out?”

“Before when I felt ill... Don’t I have to stay in the same room with you?”

“Not unless you want to try running away again.” I tried for a playful tone, but he just ducked his head in shame. “If you get nervous or afraid, come find me. A swim, then?”

“Okay. Thank you.”

“You don’t have to, Leo. I just thought it might relax you. Not everyone likes swimming, but...” I trailed off. I was so much better at giving orders than at this. Whatever *this* was.

A relationship? Universe, help me.

I got up and led him by his hand to the lounge area by the pool. His shorts and boots lay on the floor by the sofa, together with his phone. I fished the device out of the tight pocket.

“Can you give me your bodyguard’s number?”

Leo took the phone from me and unlocked it. After typing and scrolling for a couple of seconds, he showed me the screen with a name and number on it. I typed the contact into my phone. Leo turned his off, handed it to me, and I pocketed it together with mine. Another stab of guilt in my chest accompanied the movement, but I dismissed it. I was merely making sure he’d be safe.

“You can shower there.” I pointed to the discreet door between the dark paneling. He dutifully looked at where I was pointing. “The sauna is next to it. Should I turn it on for you? It takes a few hours to heat up. Maybe we could do that tonight.” I exhaled. Now I was rambling. “The towels are in the bathroom.”

I was getting nowhere with him, but that was all my fault. And now I had to tear myself away from him.

“I’ll leave the door to my office open,” I said.

He met my gaze, looking confused and lost. I pressed another firm kiss to his forehead and forced myself to let go of him. I could feel him staring after me as I walked away. Maybe giving him a little space wasn’t a bad idea.

I INTERCEPTED my FBI contact and longtime friend Andrzej Lewandowski on a golf course. He excused himself from his

group to take my call, and after we'd exchanged pleasantries, I explained the situation.

"Congratulations, Davidson. I know the setup isn't ideal, but you've found your mate. I'm happy for you."

"I'm not enjoying it as I'd wish."

"I understand. But I can't do anything the official way, you know that."

"I'm aware. I was hoping you could provide me with some contacts."

"What was the name of Leonard's security guy?"

"Devon Hassel."

"Devon? Call him. He's ours. A dragon omega, great reputation. Cassidy and Hassel Security is the name of the company."

Like half of the private security people in Ardaine, Devon Hassel was a dragon shifter. I blew out a breath of relief. "That's excellent news."

"It's a pity you couldn't report the incident on Friday night. A kidnapping attempt, especially of someone with a media presence like Leonard, would have the police putting in all their resources."

"I had to land in a fifteen-foot-wide alley. I left rubble behind me and two unconscious human alphas with possible fractures and concussions. I was lucky nobody was walking by with a phone camera ready."

"I'm going to pretend you didn't tell me that. Nothing short of rescuing your mate would have justified that, Davidson."

"Thanks. And what about Fabio Altera?"

"I can have a look into the official records and ask around, but I can't peek into anything that's classified without people finding out. Besides, it's another state."

"Do whatever you deem is safe."

“You should call Hassel immediately. He’s good.”

“I will. Thanks.”

Except the bodyguard didn’t answer either of my two calls. Frustrated, I checked my emails and hovered above Lawrence’s number when the phone rang in my hand. Hassel’s name appeared on the screen.

“Davidson Sullivan. Thank you, Mr. Hassel, for returning my call.”

“Sullivan, from Sullivan Aerospace.” His voice was bright and pleasant. “I know. I searched the number you were calling from.”

“Ah. That’s why you didn’t answer right away. I didn’t know my number was that easily verifiable.”

“I have my means. You’re one of ours.” Meaning he knew I was a dragon, too. That would make things easier to explain. “What can I do for you?”

“I’m sorry to disturb you on the weekend. I have information about the whereabouts of your client, Leonard Chase.”

A beat of silence followed. “I’m listening.”

“I met him on Friday.” I paused, making sure Hassel would get my meaning. “He’s my mate.”

A small gasp came from the speaker. “Well, I’ll be damned.”

“He’s in my house right now, a couple of doors away from me, safe for the moment. I figured you’d appreciate learning he’s okay.”

Hassel sighed. “I can go to sleep now.”

“You haven’t slept?”

“My client disappears from his apartment, and his phone is off. Then I learn that the man who’s after him has his jet parked at a private runway here in Ardaine. I worked through the night, but the only thing I found were two banged-up mercenaries at a hospital. I didn’t want to underestimate Leo,

but I didn't think he could have taken them out on his own. So now I'm guessing the mess in the alley was your doing."

He'd found all of that out in one night. "My friend from the FBI said you're good. I'm impressed."

"You talked to Andrzej? Then you know what we're up against."

"I do. And I'm most invested in eliminating the danger Leo is in."

"Of course. But you're also bonding, and he's probably still working through the realization. Listen, Altera is going to Italy tomorrow for an annual conference. He'll be busy and very much in the public eye for the next eight days. That might buy us some time."

"He could still send other people."

"He already did. Leo's apartment is being watched, so is the gym he frequents, his favorite takeaway restaurant, and even his stylist. Altera hasn't been stingy when it comes to resources. Is your home safe?"

"I'd like to think so. I have camera systems and sensors along the border of the property, a guarded gate, an alarm, and security personnel when I'm gone."

"My recommendation is personnel around the clock. You met Leo at the Rosebud club on Friday. Were you seen together?"

"We both wore masks, so not easily recognized."

"Okay. Even if Altera eventually finds out where Leo is, he won't risk storming your house. Just don't let Leo go out on his own."

"I won't. But what does Altera think he can accomplish? Leo is a public figure. He can't just kidnap him."

"He's already tried," Hassel reminded me. "Besides, while Leo is a celeb in Dalton City, he's not that famous in Ardaine, and not at all in other countries. If Altera takes him abroad, especially into some area with limited omega rights, he could keep him there for years."

I blew out a breath through my nostrils. “That’s insane. Why would he go to such lengths simply because he’s been dumped? The risks are not worth it.”

“Never underestimate a man’s bruised ego. People start wars for lesser slights.”

I couldn’t argue with that. “What do you know about him? I’m checking his businesses, but everything seems neat and legal so far.”

“Altera is a strange one. I can’t find anything about him older than a decade. It’s like he appeared out of thin air ten years ago. He has roots somewhere in Italy, but that’s all I know. He must have changed identity at some point during his late twenties or early thirties, probably while still in Italy, and then thoroughly cleaned up after himself.”

That didn’t sound good. A man who went to such lengths had more than one skeleton in his closet. “Keep looking, please, and keep me informed. Send any bills my way from now on.”

“Have you talked to Leo about it?” Hassel’s tone held an edge. “He’s the one employing me. I can’t just switch to you. Mates or no mates.”

“I understand. How about you come by on Monday? We can talk, all three of us. Leo is still shaken, and you must catch up on sleep as well.”

“I do need that.”

“Do you have a safe way for me to send you the address?” I asked.

“I know where you live.”

I smiled. “Of course you do. Listen, Leo doesn’t know you’re the same species as me. I should ease him into it.”

“I hear you, and I won’t tell him. The first few days of bonding get overwhelming for dragon mates. But I’m glad he’s with you.”

“One last question. You mentioned Leo’s favorite takeaway. What was it?”

“He orders Hawaiian poke with tuna. It’s a small hole-in-the-wall on the corner of Twenty-Second and Eastern Road. You could get a delivery via courier.”

I scribbled the address in a notebook. “Thank you.”

T'M A GOOD BOY

Leo

I MIGHT HAVE DEVELOPED some kind of a split personality. I was essentially Davidson Sullivan's prisoner. He'd made it clear I wasn't going anywhere without his permission, permission he wouldn't provide anytime soon. At the same time, I had to constantly remind myself that he was with me in the house, near me, or I'd freak out again.

The doors were locked and the alarm on, but it wasn't so bad. My prison had a pool, a sauna, a couple of well-stocked bars, and a garden view.

When I climbed out of the pool, his muffled voice came from the office, the door on the other side of the atrium ajar, and I exhaled heavily. He was still here, which was a relief. And a threat.

He's your dream dragon. You know he won't hurt you.

No, I didn't know shit. I only knew he was by far the best fuck of my life, and I craved his inhumanly huge dick like water. Also, he could do strange things to my nipples, sucking clear milk out of me, which weirdly felt better than any spa treatment ever. His scent served like a highly personalized aphrodisiac, and the sound of his voice made me forget that any semblance of free will was a good thing to have. Maybe free will was overrated. What if I could just let him suck me dry and fuck me into oblivion? Preferably while gagged and tied up, my skin covered with welts from a proper whipping.

And I'd said no bondage. Yeah, right. Desires like this made it clear I shouldn't be allowed to make decisions about my own life.

I'd managed to escape one abusive bastard, only to throw myself into the arms of a mythical creature capable of tearing me apart like a napkin. I should have been shivering with dread, but instead I was fantasizing about which kinky things a literal monster could do to me. No panic attack in sight—I even liked the idea of those locked doors. I'd be a good little omega, like he said, and maybe he'd fuck me again soon. Maybe I could do something to make him a little bit annoyed so he'd spank me too?

Tracing my thought process, I came to the obvious conclusion: I wasn't sane.

As I dried my skin with a towel he'd left for me, I inspected my chest. The bruises were faint—they'd be gone in a few days. I cupped one pectoral and squeezed it. A clear drop perled at the tip, and I swiped it up with my thumb. When I licked it, the sweet, potent taste sent a shudder through me, my cock perking up. I squeezed out a little more, realizing with wonder that not only the taste but even the sensation of the milk dribbling out aroused me.

Sliding my hand over my underbelly, I frowned. He claimed my body was changing for him. As if his cum had some magical powers. At this point, anything seemed possible. Maybe I should be more afraid, but the changes felt pleasant. The little cushion on my belly looked cute. Sexy, even.

I scoffed.

A dragon fucked his cum into you, and your hole soaked it up. You produce milk and are bloated like in heat. You're objectively a freak of nature.

Staring down at my body, I waited for the panic to rise. And waited... Nothing.

Yesterday, a gentle clasp of his hand around my throat had sent me into a panic attack, but now I was chill. Another proof I was fucked-up in the head.

Wrapping myself in the bathrobe, I walked around the place he called a living room. The floors held intricate mosaics of dark stone, and the tiles lining the irregular curved pool were black like coal. The shape resembled a natural lake, and the water seemed like ink from certain angles. What kind of person built a pool into their open floor plan? Did he even like to swim? Or did he just like eating breakfast while watching water glimmer? It cast reflections all over the place, giving it a cave-like atmosphere.

Behind the glass wall, trees and bushes of all shapes and sizes swayed in the wind. That wasn't a garden but more like a park surrounding the mansion. He must employ a gardener to take care of all that. Davidson seemed to like plants, which felt vaguely comforting to know. The ground floor was full of them—potted palm trees, climbing things with weirdly shaped leaves, orchids, and succulents sprawled everywhere. Without them, the decor would have looked truly creepy since the furniture and even kitchen appliances were all in shades of dark gray and black.

Another thing that struck me was the amount of alcohol everywhere. One bar stood by the pool, lined by a few upholstered bar stools and shelves full of expensive whiskeys, many of the bottles half-empty. The second bar counter was in the kitchen area with a well-stocked wine fridge at the end. How much did the man drink? Could he even get drunk, being half dragon and all? I didn't want to think about that creature. The memory of his tongue on me... Um. Monster-fucking was a common enough kink, right? Just one more to add to the colorful collection I already had. Anyway, I'd seen the dragon twice, and I still wasn't sure he truly existed. I was terrified of him while a part of me yearned to touch him again. Cognitive dissonance, my old therapist would call it. Whatever it was, it was giving me a headache, so I did my best to ignore it.

In the kitchen, I poured myself a glass of water. I was now too far away from the atrium and the office to hear him, and it made me nervous. Carrying the glass, I walked past the pool to the other side of the open space, closer to him. The house was silent. Had he finished already?

I should leave him be, but my legs carried me through the atrium. When I was nearing the open door to his office, my heart picked up. My bare feet slapped on the floor, and I slowed down, trying to be quiet.

“Leo?” His voice made my stomach drop.

“Yes?”

“Come in, please.”

I walked around the heavy open door and paused just inside his office. Smiling softly, he sat behind his desk in a wide armchair that must have been custom-made. Even sitting down, he looked huge. Those shoulders... I swallowed, trying to rein in yet another surge of mindless lust. What was it about this man that made me so ridiculously hot and bothered? I tore my eyes away from the temptation and glanced around.

The room looked like a library in a castle with a high ceiling and shelves of books lining the walls. Some volumes were bound in fabrics and leather, old and probably quite valuable.

“I collect first editions,” Davidson remarked as I stared at the intimidating stockpile. I got dizzy at the thought of how many words each book must contain.

“I don’t read,” I blurted.

Davidson raised his eyebrows.

“I mean, I can read of course. I just don’t read books.”

“You don’t like it?”

“I...can’t seem to focus. After a few minutes, the words on the page just melt together. It has always been like that, ever since I was a kid.”

“Have you tried listening to audiobooks?”

I gave out a helpless chuckle. “No.”

We were so different, him and I. Worlds apart.

Even wearing a simple T-shirt, he looked elegant, educated, and commanding. I felt younger under his

scrutiny...and inadequate. How long until he realized what a mess I was? A few more hours? A couple of days?

“How old are you?” I asked and immediately froze. That had been rude.

But he didn't seem annoyed by the question. “Forty-six,” he said, and I blinked. Already? He had a lot of gray by his temples and in his beard, but other than that, I'd never have guessed he was more than forty.

Almost twenty years of difference between us on top of everything else. Two decades of education, experience, and success. He must think I was a dumb kid. Why did it matter so much what he thought of me?

“Come here,” he said firmly.

Orders made everything easier. I could either obey or misbehave, and both had clear consequences, no hanging question marks or chaotic thoughts.

I loved the simplicity of orders. Relieved, I walked around the table to stand in front of him, and he rotated on his chair to face me.

“Did you have a good swim?”

“Yes. Thank you.”

“Not dizzy anymore?”

“No.”

Frowning, he seemed to inspect me, and I squirmed. Wasn't he pleased with my answers? He wanted me to be a good, obedient little omega. He'd said so. Avoiding his gaze, I looked down, inevitably glancing at his chest and groin. That bulge. *Fuck*. I could smell him, and that wasn't helping my self-control.

Would he like me to service him?

Because I wanted to. I didn't read, wasn't educated, didn't have any decent skills—all in all, I knew shit about anything. I'd learned early in my life that I was just a sexy package with

nothing inside. But cocksucking? If that were a sport, I'd be the world champion.

I was restless and horny, and in front of me waited a sexy alpha I desperately needed to like me. The solution? Obvious.

After leaving the water glass on his desk, I slowly lowered myself to my knees. When I reached for his fly with shaking hands, he sucked in a breath.

"You don't have to do this, Leo," he said, his voice tight.

I risked glancing up, and a shiver ran through me when our gazes met. His eyes glowed again, alight with orange flames, his dark eyebrows knitted together. He looked so serious. Forty-six. Why did that information make me want him even more? I wanted to please him and hear him say I was a good boy. *A good fuckhole.*

"Please." I almost added the word "Master" but stopped myself at the last moment. That would be too much too soon, right?

Even so, my heart stuttered when I thought of calling him my Master. My dark, older, mysterious Master.

Wordlessly, Davidson spread his legs wider, settling deeper into the chair.

I undid his fly and reached into his underwear. His cock grew hard as soon as I breathed on it.

Holy hell.

No, he wasn't human. This was the last and unmistakable proof.

I couldn't remember if I'd felt it before when I'd stroked him or if his cock had transformed since last night. It was immense, a good nine inches for sure. The lower part was thicker, bulging with a subtly swollen knot, then it got a little thinner going upward, but still fat enough for my fingers not to meet when I fisted it. It widened underneath the crown where five thick ridges stuck out, circling the already generous girth. His cockhead was plump, mushroom-shaped, a little pointed toward the slit.

The whole thing was most definitely monstrous.

Staring at it, I struggled to breathe, but when I inhaled properly, the scent made me gasp. My pulse went haywire.

Primitive desire clouded my brain, and I opened my mouth right over the slit. Rubbing my tongue along the small opening, I imagined cum pouring out of it and shuddered head to toe.

With a moan, I wrapped both hands around the thick base and stroked it up and down. The emotion coursing through me could only be described as greed.

Mine. All of that, from the heavy, cum-filled balls to the bulging crown—all of it was mine.

I sucked the head into my mouth and swirled my tongue around it. Davidson grunted, and a few drops of precum coated my tongue.

Oh yes, please!

The taste went straight into my womb, a surge of energy flaring from that spot. My hole loosened. I licked and sucked, shamelessly gyrating my hips. I wanted his cum in my mouth. In my stomach. I kneaded his enlarged knot, milking his cock while taking as much into my mouth as I could. When my lips passed over the ridges, Davidson groaned from deep within. *Good to know.* I stayed there, sliding up and down over those firm bumps, the huge cockhead reaching deep enough to make breathing difficult. But I didn't need to breathe. I only needed my alpha's cum.

He gripped my head with both hands, and his thighs tensed. He seemed to struggle to stay put. I dragged my tongue along the underside, teasing the sensitive ridges, and sucked as hard as I was able to.

Davidson let out a loud, throaty moan, and hot cum burst into my mouth in thick pulses. It was just as amazing as I'd thought. Like his scent, it held nothing of the usual bitterness or alpha musk. A hint of salt and some peculiar, vaguely familiar spices, and thick, savory cream. Moaning, I gulped it down and caught the next pulse on my tongue. I massaged his

length and ate it all, not wasting a single drop. Solid five mouthfuls, creamy, the best of the best. Seriously, I'd never tasted cum as delicious as Davidson's, and I'd tasted plenty. In fact, I wondered if *anything* had ever tasted better than his cum.

Humming, I licked my Master's cock, happy to stay on my knees for as long as he'd let me. He looked at me with warmth, seemingly pleased, and I was proud of myself. This I could do—look good while I got my alpha off. I wished I could kill off the few remaining brain cells I had and become nothing but a toy. Sometimes, I pretended not to care about myself, but in the end, I always did care, and that was the problem.

If only I could become this man's plaything and stop caring entirely. Empty my head and be nothing but his good boy, let go of any hang-ups like free will or self-awareness. He made it clear he didn't share, which in hindsight was for the best. He'd keep me safe and in line. I'd get used to the dragon detail. Probably.

Did he mean it when he said I was his mate? Did he truly believe it? Did I?

No matter how insane or dangerous he was, tasting his seed, feeling his cockhead in my mouth, licking and kissing the ridges, I felt stupidly happy. I'd brought him pleasure. His cum settled in my stomach, warm and fulfilling.

Don't think. Just be good. Do what he says, and you can live like this forever.

"You're the first man to ever do this for me," he said. The surge of pride mingled with my happiness, and I rained open-mouthed kisses all over his cock. "I've never let anyone suck me off until now."

"Thank you," I murmured between kisses. I meant it. I was grateful he let me do this.

He combed his fingers through my hair, looking down at me while I lapped at his length. I rubbed my cheek against the bulge at the base and sucked in deep breaths. The taste and

scent seemed to have drugged me. I could play with Davidson's dick for hours, and he didn't soften at all. How long until I could eat his cum again?

Suddenly, he gripped me under my arms like a small child and sat me on top of his desk. With his palm over my heart, he pushed until I lay down. He untied the bathrobe, exposing me, and folded my legs to my chest.

The next second, his tongue was in my ass.

I'd been so focused on him I hadn't noticed how hollow I'd been. Now it became painfully obvious. My ass gaped open, leaking slick. His tongue rubbing the tissue on the inside felt electric.

Davidson growled into my flesh, the sound familiar, and I gritted my teeth, trying not to come already. I'd been good, and now he was rewarding me. Yeah, I could get used to the rules if this was my compensation. He sucked on my hole while shoving his tongue into me, and the explosion of pleasure made me arch off the desk.

"Master!" I yelled.

When he brushed his palms over my aching nipples, I lost it. My cock spurted over my belly while I shuddered and moaned, my hole twitching around Davidson's tongue. He sucked the slick out of me, licked my stomach clean, and stood.

He pinned his fierce eyes on me possessively, his expression almost angry, but then he bent down and nuzzled my pecs.

"I don't want to hurt you, Leo. I only want to bring you pleasure."

Painstakingly slowly, he placed chaste kisses on each fading bruise. Then he licked one nipple, kissed his way to the other, and licked again. I expected his dick to push into me any second. I was spread out on his desk, and he stood at a great angle. Didn't he want to fuck me? Why not? I was his for the taking.

The kisses went on and on. Rubbing my thighs with his broad hands and mapping my torso with his lips, he covered every inch of me. I stopped trying to guess his next move. When he closed his lips around my nipple and sucked, I sighed. God, that felt nice. So unbelievably nice. He suckled a little, kissed the tip, licked over it, and suckled some more. Just tiny tender licks and nips. Oh Lord. I might have melted into a puddle. He massaged my inner thighs, kneading and rubbing big circles, then he moved to my ass cheeks. Opening his mouth wider, he sucked harder, and the milk began flowing. This time, it felt undeniably sexual, and I adored the feeling. The pressure and pull, the liquid streaming through the oversensitive tip, the warm pulsing sensation in my pecs...

His thorough, leisurely sucking all but liquefied me. My hole sang with bliss even though I was distinctly empty, and my untouched cock and balls tingled.

He hummed and switched sides, giving my other nipple the same tender treatment. His fingers massaged my taint with exactly the right pressure.

Was it just extended foreplay? Would he fuck me later? What did he want from me?

Circling my nipple with the tip of his tongue, he sighed and took it back into his mouth. He looked up at me as he sucked on my pec, and the expression on his face stunned me, wiping all my expectations clean.

This wasn't foreplay.

He was giving me pleasure. Just that. He was focused on me, responding to my every sigh, every twitch of a muscle. That was why it felt so amazing. He was reading my body and pressing all the right buttons, without taking anything for himself.

And it felt like worship.

When the trickle of milk weakened, he kissed down my torso and mouthed my cock. He dragged his tongue along the underside, then he gently pushed two fingers into me and rubbed over my prostate.

His ministrations were ridiculously tame compared to what we'd done before. But it felt so right. As if Davidson knew what I needed better than I did.

I felt the orgasm building in my guts, slow but inevitable, and when it came, I lost my voice. A full-body cramp seized me, my eyes rolled back into my head, and I gasped for breath. Davidson fluttered his fingers inside me and sucked my cock into his throat. The tension released, and I was drowning in ecstasy.

When I resurfaced, I sat in his lap, cuddled to his now naked chest. He'd cast the bathrobe over my shoulders and petted me, kissing along my hairline.

“Did it feel good, my darling?”

So good. Incredible. “It was amazing. Thank you.” My voice came out breathy and weak. “Thank you so much.”

He pressed a firm kiss to my forehead. “You don't have to thank me for something I love doing. You're so beautiful when you come, Leo, and your taste... Unbelievable.” He laid his palm over my heart and spoke in a low tone, like a lullaby, his breath caressing my temple. “Your body is changing, and it's because of me. It's my responsibility to make you feel good. When your nipples itch, when you're wet and achy, come to me. I'll always take care of you.”

Was this how he'd treat me if I behaved myself? Oh, I'd be such a good boy. Whatever my alpha wanted. I'd wash his feet and drink the water if this was how he'd make me feel. Cherished, safe, sated. Happy.

“Will you let me suck you again later?” I asked, still breathless. “Please, Master.”

The word just escaped, rolling off my tongue as if I'd always called him that. Davidson's pupils flared.

“You are an obedient little omega after all.”

His expression held a hint of teasing, but I was serious.

“I want to be. But sometimes, I misbehave and need to be punished.”

He exhaled on a slow blink. Then he cupped my cheek, staring into my eyes with intensity, his eyebrows knitted together. “Is this a game for you, Leo?”

Shit.

“No, Davidson,” I blurted. He decided over me. He’d said so himself, and I had no means to get from under his control. I didn’t want to. “I want to please you.”

I waited for him to say something else. Give me some more orders, set up the rules, anything...but he only shook his head, straightened, and dragged me up as well. Wobbly, I stood in front of his desk, looking down. By my left foot, I noticed a toppled water glass and a dark stain on the carpet. When did I knock it off the table? *Shit.*

“I’m sorry.” I quickly knelt, picking the glass up. Should I take care of the stain? Bring towels from the bathroom?

“Leave it, Leo. It’s just a little water.”

I looked up. He was smiling gently; his eyes held a hint of worry, but mostly, they looked kind. He petted my head, and I leaned into his touch. No, I would never get tired of kneeling by this man’s feet. Handing me the bathrobe, he gestured for me to get up.

“We need to talk about your situation. How about I make us coffee, and we sit down in the living room?”

My situation. Meaning Fabio and his men probably looking for me all over the city. I’d almost forgotten—I wished I could have.

“Okay. Sure.”

HE GAVE me loose sweats and a hoodie, and I huddled in the thick cotton gratefully. Holding a fresh mug of coffee with both hands, I sat cross-legged on the sofa, watching the blank surface of the pool. Cozy wasn’t my usual style, but now I liked it. Fabio wouldn’t have tolerated me dressed like a slob. He’d bought me piles of silk and lace and demanded I’d wear it whenever we were home alone. The memory made me

hunch over. Davidson sat next to me, close enough so our legs were pressed together.

“I spoke to a few people,” he began. He stroked my thigh in a soothing manner. “Fabio Altera has no criminal record and no charges against him. Since we haven’t contacted the police and can’t do it now, we have nothing.”

“Even if we had called the police yesterday, his men would never say anything about him.”

“I thought so. He’s a powerful guy, isn’t he?”

It used to impress and arouse me how commanding Fabio had been, but it had been just a pose. “He likes it when people think he’s cool and in control, but he’s paranoid as hell.”

“The problem is, unless he tries something again, we can’t do anything.”

Of course not. It was always like that, wasn’t it? All the stories I’d heard, news, movies, it all played out the same way. Until he hurt you enough to land you in a hospital, you had nothing on him. And sometimes not even then. When had I become a cliché abuse victim?

“But that only means we can’t do anything the official way,” Davidson added.

I frowned, squinting at him.

“I have people looking into his businesses,” he said breezily.

A different fear occurred to me. What if Davidson provoked Fabio, and Fabio went after him? For now, Fabio didn’t even know Davidson existed.

“Don’t mess with him, please.”

The idea of something happening to Davidson filled me with stunned dread. But why?

He plucked the mug from me and put it on the coffee table. It looked like a children’s toy in his hand. Then he pulled me sideways into his lap. He seemed to like holding me that way,

and I gratefully curled up against his broad chest. I was warm, in a constant state of arousal simmering just under the surface.

Safe.

Unless I was experiencing some sort of Stockholm syndrome. By this point, anything was possible.

My alpha kissed the top of my head.

“Leo, there are very few people in this country more dangerous than me. I don’t think he’s one of them.”

A chill ran down my spine at his words.

Two orange eyes glowed in my memory, a reptilian head lined with sharp thorns, swordlike claws...

He caressed my jaw and kissed my lips.

“I won’t let anyone hurt you. Not even bend a hair on your head.”

He brushed tender kisses along my upper lip, over my cheek and my eyelids; his beard tickled my skin, and I wanted to believe him. I wanted so much to trust him. If everything he said was true, he could save me. Not only from Fabio.

Davidson could save me from myself.

I was just an empty shell of a person, but maybe the right man could fill my heart and straighten out my head. The right dragon—because obviously, I was so fucked-up that nothing less than magic could make a tolerable human out of me.

The need to obey him, to please him, and be praised in return grew into a tight ball in my chest, ready to explode. I had to be his good little omega. Because if he took care of me, if he could really keep me safe, I might stand a chance. I might even be happy.

My eyes prickled with tears.

I’ll be a good boy, I promise. I wrapped my arms around his neck and clung to him.

TEARS

Davidson

CUDDLING LEO TO MY CHEST, I kissed his eyelids, his nose, and the cute little birthmark above his upper lip. He blinked up at me, all soft and anxious. I liked him pliant and shy, but it didn't seem like his true self.

In the heat of the moment, I'd said I'd fuck him into submission, but this wasn't what I meant. Did he think he needed to behave like this, or I'd punish him? How much of his compliance was an act or a sex play? What if he only acted like this out of fear?

I had no idea what to do about all of that, so I focused on the problems I could solve.

"I spoke to your bodyguard. Excellent choice there." Leo didn't need to know Devon was a dragon shifter as well. He was upset enough as it was. "He was relieved to know you're okay."

"He must be furious with me."

"Not at all. He was worried of course. He'd been looking for you for the whole night. I think he's sleeping it off now. How come he wasn't with you last night?"

Leo hesitated. When he replied, his voice was quiet. "Devon explicitly said I shouldn't visit places like the Rosebud club last night. Because of my past. He feared that Fabio was checking events I'd normally frequent. But I was frustrated and lonely. I sneaked out without telling him."

“You’re a real piece of work, aren’t you?” I said with a smirk. Maybe if I teased him, I could lure his snarky side out again.

I thought he’d laugh or come back with some retort. Instead, he flinched like I’d slapped him.

The honest hurt in his face felt like a needle to my heart.

“Hey.” I stroked his cheek. “I didn’t mean that, darling. Just a stupid joke.”

And then his eyes welled with tears.

Oh fuck. What do I do now?

“No, Leo. Don’t cry. I’m sorry.”

He swallowed, clenching his jaw, like he was trying to hold it in. But to my horror, the tears spilled down his cheeks.

“But I am, you’re right.” His voice came out strangled.

Fucking hell.

What now? I wasn’t cut out for this. I barely had enough social skills to know when to say hello to people. And now my mate was crying, and I had no idea what to do.

Where was Lawrence when I needed him?

Leo sagged, and I wrapped my arms around him. He cried for so long my T-shirt got wet. Holding him, I just sat there at a complete loss. I wished I could yell at someone, beat someone up, or buy something, and Leo’s problems would be solved.

I could hear him struggle to calm himself, taking deep breaths. After one more minute, he leaned away, head bent.

“I’m sorry,” he mumbled, hiding his face. “Sorry.”

“It’s okay. *I* apologize. I didn’t mean to upset you.”

“You didn’t.”

“Leo, you just cried because of something I said. I did upset you. And I want to apologize.”

“It’s not your fault. I overreacted.”

I wanted to laugh out of sheer desperation. Where was my omega's fiery temperament?

“Do you want to take a walk through the garden?”

He lifted his reddened eyes. “I don't have the right shoes.”

No clothes, no shoes, nothing. Everything he owned was in an apartment that was being watched.

See, you can solve one of his problems by buying something.

“Let's go to my office.”

I patted his ass, and Leo shot up. Clasp my hand around this, I led him across the atrium. I was just grateful to have a specific task to focus on. The least I could do was provide the simple necessities for my mate to be comfortable in my home. I was ashamed I hadn't thought of it earlier.

Through a department store in the city, we ordered basic clothes for him, including underwear. He seemed unwilling to choose, even though I was sure he had a taste and wishes of his own. I had to force him to give me his size and add at least one nicer pair of pants.

“I have those,” he said when I suggested dark skinny jeans.

“Do you like wearing them?”

He nodded.

“Perfect. Then we know they'll fit. Which size?”

Sneakers. Socks. A jacket for chilly evenings. After clicking on the hygiene and cosmetics category, I pushed the laptop in front of him.

“Add what you need. I'm not sending the order unless I see at least five more items on the list.”

That got a wan smile out of him. Small victories.

He added a few things; I confirmed the order and called a courier service to pick it up in town before the store closed for the night.

In the meantime, Leo's eyes wandered over the bookshelves.

"By seven, you should have your things," I told him once I hung up.

"Thank you."

"While we're at it, I should get us some dinner too. What do you want?"

"Whatever you prefer."

I refrained from rolling my eyes, ordered the Hawaiian dish Devon Hassel had mentioned, and arranged for the meals to be delivered by the same courier on the way.

For the rest of the day, Leo acted withdrawn. He ate the food, thanked me, tried on the pants and shoes, thanked me, accepted the space in the closet in the bedroom upstairs, and thanked me. If he thanked me one more time, I'd explode all over the place.

Watching him change clothes and shimmy into the new underwear did things to me. Yet I was getting wary of touching him. What if he thought he had to let me fuck him but didn't want to?

Later, he sorted his new hygiene products, neatly putting them on a shelf in the ensuite while I trimmed my beard. In the mirror, I saw him pause, looking at the row of bottles and tubes unseeingly. Then he rubbed his palm over his pectorals. *They must be full of milk again by now.* I blinked and refocused on my reflection in the mirror.

My frown caught me off guard. Why did I look angry? I wasn't. Was this how my face looked these days? I paused with a brush in my hand, inspecting the lines around my eyes and the silver at my temples. Aging was a strange beast. I'd thought I hadn't changed much since my thirties, but suddenly, there were white strands in my beard, and the wrinkles on my forehead had deepened. Or maybe I just hadn't been paying attention. I looked pissed and mean. And as I scowled with the realization, it got worse.

I noticed Leo next to me, scrutinizing me. I met his gaze in the mirror. Was this how he saw me? No wonder he walked on tiptoes around me. But right now, he didn't seem afraid. He was a little flushed, his eyes glassy.

"Can I?" he asked, pointing at the brush.

I shrugged. "Sure."

I lowered myself so our faces were level, and Leo brushed the cuttings from my beard. When he focused, a cute little quirk appeared between his light eyebrows.

"Is this okay?" he asked.

"Perfect."

I took the brush from him and put it on the counter. He stroked my beard, eyes roaming my face.

"Um, I have a tendency to glare when I don't mean to," I began, my expression I'd caught in the mirror fresh in my mind. "I look angry most of the time, and I think it's gotten worse with age."

Leo traced my eyebrows with his fingertips. His blue eyes framed with blond lashes gleamed like sapphires, the tantalizing little birthmark above his lip moving in sync with the subtle stretch of his upper lip. Would he smile at me? Up close, he looked like an angel. And I...I looked like a bitter old dragon.

"I can tell when you're mad," he said quietly. "Your eyes blaze. Now they're warm copper."

A corner of his sensual mouth lifted in a small grin. He smiled so little. I wanted to see more of it. To hear him laugh. God, I hadn't even heard him laugh yet.

Leo smoothed his hands over my bare chest. Then he leaned in and inhaled. He stroked up to my shoulders, stepped closer to me, and tilted his face up. Against all odds, what I saw in his expression was clearly desire.

"Will you kiss me, please?"

His lips were parted, cheeks pink. A faint hint of his slick reached my nostrils.

The bonding.

Whatever happened in his rational mind, however he saw me, his subconscious was drawn to me. He needed me.

I kissed him deeply, roaming his body with my hands, trying to cover as much of him as possible. I dove underneath his clothes, kneading his ass cheeks, and when I brushed over his wet rim, he shuddered.

“Do you want me to make you come?”

“Please.”

“I want to take my time with you, Leo.”

Glancing down, he flushed pink. “Then I think I need to go to the bathroom and shower.”

Kissing his forehead, I tapped his ass cheek. “Thank you for telling me.” I undressed him, hanging his sweats and T-shirt over the counter. I dragged his new baby-blue briefs down his thighs, and when I stroked his shin, he stepped out of them.

Leo stood unmoving, eyes closed, cheeks red. His cock was hard. I sniffed, taking in the scent of fresh slick. He bit his lip, waiting. I realized he waited for my command, and an exhilarated wave of lust washed over me. The urge to give him what he wanted, what he so obviously needed, was powerful and immediate.

“Is something leaking out of you?” I asked, pitching my voice low.

“Yes.”

“What is it? Your slick?”

“I’m really wet.” Breathless, shivering. Irresistible.

“From what, Leo?”

“From thinking of how you fucked me last night.”

Would I ever get used to the sight of him aroused and needy? The flush spread to his chest, his cock straining. A little pearl of precum adorned the tip right above the blue jewel.

“Is there something you’d like me to do after you’ve showered?”

His breathing got labored. “Will you please spank me?”

I frowned. After what I’d already done to him, punishing him felt wrong. He noticed my hesitation.

“Please, Davidson. I like it. I really, really like it.”

The memory of his reddened ass cheeks and gaping hole when I’d rimmed him at the club... Yeah. He did like spanking. “I’ll wait for you in bed. Don’t play with yourself.”

“I won’t.”

My head spinning, I forced my legs to move and left him in the bathroom. I closed the door and leaned on it with my forehead. With my eyes closed, I inhaled and exhaled a few times, trying to anchor myself in reality. It’d been only one day. Worry and protectiveness warred with desire and my need to control him. The mess of emotions was making me dizzy. I wanted to wrap him up in blankets and hide him away so nothing and no one could ever hurt him, while a part of me craved to tie him up and hurt him myself—in all the best ways my kinky little mate craved.

But trying to read Leo was giving me a headache. One moment, he was clearly afraid of me, and the next second, he was asking me to spank him with blatant lust in his eyes, his slender cock so hard it curved upward.

I pushed off the door and undressed. To hell with it. He wanted a spanking, he’d get a spanking. Sooner or later, the bonding would progress enough for him to stop fearing me so damn much.

When he appeared in the door to the bathroom a few minutes later, hair damp from the shower, I sat on the edge of the bed and beckoned him to me.

He came to stand between my knees, offering me his chest. His moans resonated in the quiet bedroom, and he combed his fingers through my beard and hair as I pulled on his nipples, emptying first one then the other enlarged pec. His nipples were big, looking used, and when I grazed them with my teeth, Leo shuddered. I flicked the piercing at the tip of his hard cock, and he gasped. Unable to resist, I bent lower and sucked his erection into my mouth. I teased around the jewel with my tongue, making him groan. When I brushed my palms over his ass cheeks, he whined.

“Please, Davidson.”

“Bend over here.”

I moved him by his hips until he stood with his hands braced on the high mattress. The position would be more difficult for him to hold, but something told me he didn’t mind a challenge.

“Spread your legs and stay still.”

He didn’t move a muscle when I walked around him, appraising him. His crease glistened with slick already.

The first smack of my palm on his ass cheek made him yelp. He grunted with the second. When I gave him a quick succession of hits on both cheeks, he groaned from deep in his belly. One especially hard spank sent him forward, but he immediately corrected his stand.

“Good boy.”

Fifteen more. One, two, three, four...

“Such a nice obedient boy.”

Five, six...

“Will you kiss my hand after I’m done spanking you?”

Seven, eight, nine, ten...

“Uh-huh. Yes.”

Eleven, twelve...

“Aaah! Yes, Master.”

I held back, going for maximum sensation and minimum pain, and Leo sounded ecstatic. When his ass bloomed with red, I watched him for a while longer. The tremors in his muscles, the wet smears between his ass cheeks, the marks on his pale skin, and the flush of arousal that reached to his shoulders and down his back...

Beautiful.

I checked his expression, and he looked serene. I'd had a clear image of Leo's kinks and desires the evening I met him, but I'd underestimated just how much surrender calmed him.

"Kneel on the floor, facing me."

He moved slowly, sluggishly, all of him relaxed. When he knelt, he let out a small sigh.

I offered him my right hand, my stinging palm up, and Leo cradled it in both of his. He covered my palm with kisses, his tongue peeking out. So eager to please.

"Look at me."

He raised his eyes, mouth parted.

"Earlier today you asked if you could suck me. Do you still want it?"

"Please, Master," he breathed. "Let me suck your cock."

Master. That word. Like a small miracle on my mate's lips.

I stepped closer and tapped his lips with my cockhead. The novelty that I could now have a man do this for me, and not any man, *my mate*, wouldn't wear off anytime soon. Leo's pupils flared with arousal. When I gripped his jaw, opening his mouth forcefully, he moaned. His eyelids drooped, and his tongue flicked out.

"I want you to eat my cum."

He couldn't reply with how I held his mouth open, but he blinked and grunted in assent.

"You look hungry for it."

He blinked again.

“Suck, darling. Do your best, and I’ll reward you.”

His arms hanging by his sides, Leo mouthed my cockhead. His eyes rolled into his head, and he sucked, humming.

Holding his head between my hands, I tried fucking his mouth. He strained to meet me, sucking hungrily, so I thrust just a little deeper. With his lips stretched obscenely, saliva dripping down his chin, he looked utterly debauched. Cupping his nape, I held his head at a better angle and thrust in past the ridges. Leo took it, making noises of approval. The longer I fucked his mouth, the deeper I could go, and he seemed to lose himself in the act. He looked drugged, gazing at me with half-lidded eyes, his irises only thin bands around his pupils.

“You like my dick in your mouth, hm?”

Leo tightened his lips, his tongue working vigorously. He gagged when I thrust harder but moaned on the retreat.

I recalled all the things he’d told me at the club. “*Call me names. I want to feel like a thing.*” I tightened my fist in his hair.

“My beautiful fuckhole.”

Another moan. He shuddered, chasing after my cock when I retreated. I rewarded him with another deep thrust, and he gagged again.

“Good little cocksucker. That’s it. Such a pretty hole for my dick.”

Suddenly, he surged forward and stiffened, his throat squeezing my cock. He convulsed, clearly unable to breathe. I stared, open-mouthed, at how he stained my feet with his release as he came untouched.

Incredible.

Seeing him come just from the throat-fucking, I felt pleasure burst from somewhere around my knot. I pulled back so I wouldn’t drown him, and he sucked greedily while my pulsating cock spurted cum onto his tongue. He twitched as if he were still coming.

“You can use your hands, darling,” I murmured, dazed from my climax.

Leo hummed, caressing my thighs, and licked and kissed my cock. I let him clean it and play with it until he rested his face at the base with his eyes closed and inhaled deeply.

“Thank you so much,” he whispered.

He looked relaxed but tired. I craved to fuck him again. I could bend him over the bed and shove my dick so deep he’d sob from pleasure and pain. Seeing him so drained, I couldn’t do it. When he’d smelled of fresh slick, all my instincts had urged me to make my mate come. But now when he was satisfied, a fuck would only be for me. And that was how I used to fuck all those escorts—for my pleasure first.

The thought of treating Leo the same way cooled down my libido more effectively than an ice bath.

I lifted him off the floor, holding him under his arms, and deposited him onto the bed.

“Wait here.”

In the bathroom, I rinsed his seed from the hair on my shins and filled two glasses with water.

When I came back to the bedroom, Leo watched me with sleepy eyes.

“Are you sated, darling?”

He nodded, gaze pinned on me. He looked apprehensive, but not outright afraid.

I gathered him into my arms and kissed the top of his head.

“Will you be able to fall asleep?”

“I think so.”

“Good. Are you warm enough?”

“I’m perfectly comfortable, Davidson.” There was a slight edge to his voice. Not quite annoyance, but a little bit of frustration. “Thank you,” he said again, gentler.

The small wobble in his tone cemented my belief that he was holding back, trying to behave in a certain way because he thought I expected it. Should I push it? Demand he be open with me? Or should I give it time?

Patience. All mated couples faced such challenges. I only needed to be patient.

SOMETHING WOKE ME UP, not a sound or a movement, but more like a sense of wrongness. It took me a while to open my eyes. When I did, I frowned with apprehension.

“Leo?”

He sat with his back to me, silent. His silhouette looked almost creepy in its stillness.

“What’s going on?”

No reply.

I sat up and shuffled over to him. He averted his face, but I wasn’t having it. When I cupped his jaw to turn his head, he shivered. Finally, I got him to meet my gaze. His cheeks were wet.

For the love of the universe, this was torture!

“Oh darling. What is it?”

He shook his head, squeezing his eyes shut.

“Darling, please, tell me.”

I hugged him to me, and he went willingly, laying his head on my shoulder.

“I’m just overwhelmed, I think.” His words were muffled against my skin, barely audible.

“I keep hurting you, don’t I?”

“You do not.”

“Why were you sitting in the dark, crying?”

No response.

“Why Leo?”

“I...tried to get up.”

Shit.

“Did you try to leave again?”

Silence.

“Leo, did you try to leave?” My voice came out sharper than intended. What if he’d succeeded? What if they took him from me?

“I want to stay. I want to be good, I swear. But a part of me...wanted to know if I could do it. Sorry. I’m so sorry. I can’t move anyway. Whenever I think about leaving, I can’t move.” He sounded so anguished. “What’s the point, Davidson? Why does a stupid slut like me have free will at all?”

His words were a gut punch. Literally. My stomach clenched, and for a few seconds, I couldn’t breathe, let alone say something.

“I don’t want to think. Make my brain shut up, please, Davidson.”

I opened my mouth and closed it. Then opened it again... Out of the two of us, he obviously wasn’t the stupid one.

“I disobeyed you,” he cried. “Will you punish me?”

That I could do. Was it what he needed?

But I squeezed him to me, a surge of protectiveness locking my muscles in place. “No.”

“Punish me, please,” he said with a sob.

All the demons in hell, I had no idea what I was doing. He begged me, but both my heart and reason screamed no.

“Master, I need you to punish me.” He was gasping the words out.

“No, darling. Not like this.”

I’d fucked up enough already. I wasn’t keen on making it worse.

Instead, I gripped him by his ass and tugged him into my lap. I manhandled him until he straddled me, his arms around my neck, then I squeezed him tight. He shook with sobs. To my great relief, he clutched at me with all his might, hiding his face in the crook of my neck. Hopefully, my scent would calm him down. It should have that effect on my mate.

“You’ve done nothing wrong. I scared you and hurt you. Of course, you wanted to get away from me. I’m so sorry, my love.”

“Why can’t I leave?”

“You’re tied to me, and I’m tied to you. We’re true mates. In the beginning, we can’t be apart at all.”

“But that’s not possible. I only know you from my dreams. You can’t be real.”

“Can you smell me, love?”

He nodded, smearing tears and snot into my skin. I didn’t mind in the least.

“Does it soothe you to breathe in my scent?”

A few heartbeats of hesitation, then a careful nod.

I cupped his nape and pressed a few kisses along his hairline.

“Does it help when I hold you?”

“Yes,” he rasped, his breathing calmer.

“When I said you couldn’t leave, I didn’t mean that I forbid you, Leo. You literally can’t. Just like I can’t be away from you. We’re bonding. We need to stay close to each other. It’ll get easier in just a few weeks, I promise.”

“Why?”

“It’s like that for all dragon couples.”

He made a sound, like a small scoff, and I remembered with painful clarity how he’d spat at me that dragons didn’t exist. My poor Leo.

“It’s going to be okay,” I said ineptly. “It’s all going to make sense.”

He didn’t say anything else. He clung to me, breathing raggedly. After a while, I carefully lay on my back, bringing him with me. I massaged his back, rubbing slow circles from his shoulders all the way to his ass, and he relaxed into me. I lightened my touch until I was only brushing his skin. Then I dragged the covers over us.

As I felt him fall asleep, I had only one thought in my head, and I held on to it like a lifeline.

I needed to call Lawrence.

I DIDN’T SLEEP for shit. I couldn’t. I held Leo for the rest of the night, guarding him in his fitful, shallow slumber.

Sprawling over me, he seemed to sleep deeper toward morning, and I stayed still so I wouldn’t disturb him. When he shifted, peering at me with glassy eyes, he smiled—just a tiny quirk to his beautiful lips. Thank the universe for small mercies.

“Morning,” he murmured and pressed his lips to my chest.

“Good morning. How are you feeling?”

He frowned thoughtfully. “Good. Sleepy. And you?”

“Glad to wake up with you in my arms. Did you sleep well?”

“I’m sorry for freaking out. I feel much better now. I had strange dreams but good ones.”

I refrained from telling him off for apologizing. I suspected it would only lead to more apologizing, and I wasn’t sure I could bear that. “What did you dream about?”

He blushed, looking down shyly. “The dragon.”

I winced and opened my mouth, but he spoke before I could.

“It wasn’t a nightmare.” When he glanced up at me, excitement flickered in his eyes. “I dreamed about flying, and in the dream, I wasn’t afraid.”

“We can fly together.”

He gave out a small snort of laughter. “Last time I vomited, remember?”

“Vividly. But it would be different if you sat on my back with a proper harness.”

“A harness?”

“For safety. So I don’t have to hold you in my claws.”

He frowned, playing with the smattering of gray hair on my chest. “I still don’t know if you’re real,” he murmured.

Bracing myself, I breathed out the next question, “Do you want me to be real?”

For an excruciating few seconds, his eyes roamed my face. “I think I do.”

Rolling us to the side, I kissed his cheek and down his neck, and he made a little sound, almost a laugh. “Your beard tickles.”

The brightness in his voice made my oversized heart beat faster. I gulped his scent from the spot underneath his ear. “I’ll do my best to make you happy, Leo. I swear.”

“Thank you.”

I huffed. “You have to stop thanking me for every little thing I do or won’t do.”

“I’m sorry.”

“And stop apologizing.”

“Sorry.”

As expected. I glowered at him, trying to make it look teasing, and to my great joy, Leo’s mouth twitched at the corners.

Leaning back, I studied his gaze. He seemed wary but excited, too.

“I think there’s someone you could talk to.”

Leo flinched. “Like a shrink?”

“No.” I searched my mind for the right words while Leo made an even worse conclusion.

“A priest?” he asked, sounding terrified.

I couldn’t help but laugh. Me? Sending Leo to a priest? “Hell no. Lawrence is just a friend. He’ll understand what you’re going through better than I can.”

AFTER BREAKFAST, I left Leo wrapped in a blanket in the living room, staring at the blank surface of the pool. He’d eaten well, and his cheeks had gotten some color back.

Pacing around my office, I called Lawrence.

“Davidson! How are you?”

“I’m good. Listen, I need you to come here.”

A beat of silence followed. “Where’s here?”

“My house.”

“It’s Sunday, sir, and I’m spending time with Ernest and his family.” He only ever called me sir now when he was annoyed with me.

“It’s an emergency.”

“Sorry, I need to take this outside,” he said away from the phone.

Shuffling and banging sounds followed while I waited.

“What kind of emergency?” he asked, his voice clear again.

“I...found my mate.”

I had to hold my phone away from my ear while Lawrence squealed like a fucking piglet.

“Oh my God, Davidson, that’s amazing. What’s his name? What does he do? And how did you meet him? I’m so happy

for you! We have to celebrate.”

“Calm down.”

“I need to tell Ernest. That’s fantastic!”

“Calm down, for fuck’s sake, and listen.”

“You’re being rude again, Davidson.”

I rolled my eyes. Sometimes I missed those days when he used to be too afraid of me to get sassy.

“I said I had an emergency. I need your help.”

The urgency in my tone finally broke through his senseless glee.

“I’m listening.”

“I need you to explain things to him.”

“Me? He’s your mate. I hate to break it to you, but you are now in a relationship. Stop wasting time with me, and go take care of your omega. Oh! Or is he an alpha?” He sounded excited at the possibility for some reason.

“No. Leo is an omega, human.” I rubbed the bridge of my nose. “He’s terrified of me. He lets me hold him and touch him, and it calms him, but he’s obviously not doing well.”

“You have to gain his trust,” Lawrence said, sounding annoyingly like someone’s dad.

“I’m trying. And in the meantime, he’s going through hell.”

“You just need to be patient, Davidson. You’re bonding, and he’ll feel it soon enough. Why would you think I’d be of any use? He needs *your* reassurance. He’ll be fine in a few days. I’m so excited for you. Finally! You must be over the moon.” His voice went higher in pitch, and I gritted my teeth so I wouldn’t snap at him.

“Yeah, I’m prancing around, throwing confetti in the air. Listen to me, Lawrence, I need you to help him. Please. He keeps crying and trying to leave. Please. I’m begging you. Help me help him.”

The phone crackled with his exhale. “How?”

“Just talk to him. Explain how it felt for you. You’ve been through the same not so long ago. You know how it feels.”

“Not really. Ernest is way nicer than you.”

I growled. Was he making fun of me? Now? “My mate is hurting, Lawrence!”

The desperation in my voice must have finally gotten to him because he sighed. “Okay. But just because I’m curious about him. Let me talk to Ernest, and I’ll message you when I’m on the way.”

“Thank you.”

“You know, you’ve never begged me for anything ever. He’s having a good influence on you already.”

Why was I even tolerating Lawrence’s behavior? Oh right—because I needed him. “Just hurry, please.”

“On my way. See you soon!”

WHEN I CAME BACK, Leo was standing by the glass wall, looking outside. It must have begun raining while I’d been on the phone, and the glass was now covered with glistening drops. I went to hug him, but he rubbed his forearm over his chest, his lips curling with subtle discomfort he promptly tried to hide.

“Does your chest ache?”

Gaze cast downward, he nodded.

“Do you want me to...”

Before I could finish the sentence, Leo lifted his sweatshirt high enough to expose his nipples. Then he cupped one pec in his hand, the nipple sticking out, and looked at me through his eyelashes.

I’d never seen anything more erotic in my life.

His cheeks were still blotched, eyes red and puffy from crying for half the night, lips chapped, and he was offering me

his milk. Blatantly and submissively.

It would bring him relief, right? Nursing his alpha was supposed to soothe him, so it wasn't selfish of me to take what he was offering. Was it? As if I could resist.

I hoisted him up, holding him around his waist and under his ass, and he wrapped his legs around me. My hunger made me see red. I latched on to his nipple, sucking forcefully, rubbing my tongue along the underside to get the milk flowing. Leo held my head to his chest with both arms, crying out. The taste had my dick throbbing in my pants.

Switching sides, I gorged myself on the perfect flavor. My mate writhed and moaned, rubbing his groin against me. It turned him on, of course. Lifting him high up in the air, I pulled his sweats just under his ass and shoved two fingers inside him. My slick felt thick like oil, and it coated my fingers, dribbling down my hand. With one arm around his back, I held him to me, supporting a good part of his weight by my hand in his ass. He bore down, squeezing my chest with his knees, trying to fuck himself while I sucked his flesh in so deep the tip of his nipple brushed the roof of my mouth. He came sobbing, his nipples letting out spurts of clear milk.

I needed to fuck him quickly before Lawrence arrived. Bonding was like that, right? We needed it like water. Nothing weird about it.

Except he cried in my arms twice already and keeps trying to escape. But he needs me. He's humping me like crazy...

With my face pressed against his chest, I took a step in the direction of the sofas. Or so I thought.

The next second, we were flying.

The cool water of the pool swallowed us both, sloshing loudly around us before flooding my mouth and ears. I quickly adjusted my hold on Leo, hugging him to me and bringing us to the surface.

He spluttered and coughed, clutching my neck while I swam us to the edge.

“Fuck, darling, I'm so sorry. I'm so fucking sorry.”

Wiping his face, Leo coughed some more.

“I’m sorry.” I smoothed his wet hair back while he blinked at me rapidly.

“It’s okay. I’m fine,” he rasped.

“Sorry. I just... forgot.”

“Why the hell do you have a pool in your living room, Davidson?” he asked.

“I like water.”

He bit his lip, his gaze flickering between my eyes.

And then he snickered.

The quiet sound of his amusement was like a spark of new life. A sweet, warm sensation hugged my heart, and when I hugged him to me, he dissolved into a fit of giggles. My own chest bubbled up with laughter.

Oh, thank heavens!

My Leo laughed with me. He’d be okay.

IO

LAWRENCE TO THE RESCUE

Leo

WE HAD TO SHOWER, and Davidson suckled on my nipples some more under the warm spray of water. Nursing him felt so fucking nice I stopped questioning it. He said it was a dragon thing. Apparently, it was just something my body could do now, and we both liked it, so screw it. I didn't have the mental capacity to freak out about that on top of everything else. He dried me up and gave me a pair of sweats because my new ones got soaked. The pants were long and loose, and even after I cinched them around my waist, I stepped on the hems.

"I'll order you more clothes. One pair of sweats is not enough."

"I can order something myself," I blurted without thinking. I wanted to kick myself. *Obedient omegas say thank you and don't talk back.* Besides, he'd have to give me my phone and allow me to use it.

But Davidson blinked, looking sheepish. "Sure." His easy agreement threw me. "You can use my laptop later." He smiled, caressing my cheek.

Huh.

Before I could pick apart his reaction, the doorbell rang. Davidson grabbed my hand and led me to the atrium. It reminded me of how he'd dragged me through the house that night, and a flash of fear and arousal made me stumble. He slowed down, wrapping his arm around me.

"Sorry, darling," he muttered.

Looking up, I caught his determined expression. My scrambled brain was still trying to piece together what the hell was happening to me. Nothing in my life made sense right now, except for Davidson's orders. The power he had over me got less scary by the minute. Ever so slowly, I'd begin relying on his strength. Maybe he'd be a strict and demanding Master, but I needed that. I craved that.

He seemed to care about me—he'd gotten upset when I'd cried and was trying to help me. So maybe I hadn't fucked up as much as I'd thought. I shouldn't have cried. I should have been able to keep it together. But Davidson would soon realize his new mate was a real piece of work just like he'd said... I needed to try harder.

Davidson opened the door to a dark-haired little omega with a sizable pregnant belly. I didn't know who I'd expected to come to my rescue, but this man sure wasn't it.

Everything about him was wholesome—from his comfy grandpa sneakers, loose preggo jeans, pristine polo shirt, and boring beige jacket to his rosy cheeks and neat haircut. I could almost hear him complaining about the music being too loud at a church bake sale. His belly entered the house, the rest of him a step behind, and I automatically inched away from him. He was exactly the do-gooder type of omega who'd invariably end up hating me.

This was the man Davidson called to help me. Was he a part of my punishment? If so, I probably deserved it. The weirdest thing was how he smiled at me. Literally with stars in his eyes.

“Hi. It's so nice to meet you,” he enthused.

“Lawrence, this is Leo.” Davidson sounded sheepish. “Leo, this is Lawrence Bracknell, my personal assistant. He's also a dragon mate.”

Another mate? I swiveled around to look at Davidson, bile rising into my throat. “He's yours too?” I blurted, my voice breaking. I couldn't share my alpha with anyone. There was no way...

Davidson's eyes widened. "Fuck no!"

"What Davidson means is that I'm married to another dragon shifter," Lawrence said from behind me with badly hidden amusement in his voice. "My husband, Ernest Bracknell, just dropped me off by the gate."

Davidson heaved a sigh, lifting his palms in a placating gesture. "I thought it might help you to talk to someone who's been through the same." He spoke slowly, like one might talk to a crazy person, and I felt my face heat with shame. Placing his hands on my shoulders, he smiled crookedly. "He hasn't been held at gunpoint in a back alley, snagged by a mythical creature, and carried in its claws through the night." Lawrence snickered behind me. "But he once also found out he was a dragon's mate and had a hard time accepting it."

I'd accepted it. I now belonged to Davidson and had to obey him. A part of me knew that. The other part was looking around the house, wondering why the rooms weren't padded and when the people in white coats would appear.

"Davidson, why don't you leave us alone for a moment? I'll talk to Leo."

Lawrence must have known his way around the house because he strode straight toward the living room.

"Go. I'll be in my office," Davidson told me, giving me a tense smile.

I felt vaguely nauseous leaving him behind as I walked after Lawrence. When I glanced back at Davidson, he stood still by the door, staring at me.

"It's difficult to be separated from him, I know." Lawrence's words made me jerk around. I sped up to catch up with him. "Just keep telling yourself he's in the same house. If you get nervous, visualize him in the office a mere twenty feet away. It'll get easier, I promise."

Okay, maybe Lawrence would be helpful.

"When did it happen to you?"

“Almost three years ago. I met Ernest at a New Year’s party, took one whiff of his scent, and here I am.” Lowering himself into the sofa, he patted his pregnant belly, smiling.

I sat next to him. “And he’s like Davidson?”

“A dragon shifter, yes.”

Lawrence studied me, raking his eyes up and down my body before settling on my face. Then he squinted until he lit up with recognition. “You’re Leonard Chase, aren’t you?”

Shit. If Davidson didn’t already know about my colorful past, his assistant would promptly fill him in. “A piece of work” didn’t even cover half of it.

“Sorry, but this will take some time getting used to. Davidson has been alone for a very long time, and quite bitter about it too. And now you’re here, and it’s *you*.” He gestured toward me with both hands, grinning excitedly. “Leave it to Davidson to wait for his mate for decades and then snatch the officially most beautiful omega in the country. I thought you lived in Dalton City. Did you move to Ardaine, or are you just visiting? Sorry if I keep staring at you, but oh my stars, you’re gorgeous. Davidson must be beside himself with joy.” To my confusion, I couldn’t detect any sarcasm or spite in his voice. Not even a trace of it. He seemed genuinely glad to meet me. Guys like him were *never* kind to guys like me. Was he slow on the uptake or one of those nauseatingly naive, nice people?

“I moved here only recently.” That was the only question he asked, right? “What’s a dragon mate?”

“I’m getting distracted, sorry.” He sighed, blinking at me dreamily. “I’m here to help and won’t leave you hanging. So. The most important fact to get into your head—and it took me a while too, so no pressure—dragon shifters mate for life.” He paused, looking at me expectantly, so I gave him a vague nod. “It’s a fact, no exceptions. Once a dragon alpha meets his mate, they create a powerful physical and emotional bond basically overnight. The pheromonal attraction is so intense you’re irresistible to each other. Like Ernest and me. I never did one-night stands. Ever.”

Of course not. Nice boys fuck on the third date at the earliest. I refrained from commenting.

“Once I met Ernest, I just...went for it.” He waggled his eyebrows, blushing faintly. “I imagine it must have been similar for you. But of course, that’s private. We don’t have to dwell on that part.”

“I met Davidson at a sex club. Fucking was implied.”

Lawrence blinked rapidly, and his ears went red. “Okay. Um. I assume you were attracted to him, right? It’s just...the, uh, sex drive...it’s a mate thing. Anyway. He mentioned something about a back alley. What happened?”

“He ate me out at the party, but I changed my mind about the fucking and left.” The play of reactions on Lawrence’s face tempted me to add more details, as crude as possible. He was an easy target. However, I couldn’t tell him about Fabio. It was bad enough Davidson knew. “I got ambushed on the way home. Davidson must have followed me because he changed into that thing, took the attackers out, and flew me here like a parcel. He dropped me off on his lawn, brought me to the house, and it must have been the shock that exhausted me because I fell asleep. I’m not sure how it happened, but I think I dreamed something, woke up horny, and together with his scent, it made me beg for his cock. We fucked like animals. In the morning, he claimed I was his mate, but I didn’t believe him. He got mad, changed into the dragon again, and told me I couldn’t leave him. After that, I’ve been trying not to piss him off again.”

Lawrence stared at me with his mouth open. A few seconds passed in silence while he went from disbelief to astonishment, only to settle on pity. “Oh my God, I’m so sorry. I’m doing this all wrong. You’re terrified, aren’t you?”

Was I? Not as much as I should have been. “I’m not sure.”

“It’s overwhelming, and you’re probably wondering if you’ve gone insane.” It would have been a solid explanation. “And Davidson is being his obtuse self, making it all worse.”

That made me bristle. “He’s been taking care of me. When I toe the line, he’s kind.”

Lawrence grimaced. “When you toe the line?”

“You know what I mean.”

He tilted his head to the side, frowning, mouth slightly parted. Then he shut it and shook his head. “I don’t. Please explain to me what you mean.” He said it kindly, without any trace of sarcasm.

“Davidson changed into a plane-sized dragon and told me I had to live with him and obey him. When I try to leave, I get sick. So hypothetically, if it isn’t a hallucination and dragons are real, then I have to do what he says and he’ll keep me alive. I find him hot as hell, and the sex is incredible, so that makes things easier. I don’t mind all that much, really. I need someone to set the rules for me anyway. Usually, I only like power play in bed, and I never imagined being a full-time sub, but I’m starting to like it. I think I’ll get used to it.”

I thought it made perfect sense—he’d been through the same after all—but Lawrence looked horrified.

“A full-time sub?” he cried. “And he actually said you had to *obey* him?”

“It was...in the heat of the moment.”

Lawrence’s confused expression turned murderous. “That stupid old lizard,” he hissed, startling me. Wasn’t Davidson his boss? “How did you react to that?” he asked.

“I was low-key scared but mostly turned on. First, I thought I’d been drugged. Still haven’t ruled that out. But it’s more like I think I should be afraid, but I’m not. Which doesn’t make sense.”

“It makes perfect sense. It’s the bond tying you together, and obedience doesn’t have anything to do with it. Your subconscious knows Davidson would never hurt you, but your reason tells you he’s a nightmare and shouldn’t even exist.”

I blinked. That was exactly right. “Does the dragon exist?” I asked, my voice barely audible.

Lawrence sighed, looking at me with a sad smile. “He does. And you haven’t been drugged, and you’re not going crazy. Davidson is a dragon shifter, and you’re his mate.”

The firmness of his statement punched the breath out of me. I *knew* he was telling the truth. I hadn’t even needed to ask him. I knew all of it myself. I felt strangely light in my body, as if gravitational forces had suddenly weakened, and I was floating above the sofa instead of sitting on it. My stomach ached.

“I...” What was I going to say?

See? You’ve known this. You belong to Davidson.

“You don’t have to obey anyone, Leonard. The bond goes both ways. Whatever careless nonsense Davidson told you when he was acting like a monster, first and foremost, he needs you to be happy. He will never expose you to any danger. Not from himself or from anyone else. You’re his ultimate priority. The one.”

Now *that* didn’t make sense at all. My confusion must have shown on my face because Lawrence waved his hand in the air dismissively.

“Never mind. I’m not going to tidy up his mess for him. He’ll have to sort that out all by himself. We’ll chat about the easy stuff. Are you experiencing some physical changes already?”

Specific questions were good. I could do this. “Swollen belly and wet ass. Constant horniness like I’m about to go into heat any second. No matter how upset I am, I crave dick several times a day.” And Davidson hadn’t fucked me since yesterday morning. Why?

Lawrence’s red ears got an even darker shade. “Yes. Um. That’s correct. And the clear milk.” He pointed at his chest vaguely. “The symptoms freaked me out at first, but it’s nothing dangerous. Once the...uh...dragon semen gets into your system, your body starts changing. The physical signs are an important part of the bonding. Have you...nursed him?”

I nodded.

“Weird, huh? Did you like it?”

“Oh yeah.” I fucking *adored* the delicate sensation of the milk streaming out of my nipples when he sucked them.

“Great. Keep doing that. It helps.”

“With what? It only makes me hornier.”

“It’s supposed to strengthen the bond. It’ll all make sense in a few days, I promise. And the, um, horniness. Just let it flow.”

I snorted. “Let it flow? You mean keep fucking?”

He shrugged and bit his lip. “I think Ernest and I did it like fifty times during the first couple of weeks alone.”

Davidson and I could do more than that. I mentally slapped myself.

“You’re Davidson’s assistant?”

“Yes. I’ve worked for him for ages. I met Ernest through him.”

“And you didn’t know that...”

“Ugh, no.” He shuddered. “I only found out afterward.” He blew out a breath. “I’ve seen Davidson in dragon form a couple of times. You must have been out of your mind with fear. Davidson is the largest dragon I know, and the thorns on his head are bizarrely ominous.” Lawrence gestured with his hands a lot when he spoke. “He’s quite cranky too, both man and dragon. I used to be terrified of him even before I knew he could change into *that*.” He paused, his eyes twinkling with a strange light. “He’s set in his ways and a bit dense when it comes to other people’s feelings. But he’s a great man with a genuinely good heart. Don’t let him convince you of anything else.”

“Does he pay you for saying that?” I said, smirking, then wishing I could take it back. I needed to quit being such a bitch all the time.

But Lawrence didn’t even blink. “No. Most of the time he pays me for arguing with him and saying things he doesn’t like

to hear.”

I snorted. Maybe Lawrence wasn't as preppy and uptight as he seemed to be.

“Seriously. He's a good man,” he said. “You're safe with him.”

“I only met him on Friday.”

Lawrence nodded seriously. “It takes time, but after a few weeks, it'll feel like you've always known him. I promise.” He reached out and patted my arm like we were buddies, and I managed not to recoil. “Believe me, I freaked out big time as well. The first morning, I tried to leave but didn't get further than the hallway in front of Ernest's apartment. I thought I was going to suffocate.”

“You tried to leave too?”

“Of course. A guy I just slept with changes into a giant reptile and claims I must marry him and bear his children? I would have run for the hills if it weren't for the bond.”

I winced. “I couldn't even get to the door.”

“You're tied together, and a significant part of you is already hooked on him. It's like your subconscious immediately clings to your mate, but the conscious brain must catch up. It's most intense the first week when you can't be apart at all. Which is good, because that way you get to know each other on a rational level as well. You get more comfortable with him, and with that, short-term separation becomes possible. Ernest and I went to work seven days after the bonding started. I missed him terribly, but it was much worse for him.”

Worse for the alpha? I'd automatically assumed it was just me. “How?”

“Dragon alphas find it extremely difficult to be away from their mates. Ernest hates it. We've never gone longer than a few days without one another. He can't sleep without me.”

My face must have shown my surprise because Lawrence patted my arm again.

“For them, it’s instant and all-changing. They just know.” He shrugged, giving me a sad half-smile. “Besides, Davidson’s been *waiting* for you. He’s already so in love with you. He’s probably pacing around the office right now, driving himself crazy with worry.”

I couldn’t help but laugh. “He doesn’t even know me.” And hopefully, he never would, or he’d get rid of me; eternal bonds be damned.

“He doesn’t have to. Once the dragon chooses a mate, it’s final. Davidson will love you for the rest of his life. It’s inevitable. Like gravity.”

“I’m not the type of guy people love for the rest of their lives, Lawrence.”

He cocked his head to the side. “Why not?”

I didn’t bother replying. Outside, the sun peeked out from between the clouds, and the bright light reflected in the pool. I watched the play of sunlight on the water and wondered if I could resign on reality and reason and start believing in love. If I gave it my all, I’d be an obedient fucktoy. But love? That concept was alien to me. I’d held in contempt people who threw the word around like it was a matter of course.

“Davidson mentioned you cried. Can I ask why?”

Because I’m a worthless excuse of a person, and my dream dragon will soon find out. “I’m all over the place. Nothing makes sense. One minute, I accuse him of drugging me, the next, I beg him to hold me because I can’t bear to be without him.”

Lawrence was looking at me with strange intensity, and I didn’t like it. I had a suspicion he was quite observant.

“He won’t harm you in any way. Ever.”

“He keeps saying that. He’s also seven feet of solid muscle and could snap me like a twig.”

“Davidson isn’t seven feet tall. He’s six-eight at best.”

I only stared at him blankly.

“Never mind. He literally can’t hurt you. He’d rather burn the world down before he’d hurt you.”

I wouldn’t give him a reason either. Just to be sure. *An obedient little mate.*

“You don’t believe me, do you?” Lawrence asked.

“I kind of want to. But you just walked in twenty minutes ago and are his employee.”

He stared at me, his gaze calculating. A few seconds went by. Then he wiggled, settling deeper into the cushions.

“The attraction is most confusing, isn’t it?” he said. “You want to hate him, say no to him, but you can’t stay away. You’re afraid of him, but at the same time, you want nothing more than to roll around in bed with him for the rest of the day.”

I snorted. “Pretty much. I’m only weeks away from my heat too, which doesn’t help with keeping my libido in check.”

Lawrence’s eyes widened with surprise, then he grimaced. “Oh shit.”

“What?”

“Weeks?”

“I’m supposed to go into heat in the middle of next month, why?”

“I hate to break it to you, but it might be earlier than that.”

My heart stuttered, and I had a strange sense of déjà vu. Like I was supposed to know something because I’d thought about it before but forgot. Something obvious. “Come again?”

“The changes in your body...” He squeezed his eyes shut and flicked his wrist, like he was searching for the right words.

“Just spit it out, please.”

It’s obvious. The shape of your underbelly. The milk. How you feel about his cum. How horny you are. An obedient omega mate... It all has one simple purpose.

I stared at Lawrence’s big round stomach.

“The bonding speeds up the process,” Lawrence said. “My heat came after only four months even though I was barely halfway in my cycle. But you’re close already.”

“Meaning?” My voice sounded like it was coming from afar.

“It might be much earlier. And a warning, pills don’t work on you now. You’re a dragon mate. You’re meant to pop dragon kids one after another. You’ll need a different type of contraceptive.”

I stared, frozen. Inhaled. Exhaled. On top of everything... *That.*

Lawrence’s face scrunched up. “See. The bonding will make you...receptive to the idea. I had intense breeding and pregnancy fantasies even during the first twenty-four hours after Ernest and I had sex. To the point I thought I’d developed a kink. Once you go into heat, you’ll need breeding. You won’t be able to control your urges at all. There’s a doctor downtown who’s a dragon mate himself. I’ll give you his contact details, and you need to call him immediately. He’ll determine the exact timing of your heat and give you the contraceptive.”

The water in the pool had calmed down, looking like a clear, blank mirror.

Pregnant. I could get pregnant.

“It’s Sunday,” I mumbled, more to myself. “The office will be closed.”

“They have a nurse available on the phone twenty-four seven.”

“I always took pills during my heats.” How deep was this rabbit hole?

“I know. But this time, you’ll need something else. It’s a small device. You won’t even know it’s there. After recovery, you’ll get it pulled out again.”

I glanced at Lawrence’s belly again. It looked flawlessly round. *There’s a baby in there.*

“Seriously, Leo, you need to call the doctor. Today. I have no idea how fast it can come, but it sure won’t be in a month. You don’t have time.”

“And if I get pregnant?”

Lawrence gaped, then pointed a finger at me. “You met him on Friday, remember?”

I shook myself. “Of course. Sorry. I don’t know what I’m doing.”

“Where’s your phone?”

“Davidson has it. He turned it off.”

“What?” Suddenly, the expression on the preppy omega’s face got positively rabid. He jumped up and stretched his lower back. “Okay, I’ve heard enough. Come on. We need to sort this out.”

He strode decisively toward Davidson’s study, and I followed him on autopilot.

My heat would come early. Possibly very soon. And I’d spend it with Davidson. Of course I would. The thought of any other alpha touching me didn’t compute in my head. I couldn’t even imagine it.

The knowledge was so powerful it made me pause in the hallway in front of Davidson’s office. Nobody would touch me, but him. Not ever. Only Davidson. His huge hands, his taste, his cock in me, forever. Only him.

And he’d breed me.

Oh God. It was true. Everything they said was true.

I wasn’t hallucinating. I was Davidson’s mate. For life.

He’ll get me pregnant.

I stood frozen, both hands on my belly, and a painful surge of yearning tore through me, making my chest ache and my eyes itch. The feeling was purely physical, but no less overwhelming. Suddenly, I was horribly aware of how skinny I was and how small my stomach felt under my hands. Empty. I felt unbearably empty.

“Davidson!” Lawrence called before knocking on the door loudly, tearing me out of my trance.

“Yes?”

The small omega burst in, talking a hundred miles an hour while I followed him warily. “Is this a hostage situation or what? Give Leo his phone back immediately. He needs to call Dr. Francis Clearbridge downtown and book an appointment. He’s already close to his heat, and the bonding will accelerate the cycle. He needs to see Dr. Clearbridge within days, preferably tomorrow already, or he could be pregnant by Friday, and you’ve traumatized him enough as it is. Why on earth would you turn off his phone?”

Stunned, Davidson looked from me to Lawrence and back to me. “It was for your safety. You know that.”

I nodded. I did know. But Lawrence was on a roll.

“No wonder he’s afraid of you when you treat him like a prisoner.”

“But he’s in danger—”

“He thinks he has to obey you.”

“Do you have any idea what the word kink means, Lawrence?” Davidson raised his voice, but Lawrence didn’t seem deterred.

“I do, sir. I have a very happy, inventive sex life. Thanks for your concern. But *you’ve* made Leo so terrified he believes that being a dragon mate means obeying the dragon like we live in the Middle Ages. You’ve made a mess, and you need to fix it and fast, or I swear to God I’ll sic Manny on you!”

Who was Manny? My alpha gripped the handles of his chair and opened his mouth, but nothing came out. The mute shock on Davidson’s face had me wondering how much of his behavior I had misunderstood, but now wasn’t the time to reflect on that.

“Can I use your phone, Davidson?” I asked loudly before they could argue some more.

“Of course.” He unlocked the device and handed it to me.

“The number, Lawrence, please?”

Lawrence cast Davidson a glare and fished out his phone from his bag. He dictated the number, and I dialed.

“Say it’s an emergency,” Lawrence urged. “And don’t use the word dragon on the phone.”

I grimaced. What was I supposed to say?

An automatic voice answered. “Dr. Clearbridge’s office. Please wait. We’ll answer your call as soon as possible. In life-threatening situations, please hang up and call nine-one-one.”

Apparently, I was booking an appointment with a dragon doctor but wasn’t allowed to say the word dragon. My heart pounded in my chest, double-time to the beeping sound in the phone.

“How do I even—” But before I could finish my question, the beeping stopped.

“Dr. Clearbridge’s office, you’re speaking to Germaine.”

Okay. Here goes nothing.

“Hello. Are you...a nurse?”

“Yes. I’m on duty while Dr. Clearbridge is away from the office. How can I help you?”

“My name is Leonard. I, um, met my mate a few days ago, and I’m close to my heat. A friend recommended you. He said you can help me...determine the date.”

“Of course, Leonard. Are you experiencing any bonding symptoms?”

“Um. Yes. Clear liquid coming out of my nipples. My stomach is bloated.”

“Do you have loose, relaxed muscles in your lower back and around your hips? Heightened libido?”

Germaine’s matter-of-fact tone was comforting. “Yes, to both.”

“Your age? And when was your heat supposed to start?”

“I’m twenty-seven. Around the tenth next month. Fourth heat.”

“Since the first intercourse with your mate, how soon did lover’s milk appear?”

“I...don’t know. Several hours later. It happened during the same night.”

“And would you say you have a large amount?”

“What’s a large amount?”

“When you nurse your mate, is it more like small drops coming out or a trickle? How soon do your pectorals swell again after nursing?”

I could feel Davidson’s gaze on me. This was probably the most bizarre conversation I’d ever had, but curiously enough, it gave me a sense of normalcy. A stranger on the phone thought what I was going through was an everyday thing.

It was all real. It was truly happening.

“A trickle, I think. And a few hours.”

“Early and high production of lover’s milk indicates you’re indeed very close. Most probably, you’ll go into heat this week. But that’s okay, don’t worry. Obviously, the doctor isn’t here today, but you can come first thing tomorrow morning. We leave time slots open for emergencies like yours.”

I could hear my pulse in my head. “Is it an emergency?”

“Well, that depends on how you feel about it. Your heat will come during the first phase of bonding, so the bonding symptoms and heat symptoms will coincide. It will be short, about five to six days, and very intense. You’ll both be compelled to breed. Which means immediate pregnancy within days of realizing you’re mated. Many omegas in your situation opt for a contraceptive device, which needs to be inserted into your womb before the first heat wave.”

I swallowed. I could get pregnant with Davidson’s baby. Within days.

“You don’t have to decide anything now, Leonard. Think about it and talk to your mate. If you’re unsure how to proceed, Dr. Clearbridge will help you to make the best decision for you. I’ll put you in for seven forty-five Monday morning. Do you have the address?”

“I think our friend has it.”

“You’ll receive an automated message with all the details on the number you’re calling from. Is that okay?”

“Yes, thank you.”

“Excellent. Have a lovely Sunday, and we’ll see you tomorrow, Leonard.”

“Thanks. Bye.”

I gave the phone back to Davidson, and it beeped in his hand with a message. He looked at it.

“Seven forty-five tomorrow,” he read. “It’s close to my company’s headquarters. My driver will take us.”

“Why the hell did you take his phone?” Lawrence asked indignantly. I’d almost forgotten about him.

“Because we don’t know if my phone is safe,” I replied before Davidson could. “He was trying to protect me.”

“Protect you? From what?”

“A crazy ex. I don’t want to talk about it.”

Davidson lifted his hands in an “I told you so” gesture, and Lawrence huffed before turning to me.

“You don’t have to obey him,” he stated, pointing a finger at Davidson. “That’s not what being a dragon mate means. In fact, you shouldn’t. It’d make his head grow even bigger.”

Davidson let out an exasperated laugh, and I just stood there, my mind a whirlwind.

Me? Pregnant?

Lawrence’s bag vibrated. “Ernest is here. I have to go.”

He turned to me, and to my horror, he hugged me. His firm belly pressed into mine, and I patted his shoulder gingerly.

“Call me anytime, okay?” Then he turned to Davidson, glaring at him. “Don’t scare him any more.”

Davidson rubbed a hand down his face. “Why did I think you’d be helpful?”

“I’ve provided crucial information,” Lawrence huffed, lifting his chin. “Oh, I almost forgot.”

Then he rooted in his bag. He pulled out a book and thrust it at me. “Read this.”

It was a thin paperback and looked quite shabby. The cover said *Mating and Procreation of Dragons* and was adorned with an illustration of a pregnant omega, naked from the waist up. His pecs were rounded like mine were now. *Oh Lord.*

“I don’t read,” I said dumbly.

Lawrence tilted his head to the side. “There are pictures?” he said uncertainly, instantly making me feel like an idiot.

“Thank you,” I mumbled, turning the paperback in my hands.

“It’s a newer, updated edition from Ernest’s dad. He sends his regards. You must meet him soon. He’s nice.” He pinned his fierce eyes on Davidson. “Behave yourself, sir,” he hissed. With that, he was out of the door.

I stared at the book. My legs felt light, like I was floating just above the ground, and my surroundings seemed to be further away from me. I took a deep breath. *No fainting, no panic attacks. All is well.*

Pregnant. With a baby. Davidson’s baby inside me. Butterflies swarmed in my belly. Why wasn’t I afraid?

Davidson’s chair creaked, and his heavy steps thumped on the wooden floor. He wrapped his massive arms around me, and I leaned against him with a sigh. Combing his hand through my hair, he kissed my forehead.

“You didn’t tell me you were so close to your heat.”

“I’m sorry. I had no idea it was so important.”

“It is. Very.”

“It’s barely been two days.”

“I know, darling. You must be so overwhelmed.”

“The nurse said my heat will come in a week?”

Davidson held my chin between his thumb and forefinger and lifted my face so I was forced to meet his gaze. It struck me how handsome he was, especially now, his thick eyebrows scrunched up with worry. The silver in his beard and at his temples fascinated me—it was at odds with his smooth cheeks and the luminosity of his eyes. He seemed ageless, like a fairy-tale sorcerer, and I felt so young and fragile. A mere human under his spell.

I didn’t have a name for the powerful emotion. It made me dizzy.

Oh Lord, he was just beautiful.

“Lawrence is right,” he said. “I don’t expect you to do what I tell you.”

But I wanted to. “I don’t mind.”

And I saw myself kneeling by his feet. Heavily pregnant. Naked. Helpless. I’d look up at him, and he’d see how devoted and loyal I was. He would stroke my hair, telling me I was a good mate, a good omega, and I’d kiss his hand.

“I want...” I breathed, my voice betraying me.

“What, darling?”

I want to serve you for eternity. “Nothing. Sorry. It’s a lot to process.”

“I know. But you’re doing so well. I’m so proud of you.”

Was he? Or was it just something he said because he thought I wanted to hear it?

His copper eyes were warm. The way he looked at me... with such tenderness.

Nobody had ever looked at me like that. Maybe Richard, my first boyfriend? In the very early days. But that seemed eons ago. The recollections of my time with him used to make

me feel miserable. Like a failure. I'd wanted so much for Richard and me to work out. I'd been hoping to marry him, but once he'd seen through me, past my pretty face and into my foul heart, he'd left. I'd missed him terribly. Now, the memory did nothing to me. Davidson filled my entire world.

"Did it help?" he asked. "Talking to Lawrence."

"I think so."

"How do you feel?"

Horny. Stupid. Surreal. *Empty*. I shrugged. I had nothing.

"I'm sorry I scared you." He closed his eyes, blowing out a breath. "Your reaction was completely understandable, but I was impatient and unfeeling. What I said in the atrium when I was in dragon form... I apologize, Leo. Please, believe me, I don't need you to be anything else but yourself."

My true self? You have no idea what you're asking for. But he meant it, didn't he? He was really apologizing to me for treating me badly. The men I'd been drawn to in the past never apologized for anything. But Davidson did, and I...liked it. It made me feel good. He didn't need to control me. He only wanted to keep me safe and take care of me. What was the right thing to say now?

"It was my fault. I provoked you."

But he shook his head, putting a finger over my lips. "No. I made a mess. Let me clean it up. I'll make it up to you."

I remained quiet since his finger was still over my mouth. But I kissed it, and he smiled with warmth.

"You don't look so sad anymore."

His honest excitement made me grin, and his pupils widened as his gaze flicked between my lips and eyes repeatedly.

"Fucking hell, Leo, I can't stop staring at you. Your eyes when you look at me, your stunning lips when you smile... This birthmark right here." He blinked, and his gaze gentled even more. "My beautiful mate."

He brushed his thumb over the corner of my mouth, and his smile looked blissful.

“I’ve found you. I’ve finally found you.”

Then he kissed me.

The book fell from my hands. Davidson’s tongue dove into my mouth, and I stroked it with mine, savoring his taste. When he broke the kiss, I let out a small whimper. I didn’t want him to stop kissing me.

“I’ll take care of you, Leo. We won’t leave anything to chance. You’ll talk to the doctor and decide what’s best for you, okay? Whatever you want.”

I hesitated. What did I want?

“On Friday you said... Maybe you only meant it as dirty talk, but you said...”

“That I’ll bring on your heat and get you pregnant,” he stated, his tone grave. He looked guilty.

“Yes. That.” And I’d come so hard when he’d fucked me, talking about forcefully breeding me.

He closed his eyes and leaned his forehead against mine. “It’s an instinct, Leo. A primitive desire. You’re my mate, and my body...the dragon... I crave it. Of course, I do. I want nothing more than to see you round with my child.” He exhaled heavily, and I pulled in the scent of his breath like an addict. “But it’s too soon. Your happiness is important to me. That’s what matters the most.”

My happiness.

My captor cared about my happiness the most. Except he wasn’t really my captor.

He was...my mate. My fated mate. And I wanted him so much it made me light-headed.

He kissed me again, deep and insistent, and my body reacted even stronger than before.

The idea of him penetrating the channel to my womb, pouring his delicious, amazing cum all the way into my core...

My stomach growing bigger. His hands stroking it. I moaned into his mouth and clutched at his neck.

“Davidson.”

“What, love? What do you need?”

“Fuck me, please.” As soon as I voiced my need, my guts cramped with emptiness. I moaned.

“Leo, darling...” Why was he hesitating?

“I need your cock. Please, my Master. Please. I’ll do whatever you want.”

He growled and grazed my jaw with his teeth, then lifted me into his arms.

“Bed.”

LUST

Davidson

A WEEK. He could be pregnant with my baby in a week. The idea did violent things to my libido. As I carried him upstairs, he kissed my throat, nuzzling my beard, and I imagined making love to him while he was pregnant, hugging his big round belly. Fucking hell. I had to calm the fuck down.

He'd need the contraceptive. As Lawrence so eloquently pointed out, I'd traumatized Leo enough. He'd need time to get to know me and make his own decisions without fear clouding his mind.

But how he begged for my cock. As if the idea of the heat and breeding excited him as much as me.

When I dropped him onto the bed and began undressing, he swiftly pulled his sweats off and knelt by the headboard. Holding on to it, he spread his knees and pushed his ass out, his lower back creating a lovely curve. Then he looked over his shoulder with needy, glassy eyes. It was an instinctual breeding position. Did he know? Was he doing it on purpose? When he knelt like this, with his hips angled up, the mouth to his womb would be easy to access. In heat, it would sink lower, ready to be stretched and penetrated...

He wasn't in heat yet. Just a harmless fantasy.

Naked, I knelt behind him. Smoothing my hands along his thighs and over his hips, I placed a kiss between his shoulder blades. He gasped, the sound tender but so powerful it made my spine prickle as if I were about to shift.

I painted circles on his back with my palms while kissing down his spine, and he panted louder and louder. When I reached the top of his crease and stroked his ass cheeks, he shuddered. Kiss after kiss, I inched closer to his opening, adding my tongue to tease his crease. Then I paused just above the little hole and inhaled deeply. The scent of his slick was positively drugging. Better and better.

Another open-mouthed kiss on his taint. I sucked his balls into my mouth and licked down to his cockhead and up again.

“Please, Davidson.” He sucked in a breath as if the words had escaped him involuntarily.

“What do you want, darling?”

“I need you to fuck me.”

“Do you want me to lick your hole before I do that?”

“Please.”

I flattened my tongue and dragged it over his opening, pressing onto it. Leo groaned from deep within.

Then I blew on the wet skin, and he shuddered.

“Do you want me to put my tongue inside you?”

“Yes, Master.”

Master.

He shouldn't call me that. It did things to me. Dangerous things.

“I want you to come on my tongue again. Will you do that for me?”

“Yes. Thank you. Thank you so—”

The rest of his sentence got cut off by a loud cry. He tasted so sweet. Even sweeter than last night. His hole felt loose and warm, the tissue like silk, and the abundance of slick coated my tongue. Like honey and wine. I licked deep and swallowed, then shoved my tongue back in. I massaged Leo's cock, flicking the little jewel at the tip, and soon, his thighs tensed with his approaching climax.

He came shouting. His hole pulsed around my tongue, and fresh juice flooded my mouth. The best drink. Alcohol did nothing for me. I'd tried and tried but never got drunk. But a mouthful of Leo's slick? My head spun, my heart pounded, and my vision blurred.

"Master, please, fuck me. Put your cock in me again."

I rose to my knees and grabbed my dick. The ridges looked well-defined now. Finally, I had a mated dragon's cock, made for bringing Leo pleasure and for breeding him. My half-swollen knot throbbed.

I tapped at Leo's rim with the cockhead, and he curved his back, jutting his hips out to meet me. His hole opened in front of my eyes; he must have pushed with his inner muscles. The dark little gape looked so hungry.

"I want your cock so much. Your big cock. Please, my Master. Please!"

The sound of his voice, so needy, weepy, and pitiful. *Fuck.*

My cockhead fit right in. Leo moaned happily when I inched inside, the ridges popping in one by one. Then his rim clamped on to the thinner part underneath, only to widen even more to accept my knot. I didn't pause until I was in him to the hilt and felt the little sealed gate against my cockhead.

"Why do you call me that, my little darling?"

Leo groaned loudly.

"Why?"

I circled my hips, massaging the mouth to his womb with my cockhead, and he rattled the headboard.

"Why, darling? Do you want me to be your Master?"

He nodded so fast I heard his teeth clack.

He was indeed perfect for me, wasn't he? A snarky brat, vying to be punished—and I'd lure that side out to play soon enough—but he was also softhearted and timid on the inside, eager to please. I'd held back for the past two days, but Leo

needed this. The bond was growing stronger, and I *knew* how to make my mate soar.

I grabbed his slender cock and balls in one hand and squeezed.

“You won’t come until I tell you to.”

Then I moved.

His keening cries sounded positively ecstatic. His flesh rippled around my cock as I pumped in and out, slick covering my cock and dripping onto my balls. I held him tight so he wouldn’t come because judging by the tension in him and the shivers in his inner muscles, he’d lose it the second I let go of his balls. But the firm grip held his orgasm at bay.

He was most sensitive deep inside where I rubbed his inner walls with the ridges and pushed against the closed mouth to his womb. After a short while, he was almost sobbing.

I loosened my hold on his cock and balls, and he wailed, instantly staining my hand with a fresh release. His hole gushed slick around my pumping erection.

“I haven’t said anything yet,” I growled.

My threat only made him come harder. My precious darling. He was perfect for me.

“I’m sorry. Sorry!” he yelled. “I couldn’t. I—”

I pulled out abruptly, leaning back so I could see all of him. His reddened hole pulsed, clenching on air, and full-body shudders racked him. I slapped his ass a couple of times. Not too hard, but hard enough to warm his skin.

His reaction cemented my belief.

Leo was made for me.

He arched and keened, throwing his head back, and his cock spat out a few more drops of cum onto the sheets. His opening spasmed, slick trickling down his taint.

So I spanked him through the aftershocks of his orgasm, and he shouted, “Yes! Yes! Yes!” sounding raw and joyous.

The headboard creaked as he held on to it with a white-knuckled grip.

Then I shoved my dick back inside him. His hole felt supple after the spanking. When I pushed in deep, he slurred his thanks. My cockhead pressed onto the mouth to his womb, and it made him wild. His sounds turned animalistic, and he rocked back to meet my thrusts.

“Breed me,” he rasped. “Fuck yes. Breed me.”

We both fantasized about the same thing.

Holding his hips tight, I thrust hard and fast, battering the closed gate deep inside him.

“Need me to knock you up, little omega? Want my cum up your womb? It’s sealed. Should I just tear it open with my dick?”

And just like that, he came again, screaming.

I imagined it. My cum flowing into his core, filling him up to the brim, my seed taking root inside him. His belly getting big. White drops of milk pearling at the tips of his puffy nipples.

My cock jerked inside him, the ridges and knot exploding with tingles, and I spilled over and over, pumping what felt like a gallon of cum into my mate.

He gyrated his hips, his moans hoarse. He was shaking and twitching, so I rolled us to the side and spooned him in my lap.

“Shh, darling. I’ve got you. All is well.”

His insides shivered—he was still coming. “Thank you,” he slurred. “I love your cock.”

“I know.” I chuckled.

He wiggled in my lap, like he couldn’t get enough. “Oh God. I don’t want it to end. Love you fucking me so much.”

Warmth spread in my chest, crackling and sparkling like fireworks, and I pulled in deep breaths, gorging myself on Leo’s scent, his sweat and juices, the perfume of his pleasure. My mate, aroused and pliant, full of me. Was I happy? The

devil down underneath, I'd forgotten how it felt. Yes, I was. I was happy.

"I love it too. And your slick." With one hand, I brushed over his pecs, finding small droplets of lover's milk his nipples must have released during his orgasm. I brought them to his mouth, and he suckled on my fingers. "I love your milk, Leo. The best thing I've ever tasted. You're a rare gift, my omega."

I kissed his nape, and he hummed around my two fingers in his mouth. I moved them in a fucking motion while I rocked my hips, thrusting slowly and tenderly with my still-hard cock. It relaxed him. He softened all over, getting heavy in my embrace. His breathing evened out, and his heartbeat returned to normal. Then I gingerly pulled out, both my cock and my fingers, and he sighed.

"I've never come so hard in my life," he whispered.

Pride was a familiar feeling for me. I wasn't shy about my accomplishments, but this pride was different. Bringing Leo pleasure was satisfying on another level. "You felt amazing when you did."

"I'm full of your cum."

"Yes, you are."

He looked over his shoulder, meeting my gaze. "Do you like it?"

"Very much."

"Can I keep it, please?"

"Do you want me to plug it inside you?"

His eyes widened with surprise, but then he nodded eagerly. I shuffled back, and I folded his legs to his chest.

"Hold yourself like this."

He wrapped his arms around his knees.

"Good boy. Wait here."

From my time experimenting with escorts, I had a small stash of stuff in the sex room, half of it I'd never used. It didn't

take long to find what I wanted. I was back in a minute, unwrapping a small tote. Then I waved the thing in front of Leo's face. His gaze flashed with excitement, and I knew I had chosen well.

The plug was a decent size, stainless steel. It would feel heavy and require him to clench to keep it in. I tapped his lips with it. "Open up."

He parted his mouth, and I slid the plug inside.

"That's it. Get it warm."

I massaged his ass and thighs, my gaze pinned on his face while he suckled on the plug in his mouth.

"I have a room where I keep toys and devices. I used to bring escorts there, but I've grown tired of it. Maybe I'll show it to you later." I tapped the base of the plug, and Leo's eyelashes fluttered. "I have a set of these, new. A few are much bigger than this one. Hard, cold, and heavy. Would you like to try them later?"

He nodded, moaning around the toy in his mouth. He was flushed, freshly aroused.

I took the base of the plug and fucked his mouth with it, rubbing his tongue. Leo writhed, clutching his knees to his chest, lifting his tail end from the mattress. His eyes were glassy, and they seemed to beg. He whimpered.

Wasn't he sated?

I looked down. His little cock curved up, the head dark with blood. His puffy hole clenched and opened, drops of creamy cum clinging to the rim. Grunting, Leo clenched again. He was struggling to keep himself closed.

No, my mate wasn't satisfied.

"Look at that hole. It's still hungry. I need to fuck it some more."

Again, the eager nodding. He was adorable.

Bracing myself on the back of his thighs, I pushed my cock back into him, and Leo groaned, throwing his head back.

“I’ll give you one more load. Keep the plug warm, omega.”

Oh yeah, my Leo needed this. His euphoric cries were muffled around the plug. Slick bubbling out and cum frothing, I fucked him deep and fast. I made him come one more time and, breathing in his juices, I lost it only a few seconds later.

I took the plug from his mouth and kissed him. With his tongue teasing mine, I pulled out my cock and swiftly replaced it with the warmed-up toy. Leo sucked in a breath of surprise, and when his rim clamped on to the toy, he hummed with contentment.

“Does it feel nice to have a big, hard plug in your fucked-out hole?” I whispered.

“Yes. Thank you so much for plugging your cum in me.”

I nuzzled his face. “Will you ask for permission if you want to pull it out?”

I was gauging how far he would go with me. With how he looked at me now, he’d do whatever I told him. The power he gave me made me dizzy.

“I’ll hold it until you order me to pull it out.” He gazed up at me reverently. There was no coyness in his expression and no teasing, just honesty and simmering lust.

“It’s heavy. You’ll have to work to keep it in.”

“I will. I’ll keep your cum safe.”

“Such a good omega.”

The curtains shielded the room from the late afternoon sun, and Leo looked almost dreamlike in the dim light. His eyelids drooped with pleasure, golden lashes brushing his cheeks. The faint bruises on his chest were barely noticeable now.

I smoothed my hand over his exposed chest, his nipples leaving wet smears on my palms. “They look full. Do you need me to empty them?” Saliva was already gathering in my mouth.

“Please, Master.”

The longing look suited him.

As soon as my lips closed over his nipple, a hush seemed to fall over us. After our wild coupling, his cries and my growls, the quiet felt like we'd entered a different world. Leo's hands dove into my hair, and he sighed contentedly. His flesh yielded, easy to draw deep into my mouth.

"Thank you so much," he whispered. Cupping his ass, I put a little pressure on the base of the plug, and he hummed. "Mmm, yes. I'm full. So much cum. It feels so good."

I'd brought him pleasure and calmed him down. He was satisfied and even sounded happy. Closing my eyes, I let go of my worries and allowed myself to live in the moment until the trickle of milk weakened. Then I licked and kissed Leo's drawn-out nipples.

Could it be that only two days ago, I hadn't even known him?

It felt like he'd always slept in my bed. Like he'd always been a part of me.

Resting on my back, I gathered him to me, and he went willingly, cuddling to my side and throwing his leg over mine. He caressed my cock and rested his hand over my balls. His touch felt a tad possessive, and I liked it. I tapped the base of the plug, and he let out a soft moan.

What time was it? Leo must be hungry. "I should make you dinner."

"You don't have to feed me."

"I want to. What would you like?"

"Whatever you're in the mood for."

He wasn't making it easy for me to be a better person. I liked his obedience and timidity, and I loved it when he called me his Master. Except my satisfaction was dimmed by guilt.

"Leo, I think I still need to clarify a few things."

"I'm listening," he said warily.

“What we say in the moment when we make love, you like that, right?”

“I do. I need it. I love it when you’re rough with me, give me orders, and call me names.” He paused, squirming against me. “I like being spanked, held down, humiliated, and controlled. Everything I said at the club on Friday.” A deep breath. “And more.”

More. We’d do more. So much more. Now wasn’t the time for that, though.

“I like all of that too.” I cleared my throat, steering my mind away from the gutter. “But you must understand that I don’t expect you to act tame or obey me twenty-four seven or anything like that.”

He was silent. What was going on in his head? In a few years, I’d be fifty, and I had no idea how to navigate a relationship.

“I can’t read your mind, Leo. The dragon knows you, and I can clearly feel when you’re upset or afraid, but I can’t always know why or what to do to make you happy. I need you to be honest with me. Tell me when you don’t like something or when you disagree with me. Please, tell me. And yes, I get off on you surrendering to me when we fuck. You calling me Master for the first time when I shoved my tongue inside you was about the hottest thing that’s ever happened to me. But that doesn’t mean I want you to do what I say at all times. Do you understand?”

A few seconds ticked by before he replied. “I do. Thank you for explaining.”

Did he? Really? Because he still sounded timid, and it wasn’t that I didn’t like it, but he didn’t seem like the Leo I’d met on Friday night.

“And I don’t expect you to have our child right away. I’ll wait for however long you need me to.”

He kissed my chest without saying anything else.

MAYBE IT WAS WISHFUL THINKING, but my mate seemed to be more energetic tonight. He smiled often, even uttered a careful joke here and there, always checking my reaction like he was worried he'd step over some imaginary line.

I tried to reassure him, but apparently, after you yelled at people and threatened them, they were reluctant to trust you. *I deserve this for being a thoughtless monster.*

We walked around the garden for a while as the sky darkened. Leo moved slowly, carrying the plug, and if it weren't for my staff, I'd have probably pushed him up against a tree and had my way with him. Usually, I preferred to be alone when I was at home, but now I'd told my security to take extra measures. Even though there was no reason to believe Altera knew where Leo was hiding, I was glad to see the small light in the booth by the gate. One more guard stayed at the guesthouse, monitoring the cameras and sensors, and another walked the premises.

After the short airing, I opened a bottle of wine for us in the living room. Leo shuddered a little when he sat down, and I raised my eyebrows at him.

“Are you comfortable, omega?”

“Yes, Master.” He smiled, his expression almost smug. “I'm full and content.”

He still has my cum in him.

A while longer, and then I'd tell him to pull it out.

He accepted a glass of wine, swirling the ruby liquid around, putting his nose inside, and taking a deep swig like a seasoned sommelier.

“You seem to know what you're doing.”

“Not at all. I'll either drink it or not. Don't expect me to know anything about it.” He tasted some more. “But I like this one. Smoky and rich, but not too sour or sweet. It's good.”

“Glad you like it.” I tried some, too. The full, comforting flavor carried undertones of dry plums and an oak barrel. I hummed. “Very nice.”

“I thought you preferred whiskey,” Leo said.

“Why?”

He looked around, glancing at the bar shelves and then toward the second bar in the kitchen area. Then he shrugged, smiling carefully.

“Because my home is stocked better than an Irish pub. I get it. See, I can’t get drunk, but I like the taste.”

Leo frowned. “I’ve wondered about that. You really can’t? Not even a little?”

“Not even a light buzz. My metabolism works through the alcohol in minutes.”

“Isn’t it a waste, then?”

“No. I love the burn of it in my mouth. Maybe it tastes differently to you than it does to me, I don’t know. I like strong tastes. Coffee, dark chocolate, red meat, alcohol. Oh, and chili. See those?” Three round pots sat by the window, only blooming so far, and more chili plants grew outside on the sunny side, protected from the wind.

“Those are all chilis?” Leo asked.

“Yes. Seven different sorts.”

Leo looked at the plants for a while, then snorted a half laugh, shaking his head.

“What?”

“Nothing. I just...” He grinned, looking so irresistible I had to stroke his cheek.

“What’s so funny?”

“It’s the chilis. I wondered if you could breathe fire. But then...” Another chuckle. “You’re a freaking dragon.”

“I am. And I can’t. Not even after eating a bowl of California Reaper. Dragon shifters don’t breathe fire. I can’t imagine how that would work.”

Leo squinted at me, lips twitching. “I mean...how does any of that work?” He gestured toward me with the wine glass

and took a sip. “Breathing fire wouldn’t be such a stretch.”

I chuckled. “Maybe not.”

“Lawrence, your assistant, said you’re the largest dragon he’s ever seen.”

“My dragon is big, yes. But he hasn’t seen that many dragons.”

“You’ve never...” He trailed off, biting his lip in a way that made it clear what he was asking.

“No. We had a strained relationship, mostly because I was acting like an ass toward him. Then I got jealous when he met Ernest, but only because I’d been looking for a mate for years and all Ernest had to do was walk in on my New Year’s gala and snatch up my assistant of all people. In the end, the fact that Lawrence is a dragon mate and I don’t have to hide anything brought us closer together. He’s become sort of a friend over the years, I guess.”

“He’s very determined.”

“He is. Especially since he got together with Ernest. But I don’t mind. He gets on my nerves, but way less than most people.”

“You’re not a people person, are you?”

“Oh, darling, you have no idea.” In a sudden surge of playfulness, I waggled my eyebrows. “I’m terrible. The worst boss in the whole city of Ardaine. People cower behind their desks and jump into closets when I walk through the office.” Leo snorted, his eyes crinkling at the corners. It was so satisfying to make him smile. “Lawrence has saved my reputation at work. I used to be even worse.”

“How much worse?”

“Let me see if I remember some of the HR evaluations Lawrence has insisted on me reading. Irritable, unpredictable, aggressive, authoritarian, impetuous, demanding. A tyrant.”

Leo stared, mouth open. “People said that about you?”

“Those who quit because of me, yes.”

“You don’t seem too worried about it.”

“I’m trying to act less...cantankerous.” How come it was so easy to think and talk about it all? Here I was, telling my omega about what a horrible employer I was, and my heart was light like a feather. “I might have been bitter.” I brushed my hand around his throat, then placed it on his neck. He leaned into the possessive grip, his expression soft. “Maybe I’ll get better now.”

“Why?”

“I think I might learn what it means to be happy, and then I won’t be so snappy all the time.”

Leo blushed. He looked into his nearly empty wine glass. I was already done with mine.

“Do you want some more wine?”

“Yes. Thank you.”

I topped his glass off and put the bottle aside.

“Do you have family back in Dalton City?”

He jerked, and I regretted my question. Of course I was curious about him—he was my mate. But couldn’t I wait until he told me himself what he wanted me to know?

“There isn’t anyone.”

Way to kill the mood, Davidson.

Leo looked at the blank surface of the pool. I put my hand back on his neck, massaging it, and he sighed.

“I grew up with my grandparents. My grandpa died when I was little, and my alpha grandfather raised me. He was a busy man, working at a high position for a law firm in Dalton City, so I had a long string of sitters. Then he passed away when I was nineteen and left me everything.” He tilted the wine glass, watching the play of colors. “Not because he thought I’d manage the estate well, but because there was no one else. The first thing I did was quit college. He’d be so mad at me for that. I’ve been stupid ever since, wasting money on parties and clothes. Traveling. I met my first agent on a cruise.” He

grimaced and shrugged. “I would have run out of money eventually, and I knew that, so I took a job as a model.”

“You’ve lived alone all this time?”

“No. There were boyfriends. Partners. Um. My first serious relationship was with a finance shark, Richard Porter. We lived together for a few years, but then it fell apart. I dated for a while, then met Fabio. He insisted I move in with him after barely a month, and I did.”

“How long were you together?”

“Only six months. It took that long for me to realize he was dangerous for me, so I left.”

Instantly, anger bubbled in my veins. “Dangerous how?”

“He didn’t beat me or anything. Not outside of well-arranged role plays.”

“Then what happened to make you leave?”

Leo took two deep swigs of wine and rested his head back, leaning into my palm on his neck and staring at the ceiling.

“We played a lot, and he shared me with others. I liked it. I’ve always had a high sex drive and thought I needed the, um, variety, especially around heats. Fabio had lots of hang-ups, stuff he wouldn’t do in sex, but he let me do it with others. He liked to watch and then reclaim me, as he called it. He would look on while others got me off, then punish me for cheating on him, but it was all a game. He would tie me up, whip me, humiliate me... I used to do similar stuff with Richard as well, but Richard never truly enjoyed it. Fabio was full-on and quite hardcore. And I thought I was into it. I thought it was what I’d always wanted. What I needed.”

My throat was dry.

“But most of the time, I felt like shit afterward. He’d always been lousy at aftercare, but later he stopped caring at all. When I used a safe word, he’d push me a little further, insisting I could take more. Until he didn’t listen at all. After one incident, I finally got scared enough to leave.”

Fury like never before ripped through me, making me see red. My mate. Mine. And someone else used him. I realized I was about to clasp his neck, so I pulled my hand away.

Leo glanced at me and paled. “I’m sorry. I...” He gulped. “I don’t need those things, I promise. I can be faithful. I know I can.”

I squeezed my eyes shut, gritting my teeth. Of course now he thought I was mad at him. *Get a grip!*

“I shouldn’t have told you, but I didn’t want to lie to you. I’m sorry, please forgive me. Sometimes I act like a stupid whore, I know. But I can do better. I’ll be faithful. I will. Please, Davidson, I can—”

“Stop!”

He sucked in a breath.

My spine prickled as if my wings were about to burst out of my body. *Calm down.*

When I looked at Leo, he was shaking, his eyes brimming with tears. *Shit.*

“Leo, stop apologizing, please,” I forced out, my voice hoarse. I cleared my throat. “I’m not mad at you.”

I took the wine glass from his trembling hands and hugged him. I needed to hold him.

“I’m not mad at you,” I repeated. “Not at all. I’m only horrified you’ve been through something like that.”

“I asked for it,” he whispered. “I’ve done so many stupid things, Davidson.”

“I’m not angry with you. And nobody is ever asking for it, darling. I’m furious because of what happened to you, but I’m proud of you.”

“Proud...” He scoffed, but it sounded a little like a sob.

“Yes. You left. You made a good decision in a difficult situation. That takes strength.”

He pressed his face into the crook of my neck, breathing deeply. “I was dumb to let it come that far.”

“Don’t ever insult my omega,” I said, keeping my voice soft. “My omega is clever, strong, and beautiful.”

Another half scoff, half sob.

“I mean it, Leo. It wasn’t your fault.”

“You can’t know that.”

“I can and I do. Stop arguing.”

Leo relaxed against me. In the end, it took another direct order to calm him down.

“Good boy.” Instinct told me he needed to hear it, and the way he burrowed deeper into my embrace confirmed it.

“And I will always stop when you ask me to stop,” I told him. “I swear.”

We sat in silence for a long while, and I listened to his heartbeat. Then he wriggled a little, humming.

“I like the plug,” he whispered. “The thought of your cum in me is super-hot, sure, but it’s like... The plug helps me to stay focused on you.”

I frowned. “Focused on me?”

“It’s easier.”

“What’s easier, love?”

“To keep the right mindset. I’m learning to be a good mate, and I like it.”

Oh hell. This relationship was a fucking minefield, and with how I moved forward, it was a miracle it hadn’t blown up in my face yet.

“Leo, no.”

He jerked into a sitting position. “I’m sorry?”

“I gave it to you for pleasure,” I said, struggling to keep the frustration out of my tone. “I thought you’d enjoy it.”

He stared at me with surprise, his mouth parted. Then he slowly shrugged, looking down.

“I do,” he whispered.

“I regret what I said that night so much, Leo. I’m so sorry I made you think you have to behave in a certain way. You don’t. I want you to feel safe enough to be yourself around me.”

“Okay.” Again, the weak, hesitant agreement. He still didn’t get it. Could I be any clearer?

There was no point in arguing with him. I’d just have to work on gaining his trust with time. Making him feel good physically was temporary, but it was a start.

“Sometimes, it’s going to be me serving you.” I winked, and Leo’s eyebrows flew up.

I pushed him off my lap so he landed on the sofa next to me, then gripped the hem of his sweats and pulled. Immediately, he lifted his hips to let me take his pants and underwear off. I spread his legs, holding them by his ankles, and propped his feet on the sofa. The base of the plug was wet with slick.

I handed Leo his glass. “Enjoy your wine, darling.” That earned me a sweet grin.

Then I hid my face between his legs.

I licked his cock and suckled on his balls, moving the plug around. I went slow, reading his body, and sucked his cock into my mouth when I felt him getting close. After he came, I pulled the plug out and caught all the liquid in his cotton briefs. I licked his stretched hole tenderly, not pushing in, until it slowly closed.

When I was done, I looked up at Leo. His wine glass was almost empty, and he wore the most adorably puzzled expression on his breathtaking face.

“I might be your Master, love, but you’re my everything.”

He bit his lip, his cheeks a warm shade of pink.

MATING AND PROCREATION

Leo

DESPITE IT BEING ten in the evening, Davidson needed to work for another hour. Apparently, my sudden appearance in his life had fucked up his schedule.

I didn't want to go to bed without him, hoping he'd fuck me again before we went to sleep. Buzzing a little from the wine and not knowing what to do with myself, I stayed by the pool and opened Lawrence's book.

There were indeed pictures. Graphic ones.

I stared at the image of an omega in heat, meticulously illustrated with enlarged pectorals, puffy nipples, and a swollen underbelly. In a small frame next to the drawing was an anatomical detail of the omega's reproductive system. The womb had a tiny triangle of empty space in the center of the thick layer of pink tissue. The channel to the womb, maybe an inch long, was also drawn enlarged. Even in the picture, it looked soft and squishy. The mouth resembled puckered lips. A thin line showed the distance from the omega's pucker, and the inscription said:

During peak heat, a dragon mate's womb sinks low, the mouth mere three to four inches from the anal opening. Putting pressure on the mouth to the womb during a heat wave causes an intense climax, about ten seconds long. Dragon mates orgasm multiple times each heat wave, during peak heat—with sufficient depth of penetration—continuously with varying intensity. High amounts of

oxytocin, dopamine, and other hormones are released, responsible for mental well-being and for stimulating the reproductive process.

I flipped a page. More detailed anatomical drawings, two of them. The first showed the womb with the mouth loose, gaping open. And in the next, the channel was stretched, a cockhead jammed in there, the mouth clamped on the distinct ridges. The small triangle in the center of the image wasn't empty anymore. It was filled with white fluid. The tissue inside the womb was painted a darker shade of red.

Through multiple orgasms, the channel to the womb loosens to accommodate the girth of the alpha's erection. During a breeding climax, it contracts around the alpha's corona, creating a suction, which pulls the alpha's semen into the dragon mate's womb while the ridges underneath the corona stimulate the sensitive mouth to the womb. Research suggests that the alpha's semen has an immediate effect on the tissue of the womb, triggering a chain of hormonal responses that exceed mere stimulation of the pleasure center. Dragon mates describe a breeding climax as a euphoric experience both physically and mentally, often mentioning powerful emotions such as relief, happiness, love, devotion, and contentment (Isaacson, 1997).

That didn't sound much different from what I already knew. Except for the love, devotion, and stuff.

There was another chunk of text to the right, but I was too impatient to read it properly. I paged through the book until I found another image.

Instantly, I got wet.

The omega was on all fours, heavily pregnant, with a bloated chest, big nipples hanging low. The alpha knelt behind him, with his hand *inside the omega's ass*. The illustration was transparent where the fist was stuck in the omega's gut. The alpha's fingers were touching the mouth to the omega's womb.

Fucking hell, had Davidson's assistant given me porn?

Another recommended sexual activity during pregnancy is penetration by hand. The dragon mate's passage loosens already during the first few weeks of pregnancy, allowing easy penetration without the risk of injury. Correct placing of fingers is shown in figure 5. With slow movement in and out so that the omega's rim glides back and forth over the alpha's wrist, the alpha can stimulate the omega's prostate and mouth to the womb simultaneously.

I stared at the omega who was happily getting fisted. During pregnancy.

I turned to the next page.

A pregnant omega on all fours, getting fucked. The alpha held him by his bloated pecs. The transparent part showed the alpha's big, ridged dick poking the mouth to the womb, which was closed tight but bigger and puffier than in the previous pictures. The part where the baby was nestled was conveniently covered with skin-colored paint. Of course. People did fuck during pregnancy. Nothing weird about it. But nobody actually wanted to see a dick prodding just an inch away from the baby's head, right?

While all researchers and the dragon medical community agree that regular intercourse is safe even during the late stages of pregnancy, opinions about sex during labor have differed over the years.

Sex during labor? Like full-on fucking?

Terrestrar (1923) claimed that "taking one's mate for pleasure during childbirth is a barbaric practice, made worse only if the mate had been fecundated by a tailed half dragon." In the anecdotal essay, Terrestrar famously denounced all dragon-shifter-specific sexual practices such as nursing with lover's milk during intercourse, half-shifted breeding, and pleasuring a mate orally in a fully shifted state.

Davidson had licked me in dragon form, and looking back, it had been just as terrifying as incredibly arousing. But what did "half-shifted" mean? Did I dare to ask him? Fascinated,

maybe morbidly so, I read further. Maybe the trick to reading lay in motivation.

Some dragon researchers don't mention sex during labor at all (Hobbes, 1982). In Collins's study from 1979, oral sex and manual stimulation of the omega's penis during labor is described as beneficial. Notably, Isaacson (1997) recommends repeated and consistent penetrative intercourse from the first contraction until the delivery stage of labor, mentioning several benefits. The alpha's penis massages the mouth to the womb during dilation. If penetrated, the dragon mate is likely to climax during contractions, which has a definite analgesic effect. All the eleven dragon mates in Guerrero's study on the benefits of intercourse during labor (2001) reported mild or next to no labor pain and a euphoric delivery experience. However, the same study lists fatigue, hyperventilation symptoms, oversensitivity due to overstimulation, and a changed state of consciousness during the late delivery stage as possible side effects of excessive sexual activity during labor. In conclusion, Guerrero (2001) dismisses these side effects as safe and short-lived, stating that intercourse during labor is a healthy, natural practice among dragon shifters, which has only been rejected for "unscientific, irrational reasons, grounded in historic need to assimilate our unique way of life into the human society." It's colloquially known that the presence of the alpha's semen in the birthing canal lessens the strain on the tissues, but this claim isn't supported by any reliable source.

That was...a lot. I had to read the paragraph two more times. Euphoric delivery. Overstimulation. Climax during contractions. It felt outrageous and disturbing and hellishly hot at the same time.

Next page. The image covered the whole spread. A pregnant omega, with the baby rotated in position, head down, pushing onto the mouth to the womb from the inside, the channel squashed. One pectoral was transparent, the mammal glands pictured in detail. The alpha was drawn only as a silhouette, sitting by the omega's side, sucking on his nipple.

A single sentence described the image.

The alpha stimulates the production of father's milk a few hours before the dragon mate goes into labor.

I turned another page, and... Finally.

An omega giving birth. Legs spread, hole dilated, the top of the baby's head clearly visible. He lay in the alpha's lap, his back to the alpha's chest, his head thrown back. His pectorals were huge, nipples jutting out, white fluid dripping from them. And the alpha held the omega's hard cock in his hand. Cum was coming out of it.

The omega in the picture was clearly orgasming. While giving birth.

A dragon alpha holds his mate during the late delivery stage. One of the recommended positions, with the alpha stimulating the omega's erect penis.

I snapped the book shut.

I was sweating, my heart pounding. And I was wildly aroused. I wanted to go find Davidson and beg him to knock me up immediately.

Was I crazy?

A few days ago, if asked, I'd have claimed I never wanted a child.

Panting, I sneaked one hand under my shirt and cupped my underbelly. The cushion seemed even bigger than yesterday. With my other hand, I brushed over my pectoral. Then I squeezed it. A flurry of tingles spread from it, making me gasp. Without thinking, I fisted my cock and played with the piercing at the tip while pinching my nipple. I closed my eyes.

The picture of the omega giving birth in his mate's arms filled my brain, leaving space for nothing else. I imagined him breathing heavily while the alpha whispered into his ear. In my mind, the omega pushed on a groan, and more milk bubbled up from his nipples, cum flying from his cock in an arch, his stretched hole widening more. I felt wetness leaking from my pec, and I spread it around my nipple, stroking myself harder.

In my head, I went back and forth between the visuals, tweaking them in my fantasy. A pregnant omega getting fucked by a huge cock, his chest stained with white fluid. His nipples quivered in time with the hard thrusts, squirting milk. And I imagined myself, on my back in Davidson's arms, him holding my huge belly, incredible pressure inside me. The ultimate feeling of fullness.

A door banged somewhere in the house, and I jerked. I let go of myself and looked down in alarm. My cock tented my sweats, a wet spot growing at the tip. My T-shirt was stained with lover's milk, transparent over my nipples.

Footsteps came closer, and I looked up.

Davidson stared down at me, his eyes lighting up. Then he noticed the book.

I swallowed.

He gazed at me for a few more seconds, and I sat there unmoving, my body quivering with arousal and shame and fear. *Ah, sweet shame.* My chest throbbed, and I felt drops of liquid leak out from my tingling nipples.

"Strip," he ordered, and I spurred into action as if electrocuted.

The wet fabric dragging over my nipples made me whimper. Then I lifted my hips off the sofa and shoved down my sweats, my cock bobbing. In seconds, I was naked.

Davidson knelt and lifted my legs, tugging on me until my ass hung off the edge of the sofa. He held me spread out with a firm grip on my left thigh.

"Cup your chest." I did as I was told, lifting the swollen parts of my pecs up so my wet nipples stuck up.

He undid his fly and pulled out his hard dick. His gaze pinned on my nipples, he eased into me, slowly but determinedly, until he hit resistance deep in my gut. The slide of those ridges through the sensitive tissue in my hole felt absolutely perfect. He adjusted his grip on my legs, all but folding me in half.

“What were you reading about?” he asked and thrust.

Instead of answering, I cried out, pleasure flaring from my center.

“What were you reading about, Leo?”

Another thrust. *Fuck.*

“Pregnancy,” I muttered before he knocked another guttural cry out of me.

“And that turned you on?”

I nodded. No point in lying.

“Did you touch yourself?”

Another nod.

“You’re so wet. My horny fuckhole. Squeeze your tits. That’s it.”

He sped up, drilling into me, making speech impossible. I held my pecs squeezed tight, my nipples quivering in time with his thrusts. Then he slowed down again, and my inner muscles accepted him to the hilt. The mix of relief with a twinge of pain felt just right.

“What made you hot?” he demanded.

“Round stomach.” Thrust. “The milk.” Thrust. Thrust. “Fucking while in labor.”

“Yeah? You’d like that?”

Oh God. I was about to come already. “Uh-huh.”

“You’ll scream, my little omega. It’ll hurt, but I’ll fuck it all better. You want to be big and bloated and push while I fuck you?”

“Yes. Fuck, yes.”

“I’ll knock you up, Leo.” He drove into me with even more power. “Don’t worry. We’ll do all of that. I’ll fuck you in every way. You’ll be fat and full of me for the rest of your life. My cum. My babies. Your nipples dripping with milk.”

The orgasm all but ripped me apart.

Adjusting his grip on my hips, Davidson held my lower body in the air, keeping me impaled while bending over me. He leaned in and sucked my nipple into his mouth. He couldn't penetrate me to the hilt and suck my pec at the same time, but even so, the pumping fullness inside me together with the suction on my nipple got overwhelming within seconds.

I might have disintegrated.

Delirious, I let the fantasies flow. His cock lodged in my core, my womb sucking on it. His cum in my womb. A fat, huge belly, stained with white milk and cum. Giving birth, screaming in ecstasy, while he held me open.

I tried pushing with my ass and clenching on Davidson's cock, imagining how contractions might feel, painful but not really—I'd squeeze his cock so hard it would make us both come. Davidson groaned, letting go of my nipple with a loud pop. He slammed into me, and I yelled.

"Again!" he spat, his lips curled in a snarl.

Grunting, I clenched as hard as I could. He snapped his hips, making me lose control over my muscles, and drove his cock impossibly deep.

"Clench."

I panted. I could barely feel my legs. He was too deep.

"Squeeze me with your ass, omega. C'mon."

On a garbled moan, I did my best to clench around the massive invasion in my gut.

"Aaah, yeah. Good boy. Again. Work for it."

This time, I groaned and whined, but oh God, when I relaxed my muscles again, the fullness felt even better.

"One more time. Let me hear you."

I obeyed, grunting, my face hot. Fucking hell, he was huge.

"You're perfect, Leo. Such a tight ass. You deserve a reward, my mate."

He changed the angle, and suddenly his cockhead dragged over the best spot with the best pressure.

I was coming again. Or coming still, but harder. Much harder.

“That’s a good boy. Coming so beautifully. So pretty. A little more.”

My hands and feet tingled from too much gasping, but Davidson was relentless, fucking into the bull’s eye at the exactly right tempo, like a machine.

By the time he stilled inside me and doused my insides with fresh seed, I was liquefied from the chain of orgasms.

He picked me up and walked through the house with me impaled on his dick. Overstimulated, I whimpered, holding on for dear life. In the upstairs bathroom, he lowered me onto the floor. I was unable to stand, crumbling to my knees. It felt appropriate.

“Now clean my dick, my little fuckhole.”

The order delivered in his gravelly bass... Oh yes.

High on sex, with my hands hanging by my sides, I licked his cock, slurping up all the cum and slick. He didn’t have any pubic hair even though his chest held a smattering of gray hairs and his legs were quite hairy. Maybe it was a dragon thing? All the alphas I’d been with were hairy, aside from Fabio who waxed everywhere probably because he thought it made his dick look bigger. Well, he had nothing on my alpha. I pulled in deep breaths, pushing the thoughts of my ex into the very back of my mind. I was with Davidson now, and I was beginning to think smacking into him might have been the best thing that had ever happened to me.

I licked and sucked for ages until all I could taste was his skin and my own saliva. Then I closed my eyes and suckled on the very tip. I’d do that until he told me to stop.

I’d pleased him, and that was even more satisfying than all those orgasms. Clenching my hole, I focused on the slickness inside me, knowing most of it was his seed. The mouth to my

womb must be covered with it. Some of it was trickling down my taint and to my balls. My Master's pleasure.

“You're such a good omega, my darling. So horny and sweet. You like it when I fuck you hard?”

He sounded happy with me, and in turn, I was fucking elated.

I let go of his cock so I could answer but stayed close enough for my wet lips to touch his crown. “Yes, Master. I crave it hard.”

“And you like licking my dick?”

“Yes. I love how you taste and smell, and I'm in love with your cock. I'm so grateful you allow me to kneel by your feet and serve you.”

It was all true. Obeying and pleasing him was so easy. Natural. To prove my point, I licked his slit one more time. I placed small, open-mouthed kisses all around the head and along the sides while he stared down at me, a small smile playing around his lips. This time, it wasn't a game. For once, I had no other motive beyond being good for my Master.

And the realization made my heart swell with pride.

For Davidson, I could be good for real. I'd hoped he'd change me, and it was already happening. I was a better person because of him.

I suckled on his cockhead and closed my eyes. My knees ached a little, but I welcomed the discomfort.

Davidson fisted his half-hard shaft and slapped my cheek with it. “Look at me and suck it.”

With a fresh surge of lust, I held his gaze and mouthed the tip of his cock. Then I sucked him into my throat as deep as I could. Since he wasn't fully hard just then, I could go deeper than ever before. Angling my neck for better access, I swallowed around him. I felt him harden and gagged, trying to hold my position.

Oh yeah. Fuck, he was big. I tried to swallow again but couldn't.

“That’s enough,” he said sharply. I loved that. The firm commands for me to do something, then to stop, worked like a balm on my soul. Relaxing my jaw, I retreated and gasped for breath.

His dick left an achy sensation in my throat. He cupped my jaw and pulled me up with a firm hold on my upper arm. Then he claimed my mouth in a deep, possessive kiss.

“Are you sated, my darling?”

“Yes, Master.”

He blinked slowly, and when he reopened his eyes, they glowed with renewed fire.

“Why do you call me that when we make love?” he asked in a low voice.

I’d always enjoyed receiving orders, but it never felt satisfying to simply obey. I used to intentionally misbehave, demand punishment, and play games. Now I was just discovering my true self—I was submissive to the bone. If I was put on earth solely to obey Davidson Sullivan, that would be purpose enough for me. But I couldn’t say that.

“It turns me on and calms me down at the same time. It makes me happy to please you.”

He smiled tenderly—my answer must have satisfied him. “I’ll be your Master then, whenever you want.” He brushed my ear with his lips as he whispered the next part. “But remember that it’s you who holds the power, Leo. I’ll be whatever you need me to be.”

My eyes prickled with tears, but this time, I wasn’t sad or afraid. The idea that Davidson might truly be my mate, that I’d be tied to him forever, was an exciting dream coming true.

WHAT I WANT

Leo

ON MONDAY MORNING, Davidson's driver took us to the city. I was paranoid about showing my face in public, but Davidson didn't leave anything to chance. The car's windows were tinted, and I wore a baseball cap low over my forehead, plus sunglasses.

The driver let us out directly in front of the building. Davidson pressed an insignificant button with a mere number on it, the intercom beeped, and we rode the elevator upstairs. The nurse, a middle-aged omega wearing frameless glasses, was already waiting for us.

"Hello, Leonard, and welcome. Let's do the tests first, and then you'll meet with Dr. Clearbridge. He's on his way and will be here in a few minutes."

He took my blood and provided me with a kit to take my own slick sample in the bathroom. I filled in a standard form about my health and history. Again, I found comfort in how very ordinary the visit felt.

And then I had to spread my legs for Dr. Clearbridge a minute from meeting him. Oh well. Not my first preheat exam, and the normalcy of it baffled me. I was getting checked up before procreating with a dragon. Why was everyone so chill about it?

When I was dressed, Davidson and I sat down behind the desk in the doctor's simple office.

Dr. Clearbridge was an elderly omega with a kind, round face but sharp eyes. I felt automatically nervous under his scrutiny. A part of me expected him to reprimand me for chewing gum during the English lesson and for my shorts being too short. I let Davidson do most of the talking, but Dr. Clearbridge kept looking mainly at me.

“So you only met on Friday.”

When I didn't say anything, Davidson cleared his throat. “I shifted to help him escape a dangerous situation. Leo was badly shaken. I think he went through a shock.”

“I'm sorry to hear that.”

“He even thought he'd been given a rape drug, which from his perspective was a sound conclusion. I've been trying to make him feel safe. And to give him options.”

The doctor frowned, and I felt like a bug under a microscope.

“The test is fairly accurate this close to your heat,” he said, looking evenly into my eyes. “You should expect the first heat wave between Friday afternoon and Saturday morning.”

“Already?” Davidson rasped.

“Yes,” the doctor confirmed, still staring only at me. “Do you want me to insert the contraceptive now, or do you want to book another appointment during the week?”

This time, my alpha stayed silent. I took a deep breath. “I'm not sure I want it.”

The chair squeaked as Davidson turned to face me. He grabbed my hand in both of his. “You don't have to do this, Leo. I expect nothing of you.”

Now or during the next heat.

Logically, I should wait two years. I'd get to know Davidson, sort out the mess with Fabio, and get used to the idea—I hadn't even thought I'd ever want any children. Could I change my mind overnight just like that? Was I being irresponsible? Selfish?

But whenever I tried to think logically, my brain claimed Davidson didn't exist and I was making it all up, tied to a bed in a specialized facility somewhere. At the same time, my body and soul wanted nothing more than to feel him inside me in any and every way. I longed to carry a piece of him with me all the time. Not to mention that the idea of him breeding me made me leak slick even as I sat in a doctor's office.

I was taking too much time to answer.

Davidson was looking at me with alarm, Dr. Clearbridge with mild concern.

"Davidson, can you leave us for a few minutes?" he asked.

I shook my head. I didn't want Davidson to leave me alone with the doctor. But before I could say anything, Davidson stood.

"Of course." He kissed my palm and let go of my hand. "It's your decision, darling. You don't have to rush into anything. Not for my sake and not for anyone's."

"I think he knows," Dr. Clearbridge said.

With one last anxious glance my way, my alpha left the room.

The doctor stapled his hands on the table and peered at me above his glasses.

"Do you want a child in nine months, Leo?"

I looked down at my nearly flat belly. The small swell from the bonding was next to invisible as I slouched in the chair in my shirt and jacket.

"I don't know. A part of me does."

"Davidson said that you met under volatile circumstances."

I nodded.

"And that was on Friday night?"

"Yes."

“So you saw him in dragon form even before you were bonding. And at first you even assumed he’d drugged you.”

It was all true.

“Most dragon mates meet their alphas and get to know them a little before they realize they’re mated. It usually takes a few days or months even.”

Did the good doctor just suggest I was a slut? He was entirely on point of course, but it still annoyed me. “They find out they’re mates after they fuck, and I spread my legs for him the night I met him. Is that what you mean?”

Dr. Clearbridge didn’t even blink. “And there’s absolutely nothing wrong with that. However, the fact remains that you’ve had very little time to get to know Davidson and adjust to this new reality. To pause and reflect.”

“Reflect?” I scoffed. “I thought I’d gone crazy.”

“Would you say that you’re thinking clearly right now?”

Looking down, I shook my head.

“But you are.”

I snapped my gaze up to Clearbridge’s grandfatherly face. He was smiling, but it didn’t feel condescending, just kind.

“You’re doing what you can to navigate an extremely turbulent time in your life, Leonard.” His tone was bright and encouraging despite his serious words, as if he found my situation exciting. I supposed, for an outsider, it might have been. “Your mind is working overtime, analyzing unknown dangers and adjusting to new circumstances. You’re not crazy, and you’re not muddled. You simply need to work through an immense amount of new, life-changing information. It’s exhausting, but you’re doing an incredible job.”

His smile widened, and he leaned back in his chair.

“Your mate is happy to have found you. He’s been looking for you for a very long time. Much longer than’s usual.”

“What’s usual?”

“Most dragon alphas find their fated mates between twenty-five and thirty. Overwhelming majority before forty.”

“Davidson is forty-six.”

“Indeed. But as a dragon, he has a very long life in front of him.”

“How long?”

“Dragon shifters have around one-hundred-and-twenty years of a healthy, active life. You’ll live at least to one hundred yourself.”

I gaped.

“When he says you have time, that the decision is yours and he’s not in a hurry, he means it. He wants a child, no doubt about it. But *you* are his absolute priority. If you’re not happy, there’s no way he can be.”

I was still stuck on the numbers. That gave us what, more than seventy years together? It had been three days. “I’m not sure I follow. What do you want me to do?”

“I don’t *want* you to do anything. I’m not giving you a solution, Leonard. You know best how you feel. I’m only offering you more angles to consider. Because you are capable of clear thought. You can inspect your feelings, weigh your options, and then you can decide.”

“I can’t. Not now. My body wants it, but my head is a mess. No clear thought in sight. I only want Davidson to tell me what to do so I can do it.”

“Submitting to your alpha’s will is a quite common impulse omegas have during the first stage of bonding. It’s one of the ways your mind deals with the growing bond. Your feelings and rational thoughts seem to be in conflict, and it brings you relief to let someone else make decisions for you, especially your alpha, who you’re drawn to at all levels of your being.”

Now that made perfect sense. I even felt my lips stretch in a smile. “Yes. That’s exactly how I feel.”

“You will soon find your place in your relationship, don’t worry. Dragon marriages are usually quite equal when it comes to decision-making and division of unpaid work, but there’s nothing wrong with letting your alpha take responsibility for you when you’re overwhelmed. However, this one question, whether you want a baby now or not, Davidson won’t decide for you. He can’t. He genuinely needs you to choose what’s best for you so he can make you happy. That’s his instinct and utmost priority.”

“I want to get pregnant. The idea of carrying Davidson’s child... I’ve thought of nothing else since I heard of the possibility. It’s like a physical need, so powerful it scares me. But wanting something this badly and abruptly doesn’t seem right. I’m a selfish guy with a long history of bad decisions, Doctor. I really shouldn’t be doing what I want to do. Especially not if I want it this much.”

Frowning, Clearbridge turned on his chair from side to side. “You keep mentioning pregnancy, and of course you crave that. You’re twenty-seven, close to your fourth heat, and bonding with a dragon. With those three factors combined, you must be daydreaming of breeding orgasms and a round belly nonstop.” I smirked, trying to downplay the blush on my cheeks. Pregnancy and sex were all I could think about, and they were intertwined in my head. Sex to get pregnant, sex while pregnant, sex while giving birth... God, I was horny. I’d beg Davidson to do me as soon as we were back at the house.

“You find the idea arousing,” Clearbridge continued, “because your body is longing to procreate. But to engage your mind, try to imagine the child. An actual person. Your and Davidson’s son. A baby. A toddler. A growing being who depends on you but has his own will. Can you see him? Are you ready to meet him?”

Stunned, I forgot to breathe. *A person. My son. He’d have a name.*

Clearbridge was smiling widely while seconds ticked away on the clock above his head.

“You’ll never be one hundred percent sure, Leonard,” he finally said. “But how about we book a time on Thursday afternoon? If you opt for pregnancy, you message my office, and we cancel the appointment.”

“That’s in three days.”

“And in four days, your heat will come.”

I rubbed my hands down my face, suppressing a groan.

“If it helps, dragon alphas are very caring and present fathers,” the doctor continued. “If you decide to go for it, you won’t feel lonely in your parenting. Besides, sooner or later, you will have children. With the excitement I see in your eyes, it’s simply a question of time. Now or in two years—in the grand scheme of things, it doesn’t make such a big difference.”

Suddenly, one rational thought lit up my mind, and I straightened in my chair. I wasn’t completely stupid, thank God.

“And my body? Are there any risks? He’s practically a monster, six feet and eight inches. I’m a human omega and rather skinny.”

“You’re not human, dear Leonard. You’re a dragon mate.”

“People keep calling me that, but what does it *really* mean?”

“In terms of pregnancy, it means that you’re one hundred percent guaranteed to become with child during every unprotected heat with your mate. You’ll be fertile until approximately thirty-eight to forty years old, but I’ve had patients who had a fruitful heat even at forty-three. Meaning that sooner or later, you might opt for the contraceptive unless you want a preschool of children between the two of you. But again, why not? It’s your choice. You don’t have to fear any complications. Dragon mates are exceptionally healthy both physically and mentally, not only during pregnancy. The labor itself is specific, and I recommend you read this brochure.” He pulled a paper out of a drawer and laid it on the table. After paging through the book Lawrence had brought, I could

imagine what he meant by specific. “I would go through the details with you, but I have another patient in ten minutes.”

“Specific as in more painful?” I double-checked in case the paperback on dragon procreation had been full of shit.

“No.” The doctor smiled benevolently. “Not at all. It’s a profound experience and very pleasurable for both partners. Read the brochure.”

He moved the folded paper toward me, and I took it.

Rotating on his chair, he glanced at his computer screen and scrolled. Then he tapped a few keys. “Thursday, 4 p.m.?”

“Yes.” Not that I had anything planned for the rest of my life.

“You can simply text the office number if you want to cancel. Good luck, Leonard.”

“Thank you.”

DAVIDSON WAITED for me by the door and immediately cast an arm around my shoulders.

“How are you?”

“I’m okay. We booked a time on Thursday, but I can cancel it if I change my mind.”

He pressed a firm kiss to my temple and inhaled deeply. “Good. That’s good.”

Davidson called the driver from the elevator.

“Okay, we’ll meet you there,” he said before ending the call. His frown made me instantly nervous.

“Everything okay?”

“Yes. There’s a large truck blocking the street. We have to walk for a couple of blocks.”

He handed me the sunglasses. I put them on and adjusted the ball cap. Only a couple of blocks. Nobody knew I was here. How could they? And it wasn’t like Fabio could have

had hundreds of people looking for me all over Ardaine at eight in the morning. There was no reason for me to fear anything. I was with Davidson, and as he pointed out, very few men in this country were more dangerous than him. I was safe with him.

Except as soon as we stepped onto the street, I felt like everyone was looking at me. People streamed in both ways, and the bumper-to-bumper traffic only inched forward. It was the worst of the rush hour on the way to the business district.

I leaned into Davidson, and he must have sensed my discomfort because he immediately put an arm around my shoulders. Holding me close, he walked slowly but determinedly. The crowd seemed to part in front of him. Of course—he towered above all those people, and with the resolute scowl he wore, he looked like he would plow through them if they didn't jump out of his way.

They were all staring at me as we passed.

Only two blocks.

In the sea of faces, one focused frown stuck out. I thought I recognized him. Blond, around fifty, clean-shaven, wireframed glasses. A stocky alpha in a dark suit. Where did I know him from? He stood still at the edge of the sidewalk on the other side of the road, his gaze pinned on me.

Then he made a step in our direction.

It couldn't be. No.

I turned away, hiding my face in Davidson's chest.

“Please, hurry.”

I wasn't sure if he heard me over the honking and cacophony of voices. Disoriented, I stumbled, but he supported my weight around my back. He all but carried me the rest of the way, holding me glued to his side. We passed a pedestrian crossing, and a car door opened in front of me. Davidson gently shoved me inside. I scooted to the other seat so he could climb in behind me. The driver weaved into the lane, crawling away from the business district at a snail's pace.

Looking back through the window, I searched for the blond alpha in the crowd but couldn't see him.

"Are you okay?" Davidson asked, rubbing a hand down my arm.

"I thought I saw someone I recognized, but maybe I'm just panicking."

"Who?"

"He worked for Fabio back in Dalton City."

Davidson stiffened.

"Where is he?"

I pointed through the window. "He was standing over there, on the other side of the street. But he's not there anymore." I scanned the street once more, but the crowd was just a sea of bobbing heads. The spot the alpha had occupied was now obscured by a delivery truck. Then our driver swung into a side street and sped away.

My heart was pounding, and cold sweat covered my neck. Fear seeped into my conscious mind, and I shuddered. "It couldn't have been him. I only saw him a few times in Fabio's house. I'm not sure I would have recognized him."

Davidson took my hand and squeezed it while he dialed on his phone.

"Who are you calling?"

"Devon Hassel."

I blinked. The sense of guilt and stupidity made me cringe when I thought of my bodyguard.

"Good morning. We might have a situation here. I'm putting you on speaker. Leo and my driver are in the car with me."

As he said it, the driver nodded at us and pushed a button. A tinted plexiglass rose between us and the front seats.

"Hi, Leonard. How are you holding up?" Devon's cheery voice only enhanced my guilt.

“Hello, Devon. I’m good. How are you?” *Ugh.*

“Glad you’re okay. What’s happening?”

Davidson answered before I could collect my thoughts. “We were just at a doctor’s office downtown and had to walk two blocks to the car. Leo thinks he might have seen someone from Altera’s team in the street.”

“Did you visit any of the places we talked about?”

“No. We haven’t been to Leo’s apartment nor to any of the venues he frequented before. We took my car this morning directly to Dr. Clearbridge’s office by the business district. Got out of the car right in front of it. Leo was wearing glasses and a ball cap. We were there for about an hour, then we walked for two blocks, crossed the street, and got into the vehicle. We’re on our way to my house.”

“It might not have been him,” I said.

“Did he look at you?” Devon asked.

“Yes. He stared at us from the other side of the street as we walked.”

“Do you remember his name?”

“No. He was one of the people who often came by for business, but I never asked or cared about what he did for Fabio. But like I said. It might not have been him.” I sincerely hoped it hadn’t been.

“We can’t leave these things to chance,” Devon said. “I have a list of people who I know work for Altera. I’ll bring the pictures with me today so you can have a look.”

“Thank you,” Davidson said. “We’ll see you at one.”

“Just to be sure, do you have the possibility to enhance the security at your estate?”

“Already done. I’ll welcome your input, though, once you arrive.”

“Sure. Thanks for the update. See you at yours.”

“One more thing,” I interrupted. “Do they know you work for me? They can follow you to Davidson’s and—”

“It’s okay. I changed locations last night. I didn’t use conventional means of transport, so there’s no way a human could have followed me. I won’t be coming from Ardaine.”

I sorted through his words in my head while Davidson said goodbye and ended the call. Then I raised my eyes to my mate.

“You mentioned Dr. Clearbridge’s office, and he knew where it was. And he said a human couldn’t follow him.”

A slight ache in my stomach and light-headedness announced an approaching panic attack. I breathed through my nose slowly.

Davidson looked worried. “You’re right, Leo.”

“But he’s an omega.”

“And a dragon shifter too. Many in the personal security business are. They also often work with fire and rescue, police, as pilots, or with anything that has to do with heights.”

How many people around me...? How many I knew... I glanced at the tinted barrier between the driver and us.

“Yes. He’s a shifter. About half of my closest staff are either shifters or dragon mates. It makes things easier.”

Breathe. It’s not a problem. In fact, it’s probably a good thing. The shifters can protect me, right? Even against someone like Fabio. In fact, without the magic, I’d be locked up in some dungeon by now.

“Shh, darling. It’s okay. They’re good people. They’re on your side.”

Flashes of memories flickered in my mind. Orange eyes. A sharp metallic claw over my rumpled coat. Wind swooshing. Thorns. Teeth.

A warm breath on my naked skin. The fresh scent, like mountains in the rain and clouds. The same scent seeping into my lungs right now.

Davidson kissed my forehead, and I closed my eyes, leaning into his embrace. The seatbelt dug into my shoulder, but I didn't mind. I needed to feel my mate's warmth.

"I'm okay."

He stroked my back, soothing me all the way to the house.

DISTRACTIONS

Davidson

LAWRENCE HAD BEEN FIRING off one email after another and fielding phone calls for me since early morning. He'd already sorted out everything that could be rescheduled. Ernest would take a couple of meetings this week as my lead engineer, and another two fell on my finance director. The control freak in me demanded I'd double-check everything, but Lawrence would take care of it and call me in case of an emergency. The company wouldn't go under because I'd be less available for a couple of weeks, and my mate's well-being was more important than anything else.

Leo was shaken by the incident in the city, on top of what must be going on in his head regarding his potential pregnancy. I was torn between giving him space and hovering protectively. When he took up the book on mating and procreation, smiling at me shyly, I forced myself to relax.

"Do you want to stay here?" I asked.

Leo looked around my office, then walked to the sofa and settled in a corner, cross-legged. The sight of him poring over the book made me smile.

"I don't have any phone calls before Devon will arrive, so I shouldn't disturb you."

"That's okay." He lifted his head, the corners of his sensual mouth curving up beautifully. "I like being here with you."

"Good."

I opened my laptop and scrolled through a report my finance director sent me for comments. I had to read every sentence three times because my eyes were drawn to Leo.

He paged through the paperback slowly, his cheeks flushed. Then he wiggled and sighed, squinting at something.

I could smell him, which was not helping my concentration. He was reading about pregnancy and childbirth. Which had turned him on so much last night his nipples had leaked, lover's milk soaking through his T-shirt.

Did he really want a child? What did the doctor tell him?

I imagined him sitting here in a few months, reading or listening to an audiobook while I worked. He would stroke his round stomach absentmindedly.

When I blinked at the document in front of me, the letters blurred together.

I shouldn't put any pressure on him. It was way too early. In fact, I should insist he get the contraceptive inserted. But what if he wanted it just as much as I did?

Only two days ago, he'd yelled at me, doing his best to get as far away from me as possible. And now he wanted to have a kid with me? Logically, once he'd feel the effects of the bonding and come to terms with what he now knew about the world, it wouldn't be so shocking. But it had been only a few days. Besides, how selfish would it be of me to get him pregnant while he was still in danger from Altera? Between me and Hassel, we'd keep him safe, but still.

Leo's breathing sounded heavier, and I peeked at him from the corner of my eye. It had been a while since he'd turned a page. What was he looking at? Was he still reading?

He licked his lips and sighed. Still not turning a page.

I glanced back at the report. Quarterly prediction versus actual turnover. Quarterly prediction. Actual turnover.

Could I ask him about the doctor's visit without sounding like I was pushing for one or the other option?

Focus.

Where was I? Quarterly prediction.

Leo sighed again and finally turned a page. His scent in the air got just a little more intense. His skin. A hint of slick.

How could I get anything done with my mate right here, all pliant and warm and smelling like sin?

Abruptly, he lifted his gaze and caught me staring.

Before I could make myself look away and pretend to be working, he straightened, closing the book.

I stared, hypnotized, as he stood and sauntered over to me. He slowly turned my chair so I was facing him. Holding my gaze, his expression hungry and only a little insecure, he lowered himself to his knees with his hands on my thighs. Then he nuzzled the bulge in my pants.

Silent, I watched him. He aroused me like no one ever had. When he blinked up at me, full lips hovering over my fly, I was hard and aching.

“Please, can I suck your cock, Master?” he asked in a whisper. “I’m so hungry for your cum. You can keep working while I serve you.”

Fuck quarterly predictions. In fact, fuck the actual turnover. Sullivan Aerospace could go bankrupt tomorrow for all I cared.

“Go on. But be quick and don’t get my pants dirty.” The strictness had the expected effect. Leo flushed a deeper shade of pink, and his pupils dilated.

“Thank you so much, Master,” he breathed.

Eyes fast on my face, he stroked my thighs and opened my fly. After taking my cock out with reverence, he ran his nose along the length. Then he kissed just under the crown and licked around the ridges. He gripped the base with both hands and began sucking vigorously, bobbing his head. He looked up at me with glassy eyes, cheeks dark pink, and lips stretched thin.

I averted my gaze, or I’d come in seconds. Angling the laptop so I could see the screen, I pretended to read. Of course,

the words made no sense. All I could focus on were Leo's lips and tongue all over my cockhead.

But Leo moaned like my fake indifference aroused him. I even clicked a few random keys and scrolled, holding back any grunts and groans that threatened to spill out of my chest. Leo worked my cock with all his might, gagging and humming, sucking faster while kneading the enlarged knot at the base. Pulsing warmth spread through my groin and underbelly.

When the familiar tingle in my knot announced my orgasm, I gritted my teeth. Closing my eyes, I came on a quiet sigh. Leo lapped everything up, swallowing loudly before licking my cock clean. Then he rained small kisses all over my half-hard shaft.

“Thank you, Master,” he whispered.

I stroked his head with my right hand and scrolled to the next section in the report. Curiously, the words began making sense. I read a couple of pages while Leo rested with his head in my lap, nuzzling my exposed, sated dick. Then he put it back into my underwear and kissed my abdomen before zipping me up.

I glanced down at him. His lips were swollen, and his pupils still blown. Oh, how I loved the sight of him on his knees for me.

“Is your hole wet?”

An eager nod. “Yes.”

“Do you want me to throw you on top of this desk and fuck you hard until you come all over yourself?”

“Yes, Master. I want that so much.”

“Well, you need to calm down,” I told him sternly. “I have work to do.”

He bit his lip, a small smile playing around his lips. It seemed my assumptions about Leo's desires were correct. “I'll behave. I promise. I can wait.”

“If you're a good boy, I'll fuck you tonight.”

“Yes, Master. Thank you for letting me eat your cum.”

“You’re welcome. Now go sit on the sofa and read. I need to focus.”

“Yes, Master.”

Relaxed, even smiling, Leo returned to the sofa and opened the book again. When he settled in the corner, I caught his gaze and smiled back. His grin turned knowing. I added a small wink, and he giggled, shaking his head. Then he lowered his gaze to the book.

Sex and discipline. Two simple ways to keep my mate happy. Thank heavens and hell for that because I could easily manage both.

Leo kept grinning as he silently perused another page in the book.

My perfect, beautiful, amazing mate. He was indeed made for me. And it seemed I was made for him.

WHEN DEVON HASSEL ARRIVED, we sat down in the lounge group in the atrium. Based on his job and reputation, I expected someone more imposing, but the dragon omega was shorter than Leo and slim. His dark pants and jacket made him look even thinner. He wore simple, black-framed glasses on his pale, angular face and a neutral, focused expression. All in all, he looked more like someone who came to fix the computer rather than tackle the bad guy.

Leo glued himself to my side on the sofa, and Hassel settled in the armchair.

“I want to apologize for Friday,” Leo said, holding his chin high. “It was irresponsible of me, and I’ve made your job unnecessarily difficult. I hope you’ll charge me any extra workload and expenses.”

Hassel smiled benevolently. “I will. But hey, it turned out great in the end. I bet you’re glad you sneaked out. Otherwise, you two wouldn’t have met.”

I winced because I still wasn't sure if Leo saw it that way. But my mate gave Hassel a small smile. I raked my mind for what to say to fill the awkward silence.

“About the man in front of Clearbridge's this morning,” Hassel began, cutting any need for small talk—thank fuck. “We can start by looking at some pictures.”

He opened a folder with a tablet inside, tapped at it a few times, and handed it to Leo. “Just swipe to page forward.”

Leo blinked at the screen, holding it gingerly as if it could electrocute him. He swiped a few times, then handed the device back to Hassel. “This guy. But he might only look similar.”

“That's Miles Logan. He's been working for him for as long as Altera has lived in Dalton City.”

“What type of work?” I asked.

“Anything from driving and courier to personal security with an unreasonably high salary for such tasks. Which makes me think he might be the main guy for dirty work.”

Leo grimaced but didn't say anything.

“And he was looking directly at you?” Hassel asked him.

“Yes.”

“Did you keep eye contact for long?”

“No. I turned away. I started panicking, and Davidson led me to the car.”

“Okay. Let's say it was him,” I said. “How would that be possible?”

Hassel closed the tablet and put it on the table. “I have several theories. One, if Leo had been followed to the club, you might have been seen together. That way, they already know where Leo is staying. They are following you and only waiting for an opportunity to extract him without direct confrontation.”

“We both wore masks and left separately.”

“Would you say that the mask made you unrecognizable?”

It was Leo who answered. “Unless you knew Davidson personally, you wouldn’t recognize him. Definitely not in club lighting.”

“I’m not the kind of celeb that people react to in the street,” I added. “Folks who’re in the business might know how I look, but that’s it.”

Hassel squinted. “You do have an impressive build. Makes people remember.”

“The bouncer at the club was nearly the same size,” I countered.

“Very well. You left the club later, right?”

“We left separately,” I said. “I took the mask off in the street when I followed Leo, but the men who tried to kidnap him didn’t see me go after them.”

“It wasn’t just the two of them,” Hassel pointed out. “They were waiting for a car. So there must have been at least one more guy. Maybe the driver saw you follow them, recognized you, and put things together. Which means you’ve been followed and watched ever since. Another alternative would be that the street outside Clearbridge’s office was one of the places watched.”

Leo stiffened. “Unless Fabio knows about shifters, about Davidson being one and about me being his mate...” He trailed off, looking at me and Hassel with wide, terrified eyes. “He’s not,” he cried so loudly I automatically put an arm around his back to soothe him. “He’s not.” He turned his gaze to me, pleading. “The eyes, the scent. He’s not a shifter. I would know it by now.”

Hassel’s eyes were deep green with a thin band of light silver around the pupils. Leo was right. Once you knew what to look for, you recognized a shifter’s eyes.

I hugged Leo to my side and kissed his temple. “We would all know if he were.” In the shifter circles, people knew about each other.

Except Hassel didn't seem to share my opinion. "Probably, we would," he said.

I scowled at him. He was maddeningly consistent in leaving room for unknown variables. It was professional of him but did nothing to calm my mate.

"Any other alternatives?"

I was aware I sounded irritated, but Hassel didn't seem to notice or didn't care.

"A tracking device in Leo's things or tracing his phone. But those are not likely. I made all the precautions."

"Leo's phone has been on airplane mode or turned off since Friday night."

"Leo, have you been in contact with anyone?" Hassel asked.

"No."

And that worried me. Didn't he have anyone besides his bodyguard who'd care about his whereabouts if he suddenly disappeared?

"Look, it's obvious," Leo said, his voice firm. "He's not a shifter himself, so he can't know about me being Davidson's mate. It's unlikely they were able to find out I'm with him at all. It simply wasn't Miles what's-his-name. I was nervous and scared, so of course I panicked when I saw someone looking vaguely like one of Fabio's people. I'll probably see them on every corner now."

I rubbed my hand up and down Leo's back as he spoke. What he said sounded reasonable, but at the same time, dismissing his fear didn't sit right with me.

"It's a viable option," Hassel said.

Leo relaxed into my side.

"However, we should still take precautions."

"I've enhanced the security," I said. "You're welcome to walk around with me and take a look."

“Thanks. We’ll do that as soon as we’re done here.”

“What more is there?”

“You mentioned you were looking into Altera’s businesses.”

“Yes. But so far no luck. Everything seems well taken care of.”

“He’s meticulous. If he does something illegal, he covers up. My worry is, if he finds out an engineering tycoon from Ardaine, where his ex-boyfriend happens to reside, is looking into his affairs, he might get tempted to take more extreme steps.”

“I’m meticulous as well.”

“Good.” Hassel smiled pleasantly. “I believe you.”

“What now?”

“I have a guy keeping an eye on Altera’s men here in Ardaine. I say we wait.”

I squeezed my eyes shut and breathed through my nostrils. I knew that was the only thing we could do, but it made me feel helpless.

“Wait for what?” Leo asked in a small voice.

Hassel sighed, looking at Leo with compassion. “He’s in Italy now. His men seem to be lying low, taking care of errands, and even going out to pubs and clubs. The private jet that was supposed to take you has left the airport. My conclusion is that they’re not planning anything big until their boss is back. They might increase their efforts again in two weeks. And if Altera himself arrives in Ardaine, we know it’s on.”

“Are you sure Leo is safe until he’s back?”

“I think he’s safe here as long as you have enough people and the right tech guarding the premises. Altera won’t storm this house, but he might try to steal Leo from under your nose if we’re not careful.”

Leo groaned with frustration. “Why does he still care?”

Hassel grimaced. “There are books on these things, but honestly, I never had the patience to study the mind of a narcissistic psychopath. Expect the worst and stay away has been my way of dealing with them.”

Leo looked down like a child that had been scolded, and I frowned. Did he blame himself?

“Let’s take the tour,” Hassel said.

I held Leo’s hand while we walked around the house and garden, visiting the guesthouse and guard booth by the gate. Hassel then checked the security cameras and fences on his own while Leo and I made coffee. My mate was quiet, seemingly lost in thought.

Hassel came back in twenty minutes.

“Did you find a problem?”

“Nothing serious. A few spots might need slight adjustments, but I’ll take it up with your men, and we’ll get that sorted as soon as possible.” He looked at Leo. “Are you okay with me leaving you here by yourself?”

“I’m safe with Davidson.”

Hassel smiled. “I think so too. I’ll be of more use in the city.”

He refused another coffee and promptly said goodbye, promising to update us on a daily basis.

AFTER HASSEL HAD LEFT, Leo and I sat by the pool.

“How are you?” I asked as soon as he was cuddled to my side on the sofa.

“Good. I’m good.”

“It’s been a long day for you. I’m worried.”

“You don’t have to be. I’m doing much better.”

He truly seemed content. Considering what he’d been through, it was a small miracle.

Nuzzling his hair, I went back and forth over the conversations we'd had. I wanted to ask about the doctor's visit, but it seemed selfish to push the issue.

"So now we wait?" he asked.

"It seems so."

He blew out a breath, stretching out his legs. "I don't want to think about it all."

"But you do?"

Leo smiled softly, glancing at me. "You've been a powerful distraction."

I groaned. "Ouch, darling."

"In good ways." He kept staring at me, his eyes twinkling. Did I discern a smidgen of mischief?

Looking at his gorgeous face, I realized how much strength he must have. He was in acute danger. Had been for months. Then I crashed into his life, quite literally, teeth and talons and wings out in the open, and here he was, smiling at me, sane and composed.

"You're amazing, Leo," I said.

He gave out a quiet snort. "Sure. I'm a gift."

"I mean it. What you must have endured, restarting your life from scratch, and now me, overthrowing everything again. You're so strong, Leo. I'm proud of you."

He looked away. "I wish I could forget about everything for a few days."

"I'm sorry."

"I don't mean you, Davidson. I don't want to forget about you."

"No?"

He shook his head. Slowly, he put our coffee cups on the side table and straddled my lap, looping his arms around my neck. "I feel safe with you. I do. It's thanks to you being near

me that I'm so calm. If it weren't for you, I'd be curled up in a corner somewhere, gasping for breaths."

I held him tighter, breathing in the perfume from his neck.

"There's this switch in my brain," he murmured, "between anxiety and arousal. You can flip that switch with a few words and a look. Just like that."

Pulling in his scent and soaking up his warmth, I got hard of course. He must have felt it because he slowly began rocking in my lap, rubbing his groin subtly against my erection.

"You want to stop thinking, Leo?"

"Please, Davidson."

"You want me to flip that switch and make you forget about everything?"

"Yes."

Squeezing his ass cheeks, I put my lips to his ear and pitched my voice low. "I took you so I could keep you, little omega. You're only mine, and I can do what I want with you."

He hummed.

"Do you like being my plaything?"

"Uh-huh." He thrust harder against me, blatantly humping my lap.

"For the rest of the night, you're not going to think about anything else but me."

"Please."

"You're going to be a good little omega and please your Master."

"Yes, I will." His voice got breathy with need.

Fuck, it was such a rush to be able to play his body and mind this easily.

"And how are you going to please me, omega?"

“I’ll give you my body, and you can use it however you want. I won’t do anything unless you tell me.”

“I haven’t told you to hump me, boy.”

Leo froze on a whimper.

“You’re so horny. A depraved little slut.”

“I am. I’m horny and wet for your cock. Please, use me. I want to be your fuckhole again, please, Master.”

My mate was indeed a gift. “Take off your pants and show me how wet you are.”

Leo scrambled up and undid his jeans. He pushed them down his legs and knelt with his back to me. Then he tugged his underwear halfway down his thighs and bent forward.

With the briefs around his legs, the socks, and the T-shirt, he looked wonderfully decadent.

Using my thumb, I pulled his ass cheek to the side. The pink star was clenched tight but glistening with wetness in the middle.

“So pretty. My beautiful little hole. Stay like this.”

I positioned myself behind him and took my cock out.

“Wet holes are for fucking.” I tapped my dick over his opening. “Or is there anything else I should do with you?”

“No, Master. I’m only good for fucking.”

“Darling, you’re good for so many other things. But right now...” I inched into him, and he gasped. The bonding made him so loose he didn’t need any prep. “You’re just a wet hole.”

“Master.”

“My fuckhole,” I said with a laugh.

He chuckled, but I cut the sound off with a sharp thrust.

Leo’s cry echoed through the room.

Wet slaps and Leo’s animalistic groans accompanied my punching thrusts, faster and faster until I all but drilled into

him. Leo came spraying cum all over the tiles, but I wasn't done. When I pulled out, he shuddered, his asshole fluttering.

I flipped him onto his back and, holding him by his calves, I spread his legs into a wide V. With his underwear hanging around one thigh and the stained, rucked-up T-shirt, he looked used and messed up. So erotic. I thrust my cock into him to the hilt, and he whined, his eyes rolling into the back of his head.

“God, I love this,” he mumbled.

“Sure, you do. You're made for this. You exist only for my dick.”

The way my girth stretched his opening looked violent. I pulled out almost all the way, until the ridges popped out, then I glided into him to the hilt, watching his hole swallow me up. The long, deep thrusts felt incredible as Leo's inner muscles massaged my length and my cockhead delved into the softest tissue deep inside him. His slick coated my erection, making it glisten, and his pink rim clung to it on every retreat, as if his body didn't want to let me go. How did my cock even fit inside my skinny mate? From this angle, it looked like I was taking over his body, and together with the sounds he was making, the sight made my spine tingle. Possessive urges made me pump my hips faster, and Leo's body quivered and slid on the floor with the hard thrusts. His abdomen seemed to bulge, and his slender dick curved over it, jerking around and oozing precum.

Covered with sweat and his own cum, spread out, he looked so filthy. Obscene. I could do him hard, as hard as I wanted, and he'd take it gratefully. My horny cocksleeve. Beautiful, dirty, kinky as fuck. My mate was a submissive little cumslut, and I was so fucking lucky.

His whine made me look into his eyes. My crude fantasies dispersed, and I slowed down, overcome with tenderness.

Oh, his drooping eyelids, the way he licked his lips, the flush on his cheeks and upper chest... I was making him feel good.

“Davidson.”

His pupils were dark pools of lust, but then he groaned from deep within and closed his eyes. I fucked his slumped body long after he came the second time. When I finally creamed his hole, he was twitching like a stranded fish.

I pulled out and slapped his thigh. “On your knees.”

Groaning, he struggled to obey. He could barely move, so well fucked he seemed drunk. When he finally made it into position, he wobbled like a newborn foal.

He jolted when I gave him a couple of spanks. “Stay still.”

That seemed to wake him up. He corrected his position and held it.

Then I stood and walked around him, looking my fill. Shivering, Leo remained on all fours, his stained underwear bunched up around his knee. The dark tiles under him were dotted with white drops and smears, his T-shirt was wet with lover’s milk, and my cum slowly oozed out of his reddened hole down his taint toward his balls. He was flushed and panting.

“Put your underwear back on.”

Turning onto his side, Leo did as he was told, slowly pulling the briefs up over all the mess.

“How many times did you come, omega?”

“Three.”

“Did you like it?”

“Yes, Master. Thank you so much for fucking me hard.”

“Are you cold?”

“No, Master.”

“Dirty?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Describe it to me.”

He swallowed, gazing up at me with glassy eyes. “My T-shirt is stained with milk and cum. It feels cool over my nipples. I’m sweaty from coming. My briefs are soaked with

my slick and your cum, and I'm leaking more because I can't close my fucked-out hole yet. I feel filthy and used."

"Do you like it?"

"Yes, Master. I like it a lot."

"My cock is still covered with your juices. Come and wipe it off."

Leo knee-walked to me and used the hem of his T-shirt to dab at the slick and cum smears. Then he kissed and licked my cockhead.

"I didn't allow you to use your mouth."

He let go and bent his head. "Sorry."

"You'll stay like this tonight. No shower."

Leo's lips tightened, looking like he was suppressing a smile. My insatiable, kinky boy.

NO FUCKING WAY

Leo

DAVIDSON MADE me stay in the stained clothes, reeking of sex until late in the evening. After dinner, he bent me over the table and fucked me again. This time, he tugged my underwear down over my ass just enough to put his dick in me. The cotton took most of my cum when I climaxed. I struggled to find a spot on my T-shirt clean enough to wipe his cock. I twisted the fabric around and used the hem from over my hip. Of course, then my mate told me to help him clean up the kitchen. I walked around putting the dishes away, my groin and crease an indescribable mess, my clothes ruined, and the slight, harmless humiliation of the situation thrilled me.

When we were done, Davidson gripped my neck possessively.

“Still like being filthy, omega?”

I loved it. “Yes, Master.”

“You can’t go to bed like this. I just changed the sheets this afternoon. Are you going to sleep on the floor at the foot of my bed?”

That didn’t sound bad at all. I could take a blanket and a towel and stay filthy until he fucked me in the morning. On the floor. It would be uncomfortable, but...hot? I imagined how I’d look and smell, trashy, sloppy, and ready to be used over and over... *Ooh*.

Noticing my confused hesitation, Davidson laughed. “I was joking, but you’d do that, wouldn’t you? You’re so

obedient and meek when you're well fucked. Such a good boy. Now shower, c'mon."

Holding me by my neck, he led me up the stairs. He went to the bathroom with me, folded his arms, leaned against the wall, and told me to strip. He watched as I peeled the stained clothes off me and scratched at the dry smears under the shower stream. He ordered me to rinse my hole thoroughly and stared as I fingered myself to get the cum out.

Then we went to bed. He made me show him my groin and crease, pretending to be inspecting if I'd cleaned up properly. I had. My reward was a long nursing session, mind-blowingly tender, until I was almost falling asleep, floating on a cloud of balanced desire and satisfaction.

I didn't even think of Fabio or my possible pregnancy until I woke up at three in the morning.

Davidson lay wrapped around me, his arm cast over my waist, and I mapped out the shadows on the ceiling, listening to his quiet snores.

Because I was on a mission to become a good omega mate, I followed the doctor's advice. For hours, I thought of a child. My and Davidson's son. I imagined him as a baby in my arms, then as a boy, toddling through these rooms, swimming in the pool with me, and running in the garden. In my mind, he had Davidson's copper eyes and almost black hair.

I felt no less selfish because the yearning only grew until it was overflowing. Together with it grew my fear. Me, a father? Anyone who knew me at least a little would laugh at the idea and possibly warn social services. But Davidson would keep an eye on me, tell me what to do, and if nothing else, I was good at following his orders. He would be an excellent parent—of that, I was sure.

Eventually, I must have fallen asleep again because when I woke up, it was noon. Davidson sat on the bed next to me, dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, his laptop on his thighs.

He greeted me with a gleaming smile and was about to put the laptop aside, but I excused myself to go to the bathroom.

Bladder empty, hole clean, showered, and with my teeth brushed, I returned to the bedroom. Naked. Davidson closed his computer and stretched his arm toward me.

Most of the following two hours, I spent with his cock in me. He let me ride him, looking at me possessively, and I eagerly bounced on his dick, my guts overfull and my head blissfully empty. If we weren't both hungry, I could have fucked for the rest of the day.

We took a walk after lunch, and I asked about his work. I wanted to get to know him in all the ways I could even if it meant to let him bore me with engineering talk. But as Davidson described his various search and rescue helicopter drones, and the different strategies to eliminate fossil fuels from air travel, I was strangely captivated. What Sullivan Aerospace did was important. He kept glancing at me questioningly, no doubt trying to gauge my thoughts, but I didn't want to talk about myself or the impossible decision I had to make.

In the afternoon, while he worked in his office, I read more in the book about dragon shifters. I even opened the folder from Dr. Clearbridge.

The information it contained was directed specifically to young dragon mates and was divided into two topics. One spread was about heat and breeding, containing seven illustrations depicting the alpha's knot inside a mate's body and various sexual positions best for satisfactory breeding. Luckily, the illustrations were merely schematic, so they didn't have the same effect on me as the book Lawrence lent me.

In the lower right corner, in small font, was a frame with a compact chunk of text that I ignored at first, more interested in the pictures. But then I noticed the word "half-shifted" and read it properly.

Rut and half-shifted breeding: When breeding is possible, as signaled by the omega's pheromones, the dragon alpha might go into a rut. Historically, partial shifting was deemed inappropriate, and some alphas will try to contain the need to partially shift during rut so as not to alarm or

repel their mate. However, to grow thorns, tail, and even smaller wings during rut is natural, and a dragon mate in heat is instinctually drawn to a half-shifted dragon. A half-shifted dragon's hands and feet are larger, his facial features more pronounced, with protruding cheekbones, sharper teeth, and a longer tongue. Different skin coloring might appear in places, especially over the shoulders and down the back of the alpha's thighs. His phallus is also slightly larger and longer, with more distinct ridges. Despite his intimidating looks, a half-shifted alpha is not aggressive, and his protective instincts toward his omega mate are uncompromised. If you are concerned about dragon rut, discuss half-shifted intercourse with your mate. Spend some time with him in a fully shifted state so you are familiar with the dragon before your heat. Half-shifted intercourse during heat is most pleasurable and doesn't entail any risks. Intrauterine contraception is no less effective. Some couples continue having half-shifted sex even outside of heat.

There was no way I was bringing this up with Davidson. The mix of fear and arousal wasn't something I could put into words. Shaking my head, I looked at the other spread.

And wow.

The following sexual positions are recommended during labor for ideal depth and angle of penetration. During a contraction, aim for deep penetration, retreat between contractions. Figures 1-3 for early stages. Figures 4 and 5 after the dilation reached 3 inches. Figures 6 and 7 are the recommended delivery positions.

The pictures were mere silhouettes, but my imagination supplied the rest. I folded the paper and put it into the book on procreation—I'd had enough studying for today—then went to the kitchen to refill my water glass. With the amount of slick I was producing these days, I needed to hydrate.

Actually, a cold shower might be a good idea.

IN THE EVENING, Davidson had to take care of some international calls, so I swam in the pool. I was getting rather

fond of the whole pool in the living room setup. It compensated a great deal for the fact that aside from the doctor's visit, we hadn't left the premises in days.

I took a quick shower in the downstairs bathroom and put on the loose sweats Davidson had bought me. I completed the look with an old T-shirt of his that was so big on me it revealed my collarbones and hung like a dress. But it smelled of him, and I loved wearing it. I smirked at my reflection in the mirror. I looked like a slob, but I liked it. Davidson wanted me all the time, no matter what I wore—I didn't have to dress up for him.

Itching to be close to him again, I was on my way to check if he was done with his call when the front door opened. I spun around to look who it was. I'd spotted a few of Davidson's staff members going in and out of the house, but this guy I didn't recognize.

He was an omega in his twenties, dressed in shorts and a singlet, plump with thick thighs, a round belly, and a big bubble butt. He was quite pretty and moved with confidence. Smiling, he nodded in greeting and was about to walk past me like he owned the place.

"Who are you?" I asked.

He paused and squinted at me suspiciously. "I'm Mr. Sullivan's companion for the evening. He's expecting me."

It took me a couple of seconds to put his words together. Then my sight went red around the edges. "No, he's definitely not," I bit out.

The omega smiled wider. "I've never seen you here before. Usually new staff members are informed about my visits, and more polite too. Careful or you're not going to keep your job for long. Mr. Sullivan has a short fuse."

"I don't need a job." I took a step closer to him. "I'm not Davidson's employee. And you're not spending the evening with him. Leave."

The omega cocked his head, and his smile turned positively evil. "I've been invited by Mr. Sullivan himself. He

expects me to be naked, ass up, in the bedroom over there in ten minutes. So I'm going to walk around you now, get undressed, and get nicely and deeply fucked like every Tuesday. Bye."

My blood went from ninety-eight to boiling in a split second. I was going to tear his fucking head off.

"The fuck you are," I hissed, spreading my arms to block his way. "Davidson's mine. Get out."

The omega blinked, his mouth gaping open. Then he laughed. "Oh wow. Who are *you*?" He seemed entertained, the little fucker. "Have we been double-booked? You can watch, you know. I'm sure Davidson wouldn't mind. In fact, he'll easily do both of us. His stamina is legendary."

He was taunting me, and sadly, it worked.

"You're going to get your whore ass out of here before I gouge your eyes out and stuff them down your throat."

The omega must have realized I might mean my threats because he took a step back, his eyes widening. "You're insane. Sullivan pays for escort services. He's done it for years, and I'm his regular Tuesday fuck. If you don't like it, you'll have to sort it out with him. And if you get any closer to me, I'm calling the police."

"You're calling the police on me? I live here."

"Do you? And where were you last Tuesday when he creamed my hole twice?"

I was going to kill him. Pointing a finger at him, I shouted so loud my voice hurt my throat. "Davidson is my mate! I don't give a shit if he fucked the entire city of Ardaine before. Now he's mine! Count yourself lucky you got a taste of his dick when you could because you're never touching him again. Now get out!"

He retreated another few steps, but still wasn't leaving. Could I be any clearer? Or would I have to physically remove him?

“Leo?” Davidson’s deep voice made me freeze. “What’s going on?”

Shit.

How much had he heard? I’d yelled loud enough the security from the guesthouse would be coming in shortly. So much for being a good little omega. I didn’t even last a week.

My stomach clenched.

But the thought of Davidson fucking escorts with me in the house made me see red. Wasn’t I enough for him? How much sex did the dragon need?

“Hello, Mr. Sullivan. There seems to be a misunderstanding about our booking tonight.”

I turned to Davidson, afraid to look him in the face. He’d be angry with me again. But dammit, I couldn’t bear this. I couldn’t share him. No fucking way! Bile rose into my throat at the thought of Davidson coming near the other omega.

“Seth, I apologize,” Davidson said, suspiciously calm. “I forgot to cancel. Tell your boss to invoice me full charge for tonight.”

“See you next Tuesday?” the omega asked breezily. Didn’t he realize he was in mortal danger from me?

“No. I’ll email and cancel all the bookings. I’m in a relationship now.”

The omega, Seth apparently, looked from Davidson to me, then back to Davidson.

“Very well.” His lips twitched with amusement. “Good luck with your relationship, Mr. Sullivan.”

With that, he walked out.

Fucking bitch.

I closed my eyes, trying to breathe slowly in and out. The front door clicked shut. Inhale, exhale. My heart was pounding its way out of my chest.

“Leo, I’m so sorry.”

My neck felt hot, my face burning. Angry tears spilled down my cheeks to complete my humiliation.

“Were you going to fuck him?” The question came out through gritted teeth.

“No. The appointments were booked a long time ago.”

“Fancy word. Appointments.”

“A long time before you and I met,” Davidson added in a pleading voice.

My eyes squeezed shut, I nodded. “Did you fuck him last week?”

Would he lie to me?

“Yes.” There was a pause, but I didn’t look at him. “I used to pay for escorts. Before I met you.”

“Was he any good?”

“Leo...”

“Was he?”

“Seth is a professional, Leo. He did what I told him to do within his limits and got paid for it. Sexual frustration used to make me unreasonable. I got off every Tuesday so I could function without yelling at people at work. And yes, it felt as pathetic as it sounds.”

“Will you keep hiring escorts?”

“No!” he cried, grabbing me by my shoulders. “Look at me, Leo.”

Forcing my eyes to open, I met his fiery gaze. Like glowing coals.

“You’re my mate. For the rest of my life, I won’t desire anyone but you.”

I blinked. He meant it, I knew. But... *Ugh*. “I got so angry. I wanted to fucking kill him.”

For some reason, it made Davidson smile. “I saw that. You were glorious.” He ran his hands up and down my arms,

slowly pushing me backward. “You’re beautiful when you’re mad.”

My back hit the wall by the stairs.

“I was afraid I’d broken you.” Nuzzling my neck, he shoved his hands under my oversized T-shirt. “But my scathing, temperamental boy is still in here, isn’t he?”

Shaking my head, I scoffed. I didn’t want to be that man. That Leo was insufferable.

Except Davidson lowered himself to his knees, easily tugging down my baggy sweats. He kissed my abdomen and nuzzled the base of my dick. Of course, I was hard. He could only breathe on me, and I’d get aroused.

“I’m sorry, Leo. It was my fault.” He mouthed the piercing in my cockhead, flicking his tongue over it, and the movement made my dick tingle.

“I don’t want to be mad at you,” I managed breathlessly.

“But you are?”

Gritting my teeth, I nodded. I couldn’t think about the other omega ever having my man.

Davidson took my cock into his mouth and bobbed his head. Pleasure warred with irritation in my body. He licked my cockhead, holding my gaze.

“You have every right to be mad at me.”

Do I?

My Master was on his knees in front of me, licking my cock and teasing my hole with his fingers. He looked at me with tenderness even as I was still fuming.

“I’ve never knelt for any man but you,” he rasped.

I grabbed a fistful of his hair.

Davidson’s chest rumbled, and he sucked harder, pushing two fingers into me.

“You humiliated me,” I whispered.

He blinked in agreement and kept sucking. My arousal climbed higher, and I relaxed against the wall. His fingers moved in and out, stroking all the good spots, and his tongue rubbed the underside of my dick, teasing the jewel just right.

When I came, he swallowed everything. Then he turned me around and licked my ass, lapping up the slick that had escaped. Pulling on my hips again so I faced him, he hugged me around my waist.

“Forgive me, Leo. I never meant to hurt you.” He peppered small kisses all over my lower stomach, breathing me in.

He was so different from any other alpha I’d dated before. He didn’t yell at me for chasing his hookup away. He admitted his mistake and asked for forgiveness, and he meant it.

Was this how people were supposed to treat each other in a relationship?

I cradled his jaw in my palm, his beard scratching my skin.

“I lost it. I shouldn’t have gotten so angry. I should have asked you.”

Davidson shook his head, smiling. “I’m glad you got furious and yelled. I wondered where the fiery omega I met on Friday had disappeared to. But you’re still you.”

“Yeah. I’m still the bitchy, insolent brat you have to fuck into submission.”

Davidson’s smile turned predatory, and he slowly rose until he loomed above me, caging me in with his arms braced against the wall.

“Exactly.”

I yelped when he lifted me with one arm. I locked my legs around his waist and my arms around his neck. His belt clanked as he undid it. The next second, his cock was pushing into me.

“You take my breath away, Leo. Whether you’re pliant and needy or angry and venomous... You’re spectacular. Always.”

He fucked me against the wall with slow and steady thrusts, and my eyes rolled back into my head.

“I don’t want you to hide,” Davidson whispered into my ear while I moaned and clung to him. “I want the real you.”

The real me?

Self-destructive, childish, selfish, argumentative, obnoxious... What more did people say about me?

Davidson’s cock hit the mouth to my womb, and I forgot all about rude escorts and failed relationships.

It was just my mate and me.

GHOSTS FROM THE PAST

Davidson

LEO SLUMPED IN MY ARMS, his cum smearing between our bellies. Holding him impaled on my cock, I carried him up the stairs and into the bathroom.

When I put him on his feet, his gaze dropped down and his shoulders slumped.

“Leo.”

He jerked. “Yes?”

“Are you still angry with me?”

“No. Of course not.”

“Then what’s going on?”

“Nothing,” he blurted automatically and stepped into the shower.

I followed him into the stall and reached between his ass cheeks. My cum had leaked out, so I smeared it up and down through his crease.

“Tell me what’s going on,” I said firmly, turning my words into a command.

At my tone, he relaxed into my touch. He leaned with his cheek onto the tiled wall and pushed his ass out. “I’m worried about my overreaction and what you might think of me.”

I kept stroking over his slick hole and took the showerhead. I aimed the stream at his hole and rinsed it

carefully while holding it open with my fingers. “I don’t think you overreacted. And I liked your jealousy and possessiveness. It aroused me. I don’t want you to worry about it anymore.”

After a long exhale, Leo simply said “okay” and closed his eyes.

I soaped up my hand and began rubbing through his crease. He was breathing deeply, his back curved beautifully as he leaned into my touch. When he was clean, I slid a finger into his body—just a small reminder, a clear gesture of ownership. Leo opened his eyes and gazed at me over his shoulder, lips parted, cheeks flushed. Timidity. Hope. Fear. He’d let me do anything, wouldn’t he?

“Are you still afraid of me, Leo?”

“Sometimes,” he admitted in a weak whisper. “But I need that fear, Davidson.” Shame warped his lovely face. “It helps. Knowing that you’ll punish me if I step out of line helps.”

I pulled my finger out and set the showerhead back onto the hook. Then I turned Leo to me, positioning him so his back was under the spray, warming his skin. Holding him by his shoulders, I searched his expression.

“I know you like orders, darling. They bring you peace, and that’s okay. I like giving you orders, and I love it when you do as I say. But I want you to obey because you trust me and not because you fear me.”

“I want that too.” He swallowed and bit his lip. His smile was heartbreakingly hopeful.

“What do you fear the most, love? You know I’d never hurt you.”

“I know. I’m afraid...” Leo took a deep breath, exhaled, and his gaze grew determined. He was gathering courage. “I’m afraid you’ll be disappointed with me once you get to know me.”

My chest burst with pain. “Oh Leo,” I breathed. I hugged him, peppering kisses all over his forehead and temples. “Every day, every hour, with every detail I learn, I want you

more. Every little imperfection makes you more perfect in my eyes.”

He shuddered, roping his arms around my neck and clinging to me. When I found his lips, the tension slowly left his body, and he kissed me back.

LATER WE LAY IN BED, and my mate played with the sparse hair on my chest. We'd been quiet for a while, and I thought he might fall asleep soon, but something had changed between us after the confrontation with Seth. The barriers were crumbling, our bond growing stronger.

“The tipping point was his birthday dinner,” Leo began, voice low. I knew immediately he meant Fabio Altera. “He had this heavy, massive oak table in his dining room. It was fifteen feet long, made from a single tree trunk. A gorgeous piece of woodwork. He invited a group of friends, mostly alphas, some of them I knew but not well. It was a grand dinner, and I was supposed to be the main course. He chained me to the table by my wrists and ankles. He had the chains made especially, golden paint and all. I wore a lace jockstrap and a lace mask over my eyes. I felt so decadent lying there like an offering to a god. They ate around me, and he fed me. He said nobody was allowed to touch me unless he said so. All those hungry eyes on me... I even provoked them, angling my body just right, licking my lips. When he began teasing my ass with his fingers, I moaned and writhed. People got a little more drunk, and a little more daring. A couple of alphas jerked themselves, watching me. He dragged me to the edge of the table, held my legs open, and ordered everyone to kiss my hole. They did, and I liked it.”

The ugly feeling in my gut wasn't jealousy, was it? Maybe I sensed where Leo's story was going, and I didn't want to hear it. But it had happened, and I wouldn't be able to erase it. I couldn't wrangle Leo's past, but I would help him heal.

“He fucked me in front of everyone, which I enjoyed. But then he pulled out, and someone handed him a shot glass with

a little bit of white powder on the bottom. He tipped it over his slick cock.”

I struggled against my need to squeeze my Leo. I held still, letting him speak.

“I mouthed no and shook my head, and he saw. But he ignored me. It took barely a minute for me to feel it. Until today, I don’t know what it was. Aside from weed and alcohol, I have no experience with drugs. I felt hot all over, sweated buckets, and my heartbeat went through the roof. My vision got blurry, and I couldn’t speak, only slur. And Fabio’s guests took turns inside me. The thing is, physically, I was aroused and coming in waves. It felt like heat, and I guess I must have looked as if I enjoyed it. Besides, most people knew Fabio and I played around a lot, so they probably assumed I was into it. The orgasms got gradually more painful, and I must have passed out because I woke up in his bed the next day, long after lunchtime, alone. After all of that, he’d left me alone. When I stumbled into the shower, streaks of cum and traces of blood ran down my thighs. And I knew I had gone too far. I showered, dressed, and snuck out. I checked into a hotel and slept for another day. Next week, I was on a plane away from Dalton City. I lived on the East Coast for a few weeks while I was selling the apartment and taking care of the businesses. He tried to contact me, but I threw out my old phone. Then I moved to Ardaïne, hoping he’d never find me.”

I swallowed, unable to speak.

For his birthday, Altera had drugged Leo and had him gang-raped.

My mate. Raped.

I would have shifted, flown over the ocean, found Altera, and ripped his spine out, but Leo’s scent helped me to stay put.

“Leo.” A deep breath. “You can *always* say no to me. Always.” My voice shook.

“I know.” He lifted his face and met my gaze, a small smile curving his lips. “I’m safe with you.” He sounded sure, and I exhaled.

He fell asleep soon after that, but I didn't. I needed to calm the hell down. For the next few hours, I worked through the senseless anger in my head and plotted how to take Altera down without endangering Leo.

TALK

Davidson

LEO SLEPT LONG, probably due to the combination of the bonding, upcoming heat, and late-night conversations. His serenity brought me peace too. I took my computer to the bedroom and worked sitting on the bed next to his sleeping form so I could listen to his breaths and look at him from time to time.

We ate lunch outside on the patio. Leo's blond waves fluttered in the gentle breeze, and he gestured with both hands, telling me with a flourish how he hated the rainy summers in Dalton City.

We had coffee, and then I told Leo to go swimming while I worked from my office for a few more hours.

"I love swimming naked," he said with a wink.

"You're lucky the cleaning staff came and left while you were still asleep. Otherwise, I'd force you to wear swim trunks."

He frowned. "That sounds terrible. They cleaned the house while I still lazed in bed?"

"You need the rest. You're about to go into heat."

His eyes got a faraway look, and I regretted saying that. As if he needed more reminders about the decision he had to make. But he seemed to shake himself, then he grinned.

"Can I come by your office later?"

“You can. But no sooner than in two hours.”

“Can I come naked?”

“I want you there at 3 p.m., naked, wet, and hard.”

“Thank you, Master.”

“Don’t be late.”

He bit his lip, his gaze calculating. I was overjoyed to see the mischief in his eyes. I was almost sure he’d be intentionally late, which would earn him a spanking over my office desk.

“Go, omega,” I said sternly. “I need to work.”

“Yes, Master.”

Leo leaned in to kiss my cheek and brushed his hand over my jean-covered cock. Then he strutted away with an extra swish to his hips. Last night’s conversation was rattling around in my head, ruining my mood, but Leo seemed relieved, and for that, I was grateful.

DEVON HASSEL CALLED SHORTLY after one in the afternoon. Seeing his name on the screen, I picked up instantly.

“Yes?”

“Hello, Davidson. Are you at home?”

“We are. Is something the matter?”

“No immediate danger. It seems that Altera has pulled his men. There’s no one left in Ardaine.”

“Are you sure?”

“Unless they suddenly became invisible, which I doubt. They’re not that good. Two of his main guys are back in Dalton City already, and the street in front of Leonard’s apartment is clear.”

I frowned. That didn’t make sense. “Did he simply give up?”

“He must have found out Leo is with you and either withdrew or is regrouping. He’s busy at the conference and not returning to the country for several more days.”

“What does it mean for us?”

“It’s like I said. We have time, which is good. Don’t lessen the security at your place, but I think it might be good if you and Leo are seen together. Make your relationship public. You must have contacts to places where, if you’re spotted, you’ll attract attention, right?”

I raked my mind for the bars and restaurants where local celebs hung out and the paparazzi with them. Then I remembered. “I’m invited to an event tomorrow. I didn’t mean to go, considering the circumstances.”

“What is it?”

“An exhibition opening at the Museum of Architecture. The governor and the mayor will be there and a few local businesspeople.”

“Perfect. Go and take Leo with you. Leo still does have a solid following on social media even if he hasn’t been active in months. If he’s photographed with you, it’s bound to explode.”

“Is it really wise to draw attention to us?”

“I’ve been talking to my colleagues about it. If Leo is back in the public eye, it would get significantly more difficult to extract him. Your house is safe, and we’ll enhance the security when you’re out and about. Altera might already know Leo is with you, but he has no idea about the seriousness of your relationship and to which lengths you’ll go to protect Leo. There’s a chance he’s reconsidering if it’s worth the effort to try to get him. He might even give up.”

That sounded too easy. “Or he’ll redouble his efforts.”

“Means we lure him out. He’ll start taking risks and making mistakes.”

“You’re saying it’s a win-win?”

“That’s exactly what I’m saying.”

“I’ll talk to Leo about it.”

“Good. Let me know. I’ll follow you to the premises and back just to check if someone’s still after you.”

I was about to go find Leo and talk to him immediately. But then I remembered his light mood today and how content he seemed. Making him worry again was the last thing I wanted. I would prepare for going but leave the final decision to Leo. We could always excuse ourselves at the last minute.

Lawrence picked up immediately when I video-called his laptop.

“You mean you’re going to the exhibition opening?” he asked, sounding confused.

“Yes. With Leonard.”

“Oh wow. Okay, I’ll call the RSVP contact and confirm again, adding Leo as your plus one.”

“Is it too last minute?”

“I did confirm your attendance weeks ago, and you never told me to cancel. It’s just the plus-one name that needs to be changed.”

“Changed? Who did you put as my plus one?”

“I filled in a James Doe.”

“What?”

“I always do that. Just in case.”

He really was a terrible busybody, wasn’t he? “That’s absurd. I always went alone to these things.”

“I know. But I never gave up hope, and look how handy it is now.”

“You’re ridiculous.”

“I’m thoughtful and practical. Now, I confirmed with all members of the board that your meetings will be online for the next three weeks, and that from Monday to Thursday next week, you won’t be available at all, except for emails. They have to call me if something happens.”

“To Thursday?”

“Yes. You messaged me Leo goes into heat on Friday. I didn’t think you’d be excited about scheduled business calls during that time. That’s six days—”

“I get it. Thank you.”

“Ernest has uploaded the latest testing results on Longwang 2.0 into the Cloud folder, including the video. And Gilbert is nagging me about your feedback notes on the report he sent last week.”

My CFO. *Shit*. That was the report I’d tried to read with Leo’s head in my lap. That had been a glorious orgasm...

“Are we done?” my assistant asked.

“Sorry. I keep getting distracted.”

“Understandable. But don’t worry. Everything is under control.”

“Great. Good job. As always.”

Lawrence blinked. “What’s the matter?”

“Huh?”

“You never say ‘great, good job.’ What’s wrong?”

I dragged my hand down my face. Lawrence squinted into the camera, his head changing shape in a disturbing way with the blurry background filter he used for videocalls. Fuck it. Not like I had anyone else to talk to.

“Can we have a word?”

My assistant straightened in his chair. “Of course.”

“Um. When you met Ernest, uh, you went through the same thing.”

“It’s different for everyone, but sure.”

“Well. Leo is... I don’t know what’s going on in his head.”

“Is he still afraid of you? Sad?”

“No. I don’t know. He’s been taking everything well since Sunday. But he...doesn’t react in the way I’d expect.” I wasn’t

going to tell him about Leo's hesitation with the contraceptive. That was private. "I want to be supportive, but I don't know what he wants."

"Have you talked to him about it?"

"What?"

"You know. Talk." Lawrence leaned closer to the screen. "Sometimes, when you open your mouth, sounds come out that other people can hear and understand. We call them words. Talking. Have you *talked* to Leonard about how he feels?"

I glared at him. Fucking smartass. "I don't want to sound pushy."

"Then don't sound pushy."

"Lawrence," I warned, but it was obvious I no longer had any deterring effect on him.

He threw his hands in the air and smiled sweetly. "Talk to him, Davidson."

"That's all you have?"

"That's all there's to it."

"Your performance at this task was below average," I muttered.

"Complain to the management. Can I go? I'm tired."

"It's not even five."

"Yes, sir. And I was here until seven yesterday so you could have an undisturbed time with your new mate."

"Get out of my sight."

"Have a lovely evening, sir."

He tapped the mouse, and the call window went black.

I leaned back, making my chair squeak. It was Wednesday. Leo's appointment was Thursday afternoon. He needed to decide ideally by lunchtime tomorrow. I would happily put my head into the sand, work until three like I'd told him, and then

have my way with him over my desk. But my annoying smartass of an assistant was correct. Leo and I needed to talk.

LEO STOOD in the kitchen with a box of pasta in his hands, squinting at the inscriptions on the back.

“Hungry?” I asked.

He jumped, almost dropping the box.

“Hey, I didn’t want to startle you.”

After putting the box on the counter, he ambled closer and slid his arms around my neck. “For such a big man, you’re awfully quiet.”

I hugged him to me and kissed his lips.

“What have you been doing?”

His expression fell. “I swam, and then I thought I’d make something for lunch, but apparently, I don’t even know how to cook pasta. It says cook in boiling water with salt for seven minutes, but it doesn’t say if I’m supposed to put the pasta in cold or hot water or how much salt.”

The lack of basic skills spoke of parental neglect more than anything else Leo had told me so far.

Kissing his nose, I forced a smile. “Luckily, I don’t need a houseboy.”

He shook his head, leaning his forehead on my chest. My dad began teaching me to cook when I was still in primary school, and I loved the evenings spent in the kitchen together. How lonely had Leo’s childhood been compared to mine?

“Boiling,” I said. “Pasta always goes directly into boiling water, rice into cold.”

He took a deep breath. “I shouldn’t have a child, Davidson.”

There’s your opening. Talk. Put words together.

“Why do you feel like that, darling?”

“Because I’m spoiled, selfish, and can’t even cook pasta.” He sounded frustrated, almost angry, but toward the end, his voice lost its force. “I’m sorry,” he murmured, barely audible.

I held him at arm’s length by his shoulders and looked at him. He stared at his feet.

“I’m so sorry, Davidson,” he whispered.

“Leo, can you look at me?”

When he did, his eyes brimmed with tears.

“Is it what you want? To wait?”

Silent, he shrugged, his gaze wandering around. His chin trembled.

“Leo. Never lie to me. Ever. Do you want to wait?”

He sniffled. “No.” The word came out as a sob.

I pulled him back into my embrace, and he clutched my neck, hiding his face in my chest.

“It’s insane how fucking empty I feel. All of me hurts with how much I want your baby.”

His admission made me equally elated and bone-deep sad.

“I want the same, love. I ache to get you pregnant.”

He sniffled loudly and shook his head. Wetness seeped into my T-shirt.

“Why are you crying, Leo?”

“Because I’m useless. I can’t be a father, Davidson. I’m a horrible person.”

This was what he feared? That he’d fail as a parent?

“What did Dr. Clearbridge say?”

Leo wiped his nose and cleared his throat. “I told him how much I was...affected by the idea physically. Because it’s true. It arouses me so much to imagine that you’ll get me pregnant. I can barely think of anything else. That damned book Lawrence brought only made it worse. And Clearbridge said it was normal because of my age, the heat, and the bonding. My

body is ready, and every cell in my being wants it, like yesterday. But he told me to imagine the child, a real person, dependent on me, about to enter my life. So I could consider different angles and make the right decision. I've been thinking about that a lot."

"And how do you feel when you imagine him?"

"Excited. Happy." He gave out a half laugh, half sob. "But I'm terrified because I'll fuck up. I have no idea how to raise a kid. I can barely take care of myself."

"Good thing you're not alone, then."

He lifted his tear-stained face. "I'm serious, Davidson. You don't know me. You have no idea what I am really like inside. You think you do because the dragon likes the scent of me and because we're great at fucking, but you don't know me. I'm trying to toe the line, trying to be a good mate, because I honestly want to. I want to be a better person for you. But up here"—he tapped his head, scowling with furious intensity—"I'm screwed up. A real piece of work, like you said."

"You're not—"

"You don't get it!" His loud exclamation startled me. He pushed me away, throwing his arms in the air. "I'm a selfish whore, a spoiled party brat, Davidson. I have no skills, no education, no morals, and no interest in anything but myself. I'm terrible at relationships, can't keep a friend because everyone always ends up hating me. I'm self-destructive and reckless, and if it weren't for this face, nobody would ever give a fuck about whether I was dead or alive. And deservedly! Never in my life have I done anything worth shit. I'm just a good-looking clothes hanger and a hot piece of ass with a hole in the middle. That's it. That's my personal value."

He was shaking, red in his face, and his shrill voice still echoed through the house.

I was furious. Was this what he truly believed about himself? Because I refused to accept that. I did know him. It was all in his face—the crippling insecurity he was always trying to hide, his desire to be loved and treasured, the deep

well of tenderness that was his fragile heart. Leo needed love like my plants needed water, but he feared that he was unlovable. And that made me so angry because I did love him. I would forever love him, he better realize it soon, and it better be enough, or I'd have to fucking spank the senseless doubts out of him.

“Are you done?”

At the tone of my voice, he wilted. His eyes widened with fear.

“I'm sorry,” he rasped. Two fresh streaks of tears ran down his cheeks. “Sorry.”

His legs simply folded under him like he was made of paper, and he ended up on his knees, bent over. He hid his face in his hands.

“Please, forgive me. Please, Davidson, forgive me. I'll do whatever you want. Forgive me.”

His frantic whispers cut into me way deeper than his yelling. His breathing got choppy, and he began gasping for air. Panic attack? No. But he was crying again.

What was I supposed to do now?

Pure instinct spurred me on when I scooped him up into my arms and carried him to the pool. I knelt with him on the edge and pulled his hoodie off, then his sweats, before undressing myself. He shook so hard his teeth rattled. When we were both naked, I lifted him again, and he clung to me like a monkey, arms around my neck and legs around my waist.

“Forgive me,” he stammered out again.

“Hush.”

I walked down the steps and immersed us in the cool water. Leo leaned away, staring at me with wide eyes.

“We're going swimming,” I said.

He blinked, mouth open. I tucked his head into the crook of my neck.

“Hold on.”

Treading water, I massaged his body. After a while, he loosened his hold and breathed normally.

“Six laps, c’mon.”

Looking stunned but not crying anymore, he nodded.

I kept my tempo slow, staying by his side as he dutifully swam back and forth with me.

“Good boy. Now get out.”

He hopped onto the edge and waited while I climbed out next to him. The lighting made his body look doused in glitter when he was wet.

“Swimming always calms me down,” I said in a low voice as I wrapped him up in a bathrobe.

I took his hand and pulled him up. “Now we go for a walk.”

When I started walking, he followed wordlessly. Through the atrium and up the stairs and into the hallway.

I opened the door to the guest room directly opposite our bedroom. I never used it because if someone slept over, I didn’t want them so close. The room had one bed, the plain mattress covered with a gray blanket.

“We’ll have it redone. I’m guessing some colors would be great, but I’m shit at that, so you’d have to help me. We have time because the baby will sleep with us at first, right?”

Leo didn’t say anything, staring into the half-empty room. I tugged him inside and pointed out of the window.

“See that walnut tree over there? I always thought it would be perfect for a swing.”

He looked where I pointed and nodded, his face blank.

Then I showed him the other two adjoining rooms.

“I’m never using the upstairs study, and we only need one guestroom, so that gives us three separate bedrooms for our children. Only one of them has an ensuite, though.”

I opened the door and dragged Leo into the unused bathroom.

“It could be for the oldest, but I figure that would get unfair with time.”

Leo looked around, then glanced at me. “Can we build in another door here?” he asked quietly.

I grinned. Thank heavens, he was talking to me. “We can do that. Absolutely. That way it’d be accessible from the hallway, and the kids could share.”

After inspecting all the bedrooms upstairs, we walked back downstairs and out into the garden through the glass doors. Leo’s bare feet slapped on the wooden patio.

“When I was little, we had a tree house with a slide in the garden. I loved to hide there from my brothers.” I pointed at a low sprawling oak about thirty feet away from the small patio. “There. That would be perfect.”

“You have brothers?”

“Yes. Both younger than me.”

“Where are they?”

“My family lives in Canada. My omega father is a helicopter pilot, and my alpha father used to be a lumberjack. He’s retired now.”

Leo’s lips quirked. “A proper Canadian lumberjack?”

“Yes. Except a dragon shifter one.”

“Wow.”

“You’ll meet them one day. I should call and tell them about you. They’ll be overjoyed. They gave up on me ever finding anyone years ago.”

Searching my face, Leo took a few deep breaths. “I’d love to meet them,” he said politely, his tone almost steady.

I cast my arm around his shoulders and walked him back into the house. By the door, he paused, staring at the pool.

“We need to put up some rack around it,” he said. “It’ll look awful, but maybe low plexiglass would be the least disturbing in the space?”

“You’re right. I hadn’t even thought of that.”

Making the house toddler-proof would be a challenge. I hadn’t been in a good place when I’d had it rebuilt. I’d thought I’d be alone forever.

By the bar, I poured Leo a whiskey and sat down with him on the sofa. He took a large gulp of his drink.

“I’m sorry, Davidson,” he said again, but I ignored his apology. He hadn’t done anything wrong.

“Enjoy your drink, darling. You won’t be able to drink alcohol at all after Friday.”

He lifted his gaze to me, his cheeks pink, eyes glassy and red from recent tears.

“Do you forgive me?”

“There’s nothing to forgive.”

“I yelled at you.”

“You yelled. Not at me. We both have issues we need to work through. I’ve been alone for so long I’m bound to do something stupid on a regular basis. I get angry and unreasonable. We both have doubts and fears.”

“But I...” He swallowed another mouthful of whiskey. “I meant it, Davidson. I’m not a good person. I shouldn’t be a father.”

I glared at him. “Finish your drink.”

He scoffed, his lips curving into a crooked smile, but he obeyed. He downed the rest of the whiskey and put the empty glass on the table.

“Good boy. Now come sit in my lap.”

He settled sideways in my arms how I liked it, holding on to my neck.

I could do this. *Talk. Use words.* “I’m not an expert at these things, far from it. But something tells me that a truly selfish man wouldn’t worry about his parenting skills and just do what he’d want to do.”

Leo scoffed, half-smiling. “Nice try.”

“Don’t be rude, omega.”

He glanced up timidly. “I’m sorry.”

“How about we go to a parenting course together?”

His lips twitched again. “I can’t see you doing something like that.”

“Then you’d better prepare because I’m doing it.”

“Davidson, I’m scared.”

“If you told me you wanted to wait, I’d say let’s wait. But you said you want a baby so much it hurts, Leo. And I can’t stand by seeing you unhappy just because, for some misguided reasons, you think you don’t deserve to be happy.”

“I had a dog once,” he said abruptly. He tensed with the admission, as if he was acknowledging a crime he’d committed. “I’d wanted a puppy so much, badgered my ex about it, hoping it would bring us closer together. Until we got one. A golden retriever. I named him Noodle. He was so cute and so gentle. I got him into puppy training, which is more like dog owner training, you know? Because all dogs are good, only we, people, fuck them up. And me being me, I fucked up. I kept saying and doing the wrong things, it was obvious I didn’t have it in me, and the trainer was frustrated with me. He said I was inconsistent, confirming bad behavior, either under- or overstimulating the pup. Instead of trying harder, I gave up. In the end, I fucking avoided the dog. I couldn’t bear him looking at me with those pleading eyes. Why do goldens look so fucking needy all the time? And you know what I did to feel better about myself? Seduced the dog trainer, let him fuck me a few times, with Richard’s knowledge of course, and asked Richard for punishment. Solved. No wonder the dog preferred my ex. When we broke up, Richard kept him.”

“Leo, did you like the dog?”

He looked at me, eyebrows scrunched up. “But I was bad for him.”

“The dog trainer said that? A vet? Your ex?”

“No. Nobody said that, but it was obvious.”

“Obvious, huh?” He opened his mouth, but I cut him off. “And I asked if you liked the dog.”

A rare bolt of anger flashed in his eyes. “Like anyone could have a golden puppy and not immediately fall in love with it.”

“You loved the dog, but you pushed him away because you convinced yourself you were bad for him. You could have just let yourself love him, Leo.”

He rolled his eyes, but something about that action seemed off. “I went to therapy because of that stupid dog. And it would have worked better if I hadn’t provoked my therapist until he screwed me against the door to his office.”

I squinted at him. What was he trying to do now? Manipulate me? *Really?*

“Leonard.” I made my voice sound as stern as ever, and he flinched. “Do you assume that if you tell me enough things about yourself that you think are horrible, I’ll change my mind about wanting to have a child with you?”

He blushed. “Is it working?”

Shaking my head at his antics, I cradled his face in my hands, kissed his forehead and leaned back, holding his anxious gaze. “Not even a little. I love you, Leo.”

He gasped and blinked as if waking up. My sudden declaration seemed to have made him mute.

“I love you,” I repeated, the truth of my words settling in my very bones. “There isn’t anything you could have done to change that. I love you, you’re my treasure, and I need to make you happy.”

More silent blinking.

“In order to make you happy, I’ll do what I know you need. I’ll love you even more. I’ll prove to you that you are just as beautiful on the inside as you are on the outside. I’ll get you pregnant, take care of you, hold you when you give birth, and we’ll raise him together.”

He swallowed, looking terrified but excited, too. “I don’t want to ruin this,” he whispered.

Brushing his mouth with my fingertips, I smiled at him. “You won’t. And do you know why?”

A small headshake, wide blue eyes pinned on me, all hopeful and pleading.

“You’re trying to do the right thing from the very first moment. I’m so proud of you.” The praise had the desired effect. He relaxed in my arms, his expression gentling. “This is what we’re going to do. We keep the doctor’s appointment until the last minute. I won’t push you or try to persuade you in any way. If you tell me tomorrow to drive you to the doctor’s office, I’ll do it, and I’ll never hold it against you. But please, darling, don’t punish yourself for some imagined character flaws.”

I paused, waiting for him to acknowledge my meaning. He gave me a nod but averted his gaze.

“From now on, I’m the only one who gets to punish you.”

His eyes snapped up, his pupils widening.

“That’s right. You yourself chose me as your Master, omega.” I pitched my voice lower, and the instant relief on Leo’s face was gorgeous to see. He was mine, body and soul. “You’ll do as I say. You are forbidden from punishing yourself. From now on, when you’re unkind to yourself, when you feel guilty or unworthy, you’ll tell me. *I* will decide on your punishment. Do you understand?”

The energy between us changed. He bit his lip, his cheeks getting pink, and he said, “I understand, Master.”

It was quite possibly the most arrogant thing I’d ever said. Could I just spank and fuck some self-worth into him? Seeing

him now, smiling carefully, happy with the orders he'd received...maybe I could.

I smoothed my hands down his back and shifted his light body so he straddled me. Then I cupped his ass and squeezed.

“Do you want me to breed you, mate? Get you pregnant for real?”

He gave a jerky nod. “Yes, Master. I want that so much.”

“Then we'll do it.”

“This is insane, Davidson.” A genuine thrill shone from his eyes, irresistible. He might let himself be happy after all.

“It's not. It's completely natural and right.” I slapped his ass cheeks once, and his lips twitched. “I have rescheduled the meeting we have in my office to four thirty, and you still can't be late.”

Leo chuckled. “Yes, Master.”

“Now come, I'll show you how to make pasta.”

We cooked together, and while he complained about not knowing what to do or how, he was soon chopping carrots and peeling garlic like he wasn't going to cut his finger off the next second. After we'd eaten, I worked for one more hour, and at four thirty-five, Leo walked into my office.

Naked, hard, wearing the steel plug, and deliberately five minutes late.

I spanked him, making the plug jostle inside him, and then I fucked the ever-loving shit out of him over my desk. He came screaming. Three times.

THE DRAGON'S EYES

Leo

WIDE AWAKE, I watched my alpha sleep. He lay on his side, one arm thrown over my torso possessively, snoring a little. In the near darkness, I could just distinguish his frowny eyebrows and prominent nose, the lines on his forehead and by his mouth, the contours of his short, thick beard. My palm itched with the need to stroke it.

My Master.

It had been mere days, but I knew his face better than my own. When I closed my eyes, I saw it on the insides of my eyelids. I ran my hand over his forearm where it lay on my chest. My pecs were bloated again, full of what he called lover's milk, and my nipples ached. They were bigger now, drawn out from nursing him, and so sensitive that just a brush of fabric over my torso made me hyperaware of them. Looking at Davidson's slightly parted lips, I struggled not to move. I didn't want to wake him, but I was so turned on. Again. Or still.

I'd always had a high libido. I loved fucking. I'd done it all, including orgies and club gang bangs, until that one night at Fabio's had put a stop to that. But never had I desired anyone as much as I desired Davidson Sullivan. All the time, again and again, in whichever way he wanted me. All other men had ceased to exist.

He was gorgeous. Breathtakingly so. His stern face softened in his sleep, and I wanted to rain kisses all over his

cheeks and nose and forehead. To nuzzle his beard and kiss down his throat. The next snore got a little louder, and his nose twitched. So cute. His eyebrows drew together, and his eyelids fluttered. Was he waking up? His arm tightened around me, drawing me closer, and he rubbed his face against my left pec. A kiss. Another. Oh yes, please. He was awake. Or at least awake enough to touch me.

He trailed kisses over my pectoral until he found a nipple. Opening his mouth wide, he sucked it in, and I sighed with relief. The milk tingled through the tip, and sweet tendrils of pleasure spread through my chest.

I couldn't hold my moans in. Davidson sucked forcefully, getting on his knees above me. Straddling me, he grabbed my arms and put them above my head. His heavy cock brushed my thigh. He gripped my wrists together with one hand and switched to the other nipple. Holding me down, he took and took, emptying both sides. With his other hand, he stroked my cock, until I was close to coming. He must have felt it because he tugged on the piercing at the tip painfully enough to cut off my climax. I wailed. My crease was wet with fresh slick, hole aching.

He let go of my nipple and rose above me, reaching for the lamp. Dim light flooded the room.

“Did you want to look at me?” he asked, smirking.

I was so aroused, so desperate, I could barely speak. I wriggled, but he kept me pinned to the bed with a firm hold on my wrists and sat on my legs.

“I felt you looking at me. What did you think about?”

“I...”

Genius that he was, he took the piercing in my cock between his thumb and forefinger and pulled on it again. *Holy hell*. The tug went straight into my abdomen. Not painful but not really pleasant either.

“Tell me, darling. What did you think about when you watched me sleep?”

“About how much I want you.”

He smiled and stroked my cock with his warm hand. “Do you know what woke me up?”

“No, Master.”

“The scent of fresh slick and lover’s milk. I could smell how horny you were.”

He tightened his grip on my dick, and I bit my tongue. I didn’t want to come like this, without anything inside me, but how he loomed over me, holding me immobile, pushed all my buttons.

I was trembling, trying to hold the climax at bay, when he let go. I exhaled with relief. He put his knee between my thighs, spreading them, then he reached for his pillow and stuffed it under my ass. I lifted my legs, and Davidson grinned, amused by my eagerness. He let go of my wrists and gripped my legs under my knees, folding me in half.

The blunt pressure on my hole was familiar now. Instinctively, I pushed to meet him, my rim widened, and his cockhead popped in. *Oh yes.* So easy. It shouldn’t have been this easy, not with our size difference and the shape of him, but my body was changing for him just like he’d said. My middle felt loose and relaxed, my pelvis and hips almost jellified, and my inner muscles gave way with no resistance at all.

He stared down at me as he slowly inched forward, filling me up, past the ridges, to the enlarged knot, and deeper still. And my insides just swallowed him up. The play of emotion in his features... His eyes looked fierce at first, almost angry, his eyebrows drawn together in a devious frown, but then they gentled, the lines on his forehead smoothed out, and his lips parted on a sigh.

“You’re stunning,” he murmured. I would have said the same thing. His lips turned up at the corners, and he pushed harder until he was nestled in me to the root.

I struggled to breathe, but then he slid slowly out, to the tip, and back in, knocking a joyous moan out of me. He pumped his hips, slowly but with force, dragging his huge, ridged cock through the sensitive tissue in my hole, and my

body exploded with a flurry of sparkles. Nothing had ever felt like this. Never. Everything seemed perfect with Davidson. From the size and weight of him in me, the depth and speed of his thrusts, the scent coming from his bare chest as he loomed above me to the hot grip of his hands on the back of my thighs. My pleasure climbed steadily higher, my ass gushed slick, and my cock twitched on my abdomen.

“You know what’s most beautiful?”

I could only moan.

“I can see the orgasm in your face. Just a few more thrusts.” Oh God. The pressure. “That’s it. Your eyes when you try to keep them open. Just a little more. One, two, three. You’re going to come now.”

He was right. As soon as he said it, I cried out, throwing my head back. The sparkles became fireworks.

“So beautiful. My love. You’re so beautiful when you come. Leo. Darling.”

Oh, I loved it when he growled. Like a true monster. He put his weight on me and snapped his hips, deep, his cockhead pushing on the mouth to my womb, and my climax flared once more.

He found my lips, and I tried to kiss him while I still shivered with aftershocks.

After a while, he pulled out of me and lowered my legs. He brushed my hole with his thumb.

“Clench tight, omega.”

It wasn’t easy so soon after he’d stretched me.

“C’mon. You don’t want to make a mess of the sheets, do you?”

I did my best to obey. He tapped my closed hole and kissed the tip of my nose. Knee-walking on the mattress, he came to straddle my torso and cupped my nape.

“Clean me up.”

His voice was deep and firm, and the order went straight into my gut. I was breathing only because he'd allowed it.

Propping myself up on my elbows, I mouthed his cock. He held it around the root, and I licked and suckled, swallowing everything while he held my head.

“That’s enough.”

I gave the slit one last kiss, and Davidson smiled down at me.

“Good omega,” he said before turning the lamp off and plunging us into darkness.

I felt him move around, the mattress dipping. Then his big arms wrapped around my torso, pulling me to his chest, and I snuggled into his embrace. He placed one hand over my ass possessively and pushed a finger into me.

“Now sleep,” he ordered.

I grinned in the dark. As if he could order my brain to turn itself off. That would have been amazing if he could do that. Except it worked. I fell asleep within minutes.

I WOKE up to Davidson’s face right in front of mine. He smiled blissfully and ran a finger down my cheek. I was barely conscious, but his tender expression made me grin back.

“Morning, my little omega.”

He traced his hand over my chest, circling my nipples, then down my belly. He cupped it, and instantly, I knew we both thought of the same.

I wanted it. With my soul, with every atom in my body. And in just a few days, it could be real. I’d be pregnant.

If I could snuff out the last niggles of doubt, I’d be floating on cloud nine.

Davidson circled my stomach with his hot palm.

“You can change your mind,” he said, apparently reading my mind. “I’ll never hold it against you.”

I shook my head and opened my mouth to reassure him, but he put a finger on my lips. “Shh. We have time.”

Then he slithered down my body and sucked my cock into his mouth. He pushed his fingers into me, curling them upward, and I groaned with relief. Within a minute, I spilled onto his tongue. Straddling my head, he fucked my face, and after he came into my mouth, I thanked him for his cum like the good boy I was swiftly becoming.

He cuddled me to his broad chest and kissed my forehead.

“Love your mouth on my cock, my little fuckhole.”

“I’ll suck you anytime.”

“Anytime? Really?” He chuckled.

“Yes. I could put a pillow on the floor under your desk in the office and just stay there, sucking you every other hour and licking your balls in between.”

The sound of his laughter sent tingles down my spine. Rumbling, deep, and so joyous. I needed to try making him laugh more often. “I might actually ask you to do that one day. What a way to get through a chain of tedious meetings.”

“You only have to give an order, Master. I love kneeling for you. Whether it’s on all fours so you can fuck my ass, or to suck your dick, or to tie your shoelaces.”

He cupped my jaw and searched my face, his amber eyes glowing. “One moment, you joke and laugh with me about it. Then you get this eager look in your eyes, waiting for my order, and when I give it to you, you seem genuinely grateful.” He sighed, shaking his head. “As if you’d truly do whatever I’d ask you to do.”

I could sense he wanted a serious answer, so I scraped my mind for the right words. “I used to...play games. Compliance or defiance were means to an end—I used them to get what I wanted. But obeying you makes me happy. When I’ve pleased you, when you say that I’ve been good and you’re proud of me, or when I feel like you own me and decide over me...I’m happy. Simple as that.”

He blinked, brushing my cheek with his thumb. “Every passing hour,” he whispered, “I’m more convinced you’re absolutely fucking perfect, Leo. The more I know you, the more I love you.”

The crazy thing was, I believed him. He loved me. We met a week ago, but he loved me more than anyone had ever loved me before. And for the first time in my life, I felt like I might even be worth it.

“Davidson.” I wanted to say it back. I longed to say it back. Why was it so difficult?

You’ve never used the words with anyone and meant it. That’s why. You barely know how to twist your tongue to say them.

“Davidson...”

“It’s okay, love. We have all the time in the world.”

And he kissed me.

WHEN WE SHOWERED TOGETHER LATER, I washed his back, marveling at his immense physique. Pausing over his shoulder blades, I wondered how it even worked, the dragon thing. I also recalled the advice from the brochure.

Did I dare? With a sudden burst of courage, I blurted the words. “Can I meet the dragon again?”

He looked over his shoulder at me, his eyebrows rising. “Today?”

“Yes. Can you change for me?”

Davidson turned to face me, frowning thoughtfully. “Of course,” he said, sounding a little hesitant. “But I don’t want to scare you.”

“I want to see you again. Before the heat.”

Before I have a child with you went unsaid.

“I only have a short meeting after breakfast. Then I can shift in the atrium.”

“We can’t go outside?” I would love to see him fly.

“No, darling. Sorry. I have three guards on the premises now, and two of them are human alphas. But one day, I’ll take you to the mountains, and we can fly together.”

I lifted on my tiptoes to place a chaste kiss on his lips.

“I’d love that.” Plucking the showerhead from the hook, I rinsed his torso and groin. “And can we make eggs for breakfast? I want to see how you cook them.”

At that, he smiled. “Sure.”

DAVIDSON WENT to his office after breakfast, and I changed the sheets. It took me ridiculously long, and I swore like a sailor wrestling with the oversized duvet, but I managed.

The washing machine downstairs had a display with clear instructions, and feeling accomplished, I started a cycle. I went to the kitchen to see if the dishwasher was ready, only to stumble upon one of Davidson’s housekeepers, an omega in his fifties. I’d seen him around the premises before but never close enough to strike up a conversation. He greeted me with a smile. The dishwasher was already taken care of.

“Good morning, Mr. Chase.”

“Good morning...” I searched for a name tag on the omega’s ample chest. “Um.”

“Clarence.”

“Hi. Sorry. Good morning, Clarence.”

He tied the trash bag and threw it into a bin on wheels he had with him.

“Lovely to see you in this house. It’s less dark with you in it.”

I gaped. The compliment was sweet, but I had nothing to say. I must have looked stunned because Clarence laughed at my expression.

“Have a good day, Mr. Chase.”

“Thank you, Clarence. Have a good day too.”

Smiling, he walked away, and soon, the front door clicked shut.

Only then did I realize. He knew my name. Davidson must have informed his staff about me, and judging by Clarence’s words, he’d told them I was here to stay. Was it silly of me that the short interaction made me giddy?

I recognized the sound of Davidson’s steps and hurried to meet him.

“There you are.”

It felt completely natural to walk right into his embrace. He kissed down the side of my face and squeezed me, humming.

“Can I meet the dragon now?” I asked.

Davidson chuckled, but it sounded a little uneasy. “Impatient?”

“I...” I was anxious to get it over with, worried I’d lose my courage. “Yes.”

He let go of me and backed into the atrium.

“I just saw Clarence leave,” he said, “so the house is empty except for us.”

My heart thumped wildly in my chest as I watched him strip. He hung the clothes over the banister by the main staircase and walked into the middle of the room.

“You can close your eyes for this part. It’s not pretty.”

But I wanted to see.

It looked like metallic paint spreading over his shoulders, then he grew, incredibly fast, falling on all fours in the process. I didn’t know where to look. The thorns burst out of his head while the muzzle grew, claws shot out of his hands and feet, and the tail thumped against the back wall. It took only a few seconds, and the dragon all but exploded into the space. He filled the entire atrium.

He probably tried to appear unthreatening because he lowered himself, lying down on his stomach and crossing his front legs. Then he rested his head on the floor. Ridiculously, I got reminded of my old dog, Noodle—well, if Noodle was as big as a dinosaur and had wings and a thick, reptilian tail.

Motionless, I stared. Davidson the dragon observed me laconically, his enormous eyes blinking every few seconds, disturbingly slowly.

It took me a minute to calm down enough to move. I pushed off the wall and inched closer. Orange eyes followed me warily. I paused a few feet away from his nose. His hot breath brushed my shins. His teeth flashed, and I blinked. Was he...smiling? I stretched out one arm, but then he lifted his nose a little, startling me, and I pulled back.

“You can touch me.”

I jumped. His voice! I’d forgotten how loud it was. He had Davidson’s voice but so much deeper and more powerful. Well, I guessed it would be louder since that throat must have worked like an amplifier.

“That bad?” he asked, sounding sheepish. Well, maybe not sheepish...maybe I imagined the tone of voice. Could an enormous dragon sound sheepish?

“I’ll stay still, I promise.”

“It’s okay,” I managed.

Steeling myself, I approached the huge head. I didn’t even have to bend to pet his forehead. Lord, he was a beast.

I skimmed my fingers above one eye, and he blinked.

“I can’t see your face when you’re this close,” he said. “Are you scared, love?”

“No,” I said truthfully. “But it’s strange. You’re literally a dragon.”

“I am.”

“Your skin is warm.”

And so soft. Using both hands, I stroked his forehead. A thunderous sound reverberated through the floor, and I jerked back.

“Sorry,” Davidson said. “It’s just so nice.”

“That was a sound of pleasure?”

“I think I hummed.”

“You...hummed. It sounded like the building got hit by a wrecking ball.”

“Sorry,” he repeated, a huge orange eye rolling up. Was he trying to look at me? Carefully, I laid both hands on his head again and rubbed slow circles. This time, the noise didn’t surprise me.

Fascinated, I crouched by his eye. It was bigger than my fist and the color of a roaring fire with specs of gold in it.

“Just don’t poke my eye, okay?”

I laughed nervously. “Sorry. They’re just...amazing. And you’re saying it would hurt?”

“Of course, it would hurt.”

Oh. “You’re vulnerable in this form?”

“Yes. Just like any creature.”

I pondered that as I walked around him. He lifted his head and turned around to follow me with his eyes. He must have moved deliberately slowly so as not to scare me.

I paused, gaping. “You’re turning your head around.”

“Yes?”

“Like all the way around. Like a freaking owl.”

A rumbling noise shook the house. Did he just...laugh? Oh Lord.

“An owl? I look nothing like an owl. I just have a long neck. It provides a good view.”

“It’s freaky.”

I paused by his hind legs and looked at the claws. Three feet long, five of them, with a metallic sheen.

“Can I touch them?”

“Sure.”

“And I won’t cut myself?”

Another rumbling chuckle. “Not unless you try very hard.”

“Okay.”

Very slowly, I ran my hand along the blade closest to me. Then I brushed my thumb over the edge. It wasn’t razor-sharp, but I could easily imagine that with enough force, it could mess someone up really badly.

“Have you ever used them?”

“Used them how?”

“Like in a fight?”

“Fuck no. I might have wrestled around with my brothers when they were teens. But I’ve never fought anyone in this form.”

“I think those two in the alley would argue.”

“Oh. That. But that was just one smack with my tail.”

“Very effective. I’m not complaining.”

I couldn’t go around all of him without climbing over his tail, which was bent against the wall. Brushing my hand along his torso, I returned to his head. He lowered it again so I could reach. It didn’t feel weird to pet him anymore.

I’m petting a dragon.

I grinned and used both hands to stroke above his eye and delve between the ominous thorns on his nape. Davidson angled his head, offering me his forehead. I rubbed between his eyes, and he closed them, humming again.

“That’s so nice.”

I chuckled. “You want belly scratches too?”

I probably shouldn't have said that. The next second, I was dangling from a dragon's clawed hand, right in front of his nose. He poked my belly while I kicked and squirmed, laughing.

"What did you say, puny human?"

His breath tickled, and I laughed and squealed like a kid on a rollercoaster.

"Put me down, you monster."

"As you wish."

And he dropped me right onto his neck. I ended up straddling him, a comb of thorns in front of me. I grabbed a couple on instinct when he moved under me. He was raising himself.

Oh hell.

Holding on for dear life, I wobbled as he made a few steps around the atrium. He had nowhere to go, but he could shuffle around a bit. When he was standing, I was a good fifteen feet above the ground.

"Oh my God, you're tall."

"Comfortable up there?"

"Not really?"

He reached for me, cradling me in his paw. Or was it a foot? How would you call a dragon's front limb if he could use it both as a foot and a hand and it had five swordlike claws? He gently deposited me onto the floor again.

"That's where you're going to sit when we go flying next time. But we'll need a harness. There's a guy in Ardaine who makes them customized for dragon shifters. I'll send him my measurements."

"You know your measurements?"

"Not yet. Are you going to help me?"

"Um. How?"

“We’ll use ropes. One low around my neck. One around my chest just behind my front legs.”

So that was our next project. The only awkward moment was when Davidson sent me to fetch the ropes. To his old sex room.

I might have looked around a little. The bench was intriguing, as were the two different paddles—one in thick leather and a heavy wooden one. I opened only the top drawer in the chest. There wasn’t much, and what was there seemed to be all in intact packages. Which made me think he might have had someone clean up the room and throw out all the used items recently. Dildos. An artificial knot. Plugs. A couple of black oblong packages that weren’t transparent and held no images, so I had no idea what they were. A gag. A flogger. *Sweet angels in heaven!* I didn’t dare to touch the humungous toy. It was encased in a transparent plastic and sported a brand name, *Evil Monster*. Fitting. It was eerily similar to a real dragon shifter’s cock—if Davidson’s was anything to go by—with a bulging head and ridges underneath. Except the knot was enlarged, big like a fist. The package proudly stated the toy had nine inches of usable length and the knot had a circumference of eleven.

“Leo?” Davidson’s voice tore me out of the moment. I realized I was brushing my hand over the package.

I grabbed the ropes from a hook by the door and rushed back.

It took a while and required me running around my dragon, crawling under his belly, and climbing on top of him several times.

When we had the right numbers, Davidson shifted back and sent an email to the dragon harness guy, ordering a new one “for the flier” plus a standard parachute one for me.

While he typed out the email, I sat there in his lap, playing with the short hair on his nape, and I had to laugh.

“What?”

“It’s just so crazy and normal at the same time. It’s blowing my mind.”

He hit send and glanced at me. “Did it help?”

I nodded. “Yes. Immensely in fact. I’ve thought about the dragon as something else. Like another presence here with us. But it’s just you.”

Davidson gave me a crooked smile. “Of course, it’s me.”

The more I thought of it, the more amazing it seemed. It made me giddy. “You are an actual dragon.”

My alpha chuckled. “Are you going somewhere with the statement?”

“No. I think it’s only just sinking in.”

His eyebrows drew together, but I used my thumbs to massage the deep lines between them. “No frowning. I’m happy. I like that my Master is a terrifying, dangerous creature. It’s hot.”

“Hot,” he repeated, shaking his head.

“Among other things.”

Tilting his head to the side, Davidson leered at me and licked his lips. “So you’re into monsters too, my kinky little omega?”

My cheeks heated. “Maybe.”

His eyebrows flew up expectantly, as if he was waiting for more from me.

“I have...seen things in the sex room I’d like to try.”

Davidson’s grin turned predatory. “We can do that.”

But then I glanced at the clock in the corner of his laptop.

“It’s almost one. The appointment.”

His face softened, and he ran his hand up and down my back soothingly.

“I love you, Leo. I can drive you to the doctor’s office.”

For the past twenty-four hours, I'd been waiting for the niggling doubts to grow and take over. Instead, they only got weaker. Alone, I'd be bound to fuck up, but Davidson would help me. If anyone could make a decent human being out of me, it was him.

I cupped his jaw, his beard scratching my palm comfortingly.

“Let's cancel.”

DECISION

Davidson

I PULLED OUT MY PHONE, unlocked it, and handed it to Leo.

“You can message Dr. Clearbridge yourself.”

He took the phone from me and typed for a while. Then he turned the screen for me to read.

Please, cancel my appointment, today 4 p.m., Leonard Chase. Thank you. BR

“And are you sure it’s what you wish, love? You’re not doing it because you know I want it?”

Leo gave me a crooked smile. “I won’t ever be sure of anything. But I want this. I don’t think I’ve ever wanted anything as much as this. Are *you* sure?”

“Send it.”

He pressed send and handed me back my phone. His body slumped with a loud exhale. We sat in my office chair, cuddling in silence, until his stomach growled.

THE DECISION MUST HAVE BROUGHT Leo relief because he kept smiling. It was such a joy to see him content.

“I’m taking you out,” I said when we finished lunch.

His eyes got big. “Tonight?”

“I hadn’t told you about the event yet because I didn’t want to distract you when you had more important things on

your mind. Maybe now you're in the mood to celebrate? We will be confined to the house starting tomorrow, so it's our last chance."

Leo frowned and shifted in his seat nervously. "We can't go out, can we?"

"I spoke to Hassel. It was actually his idea. He thinks it can help to make our relationship public which I have my doubts about. But currently, there's no risk. We'll have my men accompany us to the event, and the venue is secured."

"What event?" he asked, still sounding wary.

"It's an exhibition opening at the Museum of Architecture. Very fancy. The mayor and the governor are both coming." I winked.

At that, Leo gasped with horror. "But I have nothing to wear!"

"Is that your only worry, love?"

"Davidson, with all due respect, I can't go to a vernissage in jeans and a hoodie." His tone was scathing, and I grinned wider. My fiery mate was getting comfortable enough with me to show his claws, and I loved it.

"I agree. You'd look ludicrous next to me in my tuxedo."

He glowered at me, and I took a moment to appreciate the honed vicious expression he wore. He looked like a particularly gorgeous revenge god.

"Darling, you're beautiful," I sighed.

"Stop making fun of me!"

"I'm not. You're gorgeous when you're angry. It makes me want to lick you head to toe."

He scoffed and rolled his eyes. "But seriously. I can't go."

"Hassel confirmed your apartment isn't watched anymore and that Altera knows you're with me. That's why he retreated. Whether it's temporary or not, I made sure to get your things. Hassel opened the apartment for my staff, and the contents of your wardrobe will arrive in a couple of hours."

Leo looked stunned, then a little suspicious.

“Um. Did I overstep?”

“A little,” he hedged. “And you arranged all of that so I could go to a party with you?”

“I thought you liked parties.”

“I do.” He relaxed, and I took his hand where it lay on the table. He seemed to be fighting to suppress a smile, then give up. “Thank you.”

“I can’t wait to show you off.”

He bit his lip, grinning.

The coy look in his eyes required a long fuck on the kitchen table. He writhed and moaned, then gasped with pleasure when I managed to bend down and take his nipple into my mouth while I pumped into him. His milk was abundant, and I made sure to empty him properly so he wouldn’t be uncomfortable tonight. His nipples had gotten big. Raw, dark pink, used. So wildly erotic. Knowing very well I couldn’t take my eyes off them, Leo sat in my lap after I came and played with them, tugging and pinching, while I watched. He looked like a damned incubus when he pulled on them, licking his lips and rocking on my half-hard cock.

“Can I clean your cock with my mouth, Master?” he asked in a whisper.

“Do it. Keep touching your nipples with both hands.”

He knelt on the tiles by the kitchen table and licked and sucked me clean, all the while rolling his nipples between his fingers.

Sex fiend that he was, he got hard again.

“Get up.”

He stood, holding his nipples between his thumbs and forefingers.

“Let go of them.”

Breathtaking. His slim cock strained toward me, the jewel at the tip gleaming, his reddened nipples stuck out, big and hard, and he was panting.

“Turn around and show me your hole.”

He did as he was told, pulling his ass cheeks apart and presenting me his cum-stained pucker. It seemed puffy and tender, protruding a little as his body prepared for the heat.

“You look ripe, darling. I can’t wait to breed you.” I tapped his wet hole with two fingers.

Gasping softly, he shivered.

“But you have to get yourself under control. You’re not getting fucked until late tonight.”

“I’ll calm down, I promise.”

“You must. I can’t take you anywhere when you’re horny like this.” I stood, hovering behind him, and lowered my face so I could whisper into his ear. “You’re a nympho.”

Leo leaned against me, giving out a low moan. “I’m sorry. You’re making me want you all the time, and I’m so close to my heat. I can’t help myself. I love your cock so much. But I’ll do whatever you say. I can wait.”

“I don’t think you can. Look at you. So horny you’re shaking.”

“I’m sorry. I’ll do what you say. I promise.”

The power he gave me made me dizzy. I pressed three fingers against his hole, hard, until his rim gave way and stretched around them. Leo cried out. He was full of cum and slick, the tissue inside his ass all swollen. With my other hand, I grabbed him by his throat and held him with his back against my chest. I prodded with my fingers, crooking them and pumping my hand, and Leo groaned.

“Thank you. Thank you so much.”

“What for, my fuckhole?”

“Your fingers. For putting them in my ass.”

“You’re not fit for company, my little slut. Jerk yourself off.” I glanced at the clock on the microwave. “You have two minutes.”

Grinding on my hand, Leo worked himself furiously until his hole clenched around my fingers and a few drops of his cum splattered on the floor. It took a little more than a minute.

“Good boy. Better now?”

“Yes, Master. Thank you so much for letting me come one more time.”

I slapped his ass with my stained hand. “Shower, now.”

I had tons of work, but that could wait. I washed Leo meticulously, then we took a swim and a walk. When his things got delivered, he hurried upstairs to unpack and prepare, flushed with excitement. I sat down in my office to get the most urgent matters out of the way.

I USED the downstairs bathroom to shower and went up to change. Leo’s belongings were unpacked, the luggage stacked along the wall, but Leo was nowhere to be seen. Then I heard the blow-dryer buzz in the ensuite. I was tempted to check in on him but decided to let him get ready in peace. Instead, I shrugged into my tuxedo and went to grab a drink by the pool.

After seven, Leo came down the stairs to the atrium dressed up for the event, and my jaw literally dropped.

His hair was simply combed back, no visible product in it, but his full lips shone with gloss, the sensual shape of them standing out. He wore shimmery cream pants that clung to his long legs like a second skin. His white shirt had a high collar, around which he’d tied a golden bow tie. It would have been a quite conservative look, but the material over his chest was transparent with delicate embroidered flowers over his pecs, hiding his nipples and bellybutton but revealing the contours of his torso. Over that, he wore a simple harness from cream leather which matched his high-heeled boots.

My mate looked provocative, glamorous, dangerously sexy, yet elegant all at the same time, and I had never seen anyone or anything more beautiful.

He stopped a few feet in front of me, blushing.

“Too much?” he asked.

I forced myself to speak. “You look stunning, Leo. As you well know.”

He stepped into my embrace, and I pulled in his scent. Then I frowned.

“You smell different.”

“I’m sorry, but I can’t go out smelling of upcoming heat. I...cleaned up on the inside and used scent-suppressing perfume. It will only last a few hours.”

“That was very clever of you, darling. I should have thought of it. And we don’t have to stay for long.” I kissed the corner of his mouth. “You’re so gorgeous, Leo.”

“You look particularly handsome as well,” he said, brushing his fingers over my bow tie.

“Ready?”

He blew out a breath. “Yes.”

He seemed nervous, but when I asked about it in the car, he said it was only because he hadn’t been out like this in a long time.

“As long as you’re with me, I’m okay,” he said.

“I’m not letting you out of my sight for a second, love.”

That earned me a grateful smile.

We arrived at the museum fashionably late. My driver dropped us off by the entrance, and I walked down the fenced-off lane surrounded by a throng of photographers with Leo holding on to my arm with both hands.

Within an hour, we were the hype of the evening. Half of the room was wondering who the breathtaking young omega

was, and the other half spun the rumor mill about Leonard Chase being in Ardaine, dating me, and what it meant.

I just hoped Hassel was right.

PARTY

Leo

I LOVED HOLDING on to Davidson's arm in public, but not because I enjoyed the spotlight. I enjoyed *him*. We shook a few hands, and he introduced me to some people, and I smiled and spoke about the exhibition and the weather like a seasoned socialite. Of course, I didn't remember a single person's name. My mind was full of Davidson.

He hovered protectively, always touching me one way or the other. Attentive and considerate, he included me in every conversation but shielded me from less pleasant encounters. I must have looked ridiculous looking up at him with hearts in my eyes, hanging on to his every word and gesture, but I didn't give a shit. Not when he glanced at me with a tender smile and kissed my temple, rubbing circles on my back. His hot palm warmed my skin through the sheer material of my shirt, and I had to consciously steer my mind away from the gutter.

"Are you tired, darling?" he whispered into my ear when we excused ourselves from another group of suited-up businessmen.

"No."

"Are you having fun?"

I met his gaze, losing myself in his copper eyes for a few seconds. Fun? No. But I did feel damn good. Amazing, even. Safe, cherished, and beautiful in a way that went beyond clothes and hairstyles. Davidson made me feel special.

“Leo?” he asked, his eyebrows curling quizzically.

Oh. I hadn’t answered his question. “I’m having a great time. Thank you.”

Grinning, he pressed a chaste kiss to the corner of my mouth.

“Everybody is looking at you tonight,” he said quietly. “The whole of Ardaine envies me.”

I didn’t notice all that much. I felt the gazes on us, but it thrilled me to ignore them and only pay attention to my alpha.

He bent his head, our noses almost touching. “Especially when you look at me like this.”

“Like what?”

“Like you would get on your knees and suck me off right here if I asked you.”

The bolt of desire knocked the air out of my lungs. Davidson smirked.

“Careful, omega. Your scent is powerful tonight. We don’t want you to get too aroused in public and embarrass yourself.”

Would it be that bad? “The people here would know how horny I am for your cock.”

He hugged me, and his lips brushed my ear. “I’ve changed my mind. I want them to know. You can walk around with a wet spot on your ass for all I care, slick like a slut in heat. With how you’re clinging to me tonight, your eyes shining when you look at me, they’ll all know I fucking *own* you.”

His low voice reverberated through my bones, and I closed my eyes with pleasure. I got half-hard, and the clothes I wore hid very little. If he spoke to me like this a few more times, I’d truly be walking around with slick seeping through my underwear.

Afraid to say anything else in case he got me fully hard with his next sentence, I only took Davidson’s hand in both of mine and brought it to my lips. His face gentled.

“Good boy,” he whispered and hugged me to his side.

The warmth when he said that covered me like a comfort blanket.

“Davidson. Good to see you here. Will you introduce us?”

At the loud greeting, I automatically tensed, but my mate turned to the man with a smile. Judging by the suit and the entourage, this alpha outranked most of the people in here. He was tall but not as tall as Davidson, probably in his sixties with lines in his face and almost white hair, but his body was trim and athletic.

“Governor,” my alpha said, accepting the offered hand. “Good evening, sir.”

Oh. Okay.

Then the alpha’s gaze landed on me. Meeting his eyes, I gasped. They were ice blue with a thin band of gold around the pupils. A shifter’s eyes. The governor was a dragon. *Well, shit.*

He extended his arm toward me, but I was mute, my brain working overtime to figure out if he was a threat or not.

“This is Leonard Chase,” Davidson said, his voice tender. “Leo, meet Governor Harry Figueroa.”

I accepted the big hand and bent my head. “Nice to meet you, sir.”

An excited smile spread on the governor’s wrinkly face. “I’m excited to finally meet *you*, Leonard.”

With his arm around my shoulders, Davidson squeezed me. He was letting me know it was okay. The governor figured out I was Davidson’s mate. He was one of us.

Us.

I blinked. Did I just count myself into the dragon shifter world?

“Thank you, sir,” I stammered out. “I’m happy to be here.”

He turned to my alpha and slapped his upper arm. “Congratulations, my friend. This is excellent news.”

Davidson introduced me to the governor's husband, who was most definitely human and looked to be in his late thirties. But when their adult children were mentioned together with the husband's position as a professor in criminal justice, I realized he must be much older. Apparently, being a dragon mate had definitive health perks.

The conversation was interspersed with hints, but an outsider would never notice a thing. I was fascinated.

"You two are the talk of the night," the husband, Felix was his name, said. "Ardaine's most famous bachelor is not a bachelor anymore."

Davidson chuckled. "You mean most notorious bachelor."

"It's lovely to see you smile, Davidson. It's about time."

"The wait has been worth it, I assure you." With that, he pressed a chaste kiss to my temple.

The governor looked me up and down, but there was nothing sexual in his appreciation. He looked at me like he would at one of the exhibited pieces in the room, with admiration and interest. "I see what you mean." Then he gave me a half-smile. "Good luck, Leonard. And keep him on his toes."

I grinned. That wouldn't be a problem.

"We'd love to have you both for dinner next month," Felix said. "Davidson has been neglecting certain circles, but I hope that will change now. Both Manny Bracknell and I keep stubbornly sending the invitations."

"Thank you, Felix, for not giving up on me."

The governor's eyes fixed on something over my shoulder, and he frowned. "I would love to continue our conversation, but the vultures are circling above our heads." He offered me his hand again. "I'm looking forward to getting to know you better, Leonard."

We exchanged goodbyes, and the couple left to mingle. After the interaction, even more people were looking at us,

and I angled my body so I faced away from the crowd. Davidson held me around my waist, scanning the room.

“Who’s Manny Bracknell? Is he the same Manny...” I trailed off, unsure whether it was a good idea to recap the argument with Lawrence.

“The one Lawrence threatened to send to your rescue?” Davidson’s reply was light. He was grinning guiltily. “Indeed, that’s him. See, Ernest Bracknell, Lawrence’s husband, is my lead engineer. A genius when it comes to aerodynamics, by the way. And Manny is Ernest’s omega father, the fearsome head of the Bracknell clan. He’s a character, but good to the bone.”

“Bracknell clan?” I asked. “How many of them are there?”

“I’ve lost count years ago. Ernest has four brothers, all of them married, and with an army of kids.”

“The holidays must be something.”

“You have no idea,” Davidson said darkly, and I had to chuckle.

In my peripheral vision, I saw a group of people approaching, but Davidson stepped to the side, tugging me with him.

“Would you be disappointed if we went home soon?” he asked.

“No. We can leave whenever.” I wasn’t tired, but I longed to be alone with my alpha again. Not to mention that my scent would be intensifying now that the effect of the perfume was waning. I didn’t want to draw even more attention to us.

“Let’s go, then.”

SITTING in the car next to Davidson, I all but vibrated with anticipation. He pushed the button to raise the barrier between the driver and us, and I would have expected him to molest me at least a little, but he was annoyingly composed and detached. I wrapped my arms around myself and looked out of the window. After the rush of the evening, his cold treatment worried me. Had I done something wrong?

“Are you horny, omega?” His rough, deep voice made me jolt. No, I hadn’t done anything wrong. My Master was toying with me just the way I loved.

“Yes, I am.”

From the corner of my eye, I could see him lean against the door with his elbow, looking out of the window thoughtfully, his chin supported by his fist. The streetlights reflected on his strict, impassive face.

“It’s dangerous to fuck around in a moving car. Sit properly and check your seat belt.”

He said it without looking at me, and my blood simmered. I straightened up in my seat. The seat belt sat over my hips and crossed my chest as it should, tight over my shoulder. I tugged on it, and it held.

“Take your cock out.”

His orders, in *that* tone. Oh yes. I looked at my groin. The seat belt covered the button on my pants, but I could open my fly underneath. I unzipped and pulled my erection out through the opening.

“Play with yourself. Use both hands and tug on the piercing. I want to hear you.”

My groin throbbed before I even started. I massaged my length and pulled on the jewel, working myself intensely. I couldn’t come from this alone—I’d need something in my hole—so I didn’t have to be careful. My harsh breaths and moans filled the car.

Sprawling in the seat, Davidson watched me with heated eyes. I glanced back at him, letting all my want and lust show on my face.

“Is your hole wet?”

“Yes.”

“How much?”

“I’m close to my heat, and my Master is telling me what to do. I’m so wet it’ll leak out of me soon.”

“When we get out of the car, I want to see a proper stain on the back of your pants.”

Biting my lip, I stroked myself harder. Davidson reached over and batted one of my hands away. He fisted my cockhead and rubbed the piercing with his thumb. He squeezed almost to the point of pain. Almost. Then he looked outside, emotionless. He pretended to ignore me while he held me in the center of his palm, and the mindfuck did great things to my libido.

I gazed at him, licking my lips, while he worked my cock lazily.

“Push with your ass. I want you to wet yourself like the wanton slut you are.” He said it in a bored tone, his gaze on the passing trees outside. We were nearing home. If I wanted to please him, I had to work for it.

Closing my eyes, I focused on the warmth of his hand. The emptiness in my hole. The wetness. He’d fuck me soon. Within an hour, I’d have his cum in me.

And within a few days, he’d breed me.

Grunting, I pushed, feeling the slick ooze out of me. My underwear was most definitely wet. I clenched and unclenched, hoping the slick would keep trickling out if I did that. My nipples tingled.

“Put your dick back into your pants.”

He pulled his hand away and sniffed at his palm. The gesture made my hole flutter. I pushed again, feeling another few drops of slick escape.

I quickly stuffed my erection into my underwear and zipped up. My pants were now uncomfortably tight, and butterflies swarmed in my belly.

When the car stopped, Davidson unbuckled.

“Stay put,” he said.

He walked around and helped me out of the vehicle, holding my hand. Then he wrapped his arm around my waist. The driver took off immediately.

As soon as the main door closed behind us, Davidson let go of me.

“Turn around.”

I turned my back to him. I hoped like hell the excessive wetness in my pants managed to soak through all the way.

He hummed, the noise one of contentment, and I smiled. *Bingo.*

“For fuck’s sake, omega. You’re such a slut. Look at you. Even your pants are wet.”

I bent my head. “I’m sorry, Master. I’ve been having filthy thoughts all night. Will you punish me, please?”

“Take them off.”

I stripped where I was until I stood in the middle of the atrium, wearing only my shirt and the harness.

“Give me your panties.”

I handed him the wet piece of silk.

Davidson loomed next to me, appraising me. Then he took my hands and locked my wrists behind my back. He could easily hold me immobile with one hand.

Fisting the underwear, he brushed his knuckles over my straining cock. “I’m going to smack your hard dick with your filthy panties, omega.”

I whimpered. God, he was perfect. He knew what I needed better than I did.

“Please, Master.”

“Close your eyes.”

He counted to ten. Slowly. The wet fabric stung along the length of my cock, which jolted painfully with every hit. My erection throbbed, hot all over, and the slick now ran halfway down my inner thighs.

“Do you like it, darling?” he whispered, stepping out of his role.

Panting, I glanced up at him. “It feels incredible.”

He stroked my cock with the panties, chafing the sensitized skin, and I groaned. His face transformed into the evil scowl I loved so much. He smacked my cock again, hitting the exposed head, and I cried out.

“Tell me what you want, omega.”

Oh.

“That’s an order, boy. Tell me how you want to get off.”

He squeezed the base of my dick, hard.

“Well?”

A flood of images filled my mind, and I couldn’t possibly choose. I wanted everything. Anything.

“I want you to describe what you want me to do to you.”

What he offered—what would he think of me if he knew everything I liked?

“Speak, omega!”

Direct orders. Yes, please.

“I want you to violate my ass as much as you can without ripping it up.”

With his face right above mine, he searched my eyes. His glowed with fire.

“Is it something you desire? Because I don’t want to hurt you. I want to bring you pleasure.”

What came out of my mouth then surprised me more than it surprised him, but it was the truth. “I trust you.” And if I ever said that to anyone else, I hadn’t meant it. I meant it now. With my entire soul. “I trust you, Davidson. I want you to turn me into nothing but a big, stretched hole and then come inside me.”

His eyebrows drew together, his orange eyes flicking between mine.

“I’m going to pick you apart, my omega, fuck you into pieces, and then I’ll put you back together.”

With that, he let go. Panting, I stood on wobbly legs, shaking.

“Go upstairs, strip naked, and kneel in front of the bed. I need to get a few things. Don’t touch yourself.”

I did as I was told.

A scene like this required getting into the right mindset. I would focus and prepare myself mentally, thinking through possible scenarios and reminding myself of the dangers and limits. Waiting for Davidson on my knees by his bed, I didn’t have to do any of that. I was shivering with need, and I was invigoratingly happy.

Whatever he’d do to me, it would be glorious. I knew—no pep talk needed.

The first thing he did when he came to the bedroom a few minutes later was hold a glass of water to my lips. I drank dutifully. I chanced a glance up his tall form. He wore nothing but a pair of dark-blue boxers and carried a black canvas bag in his hand. He put it on the bed.

“It’s going to take some time. Do you need to use the bathroom? Eat something?”

I shook my head.

“Are you ready now?”

I nodded.

“I want to hear it.”

“Yes, Master, I’m ready.”

I’d been ready my whole life.

Davidson cupped my cheek and placed the softest kiss on my lips. His beard brushed my skin.

“That was the last time you speak. You’ll be quiet from now on unless I ask you a question. I won’t tie you up or restrain you, Leo. If something I do gets unpleasant, if you feel afraid, you say no, pinch me, or kick with your feet, and I’ll stop. Nod that you understand.” I did. “Good omega.”

Another chaste kiss, this time on my forehead, then he stepped away and walked around me.

“Hands behind your back, hold your wrists.”

It felt a little like being tied but not really.

“Kiss my feet.”

The deadpan delivery of his command went straight into my soul. I shuffled on my knees awkwardly and bent over, nuzzling the top of his left foot. Then I placed open-mouthed kisses all over it. The other one. His toes. I rained kisses all over his feet, and my mind emptied in the best way.

When he gently kicked me away, I rolled onto my side, gazing up at him. With one foot, he stepped onto my chest, pushing me into the floor. Breathing got just a tad more difficult. He stroked himself above me, simply looking at me how I lay there, under his foot, naked on the floor. Hard. Wet. Panting.

Then he averted his eyes and walked out of the room.

I knew better than to change position. I stayed where I was, splayed on the floor, unmoving.

When he came back a minute later, carrying a low stool, I followed him with my eyes, marveling at how calm I was. At peace.

He put the stool on the floor and rooted in the black canvas bag before pulling out a large dark object. It was a blue silicon dildo, cone-shaped with a suction prop. The widest part was huge, easily the size of a big knot, but it tapered into a long, thin tip. He stuck the toy to the stool and gestured to it.

“Sit.”

I scrambled up and walked over to the stool. Crouching, I positioned myself over the silicon cone. The stool was low, and I struggled to retain my balance.

“Sit, omega!”

Davidson’s sharp command made me jolt.

I plonked down, and the toy speared my ass until my rim tightened around the wide part. I couldn't sink all the way. The fast invasion wasn't painful but wildly uncomfortable. I panted, wiggling, trying to find relief. My legs trembled. My opening was stretched violently, but the thinning tip gave no fullness deeper where I craved it.

My face was level with Davidson's dick. He came closer and glared down at me.

"Is it too big for you?" he asked.

"Yes, Master."

"Hold on to the edges of the stool."

I gripped the stool with both hands, holding myself awkwardly in the precarious crouch. My rim felt like a rubber band about to burst.

Holding the base of his cock, Davidson slapped me with it, smearing precum on my cheek.

"Does it feel good?"

"Yes, Master."

"Don't lie. Describe it to me."

"My hole feels empty inside, but my rim is stretched. It's unpleasant. I can't sit down all the way, and I don't know how long I can hold myself like this. But I feel good because I obeyed you."

"You're a good boy. Open your mouth wide."

Davidson put his cock on my tongue and began sliding in and out. He gripped my head, tilting it back, and held a gentle rhythm. The ridges rubbed my tongue. He retreated, his cockhead barely inside. I wanted to suckle on it, but he didn't tell me to, so I stayed still, gaping like a baby bird.

"Inhale deeply and hold your breath."

I did as I was told.

Keeping a firm hold on my head, he shoved his dick in deep, thrusting into my throat a few times. I choked, my throat

spasming, but he didn't relent, pushing through.

Five thrusts.

“Exhale and inhale.”

I gasped for a breath and coughed.

“Shh. You're a hole, omega. You're only a hole. Now take a deep breath and swallow that dick.”

My lungs burned, but my groin throbbed with arousal. I barely managed to hold my balance, the cone-shaped toy stretching my rim more and more, my legs shaking. I struggled to keep a grip on the edge of the stool, but my fingers were slipping. Another five thrusts right into my throat.

“Breathe. That's it.”

Again.

I wobbled. My legs gave out, and my ass cheeks touched hard wood. Groaning, I let go and sat down. My rim felt like it would rip apart, and when I gagged, my eyes filled with tears.

“Look at me.”

Davidson's eyes glowed like hot coals. His cock speared my throat over and over, and I felt light-headed, but so happy. I'd managed to sit on the toy, and my Master would be pleased with me.

Fisting my hair, he pulled my head back. He stroked himself roughly, his cockhead rubbing over my parted lips, and then he groaned. Hot splashes of cum covered my lips and cheeks, and another streak landed across my nose.

He didn't tell me to lick and swallow so I didn't, even though I was eager for a taste. When he was done, he let go of his shaft and pushed a fingertip through the cum coating my upper lip. Then he covered my face with his palm and rubbed. He smeared the cum everywhere, over my cheeks, jaw, my chin, my open mouth; some of it got into my nose. My scalp prickled where he held me by my hair.

He tapped my cheek with his fingers. Not quite a slap, but almost. My eyes fluttered with pleasure at the idea of him

slapping me across the face with his cum-stained hand.

He must have seen my desire in my expression because he slapped me hard enough to make my cheek sting. The other side, a little harder.

And all this time, I kept my mouth open, his cum still on my tongue.

“You’re a mess, omega. You have cum all over your face.”

One more slap, cum spattering. I moaned, my eyes closing. God, why did I like this so much? I’d always been sick in the head. But there was nothing wrong with it when Davidson did it. There was nothing wrong with me.

I was okay.

He shoved three fingers into my mouth, rubbing the cum around, and slapped me again.

“Swallow.”

I did.

He traced his fingers along my cheek, over where the skin prickled. And one more slap. My groin throbbed.

“What are you?”

Memories of our first night together resurfaced.

“My Master’s hole.”

“What kind of hole?”

“I’m wet and stretched wide. Good for fucking. Sloppy, horny hole.”

Putting his fingers back into my mouth, he hummed.

“If only all the nice people from the party could see you now, huh?”

If they knew how I felt, they’d envy me. Davidson made me fly, and I felt free, high on life.

He presented me his stained palm. “Clean it up.”

I licked his hand like a dog, and he loosened his grip on my hair, massaging my scalp gently.

When he stepped away, I felt instantly bereft.

He walked around the stool, and I heard the mattress creak. He must have sat on the bed behind me.

“You’re almost to the hilt, omega. Good boy.”

As if I could have forgotten about the violent invasion in my body. He was right. I was fully seated now, my ass cheeks resting on the stool, the toy deep in me. My rim had loosened, slick easing the way.

“Fuck yourself. Slowly. I want to see your ass swallow that thing.”

Grunting, I tried to lift. The position made it difficult, but I could rise a couple of inches. I began sliding up and down, acutely aware of the brutal stretch.

“We need to get you ready, omega. Only a big hole can take a dragon’s knot.”

The thought of a knotting made me moan and press down onto the toy. The terrible shape was unsatisfying, but knowing Davidson was watching my ass take it was so arousing I could have come on it anyway.

“That’s it. Sit down hard and stay.”

I plonked down, my ass yielding even more.

“Prop your feet on the stiles.”

Oh God. I lifted my feet onto the stiles that connected the wooden legs. Now I felt hard wood on the fragile skin around my gaping hole while the sharp tip of the toy dug deep into my gut. I couldn’t get it any deeper.

“Such a good hole. Stay like this, and I’ll reward you.”

He knelt in front of me and nuzzled my throat.

“Don’t come.” The warning in his voice made me shiver.

He closed his mouth over my nipple and began sucking while he pinched the other one. Trying to be quiet was a lost battle. I moaned on each pull and cried out whenever I felt the milk trickle out in a stronger stream. Every suck felt like a

stroke over my cock, and suddenly, I didn't mind the odd shape of the toy in me. My chest tingled with delicious pleasure, and my stretched rim ached in the best way. The stool got slick under my ass, and I clutched at the seat desperately, trying to hold myself in the awkward position.

The nursing went on for ages. Davidson kept the sucks deep and slow, letting me feel each drop of milk leaving my body. His loud gulps and suckling noises sounded obscene.

The pointed tip of the dildo poked around in my loosening guts, awfully close to the mouth to my womb, and I wondered if I could find the right angle for it to spear the closed entrance. I didn't realize I was wiggling on the cone until my Master gripped my hips to still me. He switched to the other nipple, and I was almost sobbing. My cock throbbed, and my balls drew up.

I wouldn't last.

Gritting my teeth, I tried to hold it, but Davidson growled into my chest. My poor nipples. I felt like a living fountain. A hard sucking pull, reaching deep into my pectoral, and the milk squirted out of me. So much milk.

Keening, I lost it.

The orgasm drowned me, making my whole body twitch and shake. Davidson sucked painfully hard before letting go with a pop.

My cock was still spurting cum when he smacked it.

The pain was like lightning into my abdomen, driving my pleasure higher. I yelled, and my erection twitched, more cum bubbling out.

"You greedy slut," my Master thundered and delivered another perfectly aimed smack to my jerking erection.

I wailed, shaking. I didn't know if I was in pain or still coming. Probably both.

He lifted me with a firm grip on my upper arm. My ass made an ugly smacking sound when he pulled me off the toy.

"Kneel, facing the bed."

I had zero coordination, but he hovered close. On wobbly legs and with my arms by my sides, I knelt. The white sheets in front of my face were fresh, and I stared at them blindly, disoriented. My body gaped open.

I heard him pluck the toy from the stool.

“Bend over.”

Legs spread, ass up, I sank onto the mattress with my chest, and Davidson worked the toy back into me, to the base. It didn't even feel weird anymore.

But then he pulled another item out of the canvas bag and showed it to me.

A big leather paddle.

“Do you know what this is?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Do you deserve it?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Now, if it hurts too much, you'll tell me and I'll spank you instead.”

He didn't ask a question, so I remained quiet.

Gripping the base of the toy, he pushed it in and out a few times, stroking my back with the paddle.

I was ready. No fear, no nervousness. I'd relinquished my body to my Master with complete trust.

When he struck my ass with the paddle, the blow reverberated through my bones, a burst of energy rushing up my spine. Fuck, I was going to love this.

He kept aiming at the base of the cone. It slid out a little between blows, and he shoved it back in with each hit. My rim was getting the workout of a lifetime.

“I told you not to come. Why did you disobey?”

He pushed on the base of the toy with the paddle, and I groaned.

“It felt too good,” I bit out. “I couldn’t hold it in. You make me feel so good, Master.”

“You’re a depraved nympho, that’s why.”

He let the toy plop out, and my hole yawned open, stretched as much as it had ever been. He delivered more blows with the paddle, covering my ass from all angles until I was hot all over, my mind drifting.

The paddle dropped to the floor, and suddenly, my hole was full.

It must have been four fingers, two from each hand. When he pulled them apart, I let out a garbled, animalistic howl.

It didn’t hurt. But God, it felt wrong. So wrong.

“Breathe!”

Panting, I tried to relax my muscles. He kept pulling, unrelenting, and I breathed through it. Then he began moving his fingers around, massaging my inner walls, before pulling some more.

“You’ll need a bigger hole, omega. This is not good enough. How are you going to take my knot with such a tiny fuckhole, huh?”

This time, it hurt, and I welcomed the pain. My high-pitched cry ricocheted off the walls.

“Breathe,” Davidson said. He didn’t lessen the pressure, not one bit. I pulled air into my lungs and pushed it out. It felt like an eternity, but ever so slowly, the pain dissolved into sweet pleasure. Oh yeah. That was sick. So good.

“That’s it. Good boy. Such a good boy. If you could see yourself now. Your hole is almost three inches wide. You’re a good omega. So brave and so beautiful.”

He rotated his fingers, rubbing my inner walls, and I relaxed into it.

“You’re amazing. Your ass is red all over from the paddle. Such a pretty piece of tenderized meat.”

With that, he bit my ass cheek. Then the other. I knew better than to laugh, even if he *was* funny. Only Davidson could make a silly joke in the middle of an intense scene. He was still pulling on my rim, but I was too far gone to feel any pain.

“What a gorgeous gape.”

The pressure in me changed. Instead of four firm points gliding around the rim, bulky hardness pressed inside slowly, pumping a little. What was he doing?

But I trusted him.

“Big, beautiful hole. Stretched so wide. You’re going to give birth with it, you know. We need to make it huge. Good omega. That’s it. Breathe, baby.”

His voice was so tender suddenly. Too tender.

Oh God.

Oh my fucking God!

Knuckles. Hard, bulky knuckles.

He pumped, and I felt like a fucking crater. But it didn’t hurt.

“Breathe.”

I did.

My head empty, I lay there, my body as open as it ever had been, while he did unspeakable things back there, pushing, pulling, burrowing into me. I made horrendous, garbled sounds, panting and puffing, and he stretched me and stretched until my ass felt disconnected from my body.

He put his hand inside me.

His entire ginormous hand.

The relief was indescribable. My rim relaxed from the terrible stretch, clamping down on to warm flesh, and my hole felt amazingly full.

“Your rim is around my wrist, Leo,” he whispered reverently.

I was trembling, overwhelmed, and fiercely aroused.

His fist. I have my Master's fist in my gut. He can kill me with a snap of his fingers.

The most tender kisses covered my ass cheeks, and he gently moved his hand, not more than half-an-inch.

“This is how my knot will feel when I breed you.”

A guttural groan tore out of my throat, and I rocked back. The firm thrust of his hand sent sparkles through my torso.

“Make yourself come, my omega,” he said. “I’ll hold my hand still.”

It didn’t take long. Rocking on his fist, I felt full to bursting, and it was so fucking good. His hard knuckles rubbed my inner walls, and then his fingertips must have brushed the mouth to my womb because I lost my short battle.

I came screaming, impaling myself on his hand so wildly he had to grip my hip.

“Shh. Don’t hurt yourself.”

As I was twitching with aftershocks, he slowly pulled his hand out. The wide stretch felt surreal, like he was turning me inside out. And then came the yawning emptiness.

“Master?” I mumbled, confused. I didn’t want to be empty.

“I got you, love. I got you.”

I barely knew how, but I ended up on the bed, on my back, my legs folded to my chest. His cock moved in and out of my stretched hole, and his tongue invaded my mouth. I melted into him, mindless and happy. His cock comforted me, satisfying me on a soul-deep level; the length massaged my battered flesh, and the tip made love to the sealed channel to my womb. It was even more sensitive today. Had it sunk lower already? It must have. I was barely one day away from the first heat wave.

The fucking was leisurely and so gentle my eyes teared up. Davidson kissed me all the time, caressing me all over, and

when I came, he watched with the most tender smile on his face.

“Look at you. Your beauty hurts, love.”

I lost count of how many times he made me come after that. By the time he spilled inside me, I was barely conscious. He stayed in me for a long time, just gently stirring our connection until he softened. When he pulled out, I was so relaxed from the waist down I couldn't move my legs. It felt glorious.

How come I wasn't sore? He'd just fisted me, then fucked me for what felt like an hour straight, and I wasn't in heat yet. But I wasn't in pain, not even a little, only sleepy and deliciously sated, the skin on my ass hot and raw in the best way.

After wiping my crease with a wet towel, he gathered me to his chest. I lay over him, straddling his hips, and he massaged me from my thighs all the way to my neck. My muscles felt like wet rags, my bones gooey.

“Thank you,” I slurred.

“You can sleep, darling. Rest.”

“Davidson...” What did I want to say?

“Yes, love?”

“I want to belong to you, all of me, all the time.”

“You do belong to me, Leo. You're all mine. Your stunning face, your smile, your perfect body. Mine. Everything. To the last drop of milk coming out of you.”

His words sounded strange, like I was dreaming half of them. “Good,” I murmured. “Okay.”

“I love you, Leo. Sweet dreams, my darling.”

HEAT

Davidson

IF I WORRIED for a second that I might have gone too far at any point last night, Leo's mood this morning put me at ease. He was positively glowing.

Playful as ever, he sucked me off right after waking up, taking his time teasing me. He hummed with pleasure when I came into his mouth and licked me all over. So I flipped him and made a feast out of his ass. I didn't finger him—he'd earned a break after last night—but tongue-fucked him until he was a whimpering mess. Then I spent a good half an hour focused on his nipples. Leo came a second time, empty and untouched, with only my mouth on his chest, and he shivered and twitched helplessly, his scent positively drugging. I had to lick his ass clean after the orgasm, his taste irresistible to me.

"I can't wait to taste you when you're in heat."

"It'll be today for sure. I'm already all mellow."

His eyelids were puffy, and his eyes unfocused. His voice seemed to have deepened, and he licked his lips often, unaware of it. Together with how his chest and belly filled out, he looked like sin as he lay on my bed, spread out on his back, fondling his cock. The insides of his thighs were adorned with drying smears of slick. He smelled like strawberries and roses, sweet and potent, the perfume growing stronger by the hour. Wiggling contentedly, he stretched and sighed, the picture of debauchery and satisfaction. He'd been breathtaking last night, dressed for the event, but I'd never seen anything more

beautiful than Leo lazing in my bed after an orgasm, naked and relaxed, about to go into heat. And I was allowed to breed this enchanting creature. How did I get so lucky?

I kissed up his thigh and nuzzled his for now empty belly.

“How do you want to spend today, Leo?”

He hummed, his fingers combing through my hair as I kissed his abdomen.

“Don’t you need to work?”

“Only for a little while. I could be done by lunchtime.” I dipped my nose into his belly button, and he giggled. “After that, I’m only yours for the next six days.”

“I’m thinking if there’s something I need to do.”

“Your computer and chargers were among the things that got delivered last night.”

“Thank you. I found them. I should probably check in with my agent and finance guy.”

“Breakfast first, though.”

“Breakfast first.”

After the meal, we settled in my office. Leo sat with his laptop on the sofa in the corner, then opened the paperback from Lawrence. I watched him from the corner of my eye. He squirmed from time to time, his intensifying scent filling the room. My focus was once again nonexistent.

Suddenly, Leo snapped the book shut, put it on the armrest, and walked to me. I turned on my chair to ask what he wanted, but before I could, he was on his knees, his face in my groin. He breathed in, groaning, and swiftly unfastened my pants.

With glassy eyes, he looked up. “Please, Master?”

I fisted his hair and pushed his head down.

He sucked me fast and hard, moaning and massaging the base with both hands. He all but pulled the cum out of my balls, gulping it down like he’d been starving for it. Then he slumped against my legs and gently suckled on my cockhead

with his eyes closed. I combed my fingers through his golden hair.

“Better?” I asked.

“Mmm. Yes. So much better. Thank you.”

“Anytime.” I winked, and he chuckled.

“I’m so horny. But we should probably wait for the heat wave.”

“Do you feel it coming already?”

“Yes and no. I’m all loose around my middle, slick as hell, and buzzing like I’d had a couple of drinks. It’s nice.” He smiled at me, nuzzling my softening shaft. “But I don’t feel any of the acute symptoms yet. Honestly, it could come the next hour or late in the evening. I really don’t know.”

“Do you need to know? I’m almost done here. Then we can just relax.”

“Okay.” He kissed my cockhead, and I returned my gaze to the laptop screen.

“Stay where you are, omega,” I said.

Leo hummed with contentment and laid his head over my exposed groin, hugging my hips.

I answered the last couple of emails and set the automatic reply. Then I messaged Lawrence I was logging off for the day. For the entire time, Leo kneeled by my feet, his head in my lap, eyes closed.

When I closed my laptop, he didn’t move.

“Are you comfortable down there?” I asked, not hiding my amusement.

“Very. This is my favorite thing in the world.” He licked my dick, gazing up at me, all pretty and coy. I could easily get hard again.

“I’m going to put your toy away for now, omega. You need to eat lunch.”

He pouted. “Can I eat a little more cum instead?”

Laughing, I batted his hands away and zipped myself up. Then I lifted him by his armpits and brought him to my lap. I tapped his nose with a fingertip.

“Not even a filthy nympho like you can live only on cum.”

“How do you know? I could try.”

“Hush, my little slut.”

Leo groaned, squirming against me. I roped my arms around him and squeezed him tight. Burying my face in the crook of his neck, I inhaled deeply. A full-body shudder ran through me.

“Darling, I’m no expert, but judging by the way you smell, we don’t have much time. A proper meal. You’ll need it.”

He sighed. “Okay.”

As we prepared the food and ate, Leo kept sending me hungry looks. I could see the heat taking over his body and mind, peeling away his restraint and humanity. As soon as we’d eaten, he was on me again, straddling my hips and kissing and licking my neck.

“I won’t fuck you until you’re in heat, love.”

His frustrated groan sounded painful. He was hard, and his slick had seeped through his sweats. I palmed the wet spot on his ass.

“You’re such a filthy mess.”

Clutching my neck, Leo humped me through our clothes, moaning with need.

“I’m so turned on. Please.”

“Do you feel a heat wave coming, omega?”

“No,” he whined.

“Get off me. On the floor.”

He obeyed with a whimper. Panting, he knelt in front of me, his T-shirt adorned with wet patches over his nipples. His cock tented his sweats.

“Strip.”

He was lightning fast. In two seconds, he was naked, his clothes thrown under the kitchen table.

“Get yourself off however you want but don’t touch me.”

In the middle of my kitchen, Leo knelt with his legs spread and furiously fingered himself while pulling on the piercing in his cock. His hand looked to be cramping up with how fast and hard he jabbed his fingers into his hole. With his back curved beautifully, ass pushed out, he writhed and shook, and his fingers made lewd smacking sounds inside his hole. I stood and walked around, looking my fill. I grew painfully hard, of course, but I could wait.

He was gorgeous, like always, but the desperation of his act made him look less human than ever.

“C’mon. I want to see you come.”

He wailed, arching, and his nipples released drops of lover’s milk. Breathtaking. He worked his hand against his hole, driving his fingers in as deep as he could. I could almost feel his frustration because it wasn’t enough for him. Faster and faster, he shoved his fingers inside, his arm bent at an awkward angle, while he jerked his cock with his other hand. His grunts got deeper, his face scrunched up, and he threw his head back.

Finally, the first splash of cum flew out of his cock in an arch and splattered on the tiled floor.

Leo cried out, grinding on his hand, as his cock pulsed and spat a few more drops. Lover’s milk ran down his torso in rivulets. He shivered, looking up at me needily.

“Good boy. You came beautifully,” I said, and he smiled with relief.

I handed him a few paper towels from the kitchen table.

“Clean up the mess, omega.”

Still naked, on his hands and knees, Leo wiped the cum and slick off the floor. Then he threw the paper towels in the trash. He collected his clothes and, holding them in his arms, he paused in front of me.

“What do you want me to do now, Master?”

“Go shower and then join me in the living room. Stay naked.”

“Yes, Master.”

I watched his sweet ass as he left the kitchen, his crease wet. Inhaling deeply, I savored the scent of Leo’s fresh release.

I’d acted detached but couldn’t wait for the heat to finally come. I ached all over, acutely aware of my half-swollen knot. I needed the heat wave to come already.

LUCKILY, I didn’t have to wait long. We cuddled on the sofa in the living room, me fully dressed and Leo gloriously naked. He seemed comfortable with the setup and fell asleep in my arms. I covered him with a blanket and let my mind drift as he napped. For the next six days, I wouldn’t worry about anything but Leo’s pleasure. I forbade myself from analyzing the possible futures, guessing Altera’s plans, or worrying about work. I would only exist for my mate. He deserved nothing less.

When he woke up, I made him drink water, and he excused himself to go to the bathroom.

He returned a few minutes later, his eyes wide and hands quivering by his sides. His cock was rock-hard.

“Davidson.”

It was in the way he said my name. I knew instantly.

Scooping him up, I rushed to the bedroom. He looped his arms around my neck and panted against my throat as I took the stairs three at a time.

“Oh God.”

“I’ve got you.”

“It’s fast. It’s never been this fast.”

“It’s okay, love. Almost there.”

We didn't have time for anything extra, no teasing, no role-playing. As soon as I laid him on the bed, he grabbed his legs under his knees, presenting me with his ass.

His pucker was swollen like full lips, sticking out of his crease lewdly, clear oily liquid coating it. It dilated in front of my eyes.

“Fuck, omega, your ass looks like a hungry mouth.” I tore at my clothes hastily, and Leo whined.

I had to taste him first. I just had to.

Falling to my knees, I latched on to his hole, and he wailed, his tail end lifting from the bed. I shoved my tongue inside, and Leo came instantly. His slick squirted into my mouth. Strawberries, roses, and a sex-crazed demon in heat.

“Fuck me! Fuck me! Please!”

In two seconds, he was impaled to the hilt. My spine prickled, and my skin itched over my shoulder blades—as if my wings were about to burst out.

Leo's body jerked with my hard thrusts, his nipples quivering and hands grappling at the headboard. His groans together with the rhythm of wet slaps echoing through the bedroom sounded like the most glorious symphony. Lover's milk trickled down his ribs and to his armpits, all of him so open with the heat wave the precious liquid simply poured out. Bracing my arms by his sides, I bent to lick it off him while my hips kept snapping forward on instinct. Deeper. Faster. Harder.

The taste of milk didn't help my self-control. My temples stung, but I shut that down, grunting with the effort. Leo didn't need to see a half-shifted beast during his first heat wave with me.

Squeezing my eyes shut and gritting my teeth, I fucked and fucked, listening to Leo's orgasms as they came and went. His hole gripped my cock, hot and greedy. Only when his moans turned deep and monotone, did I let myself look at him again. He stared up at me with his mouth open and darkened eyes glazed over. His face and upper chest glowed pink, and he was

covered with glistening droplets. He kneaded his chest, and more clear milk bubbled up from his nipples.

“My Master,” he murmured, gaze pinned on me. “I’m yours, my Master.”

My self-control broke. My knot grew painfully fast as I clutched Leo’s hips to me.

He let out the most beautiful sound of pleasure, his lips stretching into a wide, mindless smile and eyes rolling back. The knotting brought him another climax, long and powerful, and he shook with it, even as he was smiling dreamily.

My darling was satisfied.

He slumped under me and slowly reopened his eyes, gasping softly.

“Davidson.” He licked his lips on an exhale. “God, you’re... Oh, Davidson.”

An aftershock made him moan and blink rapidly before he met my gaze again.

“Your eyes,” he said, sounding awed. “You have the dragon’s eyes.”

What?

I swiftly checked my arms and down my torso, but I looked human.

“It’s okay,” Leo said, his tone soothing. “It’s beautiful. You’re so handsome.”

“I...”

In a flash of clarity, I glanced to the left at the closet door mirror.

Fucking hell.

I was perched on top of Leo, lodged inside him, his body tiny and fragile under my humungous form. Silver sheen covered my back and shoulders. The eyes staring at me from the mirror were definitely reptilian. Orange, with thin, oblong pupils.

I closed them and shook my head, checking the mirror again.

Yes, still there.

At least I didn't half-shift, but damn, I had to get myself under control.

A warm palm caressed my cheek and gently turned my face. Leo was gazing up at me.

"So handsome," he repeated. "It's okay. I know it can happen. I don't mind. I want to see you."

Unafraid, beaming even, my mate traced my eyebrows with his fingertips. On a deep exhale, he tightened his inner muscles, hugging my knot. He sighed, and his lips curved up in a radiant smile.

"I love you."

It was the first time he said it. His face lit up as if he heard himself whisper those words with the same surprised awe and excitement I felt.

"I love you, Davidson. All of you."

Covering him with my body, I kissed him.

"I love you," I murmured against his mouth. "I fucking own you."

He grinned, then nipped at my lips. Opening his mouth, he let our tongues tangle. For ages, we just kissed and rolled around, knotted together. Pleasure ricocheted through our bodies, and Leo sounded like he could come again if I fucked him with the knot. But we had six more days. I wouldn't exhaust him this early into the heat.

The pressure in my knot let up slowly, and I pulled out of him.

Leo sighed, stretching his legs.

"Your eyes are human again."

"Thank fuck."

He frowned and propped himself up on his elbow. “I know about half-shifted sex. The brochure said there’s nothing wrong with it. It’s natural for dragons.”

“I didn’t want to scare you.”

He smirked and bit his lip. “I’m into monster-fucking, remember?”

Shaking my head, I laughed. “Be serious, omega.”

“I can be serious.” He lifted his chin, looking admirably alert considering I’d just fucked and knotted the hell out of him. “It means you’re going into a rut and can’t control your desire for me. It’d be mind-blowingly hot if you wanted me so much it’d make you half-shift. I want it to happen.”

Brushing my thumb over his stunning lips, I nuzzled his sweaty face. “I do want you so much. It took all my self-control not to let my wings burst out of my body.”

“Next time, don’t hold back,” he whispered.

“Next time, your womb might be low enough.”

“Uh-huh. And my dragon will breed me.”

He was beaming at the prospect. I grabbed his wrists and pushed him onto his back.

“Your milk is dripping out of you.”

“Will you help me?”

I latched on to his nipple with a playful growl, and Leo’s giggle turned into a moan.

THAT FEELING

Leo

I WAS SO RELAXED, I could barely walk. I moved like I was half asleep, but my mind was as clear as day. I loved everything about this heat. It was more intense than ever before, even though it was only the first day. My body had changed a lot. My stomach was rounded, the sexiest little cushion adorning my abdomen, and my chest was bloated, leaking milk almost constantly in small drops. When I looked at myself in the mirror, scanning my half-lidded eyes, pink cheeks, and puffy lips, I smirked. My face looked as if I'd just had my brains fucked out of my skull. No wonder Davidson kept gazing at me like he was about to eat me alive. I loved that hungry stare of his.

Davidson had gotten most of my things delivered, including my favorite robe. It had been one of my first and few purchases since I'd arrived in Ardaine. I'd treated myself to the luxury silk robe in an attempt to cheer myself up on lonely evenings. It was ruby red with a fine flowery pattern and felt cool on my heated skin.

I didn't tie it as I walked around the house, fully aware of my mate's eyes on me. Clear pearls of lover's milk glistened at the tips of my nipples like small jewels. My cock was half-hard most of the time, my rim swollen like I was at the end of a ten-day heat instead of just on the first day. And I *felt* my womb. It was like the slightest dull ache right in my center, a niggling sense of tight hollowness, while my muscles loosened so much I wondered how I kept myself upright. My slick

smelled pungent and wildly arousing even to myself. I couldn't sit anywhere without leaving a wet spot behind me.

In short, I looked a mess, but I had never felt more desirable. I marveled at the changes with glee and lust. So much lust. I was in love with my own body, with what I could do for Davidson, how much I could please him.

I was so grateful I hadn't opted for the contraceptive. I was ready for my alpha, in every way, and it felt so right.

My mate sat on the sofa, finishing his drink. He tugged me closer and casually took a sip of milk from my nipple. He sneaked his hand around my hip and squeezed my ass.

"Mmm. You're like the most dangerous weapon, Leo. If they put you in front of an army of alphas as you are now, they would all kill each other in a mad fight over you."

I chuckled. "That's a disturbing thought."

"My head is a dangerous place today. But that's all your fault. I can't think when you're like this."

"Like what?" I knew, but I loved hearing him talk about how much he wanted me.

"Dripping with juices. All plump and ripe." He brushed a finger over my wet rim and sucked a mouthful of milk from my other nipple. "Eager to get knocked up."

I groaned at his crude words, and he bit my nipple teasingly.

"But no messing around between waves, omega. I don't want you to get sore already."

I pouted, and he laughed.

"You're like a siren."

Slapping my ass lightly, he stood.

"Come, you need to eat something."

"I'm not hungry." The heat made my appetite disappear.

Davidson gave me a stern look. "You're going to eat, omega. I intend to fuck you *for hours* this weekend in ways

you can't even imagine. In fact, you might spend more time with my dick in you than empty. I don't need you passing out on me because you forgot to eat."

The images he painted had me squirming. *Yes, please.*

I followed him to the kitchen quietly, my head full of obscene fantasies of what he could do to me. The bench in the sex room. The ropes... During our first encounter, I'd said no bruises and no bondage. But Davidson had surely already noticed that with him, I had no limits. Could I ask him to restrain me for the breeding?

I imagined being helpless and immobile, the pressure inside me rising, his knot growing. Maybe it would hurt a little when his cockhead would spear the channel to my womb, but I wouldn't be able to move away. He'd push through with force, ruthless, and the dragon's eyes would be glowing. He'd take and take and change my body forever.

Fuck yes!

I had better eat something.

THE SECOND HEAT wave came just as I was about to fall asleep. I lay in Davidson's arms, my eyes closing, limbs heavy, when warmth spilled around my waist so fast it felt like being wrapped in an electric blanket. My cock stiffened, and I groaned, squirming.

Davidson sniffed loudly and rolled me onto my back. Hovering above me, he cupped my balls.

Before he could say something, I blurted, "I want you to tie me up." I bit my tongue, but the words were out.

"Are you..." Davidson trailed off, catching on to the desire that must have been shining from my eyes like laser beams. "You want to be helpless while in heat?"

I nodded, squirming, the heat wave about to swallow me up. "Please. Tie me up and breed me."

My body convulsed with a jolt of need, my insides cramping up. How come the wave came so fast? The doctor

did warn me that together with the bonding, the heat would be overwhelming, but this was... *Oh hell!*

I arched from the bed, my fluttering ass gushing slick. The worst kind of pain ate at me from the inside. I was so empty, my womb curling and uncurling, spasming deep in my belly. I got almost nauseous.

But Davidson wasn't second-guessing me anymore. Sounds of tearing fabric permeated my deprived state, and soon, my wrists were tightly bound above my head and to the headboard. I tugged on the restraints and exhaled with relief. I'd needed that. Breathing deeply, I watched as my alpha knelt between my spread legs, holding them open. His cock stretched my hole, burrowing into my gut, and immediate pleasure flared from my ass into my lower body. Tugging on the torn cotton T-shirt he'd tied me with, I wiggled, trying to spur him on.

"Stay still!" he ordered, and I froze, sucking in a breath.

He closed his eyes, exhaling through his nostrils. Smoothing his hands along the undersides of my thighs, slowly, torturously slowly, he glided his cock into me to the hilt. Then he circled his hips, nestling himself in me. He rubbed the softened mouth to my womb, and the pressure on that spot sent me soaring again.

He held himself still while my orgasm ebbed. I was writhing with need, but the fullness kept the cramps away.

"Look at me, Leo."

Hungry. Feral. Gorgeous.

"You want to see me?" he asked, and I knew immediately what he meant.

"Yes, Master."

"All of me?"

I nodded eagerly.

"You'll be bound, helpless, and bred by a monster. Is that your wish?"

“Yes.” My voice rang loud and strong, and Davidson smiled down at me with tenderness.

Then he swiped some of my fresh cum from my belly and licked his fingers. He growled in the way I loved so much.

And he transformed. My fairy-tale dragon. My Master.

Glittering silver spilled over his shoulders and down his arms while sharp thorns grew out of his temples and on top of his head. His eyes widened, glowing like the sun, his pupils changing shape. His hands grew bigger where he held my legs, claws shooting from his fingers and digging into my skin.

He snarled, and silver wings spread above us, creating a canopy above the bed.

He was a miracle.

As he changed, the fullness in my ass grew, pressure rising. But he wasn't moving, was he?

His erection must have lengthened *inside me*. Davidson waved his wings just once, his cock pierced the channel to my womb, and I burst into a breeding climax even as we were still like statues.

The sting of pain in my middle where his cockhead pushed through... *God yes. Yes!*

I threw my head back, gasping for breath, while my womb pulsed and cum and milk poured out of me.

Davidson let the climax run its course, gazing at me with the dragon's eyes. Then he slid his hands down my legs, claws scraping my tender skin, and gripped my ass cheeks. He lifted my lower body, dragging me onto his cock as he thrust, and I lost myself in him.

A literal monster.

And I loved him.

He was the point of my existence.

This wasn't fucking. No mundane words could describe what he did to me. Half man, half dragon, he devoured me.

Snarling lips, tongue slithering, beastly teeth gleaming, he consumed me and tore me apart.

His immense cock speared my core over and over, plunging into the mouth to my womb, stretching it violently while the bulging knot pushed on my gland. I was coming in waves, with everything I had, drops of cum and milk pattering my chin and lips. My arms ached where I was bound, and I felt helpless and used. Possessed.

Using his unnatural strength, he pulled me onto his cock, fucking me deeper than I'd thought was possible. A powerful cramp seized my core, but Davidson's cockhead was in me, lodged in the best place, and when my inner muscles contracted around it, I all but exploded with raw joy. He was in me. In my womb. He reached all the untouchable places, and my body welcomed him with the single most powerful orgasm of my life.

It was ecstasy.

"My mate," the dragon snarled.

It was happening. My life had been leading up to this very second.

The most exquisite pleasure flared from my hole when his knot grew bigger, like the fist he'd put in me a couple of days ago, and maybe more. He stretched me so much and reached so far into my body I wasn't my own person anymore. He took me over.

The first splash of cum inside me was the most distinct. My eyes popped open, and my mouth gaped on a silent scream.

Euphoric, I lay completely still, shivering, as Davidson doused my insides with his precious cum, in the sacred spot where I needed it the most.

The sensation...indescribable. Just impossible. His cum filled my womb. I felt every pulse, and I knew what it meant.

The empty ache was gone. Gone forever.

Davidson lowered himself, putting some of his weight on me. He made wild sounds, snarling, purring, and hissing, and oh, I loved that he was like this. That he bred me like this—me at my weakest and him at his strongest. It was the most perfect and natural thing in the world.

This is who I am. I am a dragon's mate. This is my purpose and the key to my happiness.

He rocked us, moving deep inside me, his knot pulsating. Was he still coming? Because I was. Endlessly.

He smoothed a clawed hand over my belly and slipped his tongue into my mouth. It was thicker and much longer in this state, and I suckled on it. He thrust it into my throat and fucked me with it. He was claiming every inch of me, invading my body and soul in every way, and it was paradise.

Keeping me buzzing with tiny thrusts, he moved his lips to my ear.

“Mine,” he growled again.

He bit my neck, piercing skin, and I groaned with another bolt of pleasure.

“I love you,” I managed. My voice seemed to be coming from afar.

“Yes, you do. You’ll love me forever.”

He punctuated his words with a sharp thrust, and I keened. He began moving again, and it was way too much. I was bred already, full of cum, his cockhead lodged in the channel to my womb and his knot fully enlarged. I couldn’t take more.

Except of course I could.

Wild wails left my throat, my nipples squirted milk, and I spasmed and twitched like I was having a seizure. I came again. Even harder than before.

The rest became a blur. I felt like a puppet in his huge hands when he held me by my hips, fucking into me while hauling me onto his knot, almost lifting me from the mattress. The unrelenting pleasure became a fireball of energy in my center, pulsating and flaring in waves.

When Davidson spurted inside me the second time, I got delirious. My mind burst with colors, and I started seeing things. It wasn't unpleasant or scary—I felt perfectly safe—but I was definitely hallucinating.

Davidson's body got engulfed in flames, his skin golden, and he poured the fire into me, injecting me with raw life, turning me immortal. His wings covered us, and I floated, my belly warm and tingling on the inside. My womb felt deliciously full, and I imagined it was overflowing with the same golden liquid that was circulating in Davidson's veins. He gave it to me, the dragon magic, and it would cleanse me, take root, and grow inside me.

I was full of love. So much love. I finally knew how love was supposed to feel. I told him, many times over, so he'd know I meant it.

I BLINKED BACK to life sometime later. My wrists were free, and I was knotted, but the pressure in my core was gone. Taking stock, I realized Davidson must have pulled out of the mouth to my womb after he'd come the second time. I sat straddling his lap, curled to his chest, while he leaned against the headboard.

Dazed, I lifted my head, and my alpha smiled at me. He looked human again.

I grinned and leaned with my back against his bent legs. Glancing down, I carefully palmed my belly with both hands. The sense of satisfaction ran so deep I couldn't stop smiling. Oh, that felt wonderful. Amazing.

Rough hands covered mine, caressing tenderly. My stomach was subtly rounded, from the heat, the knotting, and the breeding. From now on, it would only grow bigger.

His seed remained in my womb, and it made me so happy and content. There was no room in my heart for any doubts or fears. This was *right*.

“Leo?” Davidson whispered my name.

I met his copper eyes. He frowned, and I realized I was crying.

“I’m so happy,” I managed. A broken giggle escaped my lips, and Davidson smiled back at me, his face a picture of bliss. “It feels incredible. Thank you. Thank you so much.”

He cradled my face, shaking his head. “Are you seriously thanking me right now?” He tugged me to his chest and wrapped his arms around me, peppering kisses all over my face. “I took you, my omega. Took you like a true monster and forcefully bred you. And you’re thanking me.”

“It’s what I wanted. I know it’s the cum in my womb. Hormones. But...”

“Yes?”

“I’m flying.”

He chuckled. “I’m happy too, my love. You make me so happy.”

“I love you.”

He hummed and clutched me tighter, rocking so the knot moved inside me, and I sighed with the heavenly sensation.

“You’re my everything, Leo. I adore you.” He spoke into my ear in his low, rumbling bass. I hugged him around his neck and held on, closing my eyes. The warmth in my core seemed to have developed its own heartbeat, and all the pleasure lingered in there. A piece of my Master inside me. This had been my purpose, and now I was complete.

I HAD a long break between waves. I wondered why the heat must continue when I was already so obviously good and bred, but it seemed nature had to run its course. Not that I was complaining. I looked forward to all the crazy, no-limits sex we were going to have.

But for now, we only lazed around. We had slept deeply and woke up early but rested. I nursed Davidson in the shower, and he licked my hole, not making me come, only teasing and soothing me. He kept petting my stomach, and I loved the

warmth of his palm under my belly button. We were connected through that spot.

We took a walk in the garden. It was warm already, even with the morning sun still hanging low. I used to hate the cold, rainy summers in Dalton City, but here, one could wear flip-flops from March to November.

After a late breakfast, Davidson watered the plants, which was a time-consuming task with how many he had. He seemed to approach it as a meditative exercise, slowly walking from pot to pot and refilling the can. He kept telling me which was what, and I wouldn't remember all the names, but I listened to his voice as if it were the most captivating music. I stayed close to him so I could breathe in his scent and feel his body heat, following him like a shadow through the open space downstairs and to his office and back.

Every cell in my body was in love with my alpha. And I'd been attached throughout a heat before, but that dependence had irritated me. Now, even though I acted like an imprinted duckling around him, I was content to the marrow of my bones. I was always meant to be Davidson's. His extension, his pleasure and joy, his treasure. I used to be an empty shell of a person, but now I was Davidson's mate.

I'd given myself away, but I was grateful. Davidson would take care of me better than I could take care of myself. He'd love me more than I could ever love myself.

“You're quiet, darling. Everything okay?”

I walked into his embrace and nuzzled his chest. I was naked with only an open robe over my shoulders, but he wore a T-shirt and sweats. He ran his hands down my sides and cupped my ass cheeks.

“Yes. Everything's perfect.”

“Aren't you tired?”

“No. Just relaxed. It's like time has slowed down, but I love that. I'm savoring every second.”

Grazing my teeth over the hollow between his neck and shoulder, I hummed. My cock was stirring. Maybe another

heat wave was coming soon?

“My omega is all knocked up.”

“Finally.”

“How come you’re still horny, then?”

“I love your cock so much. I always want it.”

“Insatiable.”

“Uh-huh.”

“I’ll breed you again, love.”

“Please.”

“I’ll keep pumping your womb full of cum until you’re big and round. I’ll make you so happy, my little animal.”

“Please, Master.”

“I could restrain you again, ass up, your hole like a little cup. And then I’ll pour the cum into you. I’ll stuff you with it until you’re overflowing.”

I moaned and bit his shoulder, my insides squirming. This time, the build-up was slow.

“Do it. We have time. It’s coming but slowly. Tie me up, spank me, hurt me, and breed me again.”

“Bench. Paddle.”

“God, yes.”

“Go upstairs. Wait on the bed and touch your nipples.”

In the bedroom, I hung the robe on a hook by the door and sat on the bed. I deliberately spread my legs facing the door so he’d see me as soon as he’d come in. Then I began massaging my pecs. The milk wetted my fingers, and I spread it around my nipples, feeling them pebble. Mmm, that was nice. My arousal grew steadily, but not nearly as fast as yesterday. I enjoyed the wait.

Davidson came carrying the bench from the sex room. He set it on the floor by the bed and pulled on a couple of levers. It had an incline to it, and I could see myself on it, ass higher

up than the rest of my body, open and begging to be bred. The wide leather cuffs were attached to the legs and sides, but there were six of them. I paused, staring at them, trying to figure out where they were supposed to fit.

“On your belly.”

Then I understood. As soon as I straddled the bench, Davidson pulled on my hips to move me up, my ass hanging over the edge, and my cock bobbing in the air. He fastened the biggest cuffs around my thighs and one wide belt around my waist. My wrists and ankles were next. I was positioned as if I were on my knees and elbows, but suspended, my chest supported by the leather cushion. The position was comfortable, except I couldn't move a muscle.

“The heat wave is taking its sweet time,” Davidson said, a vague threat in his tone. “I can smell it, but it's weak. Why is that?”

“My womb is full and happy. You've already bred me.”

“I did. But you want more?”

“Yes.”

“Then I have to spank the heat wave out of you, hm?”

“Yes!”

“Hand or paddle?”

“Both.”

“Greedy slut.”

He punctuated his words with a hard smack on my ass, and I groaned. Playing during heat? Yes, please.

With how I was bound, my cock was dangling between my spread legs, and he deliberately smacked it between spans. He hit my crease, slick splattering around my hole, and I relaxed into the restraints, letting the hot, stinging ache spread all over me and weigh me down.

I wouldn't have to worry my Master would get overly gentle with me now. He was demanding and rough, right on

the edge of what I could handle, as if he were reading my mind.

“There’s no way to punish you, huh? I spank the shit out of you, smack your cock and hit your twitchy hole, and you’re moaning and leaking juices like I gave you to best massage.” He slapped my ass cheeks with both hands, and I groaned. I couldn’t help it. “My twisted little demon.”

By the time he grabbed the paddle, I was liquefied. His hits were precise, over both ass cheeks, loud and firm. Thwack. Thwack. Thwack. Hoarse groans spilled out of my throat, and my consciousness floated away on small bobbing waves of delicious pain and arousal.

This was how it was supposed to feel! Davidson peeled away all the bothersome layers of my person and left only the simple, happy, horny little me. The primal need rose, my insides opening up, but the paddle kept me suspended just above the dark pool of lust. Only when Davidson put it aside and massaged my burning ass cheeks, licking over my hole, did the emptiness become truly unpleasant.

I groaned from deep within when his tongue traced my rim.

“Such a big hole. Beautiful.”

He leaned over me, bracing his hands on the bench by my sides, and his cock nudged my opening. The need spiked, and I wailed. But the ache was nowhere near the cramping pain I’d experienced before the breeding. It even felt invigorating.

When he inched into me, I slumped with gratitude. Oh yes.

“Good thing you’re tied up, omega. I can use you like a piece of meat.”

An ungodly whine tore out of me. His cockhead nudged the loose, gaping mouth to my womb.

Long hard thrusts, root to tip, his balls hitting mine. He pummeled the open channel to my core, causing a red-hot breeding climax to rage through my insides until I was drooling on the leather under my face.

He nestled himself deep and circled his hips, tugging on my womb, and I shook with the overload of pleasure. My skin prickled everywhere, and I was so overstimulated my muscles jerked involuntarily.

“Slobbering, twitching piece of meat. You feel so good, my little slut, the best cocksleeve.” He laughed darkly, and the sound squeezed my balls.

His thrusts intensified, and I came harder. My middle pulsated, and Davidson fucked like a machine, my immobile body absorbing his vicious thrusts.

Slap. Slap. Slap. Wet sounds. Faster. Faster. Punching fucks right into the most vulnerable place in my body. The climax rose, heating up, spiraling higher, and I screamed. I was indeed a mere twitching piece of meat. The pleasure kept intensifying until it boiled over.

I became nothing. Piece of meat with a hole in it. No brain, no thoughts, no questions, definitely no fear. Just the pulsating sensation, like a ticking bomb, and friction, pressure, there into *that* spot. Bull’s eye. Again.

Fucking hell. The pressure!

I was still coming. And coming. Relentless, powerful thrusts, my inner organs pushed away. *I’m only a hole. A huge, deep hole, full of an enormous, pumping dick.*

Still coming. I couldn’t see. My lower body got caught in this orgasmic storm, and I didn’t feel my arms at all.

Was this nirvana?

Fuck, I’m about to pass out.

It was too much. This time, it really was too much.

“Too much!” I screeched.

My Master heard. Immediately, he slowed down his thrusts but didn’t pull out. I would have hated it if he did. Working quickly, he unfastened all buckles, and I was airborne. In seconds, I was in his lap, spooned by his huge body, and he was kissing my neck and shoulder while he gently fucked my womb.

Tingles and sparkles chased each other all over me, but the burning edge was gone. With how he'd worked me over, I was loose and relaxed. Ready.

“Do you want my knot now, love?” Davidson asked.

“Mmm.” My lips felt numb when I tried to speak.

“I fucked your brains out, hm?”

I gave a weak chuckle that turned into a groan when he sheathed himself in me to the root and stayed there. He only gave me tiny snaps of his hips, his cockhead jammed in the channel to my womb, and I arched in his lap. I was so ready. It would happen any second now. Just a little longer... almost... *please...*

“Your womb sucks my cock, baby. You're such a slut for breeding. My hungry cum whore. The little mouth in your core... argh... Suck me dry, omega. Suck it out of me. Take it. Take what you need. That's it... Mmm... Yeah... All yours. So much cum for my little slut. I'll pump you full of it. Take it. Take it all.”

My insides pulsed around his growing knot, squeezing and milking his cock. I felt like an animal, and it was glorious. The sensation of his fresh load in my womb was no less satisfying than the first time. Kissing and biting my neck, he spurted in waves for a long time until I felt wetness leak from around his knot. I overflowed with his seed, and it felt marvelous.

It might have been minutes—I would never know. My comprehension of time was nonexistent. We panted, locked together, and Davidson licked the sore spot on my neck.

“Sorry. The old one hadn't even healed yet. Why do I keep doing this?”

I hummed and licked my lips. Rolling my tongue in my mouth, I wondered if I could speak already.

“I like it.” Slurring, but I could. “Next time we go out, I'll wear a low-cut top so everybody can see the marks from your teeth.”

“You’re so dirty, my omega.”

“You love that about me.” I said it with such ease. Where was my self-doubt? But Davidson loved everything about me. In his care, I was a good mate.

He chuckled. “I do.”

“Thank you for slowing down,” I said.

“Of course, love. I was about to, anyway. Your sounds had gotten this anxious edge. Was it okay?”

“Yes. It’s just that I was coming so hard and for so long, I was afraid I’d faint.”

“Ouch. Sorry.”

“I’m not. It was incredible.”

I took his hand and kissed it. Then he cupped my belly, and I closed my eyes.

DIRTY MINDS

Davidson

EVERY DAY I discovered new levels of Leo's beauty. He straddled my hips and slowly lowered himself onto my cock. He looked so obviously in heat; it was mesmerizing. Stroking his hands up and down his torso, he kneaded his chest, smearing milk around. Then he caressed his belly and fisted his cock. Rolling his hips, he watched me through hooded eyes and licked his lips.

The softest fuzz on his cheek caught the sunlight for a few seconds when he threw his head back, and his lips puckered up as if he were kissing the air before he let out a deep moan. He pinched his left nipple, tugging on it. A drop of milk caught on his finger, and he offered his hand to me. I licked it off and sucked his finger into my mouth.

The telltale pressure in my temples rose where the thorns grew out of my head. I didn't even try to stop it anymore. Leo's smile looked victorious when he saw. Holding my gaze, he circled his hips until he found the right angle. On a guttural groan, he pressed down, and my cockhead pushed through the channel to his womb. Drops of Leo's cum covered my stomach, and he arched with his orgasm, crying out.

I let him chase his own pleasure and simply enjoyed the view and sensations. His thrusts got uneven, but he kept coming, fucking himself on my cock all the way. His womb had sunk low, the tight channel reaching past the ridges under my cockhead. He got ecstatic when I was lodged in there. His insides milked me with powerful spasms, making my balls

draw up and my knot tingle with the approaching climax. Leo froze, his hands on his nipples, and shuddered, eyes open wide. When my cum flooded his womb, he gave out a happy groan. My little incubus loved breeding.

Rolling on top of him, I folded his legs to his chest and pumped my hips slowly as the knot grew to its full size. My cock kept pulsing, cum spurting, and my mate made the most perfect sounds. My orgasm rushed up and down my spine, my wings spread of their own volition, and I roared from deep in my gut.

When I half-shifted, every sensation got twice as intense, the pleasure drawn out. I felt invincible as I snapped my hips, giving Leo more, and even more, and he took it all, spurring me on, his greedy hands stroking my back and pulling on my ass cheeks. He began mumbling words, breathless, and I only understood half of what he said. What I heard was filth—sweet, loving filth.

“I love your cum. Love it. Feels so good. Your cock... Please, Master. I’m your hole. I’m a...sloppy fuckhole. Dirty, sloppy fuckhole. Love your cum so much. Your cum, breeding me. Breed me. Yes. Yes. Breed me.”

It could have been an hour, or two, or maybe only ten minutes. The pulses got less intense and further apart, the pressure in my knot and balls easing. I wrapped my arms and wings around Leo, gathering him to me as I sat against the headboard.

He wiggled and sighed, his body getting limp. I didn’t pull out of his womb. I didn’t want to.

“I’m so full,” he murmured against my chest. “Love being knocked up.”

“Good. I’ll breed you with every heat, my little mate. Such a gorgeous body shouldn’t ever be empty. Would be a waste.”

“I had a dream last night. I held a beautiful little baby and cradled him to my chest. He sucked my milk, falling asleep, and you put your cock inside me. You said you needed to breed me while I was still open after giving birth. You poured

your cum into me and got me pregnant again, and I was so happy that I didn't have to wait until another heat."

"Sadly, not possible. But you'd like that, omega? Being pregnant constantly?"

Leo wriggled, humming.

"Mmm, I'd have you inside me all the time. I'd love that. I can't wait to have a bigger stomach. I want you to come on it. I want to smear your cum all over my big round belly, and then I want to get on my knees and choke on your cock."

"You have a dirty mind, my love, but in heat, you're a filthy nympho."

"Do you like it, Master?"

"I love it. I love you."

"I love you too."

"My cock is still up your womb."

"It's the best feeling in the world." He tightened his inner muscles, and we both groaned. "All the cum in there. I feel it. It's so good."

Massaging his ass cheeks, I rocked up into him, just tiny thrusts, making the ridges move through the sensitive channel.

"Davidson. Mmm. Yes. I'm coming again. Coming."

Helpless, he lay over me like a wet rag, but I could feel the orgasmic flutters in his tissues surrounding my knot and cockhead.

"Do you want me to keep going?"

"Don't stop. Don't ever stop."

"But what if you pass out?"

"Don't care. Fuck me until I'm out of it, and then keep going. Yes. Fuck me. I'm your fuckhole, Master. Please. I need it. Just a fuckhole... Need fucking." He was losing his grip on reality already.

"Shh. I'll keep fucking you, don't worry. I'll keep you full and coming until you fall asleep, love."

“Uh-huh. Thank you. Thank you, Master.”

My insatiable little mate panted and shivered for minutes on end as I rocked him on my knot, locked in breeding. Quiet, low moans accompanied his every exhale, and the tremors in his muscles got less noticeable. I stilled, and Leo didn't move. Cupping his head, I tilted his face up to check his expression. His eyes were closed and lips apart, and he seemed to be deeply asleep.

Smiling, I cuddled him to my chest and closed my eyes as well.

WHEN WE WOKE UP, we lay tangled in a big wet spot. Good thing we'd put a protective sheet over the bed before the heat, or we'd have to throw the mattress out by the end of the week.

Leo cast his leg over my hip and pulled himself closer to me, wrapping his arms around my neck.

“What time is it?” he murmured sleepily.

“I have absolutely no idea and don't care.”

That made him grin. “True. No reason to care.” He kissed me and sighed. “It feels better and better.”

“What?”

“There's this sensation in my belly. Like this contented fullness in my womb. It's getting better every day. I love it.”

I grinned. “Seems we're doing it right.”

Leo giggled. “Most definitely.”

“But now I should feed you. You're supposed to take my knot a few more times and then grow a person inside you.”

Eyes shining, Leo gazed up at me. “I am.” He looked giddy at the prospect, and I couldn't help but laugh.

“Come. I don't care what time it is, but you need breakfast.”

“I'd like eggs,” he blurted, then bit his lip.

“Then let’s make eggs.”



AROUND LUNCHTIME the fourth day of his heat, Leo was napping on the sofa in my office. He lay curled up on his side, wearing only a silk robe, and his palm rested on his underbelly. He looked serene and content, and just breathtaking.

I only tore my eyes away because I had an email from Devon Hassel. I frowned at my laptop screen. It sounded like good news, but my gut was telling me something else.

He’s back home. No signs of any activity here. Neither Leo’s nor your place is being watched. He made a point of being seen on dates with two different omegas in the past three days. He acts like he wants us to believe he’s given up. I recommend continued heightened security measures. /DH

Since I had nothing better to do, I answered the encrypted message right away.

Thank you for the update.

We’re staying at the house, not leaving the premises until at least a few days into Leo’s recovery. Your recommended security measures apply.

My inquiry into A’s businesses shows several offshore accounts and a complicated structure of affiliated firms in multiple countries. For someone who’s supposed to be all clean, he sits on top of an unusually complex web of companies. When put together with the list of countries he’s visited during the past few years and his political connections, my guess would be arms trade. If I was able to find out this much, he’s surely being monitored by the Bureau as well.

Can we use this?

Hassel’s reply came only a few minutes later.

Not at the moment. Any attempt to expose him without direct proof would be deemed a political smear campaign. Looking for proof draws attention to yourself. Let me know when you plan to go out.
/DH

With a sigh of frustration, I clicked the laptop shut. I knew Hassel was right, but the waiting pissed me off. I'd promised myself I'd forget about this nonsense until after Leo's heat, but it was his safety, dammit. And now that he would become with child, the thought of something happening to him became even more agonizing than before.

"Are you working?" Leo asked from the sofa, his voice rough with sleep.

"Sorry, love."

"It's okay. You have a lot of responsibility. I understand."

In fact, I'd been ignoring my inbox unless it had to do with Leo, but I wouldn't tell him that. I didn't want him to worry.

"I'm done for today. How are you feeling?"

Moving slowly, Leo stood and walked toward me. I opened my arms, and he sank onto my lap fluidly, fitting into my hold like he was a part of my body.

He hummed, nuzzling my jaw. "My head's empty, but I feel good. Great even."

My hand automatically drifted to his stomach, and he moaned when I stroked it.

"Yeah. I love it when you touch my belly."

"You do?"

"Mmm. Makes me think of breeding."

So I sat him on my desk and kissed his stomach until he leaked a little puddle of slick onto the aged wood. Then I shoved my tongue into his ass and made him come.

Leo lay slumped over my desk, panting, legs spread wide and swollen chest exposed. I took a picture of him like that and saved it on my phone.

He grinned when he heard the telltale sound of the phone camera.

“What are you going to do with the picture?” he asked.

“When I’m pissed at work, I’ll pull it up and think of how you taste when you come.”

“And that will cheer you up?”

“Most definitely.”

I took his hand and pulled him into a sitting position. His nipples jutted out, pecs enlarged. I caressed one and raised my eyebrows questioningly. I could spend the next half an hour with my mouth on his chest. I couldn’t think of anything better to do.

“Can I have a wish, Master?” Leo asked, batting his eyelashes.

“You can tell me. I’ll decide if you get what you ask for.” Of course, I’d do whatever he wanted, but that wasn’t the game we played.

Coy as ever, Leo cupped his pecs. “They’re heavy and tight. Full of milk, but I’d like to wait. When the next heat wave comes, I’d like you to put your fist in me and suck them empty. But if you want me to milk myself now while you watch, I’ll do it.”

I gripped his wrists and dragged his hands away. “We wait. You’ve been good. You deserve my fist up your ass as a reward if that’s what you want.”

“I do. Thank you, Master.”

“Now clean up my desk. It stinks of your heat.”

I sat back while Leo brought a wet towel and wiped the desk clean, his open robe fluttering around. While he worked, a few drops of clear liquid escaped his straining nipples, running down his chest.

I caught him by his waist, and he froze. Holding his gaze, I slowly licked the stray drops off his skin. Leo swallowed, his eyes darkening.

The heat turned him into a mindless sex fiend, and I loved it.

I kept my promise. In the evening, I fisted him while he nursed me, then I bred him one more time.

The next was the last day of his heat, and Leo got more and more sleepy. For his last heat wave in the middle of the night, he barely woke up. After that, he slept for thirteen hours straight.

Which gave me way too much time to think and worry.

THE NAP OF ALL NAPS

Leo

I WOKE up and felt like I should check which century it was. It hadn't been just one nap. It had been a series of such profound sleeps that I might have moved through dimensions and been reincarnated five times over. Rolling on the bed, I looked around. The curtains were drawn, and the light coming through the thin gaps seemed tinted with orange. Early morning? Or sunset? I blinked, assessing the angle the light was coming from. Sunset. The room was quiet.

I sat up and stretched my back. By the bed I spotted a bowl with fresh fruit and a tall glass of water that my thoughtful mate must have left for me. I ate a banana and chugged the water.

When I turned to put the glass back onto the nightstand, my bladder protested. Ouch. I rushed to the bathroom to relieve myself, then splashed cold water on my face. More awake, I decided to brush my teeth and take a shower. That felt better.

Angling my body to the side in front of the mirror, I checked my stomach. Relatively flat, but the lower part was protruding just a little. I caressed it and smiled. It felt so nice. Deep inside, I was full, and the physical sensation was so powerful I couldn't possibly be sad or nervous or worry about anything.

My face glowed pink, and I licked my lips, then weighed my pecs. After so many hours in bed, they should be swollen

and dripping. Instead, I barely managed to squeeze a drop out. The lover's milk was disappearing. That sucked. But soon, I'd have the real stuff.

I grabbed my favorite silk bathrobe and went down the hall.

“Davidson?”

“Here.”

I grinned at the sound of his voice and rushed downstairs. He appeared at the door to his office, looking a little disheveled but so handsome in a simple white T-shirt and linen pants. I threw myself into his arms, and he chuckled.

“Hello. What's the occasion?”

“What?”

“You're happy.”

“Yes. I'm in love with an amazing man, and in nine months, I'll have his child. Of course, I'm happy.”

His gaze was way too serious when he cupped my jaw and roamed my face. “Universe, help me.”

I frowned. “Why?”

“You're so gorgeous it hurts, love.”

I dragged his head down for a kiss, and sensing he was stressed about something, I did what I knew best. Got on my knees. Right there in the middle of the hallway.

Davidson sighed and leaned against the wall. He let me suck him slow and thorough, and I kept testing how deep I could take him. His cum sliding into my stomach was the best snack. Then I kissed his cock and tucked it away. Standing up, I combed my fingers through his wayward hair.

“Something else I can do for you, my beloved Master?”

His eyes crinkled around the corners. “Actually, yes. Come and have a swim with me and eat what I'll cook for you.”

That was easy. “Yes, Master.”

I kissed his cheek, and he took my hand, walking toward the pool.

Something was bothering him, but it didn't feel like the right moment to pry. Instead, I did my best to distract and entertain him. He liked looking at me when I was naked, and I sat on the edge of the pool, giving him the best view. I brought him a drink and made him talk about his favorite topics—flying and business. He took an interest in my ventures, which I'd left in the care of a hired CEO back in Dalton City. Davidson mentioned I could branch out here in Ardaine, and it looked like he'd support me if I tried. That would be cool. Then I asked about when and how he could take me for a proper flight, and that got him going.

“There are several national parks around Ardaine that close certain areas during the summer and autumn months because of wildfire risk. Those restrictions do not include flying dragons, though.” He winked. “Besides, a couple of rangers at Cross River are ours. Ernest takes Lawrence there on a regular basis because it's the closest. But they've also been to Canada and Chile.”

“Chile?”

“Yes. The Patagonian fjords are one of the most remote and deserted places on earth, but breathtakingly beautiful. As far as I know, Ernest proposed to Lawrence on one of the islands during their trip there two years ago.”

Proposed. Um. I blinked, trying to mask where my thoughts had gone. We'd only met a couple of weeks ago. *And I'm already pregnant with his kid.*

I suspected Davidson missed nothing. He swam to the edge where I sat and hugged my hips.

“I've never been to South America,” I said.

“Then I should take you to Chile to fly. Or Northern Australia. But that tends to get too hot.”

“I don't mind heat.”

Davidson smirked. “No. You seemed to enjoy it.”

Laughing at his double meaning, I tugged his head closer. He kissed just underneath my bellybutton. *Oh.*

When I quieted, he did it again, lingering. Another open-mouthed kiss, gaze pinned on my face.

“You like this, omega?”

I nodded, mute.

“You should be avoiding my touch, you know.”

True. I was recovering. My hole was a bit sore now that I thought about it, but I didn't feel any discomfort when Davidson kissed me. I even felt a little aroused. Not enough to make me hard, but pleasantly buzzing.

Would the typical aversion to touch come later? The book I'd gotten from Lawrence said recovery was mild for dragon mates, especially if they were pregnant. Whatever the reason, I'd take it.

“I like your touches. Especially here.” I smoothed my hand over my stomach, and Davidson leaned in to kiss it some more.

I closed my eyes, slowly kicking my feet in the lukewarm water while he made love to my belly.

A new erogenous zone. How wonderful.

Then he climbed out of the water, crawling over me like a predator, and took my nipple into his mouth. The trickle of lover's milk was weak and the sensations less intense, but the nursing still brought me peace.

Finally, he dragged me further away from the water and sucked my cock into his mouth.

I wouldn't come, but his tender ministrations relaxed me until I got sleepy again.

I lay on the tiles, all mellow, and Davidson straightened on his knees above me. He stroked himself until he painted my body with his cum. White streaks covered my stomach and chest. I scooped it up with my fingers and ate it while he watched.

“Still thinking you can live off cum alone?” he asked, smiling crookedly.

“I could. But there are things happening in my body that might require more sustenance.”

“Then let’s have dinner.”

I PUT on clothes for the evening meal. I even made an effort, highlighting my current best assets—my chest and stomach. The shirt I wore was tight and open, holding only on two buttons in the middle of my torso. I paired it with low-rise pants and bare feet. Like this, my bellybutton was showing.

Davidson ate me up with his eyes, then shook his head.

“I’ll never get used to this.”

“To what?”

His laugh sounded a little self-deprecating. “Never mind. I hope you like steak. I crave meat after the heat, it seems.”

“It smells amazing, thank you.”

He was trying; I could see that. But halfway into the dinner, I got impatient and a little nervous.

“Something is bothering you, Davidson. Will you tell me?”

He smiled, looking down sheepishly. “I’m glad you asked, Leo. Before the heat, I was worried I had...messed up the balance in our relationship irrevocably. I want you to be comfortable enough to be yourself with me, and I want us to be equal. So I’m glad you feel confident enough to ask me directly.”

Yet he didn’t answer my question.

“I trust you,” I said. “I’m not good at relationships, and we have abundant evidence about that, but I feel safe with you. Ever since I realized I truly belong with you, it’s been effortless.”

“That makes me very happy, darling.” He picked up his cutlery again as if the conversation was over. My first impulse

was to leave him be, but he'd just said he wanted us to be equal.

"You haven't told me what's wrong," I ventured, my heart beating just a little faster.

"I'm sorry. I don't want you to worry."

"Well, you're only making me worry more. Would *you* accept it if I refused to answer a question because I didn't want you to worry?"

A wide smile spread on his lips. "Do obedient little mates talk back like this?" He was joking. But also, he was trying to distract me.

"Maybe I'm misbehaving because I'm in the mood for a spanking. Stop stalling and tell me."

"As soon as you're recovered enough, I will spank you and fuck you through the mattress," he promised, his eyes flashing. Then he sighed, and his expression turned serious. "I've been emailing back and forth with Devon Hassel. Altera is back in the country and acting like he doesn't care anymore, but it's strange."

I expected the mild nausea I'd been associating with the mention of Fabio, but it didn't come. "How strange?"

"I think he's biding his time, wanting us to get complacent."

"But we won't."

"No. I'm not taking any risks when it comes to you. When I go to work in a couple of days, you'll come with me. I can't leave you alone."

"I was hoping to meet my agent after the heat."

"You can have the meeting at Sullivan Aerospace."

I squinted. He sounded demanding, but it was fear talking. "I can."

"I know I'm overbearing and controlling, but hell, Leo, if something should happen to you..."

Pushing away my nearly empty plate, I walked to his side of the table and straddled him in his chair.

“I understand. I’ll be careful and follow every rule you and Devon impose on me. I swear. I’ll come to the office with you. In fact, I’ll follow you anywhere and everywhere you want to bring me.”

His eyes gentled. “You’re amazing.”

“No. I’m not. I’m just grateful and in love. And so incredibly happy, I tend to forget who Fabio is. It feels like another life.”

Hugging me tight, he laid his head against my upper chest. “You’re a little different.”

“How different?”

“Confident. Secure.”

I took a deep breath, inhaling the scent of his hair. “For the first time ever, I feel like I’m doing the right thing, Davidson. This is right. This is my true self. You and this amazing life you’ve offered me are what I want. I’ll do anything to deserve it.” The magnitude of my words weighed on my heart. “I’ll do anything to deserve you.”

My mate kissed the base of my throat. “You deserve the world, love,” he whispered. “And I’ll give it to you.”

I’d cried so many times with Davidson; I fully expected it now. But no tears came. Just a soft, satisfied smile.

Love was a miraculous thing.

THE ENEMY

Davidson

LEO'S RECOVERY had been mild, with none of the touch aversion some omegas experienced. We didn't fuck, of course—he needed to heal—but he still clung to me in that endearing way of his, staying close, touching me casually, and sitting in my lap whenever he could. In the evening, he politely asked to suck my cock, and when he knelt for me, making love to my erection with his sweet mouth, he stroked his belly with both hands.

Pregnant.

My Leo was most definitely pregnant. Of course, no test would show it yet, and the subtle roundness of his belly was simply the waning heat and bonding symptoms. But we both *knew*. He was a dragon mate after all, and with how many times I'd bred him during the heat, it wouldn't have surprised me if he gave birth to quadruplets. I knew it didn't quite work that way, but the idea entertained me as I rested on my sofa with my mate in my lap, palming the tiny cushion underneath his bellybutton.

He nuzzled my beard and kissed my cheek. I felt his gaze on me, so I turned to check his expression.

He looked at me curiously, his clever eyes thoughtful.

“What is it, darling?”

His lips quirked into a crooked smile. “Nothing. Silly thoughts.”

“Tell me.”

He shrugged, blushing a little. “I’m just happy.”

That sounded suspiciously evasive. “Please, do elaborate.”

Biting his lip, he blushed harder. “I was thinking of how attracted I am to you.”

Shaking my head, I pointed a finger at him. “Not buying it.”

“I was thinking about your cock, okay?”

I laughed. “That’s more like you.”

“I can’t help it,” he cried, chuckling with me. “I’m sitting right on top of it. And I’m looking forward to us having sex again when I’m recovered. I’m curious how it will feel now that I’m pregnant.”

Still, his eyes flitted around, restless. “But what is it you’re not telling me?”

He grinned, his tongue peeking between his teeth. “I won’t be able to hide anything from you.”

“Speak, omega.” I used my strict tone, and Leo sucked in a breath. It was incredible how powerful and immediate his reaction was to the merest hint of discipline.

“I love it when we play,” Leo said, getting serious. “I hope we won’t stop even though I’m pregnant. I was imagining how hot it’d be when you do unspeakable things to me again.”

I could have replied by teasing him or playfully threatening to punish him. But we needed to be explicit in our wishes. I didn’t want him to hesitate or be ashamed with me.

“It makes you happy, and I love doing it. We’re not stopping. There are so many safe ways for us to keep playing.”

“I think that with the pregnancy, I might like it even more. I want to explore how far I could go.” He smiled sweetly, looking absurdly innocent talking kink with me. “Because I don’t think there’s anything I wouldn’t like when it’s with you.”

“You already had to say stop once, remember?”

“Yes. But that was because I got oversensitive during heat. Not because you’d done anything to hurt me.”

“And when you say going far, you don’t mean more pain, do you?”

“No.”

“I want you to say it.”

He swallowed, his expression hopeful and nervous. “Once I’m fully recovered, I’d like to try more of what we did before the heat. Shame. Utter and complete humiliation. I want to feel like a thing.” His eyebrows scrunched up. “God, that sounds terrible.”

“No, it doesn’t.”

He looked younger and more vulnerable than ever. His heartbeat accelerated. “Is it because I don’t know how to love myself, Davidson? Is that why I desire those things?”

“Maybe for some people it’s like that. Maybe you felt like that before. But I don’t think that’s why you want it with me. Don’t be afraid to look into yourself, Leo. You won’t find anything bad, I promise.”

Sucking in a breath, he stared at me with wonder. “What did you say?”

“You heard me. You used to be afraid to listen to yourself, to look inside your heart because you thought you weren’t a good person. But take a look. Don’t be scared.”

I hugged him to me, and he relaxed, breathing deeply. After a while, he sighed.

“You make me better.”

“No, Leo. You become whoever you want to be by yourself. I’m just lucky to be here for the ride. Now tell me why you want to do humiliation play with me.”

It took him a while to gather his thoughts, but when he finally spoke, he sounded clear and sure.

“I want all the layers of bullshit stripped away. Because dignity is just pretense, isn’t it? We’re all bags of meat on wet bones, dirty, oftentimes stupid, driven by selfish desires. We dress ourselves in dignity to feel better about ourselves. But I don’t have to pretend anything with you. I want to be as raw and as exposed as I can with you.”

I hummed, cuddling him to me. He was breathtakingly beautiful, sure, and that’s what he’d always received compliments for. But his complicated mind was a true gem, the most beautiful thing about him.



I DIDN’T LIKE TAKING Leo out so early after the heat, but he claimed he felt good. Our first public appearance had made tabloid headlines in both Dalton City and Ardaine and blazed through social media. Devon Hassel deemed it wise to keep confirming the news. Altera was allegedly back in Dalton City, and there were no signs of any activity here in Ardaine.

The annual fundraiser was organized by the governor’s husband, Felix Figueroa. The guest list included several big names, and the security would be over the top. Taking all the precautions we could, we went.

We were intercepted by Ernest and Lawrence by the entrance, and my assistant was all over Leo. His eyes got big when Leo refused alcoholic champagne and instead took a soda. But he got over it soon, smiling like the sun and chatting to Leo with his usual unstoppable energy. Initially, my mate seemed uncomfortable, but then he relaxed, even slipping in a careful joke here and there—when Lawrence let him put in a word.

I never enjoyed these shindigs, but having Leo on my arm made the proceedings bearable. Close to nine in the evening, there came a lull in the incessant chatter, and we found ourselves alone in the crowd for a few precious minutes.

“Do we have to stay much longer?” Leo asked quietly, close to my ear.

“No. Felix is giving a speech in ten minutes. After that, we can leave.”

“Okay.”

“Are you tired?”

“A little. I forget I’m still recovering.”

“We should have stayed at home.”

“No. It’s been interesting. Ernest’s brothers are fascinating, and I’m starting to like Lawrence.”

I was about to reply but never got to it. A strong scent of cologne assaulted us, and Leo froze next to me. His heartbeat skyrocketed.

Before I could ask what the matter was, a man stood in front of us. Tall, tanned, with an ageless, polished face that seemed to bear traces of recent cosmetic procedures. His piercing blue eyes made me think he wore tinted contacts. He smiled, flashing teeth so white they all but shone neon.

“Leonard, it’s been such a long time. Will you introduce me?”

Leo took a step back, gluing himself to me. When he didn’t say anything, the alpha offered his hand to me.

“Fabio Altera. You must be Davidson Sullivan.”

I went into fight mode in an instant. *Danger? Yes. Immediate? No. Protect Leo. Eliminate danger.* My spine prickled.

But we were in public, surrounded by security detail. There was no way Altera could try anything now.

Easy. Be smart. Wait him out.

“What do you want?” It took everything I had to keep my tone somewhat neutral.

Altera lifted his palms in an appeasing gesture. “I only wish to apologize. And explain.”

His smile got tense, his gaze calculating. He waited for me to say something, but I refused to play games with him. He

turned to Leo, and I hugged my mate tighter to my body, positioning myself between Altera and him.

“I heard about the incident, Leonard. What happened to you was dreadful, and I can’t even begin to say how sorry I am.”

Leo spluttered with disbelief. “You sent your goons to kidnap me.”

“No,” Altera said. His face hardened. “No, I did not. We both know you have a fiery temper, dearest, and I was hoping you’d calm down and miss me. But I was worried about you and told my men to keep an eye on you. See that you were safe until I could come and see you. Those idiots thought they read my instructions *between the lines*.” He made a mocking sound, painting quotation marks in the air and shaking his head. “They’d watched too many action movies, brainless apes. I was furious with my men for what they’d attempted. Needless to say, I reported them to the police. All three responsible are in Dalton City jail right now. I wouldn’t have knowingly scared you like that, Leonard.”

Clinging to my arm, Leo inched forward. “They claimed to have a specific list of injuries they were allowed to inflict on me.”

Altera gasped. “*Porca miseria!* They said that? That’s horrendous. I’m so sorry. So sorry. That’s what I get for not vetting my personnel properly. But I’ve learned from my mistakes. Even so, I understand you’ll never want to see me again, Leonard.”

“Then get out of my sight!” Leo hissed.

“I should say goodbye.” Altera exhaled, giving Leo a sad smile. “You remain the most precious thing I’ve ever lost, dearest. But I see that you’ve moved on, and I’m very happy for you.” His icy gaze flicked from Leo to me and back. “You won’t have any problems from me, either of you. I wish you a long, happy life, Leonard.”

The way he kept saying Leo’s full name sounded vaguely ominous. I didn’t believe a word he said. He slapped my

shoulder as if we were old buddies, and I restrained from ripping his arm off. It wouldn't be a good idea with so many eyes on us. Which was, of course, why Altera had approached us here. He walked away, leaving us shrouded in the overpowering cloud of his nasty cologne.

Leo slumped against my side, and I quickly caught him with both arms around his waist.

"I don't want to get sick," he muttered.

Shit.

Hassel materialized next to us, supporting Leo from the other side. How come he hadn't known Altera would be here? I itched to yell at him, but that wouldn't solve anything. We had to get Leo out of here.

As we shuffled toward the exit, my omega straightened, walking more steadily. He breathed slowly, exhaling through his mouth.

"I'm okay," he said. "Slow down. I'm okay."

Hassel and I looked at each other over Leo's head. He grimaced apologetically.

"Not now," I mouthed, and he nodded.

Leo glanced up at me. "I'm okay. I'm not panicking." He was pale but looked composed.

"But we're going home. Now."

Taking a deep breath, he nodded. "Gladly."

"I'll be right behind you in my car," Hassel said. "We need to talk."

"Yes, we do." This time, I didn't keep the irritation out of my tone.

My driver and another one of my men waited in the lobby. I cuddled Leo to me in the backseat of the car, and we took off.

BACK AT MY HOUSE, we recapped the conversation with Altera to Hassel. I expected some reaction. Disbelief, outrage, ridicule. Anything. But Devon Hassel listened with focus, his face impassive.

“He arrived alone, at the very last minute,” he said when we were finished. “I didn’t find out he was in Ardaine before I saw him at the party. Sadly, he still has political contacts that deem him trustworthy. He must have acquired the invitation somehow.”

“He was lucky I didn’t rip his head off.”

“That was why he approached you in public, of course.”

“What for? He was lying his ass off.”

“Yes, he was lying. At least about the kidnapping attempt. But he could still be serious in letting you know he was backing off. I’m certain he doesn’t appreciate you looking into his businesses.”

“I’m not leaving anything to chance.”

“I’m not saying you should, but—”

“Listen, you encouraged us to go there, and because of that, Leo—”

Leo placed a hand on my arm, and I bit my tongue. “He enjoys making me feel afraid,” my mate said, voice strong and steady. “That’s his revenge. He wants me to fear him forever. He wants me to hide and shiver, expect him to attack any day even though he might never do it. I refuse to give him the satisfaction.”

“We still need to be careful, love.”

“Davidson is right, Leo,” Hassel said. “The same security measures apply.”

“What if he never does anything?” Leo cried. “Are we supposed to adjust our lives to his threats for eternity?”

Hassel scratched his neck, and for the first time, he seemed at a loss. “That’s how it is for some people, Leo. I’ve worked for a human rights activist who received at least one death

threat a week for years. He took the precautions and learned to live with it.”

“So we sit around and do nothing?”

“I’ll check if he’s lying about putting his own men in jail. Maybe there’s something there.”

Leo shook his head. “I don’t want to waste my time wondering whether he’s still after me or not.”

“I’m sorry, Leo.” Hassel shrugged, making it painfully obvious he had no better advice.

When Hassel left, Leo slumped against the sofa.

“I’m ashamed.”

“For what?”

“You saw him. I lived with him. Voluntarily. That man.”

“You didn’t know him.”

“I was such a fool.”

I didn’t know what to say. I didn’t agree, but there seemed to be no point arguing. “I love you, Leo.”

That made him smile a little. He gripped my hand in both of his. “I don’t think about him when I’m with you.”

“Good. Then I’m going to keep you distracted.”

Leo didn’t laugh, but he put his head on my shoulder and let me hold him.

I HATE FLYING

Leo

IT HAD BEEN a week since the incident at the gala, and we hadn't seen or heard anything from Fabio. As much as I'd like to believe he'd given up, I knew him all too well. Even if he weren't interested in me anymore, he'd find a way to make me pay.

Davidson refused to take any risks, so the only time he had to come to the office, I'd gone with him, together with two of his security detail. Otherwise, he'd worked from home.

But on a sunny Friday like today, it was easy to forget about any worries. Only the guard walking the perimeter from time to time disturbed the illusion of peace.

Lawrence lounged on a wicker sofa, drinking a virgin mojito. He balanced it on his belly between sips. Davidson was somewhere in the house, looking at a test video of a new drone type Sullivan Aerospace was developing, but he'd promised to join us soon. Ernest Bracknell, Lawrence's husband and Davidson's lead engineer, was on his way from the city. The plan was a quiet dinner outside, then after our guests had left, Davidson would take me to the sex room. He'd done some shopping but hadn't told me what he'd bought. I looked forward to a night of twisted debauchery.

Putting the glass onto his stomach again, Lawrence smiled contentedly.

"How does it feel?" I pointed at his belly. I was fascinated by the perfectly round shape.

Lawrence smirked. “Like I’m about to burst.”

“You’re big for only five months.” I winced as soon as the words were out. “Sorry, I didn’t mean—”

“You’re right.” He waved off my apology. “I’m like a freaking cruise ship, and it’s about to get worse. But honestly, I feel great. I’m just intimidated by the vision of two dragon toddlers flying around our living room. Ernest’s parents are going to help as much as they can, but it’ll be a challenge.”

“Two? You’re expecting twins?”

“Yes.” He patted his belly, his smile blissful. “What about you? Any signs?” He nodded toward my stomach.

I wasn’t showing yet, definitely not in these clothes, but Lawrence missed nothing. “We haven’t told anyone,” I hedged.

“You don’t have to. It’s written all over you.”

I grimaced. “How?”

“Just this calm. I remember the feeling from the first few weeks of my pregnancy. Everything was as it should be. It was weird and perfectly natural at the same time. Oh, and you didn’t drink at the party just after the heat. I was almost sure then, and Davidson’s mood confirmed it.”

“His mood changed?”

“Unbelievably. I think some of the board members think he has a twin brother who secretly took over his life or something. He’s so laid-back about everything. It’s throwing people at work for a loop.”

I smiled. I knew I made Davidson happy, but it was nice to have it confirmed.

Lawrence squinted at me. “I was surprised at first you chose to get pregnant so soon. But seeing you together, I think I get it.”

“You do?”

He smiled. “Yeah. You’re glowing, Leo. I know they say that about all pregnant people, but you’re shining like a

beacon. I'm so happy for you both."

My hand drifted to my stomach just as Davidson appeared in the patio door.

"I'm making coffee. You two want a cup? Or tea?"

Lawrence shook his head. "I'm okay, thank you."

"Please," I said, and my alpha smiled. He turned back to the kitchen, and through the glass door I saw him prepare the mugs on the counter. Decaf for me, with a splash of milk.

The wind picked up, and I shuddered for no reason. It was warm even in the shade.

Lawrence said something, but I didn't hear him over a sudden whoosh of air. A storm? The sky had been only a little cloudy just a minute ago. What the...?

The sensation was both familiar and alien because the claws that wrapped around my torso and hips weren't Davidson's. They were shorter, thicker, and darker. My chair fell, and Lawrence scrambled off the sofa, yelling something I didn't hear. He ran toward the house, getting smaller and smaller as I rose above the ground. Then a bout of nausea made my sight blurry.

"A beautiful day for a flight, isn't it?" a voice asked. A familiar voice, but louder and stronger.

I'd been wrong. So damned wrong.

I opened my mouth and screamed. I hadn't known I was capable of making such noise.

"Davidson!" My voice boomed, hurting my throat.

A small figure ran out on the patio, looking up. Then I got swung to the side, and Davidson's house disappeared, replaced by treetops, before everything turned white. Cold air beating my skin, I hurtled forward through the mist. I was inside a cloud.

"You honestly didn't know?" Fabio, the dragon, asked.

I didn't answer. It seemed pointless to talk to him at all.

Somewhere from behind, a terrifying roar cut through the air.

Davidson was coming. He would find me.

“If you come closer, I’ll drop him,” Fabio shouted.

Another angry roar from somewhere to the left.

Fabio’s claws dug into my muscles, my back aching. I shivered in the strong wind.

Then he swung sharply, and my stomach heaved. He was keeping us hidden in the clouds. In the short breaks between clumps of white mist, I spotted tall peaks on the horizon. Was he taking me to the mountains?

Could I slip out of his grip?

Maybe if he flew above water. At this altitude, it was suicide, water or no water. Would he fly closer to the ground at some point? For now, I couldn’t do anything. Most of the time I was blinded by white fluff.

I had to wait.

Davidson was coming.

I held on to the dull claws, trying to ease the ache in my ribs so I could breathe properly. Glancing up, I assessed the beast carrying me. He was rusty brown and smaller than Davidson. Sleeker in shape, but his skin was rougher. Long neck stretched out, narrow muzzle, pointy teeth peeking out.

Fucking Fabio.

How had I missed this?

With a calm that surprised me, I went through all the small details I hadn’t put together until now.

His obsession with strong colognes, the teeth whitening and waxing everywhere. The tinted contacts. It had all seemed like vanity and a middle-age crisis.

But how he’d never let me touch him? Just kinky preferences? I had plenty of those of my own. I’d always been tied up for every single one of our sexual encounters. Often

blindfolded. He'd never let me suck his dick without a blindfold and even then, only for a short while. I'd never tasted his cum even though he'd ordered me to suck others when we played.

It hadn't been just kink.

He had to keep those boundaries so I would never notice there was something off about his physiology.

He'd been hiding. Not even Devon had been able to find out Fabio was a shifter. Nobody among the dragons knew.

"I'm not your mate!" I shouted when I connected the last dots of the annoying puzzle.

"I don't believe in mating, Leonard."

"Why me?"

"Because you're the most beautiful one, *tesoro mio*."

"I've bonded with Davidson. You can't do this."

"Oh, but I can. See?"

He waved his wings faster, turning to dive into another fluffy cloud, and the whoosh of wind silenced me.

The third roar came from farther away, and my heart sank.

"Now quiet," Fabio ordered. "We're almost there."

I should be panicking, literally pissing myself with terror. But I was eerily calm, only rage bubbling under the surface.

THE PLACE he dropped me off was the single most impossible he could have chosen. The narrow ledge offered barely enough space for me to sit. Under me, a hawk circled above treetops. If I fell off the cliff, I'd be dead. Above me, the solid stone wall rose much higher, the mountain top obscured from this angle. Even if I were a climber, which I most certainly wasn't, I'd never be able to get anywhere from here.

In front of me, rocky cliffs lined a valley, and the sun cast rays of bright light onto the forest through the gaps in the

clouds. We must have been in one of the national parks north of Ardaine.

Despite the uninterrupted view, I couldn't see Davidson anywhere.

The rusty-brown dragon hovered in front of me, wings fluttering.

"Wait for me, honey," he drawled mockingly. "I just need to run an errand, and we can go home."

He'd planned this. He was prepared to fight Davidson and believed he could win. This time, the terror cut through my stunned calm. Suddenly, blood pounded in my ears, and my stomach turned. "I'm never going to want you again. I'm useless to you, and you'll never get away with this. You can have anybody else!"

"I can. But what would be the fun in that?"

"Even if you miraculously manage to take me away from here alive, I'll fight you every fucking day, Fabio."

"You can. I'll enjoy putting you in your place again, dearest. I was going to marry you, and you were supposed to give me sons. But you've been difficult, and now we have to do it the hard way. So, if he did his job right and fucked you properly, you should be ripe for what I have in mind."

He doesn't know I'm pregnant. It was vital he didn't find out. He'd kill me if he knew.

"I'm not your mate!" My voice broke, useless tears streaming down my face. I'd never felt so fucking helpless.

"I don't think you'll care which monster breeds you once you're in heat."

With that, he pushed off the cliff, sending a few rocks tumbling down the wall. He rose above me and disappeared out of sight.

The stunning view seemed to mock me. Like a fucking prince in a fairy tale, I was stuck, waiting for a dragon to come and devour me.

Shivering, I lowered myself along the stone wall and onto my ass, my toes precariously close to the edge.

Furious and terrified, I wrapped my arms around my knees and waited.

THE STORM

Davidson

I WAS LOSING PRECIOUS SECONDS, and I couldn't afford that.

"Do you know the code to my phone?" I yelled at Lawrence, who hovered around, eyes big and hands shaking.

"Yes."

"Call Devon Hassel. Describe the situation. Then call Ernest. I want him to bring Hamish and as many drones as he can load."

"But where? Where did the dragon take him?"

"No idea."

I was ripping out my belt and toeing off my shoes. Those were the only things that could damage my sinews when I shifted, and I wouldn't be of any use to Leo if I was incapacitated.

"Take my phone and keep it on," Lawrence said with fresh determination. "Ernest and I share locations. He can follow it in real time as long as you have a GPS signal."

"Lawrence..." I wanted to say something poignant about my assistant's precious intellect but shifting took priority.

"I know. I'm brilliant. Go!"

He thrust the phone at me, and I clutched it in my now-clawed hand.

Up in the sky, the slim brown dragon dove into a slowly tumbling cumulus. He thought he could hide from me.

Except he carried my mate.

I took off, gaining speed, and soon I could see the silhouette of the dragon in front of me. It sharpened and disappeared again depending on the density of the mist surrounding us, but I knew where he was. I'd always know. I could simply *sense* Leo. He was the midpoint of my entire world. And the dragon carrying him was slower than me because of the extra burden.

“If you come closer, I’ll drop him.” The accented voice thundered above the hills.

Such a stupid mistake. Fabio Altera was a shifter, and he was laughing at me. He had me fooled. He had all of us fooled. Those stupid contacts and the eye-watering cologne. It wasn't just bad taste.

But why?

I slowed down so I wouldn't catch up with him. I needed to think.

If he was a shifter, what use would he have of another dragon's mate? *My pregnant mate*. The whole community would hunt him down. Such a crime was unforgivable.

Except he'd been hiding his nature for years. For decades maybe. There must have been a reason. The identity change Devon talked about. Something must have happened in Italy years ago.

My thoughts swirled as I followed the path the dragon had taken. He was headed north, toward the mountains. The threads of Leo's scent were torn apart by winds, but I knew where he was. I could feel him in front of me.

He must be terrified, my darling. But no, none of that. My Leo was tough as nails.

I had to *think*. Worry was useless.

From the start, Altera had known I was a shifter too. Contrary to him, I'd never tried to hide it.

Did he count on me to give chase? Probably. Meaning he was prepared to fight. Carrying Leo, he was slower than me, and he knew that. So me giving chase and eventually catching up with him must be a part of his plan. The weather had been unreasonably hot, and the Cross River National Park was closed because of wildfire hazard. The mountains would be deserted.

He knows I'm coming. He knows I won't attack as long as he has Leo. He can't run away and hide because I'll always find my mate through the bond. Meaning if he must confront me, he will need to set Leo down. Ideally in the mountains, where he can drop him on top of a cliff, deal with me, and then pick Leo back up.

Slowing down ever further, I looked at the tiny device in my hand. Useless if you were a dragon. Not like I could type with claws. Even if I knew Lawrence's code... Just then, the device rang in my hand.

Not knowing what else to do, I answered with the tip of my tongue and hit speaker.

I must have looked ridiculous holding a tiny phone to my ear while flying.

"Ernest and Devon will follow you through the air," Lawrence shouted. "Hamish is bringing the drones, but he's slow and the weather is supposed to change. Do you know where the dragon's going?"

"He's taking Leo to Cross River."

"What?"

"Cross River!"

"Not louder. You need to speak quieter. Not louder!"

Oh. The dragon voice. Poor Lawrence couldn't have heard anything but a thundering noise. I slowed even more, turning on my back. I glided through the air noiselessly, angling my head away from the wind. "Cross River," I said in a low voice into the device.

“Cross River National Park. Figures. They’re on their way. I’m calling Ernest’s brothers.”

“Tell them no swarming! He’ll drop Leo.”

“What?”

“No swarming if he’s holding Leo,” I said in a lower voice. I was losing time. I felt Leo move further away from me.

“I need to go.”

“We have your location.”

“Good.”

Lawrence ended the call, saving me from needing to lick the device again.

I flipped and sped up, the mountain peaks rising in front of me.

Altera knew I was coming. He was prepared to fight. He probably even accounted for me having friends among shifters.

Hell, I needed an edge. What would be my edge?

He was sleek and fast. In a fight, he’d be nimble where I was strong. It was by no means sure I could take him one on one.

What the fuck was my edge?

Ernest, Devon, and Hamish? The drones? The Bracknell clan?

If they all descended, Altera would hold on to Leo and stay high. How long could we play that game? How long until Leo got hurt?

Did Altera have his own entourage?

But no. He was alone. He’d been hiding his true nature, meaning he was the sole dragon shifter among his own people.

He was alone and expecting me to defend my mate in a hasty attack. He counted on my fury, on me confronting him senselessly at the first opportunity.

The clouds opened but for a few wispy cirrostrati high above, and a single flier hovered in front of me. His claws were empty.

“Where’s Leo?”

“Waiting. He’s very much unsafe, though. Once the weather changes tonight, I’m afraid he might not make it.”

The atmospheric pressure was dropping. Just behind the peaks, a massive cumulonimbus had gathered, its bottom dark blue. More were forming around with ominous speed.

The dragon danced in front of me. He was long and slim, with a sharp thorn at the tip of his tail, which he surely knew how to use. A spear. I’d heard of dragons who had spears but hadn’t seen one of them in real life until now. They were more common in Europe and Asia. Altera wasn’t stronger than me, but he’d be quicker. He’d have no problem dodging me if I charged at him directly.

I can’t do what he expects me to do.

“Poor Leonard cried all the way,” he said. “He’s afraid of flying, it seems. Not really fit for a dragon mate, that boy.”

I made a slow turn, staying at the same distance from Altera.

“What are you waiting for, Sullivan? Are you going to let me have your mate?”

I turned to the right, assessing my opponent from the other side. He looked smug, hovering in the exact same spot like a damn kestrel. If I were to beat him, I had to get him closer to the ground.

“Leo’s moods are a nuisance, but he’s breedable,” Altera continued loudly. “I had plans for him before you got in the way. But at least you made him nice and ready for me. He should go into heat soon, all primed to carry dragon babies. I can’t wait to knock him up.”

He didn’t know Leo was already pregnant. Thank the universe.

Did he seriously think his primitive goading would make me do something so stupid like attack an obviously better flier midair?

I gathered height while he waited, smirking up at me, then I swooped down, pretending to aim at him. He spread his wings and swung his sharp tail, getting ready to jab it my way. He could easily make a tear in my wing with that thing.

At the last second, I dove to the left and into a stray cumulus that had gathered at the side of the mountain. I had to avoid Altera and find Leo. Fast. Before the others arrived.

“Coward!” he bellowed after me.

I made a few useless swirls, just to confuse him. Then I flew in and out of clouds, trying to close in on where Leo was. Northeast from here. I knew Cross River well enough to guess where Altera might have left him. Peaks? For a dragon, Leo would be easy to spot atop of a mountain. The walls above the sources to Cross River were steep and mostly smooth. Barely climbable. But there had to be shelves and cracks, and maybe even caves up there. Did Altera hide Leo there? Or did he leave him in the valley? On a stone in the middle of the wild river, trapped by white water? No. After the long drought, the water levels would be low.

The cliffs by the sources were most likely. I hoped. But if I headed right there, Altera would attack immediately.

I reemerged from the mist, spotting him under me.

He hissed, pushing off as soon as he saw me, but I hid in another mass of white fluff. The clouds were growing, tumbling over themselves. The storm was gathering fast. Winds picked up, spiraling out of control.

I had to find Leo.

Reasonably sure Altera didn't know where I was at the moment, I glided closer to the ground, letting the lowest layer of clouds cover me. The cliffs by the river sources rose to my left, and I circled, keeping my distance as if I didn't want to fly in there. I didn't see anything but gray granite and patches

of silver lichen, but I felt my Leo. My mate must be in there somewhere.

A sharp whoosh was my only warning, like an arrow cutting through air.

He's after my wings.

At the last moment, I folded them to my body, falling headfirst into the valley. Altera snarled, zooming past me. Spreading my wings and tucking my legs to my belly, I narrowly missed the treetops. Oops. Not narrowly. A tall pine scratched my foot.

Chuckling, Altera turned around and dove at me again.

Fucker. He was so sure of himself.

Sadly, he had every reason. In the air, he had me. I could ascent and find cover in the increasingly darker clouds, but what then?

Seeing a clearing in the trees, I braced myself and landed. I'd been going too fast, and my feet dug into the ground painfully. I'd have scrapes all over but no major injury.

Altera laughed.

"You're fat," he called. "Fat old man."

I'd acted clumsier than I needed to, and it paid off the next minute. My opponent thought he'd already won.

Altera swung his tail and dove. He wanted to fly right above me and slash me with it. But he'd underestimated me.

Ha. Seems I've found my edge.

The rock was barely bigger than a basketball, easy to throw fast enough. It hit him at the base of his tail. I'd aimed at his belly, but the tail was good enough. The blow threw him off his trajectory, and he landed in a group of short birches. I didn't waste any time. Jumping right at him, I dug my claws into his lower back. Snarling, he swung his tail but merely nicked my left wing. Gripping his wing with both hands, I pulled. A satisfying cracking sound echoed through the valley, followed by a dragon's agonized screech.

Just then, the first clap of thunder crackled above me.

I had to get Leo.

I left Altera where he was. With a torn and broken wing, he wasn't getting anywhere. Stupidly, I'd lost the phone somewhere in the forest when I crashed, but my friends still had my approximate location.

Battling against a full-blown storm, I flew into the group of rocky peaks surrounding the Cross River sources. I scanned the walls, flying precariously close. There were eight tall towers and at least ten smaller ones. Zigzagging between them, I searched and searched. Leo was here somewhere. He had to be.

Another dragon appeared in my peripheral vision, and I whirled around, claws ready.

"Davidson! Where's the attacker?"

Ernest. Thank fuck.

"Incapacitated. But Leo is here. He's close."

"On top of a tower?" Ernest asked. "Hamish is on his way, but we can't use the drones in this weather."

"Search ledges and cracks in the walls. Maybe caves."

"Two lightning strikes hit the valley down below. It's coming at us."

"I know! Stay low. I'll take the higher parts."

If Ernest got hit by lightning, Lawrence would have my balls.

Devon appeared a couple of minutes later. I heard him talking to Ernest before they flew in different directions, dividing the area for search.

The rain began to fall, and another bolt of lightning hit the valley. Thunder followed way too soon after.

In a few minutes, we'd be in the middle of an electric storm up here.

"Leo!" I yelled uselessly. "Leo!"

I wouldn't hear him call back over the torrential rain and wind.

But he *was* here. I flew along the walls, tower after tower, in spirals, down and up and down and up again.

When I finally spotted him, the sight knocked the air out of my lungs.

The ledge was barely a foot wide, and Leo huddled to his side, plastered to the wet stone. The torrential rain created small waterfalls all around him, with water pouring over his back. When I wrapped my claws around him, he jerked at first, but then he relaxed into my hold.

"Leo, darling. I got you."

I cuddled him to my chest and flew downward, protecting him from the elements.

"I got him!" I yelled. The dragons would hear. "I got him! He's safe!"

Ernest and Devon flanked me.

"Where's Altera?" Devon asked.

"The clearing down below. I broke his wing."

But the clearing was empty as we circled above it.

"Take Leo," I told Ernest.

"No!" my mate protested. "No way!"

"Take Leo to Hamish. I need to find Altera."

"I swear to God, Davidson," Leo shouted. "If you leave me alone now, I'll fucking kill you myself." His voice shook and broke. "Don't leave me alone!"

"I'll find him," Devon said. "He could have shifted back, but in human form or with a broken wing, he's harmless. Take Leo to safety."

"Stay low." Ernest eyed the dark-blue sky with respect. "My family is on the way."

Ernest flew first, right above the treetops and to the south, avoiding the path of the storm.

“I can’t believe you were going to leave me and go after him.”

Holding my mate tight, I wondered myself why I’d ever thought that would be a good idea. I wouldn’t have been able to let go of him.

“I’m sorry.”

“You’d better be!” His teeth chattered.

“I’m not letting go of you.”

He clutched at my claws where I held him around his torso. His skin was cold. I had to get him somewhere dry and warm.

“I’m flying him home,” I called after Ernest.

He turned midflight and eyed my mate, huddled to my chest. “Probably for the best. What do we do with Altera when we find him?”

“No idea. Devon Hassel would know.”

“That’s his name. We didn’t even say hi. He joined me midflight, saying he was Leo’s security.”

“That’s correct. Just don’t get hit by lightning. Lawrence wouldn’t forgive me.”

Ernest flew away without another word.

“You must be freezing,” I mumbled, gathering speed.

We’d passed the edge of the rain, like flying through a curtain.

“Davidson!” Leo shrieked, and I bore against the wind to slow our flight.

The dragon rose in front of us like a damned scarecrow. One wing dangling, the other waving around erratically, he blocked our way. How was he even holding himself in the air?

He swung his tail, aiming at Leo, and I turned away just in time. The stinging pain in my shoulder would be a flesh wound. A deep one, but only flesh.

The move had robbed Altera of what was left of his balance. He tumbled around, feet scrabbling at thin air. Still, he tried to throw himself at us.

Holding Leo tight, I flipped backward. It was instinctual to put my claws between my mate and the danger. With my hind legs outstretched, I caught Altera on impact and kicked him away. He grazed my leg with the tip of his tail, but his attack had no power. The sickening tearing sound was his other wing caught in my claws.

This time, Altera didn't make a sound. He fell in a spiral, like dirt down the drain. The Cross River stream waited below us, gathering strength from the downpour above.

I didn't watch the impact. Instead, I flew away as fast as possible.

We met the Bracknells down by the park entrance. Finlay, the oldest of the brothers, flew in the lead. The giant dark-blue dragon glided close and nodded in greeting.

"Where's the crow?" he asked, using the old slang for a rogue dragon.

"Fell into the river with broken wings. Ernest and one of ours are in the valley, still searching for him. Bring them back."

Just then, another lightning struck behind us.

Wasting no time, the four dragons took off, staying low.

"They'll be okay, right?" Leo asked.

"Sure. They know what to do. They'll be just fine."

With Leo safe, neither Devon nor Ernest would take unnecessary risks.

LAWRENCE WAS WAITING for us at the house, eyes red-rimmed. He took in Leo, drenched and shaking, and ran to bring a blanket from the patio chair.

I shifted, and my assistant graciously looked away from my nakedness.

“Where’s Ernest?”

“He’s fine. They had to clean up some mess after me, but he’s okay. Finlay and the rest are with him.”

Wrapped in the blanket, I scooped Leo into my arms and carried him inside. He was quiet, face tucked to my chest.

“What about the crow?” Lawrence asked from behind us.

“He fell after I broke his wings.”

“Oh.”

“I need to get Leo warm. Can you make tea?”

“Tea? Sure.”

“Whiskey,” Leo said against my skin.

Lawrence didn’t hear the quiet mumble. “What?”

“Fuck. I can’t.” Leo groaned. “Okay. Fucking tea, then.”

The adrenaline must have been fading because I chuckled.

I carried Leo into the downstairs bathroom and turned on the shower. Kissing his forehead and cheeks, I peeled his wet clothes off. He was shaking so hard; he wouldn’t be able to undress by himself. Then I held him under the stream. I winced when the water hit the slash on my shoulder. Luckily, Lawrence hadn’t noticed it, or he’d have fussed. It would heal within a day.

After a minute in the warm shower, Leo slowly relaxed. He wrapped his arms around my neck, and I rubbed his back slowly.

I wanted to hear his voice but didn’t know what to say.

It was over.

Altera was dead.

Did I just kill a man? But there was nothing else I could have done, was there? I waited for the guilt to hit me. Maybe it would in a few hours or days?

Leo tightened his arms around me, and I exhaled. My mate was safe, and the dragon was content. Proud even. I tilted

Leo's face up and kissed him.

EXHALE

Leo

I DIDN'T WANT to be ungrateful, but I wished they'd all leave already. Sitting sideways in Davidson's lap on the sofa close to the kitchen area, I tried to tune them out, but a pack of agitated dragon shifters was hard to ignore. They were all in various stages of undress, staining a good dozen of Davidson's towels, walking around, and talking over each other.

Lawrence appeared in front of me with another mug of tea. "I added honey," he said quietly. "Is that okay?"

"Yes, thank you so much."

He patted my arm and turned away, joining his husband, Ernest, by the kitchen island. Ernest and his brothers were all shoveling a bowl of spaghetti each—spaghetti of all things—and gesturing with their forks as if they were readying for another fight.

"He could have killed Davidson in a thousand different ways," Finlay Bracknell was saying. "Why challenge him to fight in dragon form?"

"Ego," said Ernest, shrugging. He scooped up another forkful and slurped it up. Lawrence leaned to his side and stole a little pasta from Ernest's plate. Ernest grinned at him.

"He counted on Davidson attacking without thought," Devon explained in his dry, analytical tone, "because an alpha defending his mate is supposed to go into mindless rage. If Davidson had done that, Altera, being the superior flier, would have taken him down midair and left no proof of the crime that

human authorities could use. No gun, no fingerprints. Just a naked fall from height in the middle of nowhere.”

I squeezed my eyes shut, pushing the image out of my mind. Grabbing Davidson’s hand where it rested on my hip, I clutched his fingers.

He was alive. He’d been clever and saved us both.

“Except Davidson here isn’t some twenty-year-old hothead,” Finlay mumbled with his mouth full. “Good grief, what a day, huh?”

Gabe, the youngest of the Bracknell dragons, typed something on his phone before putting it into his pocket. “Dad says to come for dinner.”

Gabe wore a pair of Davidson’s old jeans and nothing else, while Finlay simply had a towel wrapped around his waist. Edward, one more Bracknell brother—how many of them were there anyway?—had opted for my bathrobe. They’d left their clothes at their parents’ house some twenty miles away where they’d shifted. Apparently, we’d interrupted a family gathering.

“Hey, Hamish is here,” Ernest said, pointing to the driveway, then turning to his two brothers. “Finlay, Gabe, you need a ride, I guess?”

Of course, Hamish, one of Davidson’s employees and a dragon omega, stayed for coffee, and the group recapped the story once more.

Davidson was silent, nuzzling my temple from time to time. Like me, he seemed to be waiting for everyone to leave.

If I understood the discussions correctly, the decision was not to search for Fabio’s body—no chance he’d survived the fall—because of the current weather in the mountains and the danger of being spotted or in any way connected to what had transpired.

I couldn’t find any compassion in me, any regret about what had happened to Fabio. A part of me even wanted the dragons to search for him, if only to make sure he was dead. Should I be sorry? I only had to remember he’d fully intended

to kill Davidson, and any remorse I might have felt evaporated.

The group left after a couple of hours, and I tried to thank them all properly, but in the end, the interactions melted into a blur of smiles and sad glances.

The house was finally quiet, and I clung to Davidson's neck like a monkey. I needed to pee but couldn't bear the thought of letting go of him.

He ran his hand along my side, up and down in a soothing rhythm, and kissed my forehead.

"Is he really dead?" I asked.

"Yes. I'm sorry."

"I'm not." The words flew out before I could check them. But it was true. While I was still too shaken to feel any relief, I knew I would once it sank in. "He'd have killed you. Then he'd have found out I was pregnant and killed me too."

Davidson tightened his arms around me.

"I don't know how to apologize, Davidson. It's all my fault. I brought that man into our lives, and..."

"Hush. If you hadn't been running from him, I wouldn't have met you. I only wish I could have protected you better."

"You saved me. Twice."

"And you're saving me every day."

I scoffed, but then Davidson's hand covered my belly, and I paused.

"Look at me, Leo."

The order felt like a caress. I met his warm gaze, and he rubbed my stomach gently.

"You're saving me every day," he repeated.

I could have drowned in his eyes.

He kissed me, and I wished I could have just lost myself in the moment, but then he put pressure on my belly, and I tensed.

Immediately, he broke the kiss. “Are you hurt?” His expression turned anguished. “Did he hurt you?”

“No. I...” I winced. “I really need to pee.”

He squeezed his eyes shut and rested his forehead against mine. “Fucking hell, Leo. You’ll have to forgive me if I act overprotective. I’m just... Fuck.”

He groaned and pushed me off his lap. I wobbled on unsteady feet, and he shot up to support me.

Neither of us questioned it when he followed me to the bathroom. He turned away, splashing his face above the sink while I took care of business. It didn’t feel weird, just domestic, like something couples do after ten years together—brushing their teeth or shaving while the other one pees. When I was washing my hands, Davidson was plastered to my back again, nuzzling my neck.

“What time is it?” I asked. It had been dark for a while, but I’d completely lost track of time.

“Almost midnight. We should go to bed.”

Would I be able to sleep? I was exhausted but at the same time, I still felt stunned by the events of the day. Whenever I closed my eyes, I saw my bare feet on the wet stone, fingers slipping closer to the edge. I’d never been afraid of heights, but after today, I wouldn’t mind if I stayed with both feet on even ground for the rest of my life.

“I’m just going to brush my teeth,” I said. It was strange to do something so mundane, but also reassuring in a way.

“Let’s go upstairs, then.”

He carried me, and I didn’t mind at all. Then he hovered close even when I rinsed and spat, his hand on my lower back. He tucked me into bed and turned away.

“Hey,” I protested.

“I need to use the bathroom too, darling.”

“You could have done that while I was brushing my teeth.”

“You’re right. Want to come with me?” His tone held a playful hint.

He was obviously joking, but I considered it anyway. Under the blanket, my feet were getting warmer, and the thought of getting up again didn’t appeal. I was still tense as hell, but I knew I was safe.

“Just hurry.”

I waited anxiously and blew out a breath of relief when he reemerged from the ensuite.

He was naked. Under the covers, he untied my robe and pulled it off me.

“Need to feel your skin,” he murmured.

He wrapped himself around me, dragging my leg over his hip, and kissed along my cheek and temple. I closed my eyes.

Surrounded by his scent, I fell asleep almost immediately.

A SOUND WOKE ME UP. A snore? No, not snoring, but the rainstorm had come all the way to Ardaine. The trees groaned in the wind outside, and heavy rain battered the window. I snuggled to Davidson’s chest and remembered.

I was free.

We were both alive, and I was free. No more looking over my shoulder. I didn’t have to fear for my mate’s or our baby’s safety. It was all over.

Smoothing my hand over Davidson’s lower back, I took deep gulps of his scent. His heart thumped loudly under my ear, and the dull sound calmed me like nothing else ever could.

“Leo? Are you okay?”

“Yes. Sorry for waking you up. I’m fine.”

“You didn’t wake me up. The weather is crazy.”

Humming, he shifted me in his arms and hoisted me higher up so our faces were level. Then he cupped my ass cheeks, kneading them gently, and kissed me.

We didn't say anything. It happened because we both needed it. To reconnect, reassure ourselves that we were truly alive and together. He rolled us so I was on my back, and I lifted my legs to offer him my body. Reaching between us, he guided his cock into me and inched inside in a few lazy thrusts. We made love slowly, kissing and humming in pleasure, and as soon as he sank inside me to the root, I came. The pleasure was comforting, a reminder and a promise at the same time. My mate held me in the center of his palm, he owned me, and nothing and nobody could take me away from him ever again. My cum smeared between our stomachs, and he kept fucking me with sure, deep strokes. Bracing himself on his arms by my head, he watched me in the dark, his eyes glowing.

His expression got just a little desperate, and I loved the hint of vulnerability just before he lost control. Snapping his hips faster, he came inside me and stilled, keeping me impaled to the hilt. He milked my erection and toyed with the piercing until I orgasmed a second time, my hole contracting around his girth. He groaned, his face going slack with relief.

When he retreated, I whined pitifully, but he hushed me. He rearranged us so he spooned me in his lap and pushed back inside me. Not all the way, but deep enough so I felt gloriously full.

“I want to sleep like this,” he said.

“Me too.”

“Good.”

And so when I woke up the next time, it was morning, and my alpha was moving inside me, his cock getting thicker. I didn't know if he'd truly stayed in me for the night—probably not—but I wanted to believe it. He covered my cock and balls with his hand, squeezing tight so it hurt just a little, and I moaned.

“You're mine,” he rasped. “My little nympho.”

“Yes. All yours. Your eager fuckhole.”

“I took over your body, my omega. Your womb is still full of me.”

The desperate edge in his voice made me both sad and exhilarated. My Davidson needed reassurance, too. He loved me and had almost lost me.

“I’m nothing without you,” I whispered. “Your cum keeps me alive.”

He thrust harder and squeezed more painfully, keeping me from coming. I loved the thin line between agony and ecstasy, and my mate could balance me right on the edge for however long he wanted.

“Don’t need my dick,” I panted. “I’m just a hole for your cock. Don’t need anything but your cum. Need your cum.” I was close, even as he all but crushed my balls in his hand.

“Don’t worry, darling, I’ll give you what you need. I’ll pump you full of it.”

He came on a roar, and my eyes almost popped out of my head when my own pleasure rose inside me, overwhelming and so intense I screamed.

The razor-sharp orgasm ricocheted between my hole and womb, even as my cock and balls hurt in Davidson’s tight grip.

“Yeah, just a hole,” my mate muttered. “My hole. Big and deep. Filthy.”

Then he let go of my cock, and I arched with another wave of pleasure. His cockhead pushed against the mouth to my womb, sending tingles through me, and I came and came, wailing and sobbing.

“Shh.” Davidson rocked us and ran his hands all over me. “Shh, all is well. I’m here. I’m inside you. All is well.”

Was I still sobbing? I took deep breaths, trying to calm down. But I wasn’t upset. If anything, I was happy.

Relieved.

So fucking relieved.

Twisting my neck, I found his lips. He kissed me, and I finally slumped, the tension dissipating. I was sated to the marrow of my bones.

“Good?” he murmured against my wet lips.

“Great.”

WE SPENT THE WEEKEND HIBERNATING, talking a little and touching all the time. We made love and slept in each other’s arms whenever we wanted, with no regard to whether it was day or night. We swam and took a walk, this time outside of the premises in the nearby forest, and as I looked around in wonder, Davidson watched me with a soft smile on his lips.

He ordered the poke bowls with tuna I liked, having them delivered by a special courier all the way from the city, and instead of dessert, I sucked him off under the kitchen table.

The only reminder of the outside world were the few phone calls he had to take.

“I should go to the office tomorrow,” Davidson said as we lounged by the pool on Sunday night.

“I know. And I should meet my agent. It will be strange walking around the city just like that.”

“Leo, can you do something for me?” The uncomfortable way he asked had me immediately alert.

I turned in his arms to scan his expression. “Whatever you want.”

He smiled, cupping my cheek. “You really mean that, don’t you?”

I frowned. “Of course.”

“You’ll do whatever I want for the rest of our lives, love?” He shook his head, but his mouth curved in a smile. “What if you don’t like the things I ask of you? What if I get unreasonable and controlling?”

“You’ll never ask anything from me that would be bad for me,” I said with absolute certainty. “So yes. I’ll do whatever

you want. Tell me.”

He took a deep breath. “I’ve arranged for a bodyguard. I should have asked you, and I’ve been meaning to, but I also didn’t want to disturb the peace this weekend. I would very much like for the man to accompany you when you go somewhere by yourself. He’s one of Cassidy and Hassel’s junior employees, a dragon shifter as well, and according to Devon, highly capable and professional. It would help me...to adjust if you had someone keeping an eye on you.”

I wasn’t the only one deeply affected by what happened. Instead of replying immediately, I kissed him and combed my fingers through his beard. It needed trimming, and I wondered if he’d let me do that. I’d like to do that for him.

“It’ll make you feel better, and I’ll feel safer too.”

“Thank you.” He bit his lip, looking ridiculously sheepish. “He’s coming over tomorrow morning before I need to leave.”

I chuckled, shaking my head at my man’s highhanded ways. “Okay then. Can I trim your beard?”

The sudden change of topic made him grin. “Is it that bad?”

“Not at all. But I’d like to. I can do it the same way you’re used to.”

“Sure. Let’s do that.”

It was just as satisfying as I’d thought it would be. I used the machine first, then fixed the details with a comb and scissors. I combed through the short strands to get out the clippings, and he watched me with glowing eyes.

“There. My important CEO mate is ready for work tomorrow.”

He chuckled. “I might start wearing ties again so you can fix them for me every morning.”

I patted his cheek. “Double Windsor is my specialty.”

Hugging me around my waist, he pulled me forward and buried his nose in my belly.

“Mmm. Let’s go to bed early. I need to fuck you at least three times before I can bear saying goodbye tomorrow morning.”

He took me kneeling by the bed, hard and fast, holding my wrists pinned to the mattress. In the middle of the night, I woke up with his tongue in my ass, and in the morning, he rucked up my robe and hoisted me onto the kitchen counter. Hooking my legs over his elbows, he plowed me like a machine, fucking two screaming orgasms out of me even before coffee.

He set me on my feet and slapped my ass. “Go shower. I’ll make you breakfast.”

“Yes, Master.”

His cum ran down my thighs, and I wondered if I could ask him to do me and plug me tomorrow morning so I could keep his cum longer when he was gone for work.

THE NEW BODYGUARD was a gorgeous alpha in his late twenties, athletic and tall like all the dragon shifters, with almost turquoise eyes turning golden closer to his pupils. He introduced himself as Terrance Harbinger. It was a testimony to Davidson’s trust in me that he left me in the man’s care. The old me would have slipped a hand into Terrance’s pants by lunchtime at the latest.

Except the old me hadn’t met Davidson. My mate was the most handsome, sexiest, kindest man on the planet. While I could appreciate Terrance esthetically, I had zero interest in him otherwise. It wouldn’t be a challenge to remain faithful when just the thought of touching anybody other than Davidson made me physically sick.

“What are your plans for today, sir?” Terrance asked me when I came downstairs dressed for the day.

I shuddered and laughed. “Oh please, do not ever call me sir again. I’m Leo.”

Terrance nodded with a smile. “Noted.”

“I’m meeting my agent downtown at ten, then I’d like to drop by Davidson’s office for lunch. Is that okay?”

“Sure. The traffic should be getting better now after the morning rush. It shouldn’t take us more than twenty minutes to the business district.”

“Then let’s grab something on the way.”

“What would you like?”

I barely had to give it any thought. “A donut. Chocolate. And a vanilla shake.” Yes, I was most definitely pregnant.

Terrance, bless him, pressed his lips together in an apparent effort not to laugh. “I like donuts too,” he said and gestured to the door.

The driveway was baking in the autumn sun, but the car soon cooled with the AC blasting. Terrance insisted on me sitting in the right back seat, quoting security protocol, so I put on my sunglasses and did as he told me.

In the car, I typed a message for Davidson.

Me: *I’m going downtown to have coffee with my agent. I could be at your office at 12 if you have time to see me for a moment. Terrance is driving me.*

Davidson: *12 is perfect. I have a meeting before. If I’m late, wait for me in my office.*

Me: *Yes, Master.*

Davidson: *And tell Terrance to wait outside.*

I grinned at the screen.

As we drove to the city, I looked at all the cars and bikes and people. A comforting sense of normalcy mixed with newness washed over me. And peace. A wonderful, all-encompassing sense of peace.

I knew myself well enough to expect a freak-out sooner or later. Several freak-outs, for sure. During the upcoming weeks, I’d have panic attacks and nightmares, and I’d be jumpy in public spaces. But with time, the peace would take over and fill every nook in my mind, and everything would be just right.

My dream dragon would look after me.

ALL THE WHISKEY

Davidson

ALTERA'S DEATH made the news as an inexplicable accident. Cross River washed up his body below the park's borders, and they found his car miles away with his suit, shoes, and underwear neatly placed in the trunk. It must have been where he'd shifted before flying to my house.

The discovery baffled the public. The coroner's office couldn't find any signs of a fight or use of a weapon. The somewhat strange back injuries were assigned to the body being dragged through the river among rocks and debris. But why was he in Ardaine in the first place? How did he get from his car to the river? Did he hike through the woods and fall into the water? Why was he naked? Had he been abducted by aliens? Was it a ritual suicide? Was he lifted by a tornado while doing naked yoga in a meadow?

The media storm would have been almost entertaining if it didn't make Leo so anxious. I assured him the authorities would never find a connection to any of us since Altera had acted solely from the air and in dragon form, and I was right. The police never even contacted Leo at all.

Then Altera's offshore accounts and connections to illegal arms trade came to light, causing outrage. Assumptions flew around about organized crime or even the involvement of foreign powers, but most commentators seemed to agree he got what he deserved. A mere couple of months after, once one of the most powerful men in Dalton City was forgotten, much to the relief of his former political allies.

One morning, Devon Hassel visited me at my office downtown. Behind closed doors, he related the story of Gavino, a dragon alpha born fifty years ago in a village in the Italian Alps to the wealthy, influential Di Moze family. At merely twenty-one, he'd married an eighteen-year-old omega named Paolino in an opulent, televised wedding in Riva del Garda. Two years later, Gavino and Paolino Di Moze were involved in a tragic sailing accident close to the Sardinian coast. Only Paolino's body was found. Local newspapers speculated about murder, but the police never named a suspect, and the coroner's findings were inconclusive. In accordance with Italian law, Gavino was pronounced dead ten years later, and the case was closed for good.

Hassel had left me with old tabloid photographs from the famous Di Moze wedding. In the evening, I showed them to Leo.

"So his mate died, and he disappeared." Leo's voice sounded hollow.

"If they were mated. But since the family obviously supported the match, they probably were."

"That's why he was like that? Because he lost his mate?"

"I don't think so. While losing a mate or a child is the most soul-destroying thing a dragon can experience, when it happens, the dragon can heal. Some even find a second mate years later. But Altera was what we call a crow."

"A crow?"

"A rogue dragon who doesn't respect the most fundamental rules like safety, secrecy, and family bonds, and thus becomes a threat to everyone. They are extremely rare, and I've only met one before, up in Canada. He attacked a colleague of my father's midair. But that was two decades ago."

"Do you think Fabio killed his first husband, and that's why he had to disappear?"

"I don't know, Leo. Maybe? Maybe it was an accident."

Leo pointed at one of the old pictures. “He’s the same height, but otherwise he barely looks like Fabio.”

“Hassel said it’s not one hundred percent sure he’s the same man, but it’s highly probable.”

After poring over the copies for a few more minutes, Leo put them aside, facedown. “Can we throw them out?”

“Sure. Whatever you want.”

He leaned closer, and I wrapped my arm around his shoulders.

“I barely think about him anymore,” Leo murmured, snuggling into my side.

“That’s good.”

Kissing his hair, I exhaled. Finally, we could leave the past behind.



IT WAS ALMOST scary how fast our life became *normal*. I loved my mornings with Leo, especially since we’d adopted the habit of waking each other up in various sexual ways. If he woke up earlier than me, he’d suck me to consciousness or even sit on my dick. I would tease his nipples, shove my tongue inside him, or, if he was wet from a dream, I’d slide my cock into him, and he’d wake up on a groan of pleasure.

Then we showered and made breakfast together—I never used to eat first thing in the morning, but as I adjusted to the needs of my pregnant mate, breakfast became the most important meal of my day. Usually, we would drive to the city together, my driver and Leo’s bodyguard in the front and Leo cuddling me in the backseat. We’d part ways in front of the office, which was my most hated moment of our routine.

Hence, I got snappy at work again. Leaving Leo alone for hours on end made me irritable, but maybe I would get used to it. One day.

If I could, I'd chain him to me and drag him with me everywhere. But my brilliant mate had his own career and aspirations. Suddenly, every other agency in Ardaine wanted to have Leonard Chase modeling new lines of preggo jeans and whatnot. When he didn't have photoshoots scheduled, he worked from home, taking care of his businesses back in Dalton City. He would eventually branch out to Ardaine, but he wanted to wait until after our child was born.

He also spent some of his free time redecorating—just small things here and there that made me smile when I noticed. A new lamp appeared in the atrium, a bright yellow armchair replaced the black recliner in the living room, and colorful pillows dotted the sofa. The house already looked more like a home with the few changes he'd made.

When Leo got busier and busier with work, I vowed to support him in whatever he decided to do—I only drew the line at evening gigs. Leo happily agreed, and his agent promised to never book photoshoots later than three in the afternoon.

Still, we were separated for at least seven hours a day. How had I become so codependent? I hated when I couldn't feel him next to me.

I did appreciate the lingerie photos Leo did, though. His sweet little belly, barely four months along, framed by silk and lace, was what I dreamed about for days after I'd seen the pictures. I had a few saved on my phone.

Today at the office dragged at a snail's pace, and after an especially long and annoying board meeting, I was ready to sell everything and move to the mountains with Leo. Lawrence must have noticed my mood because he kept his distance, not even asking how Leo was doing. He was barely waddling, poor boy, and seemed especially tired this afternoon. I sent him home early.

A new email pinged on my screen, and I clicked on the notification. From Leo? He never emailed me. It was encrypted, which made me nervous, but when I opened it, I laughed.

Since you liked the previous collection, I asked the photographer to make a couple of extra pictures for you.

Love you,

Your Eager Fuckhole

Attached were two images.

I got hard as a rock in a nanosecond. I happened to know the photographer for this particular campaign was an omega. Otherwise, I'd feel genuinely sorry for the man.

Leo, in tiny black lace briefs and an open robe, lay on a black velvet sofa, one foot propped on the seat, the other on the floor, the outline of his cock clearly visible. His stomach curved deliciously, and his hand hovered just above his exposed nipples. His eyes were closed, lips parted.

In the second image, he was sitting up, looking straight at the camera. Straight at me. There was desire in his eyes, and I knew he was thinking of me. He was cupping his pec with one hand, hard nipple catching the light just right, and his other hand supported the small bump of his belly. His expression was undeniably sexual.

My Leo knew how to work his assets, and when he did it for me, he was the most beautiful.

I grabbed my phone and typed.

Me: *I have received your email. Are you at home?*

Leo: *On my way.*

Me: *I'm packing my things now. When I come home, you'll be waiting by the door, ready to please your Master.*

Leo: *I will. Thank you.*

I loved that he thanked me for giving him orders.

WHEN I BURST through the door forty-five minutes later, I spotted Leo a few feet to the right. He was on his knees,

wearing only lace underwear and an open robe, suspiciously similar to the one he had on in the photoshoot. He was cupping his chest with both hands, and on his nipples hung two silver clamps. He didn't look up, but a shiver ran through him.

I unzipped my pants and took my cock out. Grabbing Leo's hair with my left hand and holding myself around the base with the right, I slapped his cheek with my cock. He opened his mouth on a small gasp, and I shoved my dick right into his throat. He gagged but didn't try to move away. I fucked his mouth ruthlessly, just the way he liked it, and he moaned between the choking sounds he made.

When I came, ridiculously soon, he swallowed everything and licked me clean.

“Look at me.”

His eyes were glassy, pupils blown, lips red. I could smell his slick, a clear sign of how needy he was.

“You're a tease, omega. Sending me naughty pictures at work? We're getting married in a few weeks. Is that how a good omega husband behaves?”

Leo swallowed and licked his lips, gazing up at me like a damned incubus.

“Yes, Master. A good omega husband gets wet anytime he thinks of his alpha. He loves nothing more than to kneel at his alpha's feet. He's a horny fuckhole, always hungry for his mate's cock.”

I laughed. “Good answer.”

I offered him my hand, and Leo took it, letting me pull him up. He was hard in his tiny lace briefs.

“Dinner is ready on the dining table, Master.”

“Did you cook for me, omega?”

“No, Master. I can't cook for shit, as you well know. But I had it delivered.”

“Tsk. You're mouthy today. Are you vying for punishment?”

“You decide if I deserve it.”

I grabbed his neck and squeezed, and it made his lips twitch in the corners. “How about you’re nice tonight, and I spank and violate your ass as a reward?”

Leo’s smile was brilliant. “I missed you so much, Davidson.”

Pulling him to my side, I kissed his cheek. “Not more than I missed you. Let’s eat. Then I’ll make a feast out of your hole.”

I MADE Leo come his brains out fucking him against the wall in the shower and then fisting him on the floor by the bed. He slept deeply, his cheeks a healthy shade of pink.

Yes, we were getting married. We’d waited only long enough to get a decent party planned. Otherwise, I’d have married him as soon as I could have convinced him to. The wedding planner bemoaned my impatience and under protest agreed to the first Saturday in December.

Maybe my tension at work had something to do with the wedding. Did I have a common case of jitters? Now that Leo was safe and happy, sometimes this ugly idea of inadequacy occurred to me. He was two decades younger than me. It meant less for dragons, but still. He was joyful and shining and just miraculous, and I was a grumpy old dragon with a boring tech job. Yes, he would forever love me because nature said so, but could I keep him happy for the rest of his life?

Those were the futile musings that sometimes haunted me late at night. I watched my gorgeous mate sleep, eating him up with my eyes, and I wished I could do more.

Those sweet full lips, that damned birthmark, how his chest rose and fell, his eyelashes fluttering when he dreamed of something... So pretty and precious and all mine.

I wished I could do more for him.

Hell, he was already spoiled as fuck. Did I really want to add to it?

But he was also devoted to me in ways that sometimes scared the shit out of me, attentive to my every whim, hanging on to my every word, and looking up to me as if I made the earth turn and the sun shine. He grew more playful—which I loved—but he was always obedient, to the point he foresaw my wishes and fulfilled them before I needed to say anything.

He was simply perfect.

Too perfect.

What if he wanted to travel, but I was bound to the company? What if he needed more time with me while I was busy with meetings and reports? What if he one day saw through me and realized that underneath the suit and muscle was an aging, bad-tempered man with enough rancor to overthrow governments?

My Leo was so young.

In a way, it had been easier when I knew he needed me to protect him. But he was safe now.

Well, he was carrying my child. That should entertain us both for a few years. But was it enough?

I didn't dare raise the subject with Lawrence. I suspected he'd laugh at me.



AGE WAS A STRANGE BEAST. I'd expected some wisdom in exchange for the weakening limbs and deepening lines. But wisdom didn't come by itself. Life had to happen, decisions and mistakes had to be made, and if you were lucky, you might learn something. Or not.

How did humans deal with this bullshit and bad health on top of it? I could have a heart disease and gastric ulcers and... oh fuck...dementia!

I groaned and swirled the whiskey in my hands, the amber liquid sloshing at the bottom of the bottle. The third bottle.

And still nothing. Not even a little buzz.

Maybe because I aged so easily, with very little of the physical decline humans experienced, maybe that was why I was still so dumb.

The door creaked, and the wedding planner, Juan, entered. He hated me, I knew. He was looking forward to getting rid of me after today. Behind him, Ernest appeared.

“Ernest. Thank fuck you’re here.”

I slurred a little, but only to piss off the wedding planner. He rolled his eyes, gesturing toward me exasperatedly.

“Please, fix it,” Juan said to Ernest. “You have less than an hour to bring him downstairs, dressed and coherent. I’ve got work to do.” And he was gone, the door banging shut.

Ernest sighed, grabbed the whiskey from my hands, found the screw top, and closed it. Then he sat down next to me on the bed.

“You know you can’t get drunk anyway, right?”

I chuckled. “I figured I’d give it one last try. It felt a little blurry for a while there.”

“You’d have to pour it right into your eye, man. Anyway. You need to stop drinking now. You smell like a liquor store after a shoot-out.”

He was right. I needed to shower and get ready. Leo was waiting. The most beautiful man in the world, waiting to marry me. My perfect mate. So fucking perfect. Nature chose him as my most fitting other half and programmed him to love me. And here I was, not even having doubts because what was there to question? Just... *Argh!*

“How do you deal with this?” I asked Ernest, not expecting him to say anything of value, really, but he’d been dealing with it for a couple of years longer than me, so maybe...

“With what? Marriage? A mate? Love? The unbearable lightness of existence?”

I groaned into my palms. “Fear,” I admitted.

“What are you afraid of?”

“I love him, Ernest, and it hurts. My heart, my dick. Everything fucking hurts.”

“But it doesn’t hurt all the time, does it?”

No. But I would have preferred to avoid this debilitating dread entirely.

“What are you afraid of?” Ernest asked again.

My Leo was impeccable, and he depended on me. He needed me to stand firmly on both feet. How could a faulty man like me be his Master and guardian? He’d been hurt so badly in the past, and sometimes I thought that with my temper, I was the least equipped to take care of my Leo and our children.

He deserved better.

“I’ll fuck up.”

Ernest sat unmoving for a while, and then to my surprise, he hugged my shoulders.

“You won’t. He’s a dragon mate. *Your dragon’s mate.* There’s a bunch of irreversible chemical reactions, hormones, pheromones, and he’s already pregnant with your baby. You literally can’t fuck up. Your hearts are held together by an eternal, magical bond, my friend, protecting your intertwined souls even after your last breaths.”

I didn’t appreciate the joking tone of my friend’s voice. If it hadn’t been for the bond, Leo would have left on the first night already. “He’ll resent me.”

“If you let him wait alone by the altar, he might.”

I scoffed. I was marrying Leo. There was no question about it. I wasn’t planning to escape—as if I could bear being away from him.

I just wanted something... I didn’t even know what. Some magical advice, some simple trick, *three simple ways how to make sure your mate stays happy and satisfied even after you hit fifty...* Fuck, I was pathetic.

“I’m almost fifty, Ernest.” I had three years left, but who was counting? “Half a century’s worth of gall. I’m an old monster and a tyrant, and he could have the world lying at his feet, but he’s stuck with me for the rest of his life.”

Ernest didn’t give me any advice, the bastard. He slapped my back briskly.

“Okay. That’s enough babying for today.” Grabbing my shoulders, he pushed me upright. I could have easily shaken him off. “How about we talk about hatred and grief when you get back from your honeymoon, huh?”

He was right—I was acting ridiculous.

“Davidson, your mate is getting ready to marry you. He’s putting on a white tunic right now. Can you see him in your head?”

Oh, could I? As Leo’s body filled out with the pregnancy, he seemed to take over my vision. Some days, he was all I could see.

“That man is sharp enough to keep you on your toes and mouthwateringly gorgeous,” Ernest continued. “And he’s carrying your kid. He loves you. *You*, of all people.”

How that was even possible I’d never understand.

“It’s happening. Everything you’ve ever wanted, what you’ve dreamed about and given up on, it’s happening. Right. Now.”

“How do you do it?” I whispered. “How do you bear loving someone this much?”

“I look at Lawrie every day and thank the stars for every minute I get to spend with him. And I do my damndest to make him happy.”

That made sense. “Make him happy.”

“Exactly. An extremely satisfying endeavor. Focus on that. You will take a shower, brush your teeth, drink loads of water, and you’ll get dressed in that fancy tuxedo we chose. Then you’ll go out there and make your groom happy.”

“He thinks I’m strong. Apparently, I’m not.”

“He *knows* you. The best and the worst. He’s in it for life, Davidson.”

Wiping my eyes—when did I start crying?—I looked around the room. My tuxedo hung on a hook on the wall, wrapped in a transparent bag. “Fucking hell, I haven’t been this out of it in a very long time.”

“It happens to the best of us. Remember when I had to throw Lawrie out of a flying copter?”

The incident with Harry Burnes, my ex-business partner, trying to sabotage us. Fabio Altera hadn’t been the first man who’d attempted to kill me. “How could I forget?”

“I cried in his arms that evening.”

Even months later, when I remembered Leo huddling on the ledge in the mountains, I had to fight a need to smash something.

“This mating thing is not for the faint-hearted, is it?”

“No. Not really.”

It was a challenge.

But I was good with challenges.

I straightened, rolling my shoulders. “He really is mouthwateringly beautiful. Especially when he smiles. I know all of his smiles, and most of them are fake. But when he smiles for real...”

“Go shower and think about how his smile will look under that orchard. We have forty minutes.”

“I’m going.”

I spent the time under the spray of hot water focusing on all the ways I could make Leo smile, laugh, and moan.

And Ernest had been right. The smile Leo gave me under the orchard in our garden, saying he was mine, was his most beautiful ever. There hadn’t been the slightest hint of pretense in it.

His eyes brimmed with tears, cheeks bloomed pink, and when we kissed and I caressed his little belly, he giggled sweetly into my mouth.

“I love you, Leo,” I murmured against his lips as people clapped around us.

Then my parents and brothers swarmed us, and to my credit, I didn’t growl at anyone.

THE GUESTS WERE USHERED OUT, the catering service was cleaning up downstairs, and our bags were ready in the atrium, so we’d make the morning flight to Buenos Aires on time. My mate—my husband—closed the door to the bedroom.

He leaned against it and observed me expectantly.

“Are you okay, Davidson?” he asked.

I scoffed, shaking my head. “I’m sorry. You weren’t supposed to notice my”—I waved my hand in the air, looking for a dignified word to describe my fucking-up—“flailing.”

Leo chuckled. “Flailing? You smelled of whiskey at the altar. Lucky for me, you can’t get drunk. But I wondered why you’d even try.”

“I’m sorry,” I repeated in a defeated tone. This was Leo’s wedding day, for fuck’s sake! What had I been thinking?

“Wedding jitters?”

Rubbing my neck, I gave a broken laugh. “Some Master I am.”

But Leo didn’t seem annoyed or disappointed. He even looked excited.

“Let me sum up. You think you’re too old for me.” He pushed off the door and walked toward the dresser where he kept his underwear and socks. “That you’re bad-tempered, domineering, and that I’ll soon be fed up with it.” He unbuttoned his shirt, slid it off his shoulders, and cast it over the dresser. Then he shimmied out of his dress pants. The briefs he wore were white lace. “You might think I’ll get bored

with an aging, cantankerous dragon.” He opened a drawer and pulled out a large, dark velvet box. With his back to me, he put the lid aside. I couldn’t see the contents from this angle. What was he up to?

“I did some research on dragon mates. On the history and rituals.”

When he turned, he held something silver in his hands. He was grinning slyly, the dim yellow lamps making his hair glow golden. I sucked in a breath.

Eyes down, he knelt and offered me the thing on his open palms.

A collar.

My fingers quivered a little when I accepted it and caressed the fine material. It was thin, maybe half-an-inch wide, made from pale leather. The delicate silver buckle was engraved with a little image. I had to look closer to decipher it—a flying dragon.

“They called it claiming,” Leo said quietly. “The alpha would put a collar around his groom’s neck before the marriage was consummated. Among humans, the ritual disappeared centuries ago, but dragon shifters kept the original meaning of collars alive longer.”

“What was the meaning?”

Leo lifted his eyes to meet mine. “It symbolized the dragon mate’s absolute devotion to his alpha.”

“And what about the other way around? How would the alpha prove his devotion to his mate?”

Leo shrugged, smiling. “He wouldn’t have to. The dragon mate would always know.”

He kept looking at me expectantly, his long, graceful neck exposed. I slowly circled the leather around, and Leo lifted his chin so I could buckle it in place.

“What do you think?” he asked in a whisper.

The collar circled the base of his neck, almost blending with the tone of his skin, the buckle gleaming right above the little divot between his collarbones. Dazed, I had nothing clever to say. “Gorgeous,” I murmured.

Straightening his shoulders and lifting his chin, he took a deep breath. “I imagined this, looked forward to it so much. Kneeling by your feet, naked and pregnant. Vulnerable.” His lips turned up at the corners, and he looked so happy. “I know you love me, Davidson. But maybe you need a reminder of how much I love you. You’ll see it around my neck every day.”

Leo took my right hand in both of his and kissed the back.

“You saved me and gave me purpose, and I am so grateful to you for the life you’ve given me. But what’s more, I love you, Davidson. With every cell in my body. It’s not from gratitude or necessity or some unchallengeable law of nature. It’s my choice. My passion. I *want* to love you.”

If I had tried to speak, my voice wouldn’t have held. So it didn’t matter I was completely lost for words.

“This is my favorite place,” Leo continued, “at your feet.” He placed my hand on top of his head so I could hold my balance while he untied my shoelaces and removed my shoes one after another. My socks followed. He kissed each of my bare feet before putting them back on the ground. “There’s always fire in your eyes, but when you look down on me as I kneel at your feet, it burns the hottest.” He stroked up my legs, unbuckled my belt, and helped me step out of my pants. Then he nuzzled my hardening cock through the underwear.

“Please, Master?”

I gave a jerky nod.

He took my breath away every fucking day.

Leo freed my erection and ran his nose along the length, humming contentedly. Then he leaned away a little, lips parted, and gazed up at me with pleading eyes. I knew what he wanted. I cupped his nape and thrust into his mouth, going deep enough to cut off his breathing.

A claiming, he'd said. But he was already well and claimed. He tilted his head so he could take more without gagging too much, and his eyelashes fluttered. With one hand on his nape and the other on the side of his throat, I held him in place and used him like a hole. My kinky nympho of a mate loved that. His arms hung limply by his sides, and he made wet, gulping and choking sounds between groans of pleasure.

When I felt him getting close to coming untouched, I pulled away. I knelt in front of him and kissed him, and Leo shuddered.

I could have enacted the kinkiest, most outrageous scene on our wedding night. I'd thought of it plenty. But when Leo moaned into my mouth, looping his arms around my neck and getting pliant in my embrace, I just...let go. Of everything. He didn't need me to be his Master tonight. If anything, he seemed to be the one taking care of me.

We kissed and got rid of the remaining pieces of clothing. Then I grabbed him under his ass and moved him onto the bed. We got a little clumsy, trying to find the right angle until we were finally joined. Leo held his spread legs to his chest, and I lay over him, thrusting into him slowly but deep enough to push all the hidden buttons. His cock was trapped between our stomachs.

With the pregnancy, his flesh felt soft and supple, his hole flexible enough to take my fist any day. I'd done that to him; his body was changing because I'd bred him. My child was growing in his belly. Was it strange that it made me wildly aroused?

Leo cried out, dragging his nails up my back as he writhed on my cock and stained our stomach with his cum. His orgasm would be the first of many tonight.

I sped up, making him come a little harder. His inner muscles squeezed me deliciously, electricity ran down my spine, and my balls drew up. No idea what sounds came out of me, but it must have been loud. I pumped *my husband* full of my cum.

My dick stayed hard, and I kept moving leisurely, dragging it through all the cum and slick inside Leo's loose hole. I tugged on the collar, and Leo groaned.

"It's like you're my property."

He nodded. "I am. It's the best feeling."

I stilled, looking at his loving, satisfied expression. "You're happy."

Grinning, Leo pecked my lips. "Deliriously so."

Warm contentment spread through my chest. It had little to do with making love and everything to do with understanding what he'd been trying to tell me.

"You like me grumpy and growly?"

Leo hooked his legs high above my waist, wiggling into a comfortable position under me. He clenched on my dick and sighed, then reopened his eyes. He brushed his fingers through my beard and stroked along my eyebrows.

"Whenever you're snappy and irritable, I can just open my mouth for your dick or climb into your lap, and your eyes change color. I get such a kick of being able to improve your mood." Lifting his head so he could talk into my ear. "It's my superpower."

I barked out a laugh. "That's true."

"I know about your morning freak-out and the whiskey. Juan told me. He was amazed you weren't taken away in an ambulance before the ceremony. And you know what?"

"What, love?" I breathed.

"I wasn't worried at all."

"No?"

He shook his head. "For one, you can't get drunk. But most importantly, the only reason you ever worry is because you want me to be happy."

Shifting under me, he pressed up, reminding us both of how deeply we were connected.

“Davidson, I’ve dreamed about you ever since I could remember. You’re everything I could ever want.”

To a certain point, happiness was a choice, wasn’t it? Overwhelmed by the sheer love in my mate’s ocean-blue eyes, I chose happiness.

He pulled me down for another kiss, and with his lips brushing mine, he asked me to half-shift. I did and fucked him harder, my swollen dick throbbing. My wings flapped when I came, and I knocked some stuff off the dresser. When I rolled onto my back, I wrapped Leo up in my wings, and he gently stroked them until they disappeared.

Sighing, he snuggled in my arms with his eyes closed, and I traced the fine leather around his neck with my fingertips.

“Doesn’t it chafe?” I whispered.

“Nuh-uh. It’s made to be worn twenty-four seven.”

“It looks beautiful.”

Leo grinned without opening his eyes. “Audacious and provocative.”

“It suits you.”

He blinked at me blearily. “What do you see when you look at me like this?”

Placing my hand on the base of his throat, just underneath the collar, I took him in. His glassy, sleepy eyes, parted lips, reddened from kisses, cheeks still flushed... And the expression he wore. The collar.

“I own you, Leo. It amazes me still, but I completely own you.”

His smile looked blissful.

INAPPROPRIATE

Leo

FOR SOME OCCASIONS, I'd hide the collar under a shirt and a tie, but tonight, I wore a sheer black V-neck top, the plunging neckline pointing right to my swiftly growing belly, and loose satin pants. I was hyperaware of the plug in my hole, keeping a load of Davidson's cum inside me.

Pregnant, plugged, and collared, I held on to my husband's arm, trying to keep the smug smile off my face long enough to say hello to the most important people.

Sullivan Aerospace annual New Year's gala had grown in popularity, and this year, Davidson had to double the security measures because of the paparazzi expected outside. Maybe some of it was my fault—being absent from the limelight and then appearing on the other side of the country with a swiftly growing baby bump gained me way more public attention than I wanted.

Lawrence and Ernest came early and wouldn't stay long. Lawrence was about to give birth any day since twins usually came a little earlier, and he wasn't keen to prance around a party carrying a ginormous belly until midnight.

Immediately, Ernest and Davidson dove into their endless debates about aerodynamic tunnels and waterproof sensors and whatnot. Lawrence elbowed me gently, smirking like the cat who got all the cream.

"I love the collar," he whispered.

"Me too," I whispered back.

He laughed. “So, how are you doing? Peeing all the time? Or only peeing when not currently asleep?”

I shrugged. “Horny and hungry, but those two are quite enjoyable when one has an abundance of resources.”

“No need to be so smug about it.”

“Sorry. I’m sure I’ll be commiserating soon enough.”

My friend took a sip of his nonalcoholic champagne and wrinkled his nose. “This tastes like watered-down fruit soda.”

“I know. Stay away from those. Do you want me to get you something else?”

“No. I’m fine. Would be nice not having to go to the bathroom during the next thirty minutes. I’ve just been.”

Chuckling, I patted his shoulder. “Not long now.”

“I can’t wait for them to get the hell out of my body. Also, I can’t see how my stomach will ever turn back to semi-normal after this.”

“Are you enjoying *some* perks?”

At that, he smiled. “We are.” He leaned to whisper into my ear. “My nipples are freakishly sensitive. This afternoon, I came just from that.”

Memories of the time I’d had lover’s milk flooded my mind. “Nursing?”

“Uh-huh. Love that.”

“Then you’re close, right?”

“A few more days, maybe.”

I glanced down at his stomach. From this angle, it looked like it could fit one more Lawrence.

“Um. Can I ask something personal?” I considered Lawrence a friend, but since I hadn’t had a great track record in keeping friends, I treaded carefully.

“More personal than my mate sucking my nipples until I came?” The corners of Lawrence’s mouth twitched, and I had to laugh. He looked super proper, but when you got to know

him, he was a monster-loving horndog just like me, and hilarious to boot.

“Maybe equally personal.”

“Shoot.”

“How’s the sex later in pregnancy? The book says it should be fine. But doesn’t it get weird?”

Lawrence seemed to think about it. “I worried it might, but no. If anything, we fuck more often now. After week thirty-five, we’re on twice a day at least. Feels different, but no, not weird at all. We love it.”

“That’s awesome.”

He blushed a little, surely preparing to tell me one of those things he considered over the top, knowing I’d already done something ten times worse. “Um. I asked Ernest to tie me up last weekend.”

“Okay. How did it feel?”

He looked around the room noncommittally, but his ears glowed like traffic lights. “Interesting. I still don’t get the whole obedience thing, but not being able to move was definitely hot.” Glancing at my collar again, he shook his head. “I must say, you look sexy as hell with that thing around your neck.”

I bent my head in a mock bow. “Thank you.”

“This is incredible. Last year, I was listening to engineering and business chitchat for three hours straight, and this year, I’m talking kink with you. Thank you, Leo, for entering our lives. I owe you.”

Laughing, I hugged his shoulders. “Thanks for the great welcome.”

Sadly, Lawrence did need to go to the bathroom again soon, and Ernest accompanied him, so we mingled as was required.

We said hello to Felix and the governor, and I finally met the rumored “Manny” whom Lawrence once threatened to sic

on my mate. Emanuel Bracknell, Ernest's omega dad, was indeed fear-inducing in the way he seemed to see straight into your soul.

His excited "I've heard so much about you, Leonard!" sounded just a little threatening. But he was very kind to me, aiming his sarcastic jabs exclusively at my husband, who took them with grace.

As the hours went, I became more and more aware of the plug. I would have gotten hard, but luckily, the armor-like jockstrap I wore worked almost like a chastity device. Which of course, while preventing me from showing a boner in polite society, made me even hornier. It was our party, though, and we couldn't leave early. I squirmed, leaning onto Davidson more heavily, and he noticed. When one of his extraordinarily chatty finance people finally left us alone, Davidson brushed my ear with his lips.

"Are you comfortable, omega?"

The tease. Of course, he would call me *that*. "I'm not supposed to lie to my Master."

"No. You must always tell the truth."

"I'm uncomfortable."

"Why?"

"My hole is sensitive, and I can't stop thinking about your cum plugged in me."

"That's unlucky. It's not even midnight. You need to control yourself."

"I'll be good. I promise."

"You'd better. You're not allowed to take the plug out."

"I won't, Master."

I jerked when a loud voice intruded into our little bubble. "Davidson, what a wonderful night! I haven't met your husband yet."

Oh Lord. Not again.

Judging by the annoyed frown on my man's face, I wasn't the only one who deemed the interruption rude.

"Gregory, good evening," Davidson said, sounding a little irritated. "This is my husband, Leonard Sullivan, and this is Gregory Crane. He's an esteemed board member here at Sullivan Aerospace."

"Nice to meet you, sir." I took the offered hand, and the old man leered, looking me up and down. Dressed as I was, I expected the looks, and most of the time, I took it as a compliment, but this man was way too blatant in ogling me. My husband stood right next to me, for fuck's sake.

"Please, call me Gregory. I'd heard the rumors that old Davidson here had snatched quite a jewel, but oh my, you're even more beautiful up close, Leonard."

I managed a tense smile and looked over the man's shoulder. I saw Finlay Bracknell in the crowd, but before I could make eye contact and wordlessly beg for him to come and save us, Davidson solved the situation for me.

"I'm so sorry, but we can't chat right now. Leo needs to sit down for a moment. He was just telling me about his back killing him. It's the pregnancy, you see."

I was completely fine, of course. Not that back issues were common for this early in the pregnancy anyway, and as a dragon mate, I wouldn't have any at all. But Gregory Crane bought the excuse. He gave me a smile a tad less sleazy than before. "Of course, I understand. Congratulations, by the way. It's high time for you, Davidson, huh? We're not getting any younger."

"No, we're not. Excuse us, please. I'll come and find you later, and we'll have a drink."

"Sure, sure. I'll be waiting."

Davidson was already leading me away to the elevators, his hand on my lower back. Once inside, he hit the button for the floor higher up.

The executive reception was deserted, and our steps echoed in the dim hallways. Davidson ushered me into his

office, locking the door behind us. I sincerely hoped we were here to get off, but I didn't dare to say a word. I stood in the middle of the room, and Davidson prowled around me, eyeing me with his amber eyes.

“Still uncomfortable?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Take off your shoes and pants.”

Since he didn't say anything about the jockstrap, I left it on.

“Stand facing my desk and brace your hands on top of it.”

Oh yes, please.

“What was that?”

Did I make a sound? I must have.

He leaned close and brushed my naked ass with his palm.
“You know what's coming, don't you?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Say it.”

“You're going to spank me.”

“Is it a punishment? Did you do something wrong?”

“No, Master. I've been good. I sucked your cock in the morning, thought of you for the whole day, and after you fucked me this evening, I kept your cum safe like you told me.”

“Why would I spank you, then?”

“Because you know I love it. My ass will burn in my pants for the rest of the night. It's a reward, not a punishment.”

“That's right.”

And *slap*. Oh God. The fancy clothes we wore, all the people downstairs, the plug... All of that made the spanking so deliciously wrong. The plug jostled in me with each hit of Davidson's palm, and as he angled the spanks to cover my

skin all over, it felt better and better. I might come just from this.

Before I could, he stopped.

“Take off the jockstrap.”

Knees shaking, I held on to the desk with one hand and slid the underwear down. He kicked it aside.

“Chest on the desk, c’mon.”

I pushed my ass out. The sound of the zipper made me grin with excitement. Would he jerk off on my reddened ass?

No, Davidson was way more brazen than that. He pulled the plug out. Immediately, I felt wetness leak out of my hole.

“Would you look at that? And you’ve been walking around my party like this? You look like such a nice husband with your smiles and your little baby bump, but you’re still just a filthy, wanton slut.”

And he thrust into me.

He was purposeful and firm, holding me by my hips and fucking me root to tip, lighting me up on the inside with a thousand fires.

“Grab your cock, omega. It’s going to be fast. I want you to catch your cum in your hand.”

He changed angle, rubbing the front wall of my hole, and I wailed. Fast indeed. He was railing me like it was a competition, and we were entering the finish line in second place.

Well, we won.

My ass began clenching with the god of all orgasms, and I did my best to come into my fist. Luckily, after getting off just before we’d left for the event, I didn’t have much. Such limitations didn’t apply to my mate, though. Growling like the monster he was, he shot into me, dousing my insides with an abundance of fresh cum. He panted, staying lodged in me deep enough to push against my womb.

“Eat your own cum.”

I lifted my hand to my face and obediently licked everything off while he rocked into me.

“Good boy.”

Then he retreated and promptly pushed the plug back in. Using a handkerchief from his suit pocket, he wiped my crease. He finished with one last slap over my bare ass.

“Get dressed.”

I took my time, playing up all my clumsy fumbling. He sat in an armchair to the side, relaxed, watching me waver as I stepped into my shoes.

“How do you feel now?”

“Full.”

“Full of what?”

“I have two loads of your cum in me and a plug.”

“And?”

“My own cum is in my stomach.”

“Like a good slut.”

“Yes, Master.”

“Are you ready to go back downstairs?”

“I smell of sex, Master. But I like it. I don’t mind that people will know you’ve just fucked me. I’m ready to go whenever you want.”

“Come here.”

I sat sideways on his lap, and he pecked my lips. His serene smile let me know we were done playing for now. “Are you having fun?”

“Sneaking out to fuck? Most definitely.”

“And the party?”

I shrugged. “It’s okay.”

He smirked crookedly. “I would have thought a boy like you would be at the heart of every glamorous event.”

“I used to enjoy that. But now I prefer being at home with my husband.”

He kissed me again, longer.

“It’s almost midnight,” he said. “We need to go down.”

“I know.”

I stood and offered him my hand. “Come, you have to kiss me in front of everybody.”

That got me a happy grin. “I do, don’t I?”

“Mhmm. And with your permission, Master, I won’t try to hide my excitement when you do.”

“Oh, the dinosaurs downstairs will get a kick out of that.”

I shrugged. “Let them.”

He hopped up and hugged me around my back, walking us out of the office.

“Everybody envies me already. I’m not sure I should provoke them even more.”

“Do you like showing me off in front of them?”

“They all thought I’d be single forever. Then I married the most beautiful man in the country who looks at me with love and lust in his gorgeous eyes. Yes, I like showing you off. Is it petty of me?”

I pecked his cheek. “In that case, we’re both petty. Because I love showing everybody how much I love you.”

We discreetly returned into the crowd, but Emanuel Bracknell must have been onto us, because he joined us only seconds later.

“Ernest says goodnight. They had to return home abruptly.”

For some mysterious reason, he was bubbling with barely contained excitement. I blinked. Davidson seemed oblivious, murmuring something polite in response.

“Mr. Bracknell, do you think they left because...?” I trailed off meaningfully, and the older Bracknell nodded.

“I think so.”

I grinned. They went home because Lawrence was about to go into labor.

“What?” Davidson asked, confused.

“Lawrence might give birth soon.”

“Oh.” My mate glanced at my belly and at my face again. “That’s wonderful.”

For the rest of the night, Davidson was smiling benevolently and talking to all those people with admirable patience. He even had the promised drink with Gregory Crane.

At midnight, when the fireworks outside exploded, he kissed me, and I went pliant in his arms, letting him deepen the kiss enough for our tongues to touch. We were locked in the kiss just long enough to raise eyebrows. I leaned into his chest and stayed close, my eyes only on my husband, until it was finally time to leave.

On the way home, I watched the city lights, contemplating the flow of time. Last year, after midnight on January 1st, I’d lain drunk in Fabio’s living room, disgusted with the people he’d invited and required me to entertain. I’d thrown a fit, and he’d punished me by taking a belt to my ass in front of the remaining guests. They’d all been in various stages of inebriation, cheering wildly, and I, being stupid, had enjoyed the mortification. I’d even tried to jerk off during the beating but hadn’t been able to come because of all the alcohol.

I’d been a train wreck.

I looked up at my husband, palming my belly. Who’d have guessed that marriage and a child would be the solution to all that angst I’d carried? I wasn’t wired for independence—I knew that now—and I would love and serve my husband for the rest of my life like the tamest, most obedient omega there was. A true disgrace to the emancipation movement. But my Davidson treated me as his equal even as I kissed his feet. How in the hell I got so lucky, I’d never understand, but I was getting used to it. I didn’t question myself anymore. He knew me, down to the darkest dungeon of my slutty soul, and he

loved me anyway. Maybe even more than I loved him—but I doubted that.



- Five months later -

DR. CLEARBRIDGE CLAIMED the pregnancy would be easy, and he'd been right. For the most part. I did get heavy, and I waddled like a penguin. I was tired and horny all the time *and* at the same time, which made me ridiculously clingy. Of course, Davidson loved that. With how wet and loose I got during the ninth month, I could have slept with his fist in me all night long. I even fell asleep during a fuck once. Didn't stop me from coming, though.

All in all, I became a needy little animal.

But I also did useful stuff. I tried. I learned how to cook a few dishes—nothing fancy, but enough not to feel like a complete disaster in the kitchen. We did a parenting course together, and while the group discussions drove us both up the wall, it was time well spent.

At week thirty-six, I modeled for my last professional photoshoot. After that, I did only one more, privately, with an omega photographer whose taste I greatly admired. While most photoshoots I did later in the pregnancy were boringly wholesome and for commercial purposes, this one was erotic and artistic. I wanted something extra for my mate.

I stripped naked, wearing only the collar, and we took pictures for almost two hours. Close-ups of curves and planes, my neck with the buckle, the top of my ass, now significantly bigger, with the dimples above, and even my hand holding my cock, with the piercing showing. It was all very tasteful and raw, and just brilliant. The photographer, Saul was his name, made me feel more attractive than ever.

Today, Saul gave me the result over coffee, and we talked possible plans he had for taking pictures of me and the baby for an exhibition he was planning. While it was more

demanding, I enjoyed modeling for art way more than commercials, so of course, I agreed.

When I came home, I put the dozen printed large-format pictures on Davidson's desk, encased in a manilla envelope, and went to take a warm bath.

I almost fell asleep in the tub, so I quickly showered with lukewarm water to wake up properly. When I exited the bathroom wearing my robe, Davidson sat on the bed, his shirt open at the collar, tie hanging loose. His hair was messy as he must have run his hand through it. He held two pictures, and the rest were spread out on the bed.

"Hello, dear husband," he said, and his tone held a subtle warning. But I was going to be on my best behavior.

"Hello," I replied.

"Who took these?"

"Saul. I told you about him, remember?"

"Yes. He's very talented." He looked around, frowning. "I want to hang them on the walls in here."

"What about staff? And our future children?"

"I know I can't. Which irritates me because I want to."

"You'll have to keep them in the nightstand, then."

"I'm annoyed. Come and suck my cock."

I grinned. That I could always do.

I knelt between his legs and serviced him while he looked at the photos, studying each with great focus. He came on a sigh, and I cleaned him up, then licked his cock until he told me to stop.

Letting me wait on my knees by the bed, he collected all the images and carefully placed them into the top drawer of his nightstand.

He told me to lie on the bed and kissed me, everywhere, searching for the spots and lines the images had captured, and tracing them with his lips and tongue. By the time he spooned

me and pushed inside me, I was panting with arousal. I came after barely a few thrusts.

We made love for a long time, on our sides at first, and then me on top while he stroked my belly.

My nipples tingled, and when Davidson massaged them, a small drop of clear liquid escaped from my left pec.

I was close.



THE FIRST CONTRACTION came early in the morning three days later. It woke me up, and my gasp of surprise jolted Davidson into a sitting position.

We had everything ready. A pile of towels, a water basin, drinks and food for me, a small clip for the umbilical cord... Everything neatly placed in the lowest drawer of my dresser.

We could simply make love and let it happen.

At first, it didn't even ache all that much. A few seconds of dull tension in my core every four or five minutes, and that was it. Davidson was hard as a rock, the pheromones coming from my skin arousing him on the most basic level, but he didn't fuck me. Not yet. He suckled on my nipples, teasing more drops of milk out of me, and he fingered me, sucking my cock, to make me come a couple of times. Then I rested in his lap with his cock lodged in me as deep as it would go while the contractions came more often and felt stronger. And stronger.

"Davidson, I need more."

He thrust carefully just as another cramp gripped me. I cried out with a surprisingly strong jolt of pleasure. Oh wow. But Davidson stilled.

"Sorry, love. I'm sorry..."

"No. That was good. That was amazing. A little harder, please."

“Yeah?”

“Uh-huh.”

When the next contraction came, Davidson pushed in at the perfect angle, and I groaned.

“There! Yes!”

He chuckled. “This is crazy.”

“I know. Feels incredible.”

A more powerful cramp, longer too, and he fucked me through it. I came hard, and another contraction hit me right after the orgasm.

“Don’t stop. I need it.”

“Not stopping. Going to come too.”

And another orgasm. Holy shit!

Now I fully understood the comment about exhaustion in the brochure. We’d barely even started.

When we took a break so I could drink something, I begged him to please fill me again. As long as he was in me, it didn’t hurt.

By the time my water broke, I’d been coming every other minute for what felt like an hour. I was oversensitive everywhere, but the thought of Davidson leaving my body terrified me.

“It’s okay, darling. I just need to check. It’s okay.”

He rolled me onto my back, and before another spasm made me yell, he pushed his hand into me.

Oh God.

His fingers prodded and poked, massaging the dilating mouth to my womb, and I was drifting on cloud nine.

“We’re going to do it like this for a little while, okay?”

I lost awareness of time, then awareness of self. My body was tingling and throbbing while waves of aching pleasure washed over me. Somewhere in the back of my mind, I knew I

was in pain. But the layers of euphoria covered any discomfort, and as I breathed through the contractions, I learned to love the terrible tension. Then relief. And again, a horrible tension. Davidson's hand deep inside me. Pressure. Oh, the pressure.

“Next time, try pushing a little, okay?”

Oh fuck.

Fucking fuck. I did push.

On the next wave of pleasure-pain, Davidson pulled his hand out. With his slick fingers, he massaged my cock. When the next contraction hit, I was empty, and I simply had to push through it to find relief. It worked. I pushed harder, and a small orgasm fizzled through my gut. Holy smokes.

Davidson knelt between my spread legs, massaging my thighs. He was grinning, his face contorted into an almost maniacal smile. My head empty, I grinned back. Then I had to push, and I screamed instead.

It hurt but didn't at the same time. This insanely violent thing was happening to my body, stretching the mouth to my womb to its capacity and beyond, but when I pushed through, each contraction ended on a wave of relieved pleasure so overwhelming, my only worry was that I'd pass out.

Then Davidson took my cock into his mouth, and I was screaming my lungs out. This orgasm didn't go away. I pushed and pushed, and it raged through me, sparkles and fireworks, and oh my fucking God...pain!

It lasted only a second. Maybe two.

The euphoric feeling took over, the pressure disappeared amazingly fast, and I was panting, tendrils of the greatest climax ever chasing themselves through my limp body.

The pressure was gone.

The pressure...is gone.

My eyes popped open, and I gasped.

Davidson knelt between my legs, holding our baby in his arms. The tiniest little baby. His head was smaller than Davidson's hand.

My husband was laughing, his eyes red, tears running down his cheeks and into his beard, and he looked at me and at the baby and at me again.

“Leo...”

I couldn't speak. The expression on his face took my breath away, and since I'd barely been catching enough oxygen as it was, well...

He gently placed my son onto my chest, and my arms did something by themselves, holding him just right even though he was slippery as hell. Davidson gave me a fluffy towel, and I wrapped it over our baby's back.

I looked into his little face, and he looked back at me. So alert. Were newborns this alert? I remembered something from the course about the first moments after birth. They were. He grabbed my finger and gazed at me unseeingly with dark amber eyes. He didn't cry. Just stared with the cutest little frown on his forehead.

“Yes, that's me,” I said, not recognizing my voice. “I'm your dad.”

I was a dad. My baby was here. A whole human being we'd made. Well, not human exactly... Oh Lord.

Davidson was doing something between my legs, but I could barely feel anything from the waist down, so it didn't matter. I looked at my son, and he looked at me, and we had a silent conversation about the future. I told him I'd try to be the best dad, that I'd listen to him, protect him, and that I'd really try to get to know him and be honest with him. He was worried and confused—the change from the inside to the outside must have been overwhelming—but he relied on me to take care of him. I laughed a little because I was being ridiculous, but seriously... What did you think when you just met your child?

Davidson lay down beside us, holding a cup with a straw. I rolled carefully and cradled my son so he could reach my nipple. Mercifully, he knew what to do right away. Some omegas struggled with chestfeeding, but I was a dragon mate, right? I was made for this.

“Leo,” Davidson breathed, and I lifted my eyes. He offered the cup to me. “It’s apple juice.”

I wrapped my lips around the straw, and hallelujah. I’d never had and never would taste anything as good as that damned apple juice.

Our baby boy closed his eyes.

“Why are *you* tired, hm?” I asked, and Davidson chuckled. He caressed the baby’s head, then my cheek, and I met his soft gaze.

“You’re amazing, Leo.”

I felt pretty amazing.

EPILOGUE

Leo

DAVIDSON PICKED A FUSSING Rufus from the tall chair before I could and gathered him to his chest.

“You’re going to get sauce all over your shirt,” I said, handing him a wet paper towel.

“It’s fine. It’s ready to go into the wash anyway.” He dabbed at Rufus’s mouth. In the meanwhile, Rufus grabbed him by the beard and proceeded to lather it with the pasta sauce still clinging to his hands.

“Da!” he cried joyfully.

“Da is dirty now too,” Davidson said, chuckling. “We should feed you naked in the shower, baby boy.”

I put the dishes onto the counter and wiped the mess off the table. “That’s a sound idea. Let’s do that next time.”

“It’s my turn to read tonight,” Davidson said to Rufus. “But first, we have to brush your three teeth.”

Reading meant paging through one of the short toddler books while Rufus pointed and tried to take it from him. It was also one of my favorite moments of the day. Most evenings, I’d sit next to Davidson and listen to their soft banter, breathing in their combined scent.

After putting the book away, we waited for our son to fall asleep while trying not to drift off before he did. Sometimes, one of us had to wake the other up, but tonight we made it.

When Rufus was fast asleep, we snuck into the bathroom for a quick but thorough fuck.

I rinsed the cum from my crease, and Davidson handed me a towel.

“I can take him with me to the hangars tomorrow morning if you want a break,” he offered.

“It’s okay. We’re going to Manny’s around lunchtime already. We’ll spend a few hours there before the big event.”

“Are you still okay with doing it?” he asked. I knew he looked forward to tomorrow night, but he also understood how difficult it would be for me.

“Yes. I’m okay.”

Davidson smiled and kissed my forehead. “You can always change your mind, love.”

I knew. But I, too, yearned for the precious one night together we could have.

ARRANGING an overnight sitter for a one-year-old should be next to impossible. Separation anxiety at that age was formidable for both the child and the parents, and no sane person would voluntarily expose themselves to the terror of taking care of a dragon alpha who’d just learned to walk.

And Rufus didn’t just walk. He *ran*.

From day one, as soon as he realized he could take a couple of steps by himself, he started running. It was hilarious and terrifying, and apparently not unusual for a dragon child.

I was lucky, though, because I was friends with the inimitable Emanuel Bracknell. Manny was the only person in the entire world whom I could trust with our son. He’d babysat Rufus before, but never longer than a few hours. When he’d offered to take him for Davidson’s and my anniversary—it would be two years since we met—I might have cried a little.

“Oh hush. I’m delighted to do it. Davidson’s parents live so far away, and hiring strangers is such a gamble. Plus, Rufus

is adorable.”

“He’s fast, Manny. Like really fast. Two days ago, he climbed on the cupboard handles and stole a pack of cookies from the counter. I didn’t think he’d be able to open them, but before I caught him, there were cookie crumbles all over the living room.”

Manny laughed. “I’ve seen it all, Leo. Matthew, Finlay’s oldest, learned to shift when he was only two-and-a-half. Luckily, it took him another two years to figure out how to open the upstairs windows, or we’d have installed iron bars everywhere. Terrible menace, that boy. He’s in college now, still acting stupid, I presume, but his grades are decent. And Shane, Gabe’s middle child, liked to fall asleep during hide and seek. One Christmas Eve, it took the whole clan two hours to find him curled up under some coats in a closet, suckling on his thumb. If Rufus manages to surprise me, he deserves a cake.”

Manny was simply incredible—fierce, with a charisma ten times the size of his small body, and so loving; he radiated palpable warmth wherever he went. I admired him more than any man I’d ever met.

On Friday afternoon, I kissed Rufus on both cheeks, breathing in a good dose of his sweet scent, and he calmly let me hand him over to Manny. He looked a little confused at first, his blue-yellow eyes flicking from Manny to me and back, but when Manny spoke, explaining that Dad was going to be back soon, he even waved at me.

I blew out a breath and drove home to prepare.

AT FIVE, I was showered, moisturized, and ready for anything my Master would like to do to me. Davidson had messaged he was on his way, so I walked downstairs to the atrium.

The golden lace jockstrap was my favorite piece from our spring collection. It was delicate and complemented my skin to perfection. Aside from that, I wore my collar and nothing else. We wouldn’t be going out for an anniversary dinner

somewhere or anything like it. My husband and I had the house to ourselves for twenty-four hours, and we would make the most out of every minute.

When I heard the car in the driveway, I knelt facing the door and bent my head.

I didn't lift my gaze when the door creaked open, not when I heard the steps, and not when I saw his shoes on the tiles in front of me.

A light hand slapped me across my face. It didn't hurt, only stung a little.

“Look at me.”

I raised my eyes to look into my husband's face. His dark eyebrows were knitted together, and his eyes blazed. Another small slap to the other cheek.

“Open your mouth, slut.”

I opened wide and waited. My cock was throbbing and my hole leaking already.

The sound of a zipper. The waft of his scent. Mmm.

And then his thick cock was in my throat. I gagged, gulped, and choked for breath. It was fast and messy, and Davidson only took, with no regard for my comfort or pleasure.

I did like our frantic trysts in the bathroom after our son had fallen asleep or the tender, slow lovemaking under the covers when we'd wake up in the middle of the night and just had to feel each other. Davidson would hold his hand over my mouth to muffle my moans while he'd move inside me.

But this...this was something else. I felt the bond between us tugging on my underbelly. It glowed, growing stronger with every day.

“There you are,” my Master murmured, looking into my eyes. “I missed my little animal. So pretty with a cock in your mouth.” He tugged on my hair, his lips curling with what looked like anger. “Suck properly. Harder!”

On a garbled groan, I tried tightening my lips but only ended up gagging again. Tears sprung into my eyes, and Davidson liked *that*.

“So sloppy. Suck, my horny bitch. That’s it. I’ll feed you.”

His cum flooded my throat, and I closed my eyes, willing myself to relax. The familiar taste soothed me on the most primal level, and if I hadn’t had my mouth full, I would have smiled. I swallowed everything and licked him clean, lapping at his length until he pushed me away.

“Go fix me a drink,” he said coldly when he tucked himself back into his underwear and zipped up.

Usually, he’d praise me for eating his seed, but today, we’d play a different game. One we hadn’t had the opportunity to revive since Rufus was born.

By using me callously, Davidson gave me just what I needed. I loved feeling like a thing he owned and adored the mix of peace and exhilaration the game gave me. For the next twenty-four hours, I’d be the most obedient and attentive serf who ever served. In return, when I was shaking with anticipation and need, he would fuck me into nirvana.

My Master still wore his suit while I was nearly naked with his cum sliding into my stomach. I went to the bar by the pool and poured him a whiskey while he settled on the sofa and loosened his tie. After I handed him the tumbler, I lowered my head and waited for his next command.

For a while, he only watched me, his gaze seemingly emotionless and calculating, but I knew better than to think he didn’t care. He was edging me, knowing my reward would be all the sweeter, the longer he’d make me wait.

“Did you forget your place?” he snapped abruptly. “On your knees!”

I knelt at his feet.

“I’ve already fucked your face today. Turn around.”

I scrambled to obey and bent over until I was curled up into a ball, my exposed crease right in Davidson’s line of sight.

“There’s my fuckhole.”

Again, he was silent, probably drinking and watching. At least I hoped he was watching me. I tried to clench and push. Then again.

A low growl came from behind me.

Bingo. He was watching. I pushed harder, feeling my hole open up a little, then I clenched again.

“Are you taunting me? Really?”

The evil snarl sent a shudder through me.

“Answer!”

“I’m sorry, Master.”

“What did you do?”

“I clenched my hole.”

“Why?”

“I wanted to tease you, Master.”

“Tease me, you say. Is that what a fuckhole does?”

“No, Master.”

“What is a fuckhole allowed to do?”

“It waits to get fucked.”

“That’s right. You’re a fuckhole, omega. You will wait. I decide if and when you’ll get fucked. Understand?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Do you deserve a punishment?”

“Yes, Master.”

“What kind of punishment?”

“Whatever you decide, Master.”

He walked around me in circles, and I could hear my own heartbeat. My entire body pulsed.

Then he crouched by my side. He lifted my tail end a little so my ass was high in the air.

“Stay still.”

Snap.

He struck my crease, hitting my wet rim with his fingers.

I yelped. It hurt like fuck, but it thrilled me. Energized, I waited for the next one. And the next.

“You’re a hole, and holes are for fucking.” Another snap, precise and merciless. “Holes don’t taunt and don’t talk back. You’re a hole, say it.”

“I’m... ah! Hole.”

“I didn’t hear you.”

“I am a hole.”

Except he accentuated every syllable by hitting my rim with his fingers even harder than before. How did he angle his hand so that he could do this so fast and hard?

“Fuckhole.”

“I’m a... fuck... hole.”

He smoothed his hand over my ass cheeks, stroking lightly, letting me know the punishment was over.

I exhaled. My rim was on fire, but inside, I was full of fresh slick.

Davidson stood and walked to the bar. The clanking of a glass on the counter let me know he refilled his tumbler. A few seconds later, the sofa creaked behind me.

“Spread your ass for me. I want to see my wet fuckhole.”

Grabbing my ass cheeks with both hands, I opened my crease and focused on loosening my muscles. When I felt my rim gape a little, I held still.

Drinking his whiskey, Davidson let me kneel there with my ass open for what felt like an eternity. I didn’t mind. It was just humiliating enough to keep my blood humming with arousal. After a while, I felt a little drop of slick trickle out of me. My Master gave an evil chuckle.

“You’re leaking. My fuckhole wants dick, hm?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Well, you’re not getting it yet. Straddle my lap with your back to me.”

I hurried to comply, and he pushed with his palm in the middle of my back until I was bent in half, my ass in his lap, and my head and arms hanging down his legs. I jerked when something cold touched my lower back. He’d rested the tumbler there.

“Don’t move, or it’ll spill. Understand?”

“Yes, Master.”

I gritted my teeth when his fingertips brushed my exposed, prickling hole. Every nerve ending back there was alive and buzzing.

“How come you’re wet?”

“I’m aroused from sucking your cock and from you hitting my hole. I deserved the punishment, and I’m grateful for it. Thank you, my Master.”

“You’re married. A nice and obedient omega mate. And yet you’re wanton like a cheap whore. Why is that?”

“I think about your cum and about fucking all the time. I can’t help it. I’m a slut for my Master’s cock.”

“And where do you need that cock?”

“In my hole, Master. I need it deep in my hole.”

The glass on my back disappeared for a few seconds. Davidson gulped, sighed, and put it back.

Tracing the strings of the jockstrap, he hummed. “This is very pretty. Would be a shame to get it dirty. I better make sure you don’t come in it.”

He shoved two fingers into me in an abrupt move that had me almost throwing the glass off. Grunting, I locked my muscles.

“Careful,” he warned. He drove his fingers in and out, and I moaned. The bulky hardness created the perfect friction, and

when he rubbed over my gland, I almost came already. He must have felt me getting close because he stilled his movement and pushed on my gland like he was pressing a button. I wailed.

“So loud. I thought you wanted something in that hole. You don’t like it?”

The pressure was just a tad harder than what would have been pleasant. I fought not to move, which was getting increasingly difficult with the shivers running up and down my spine.

“I do. Thank you, Master,” I managed, panting.

Davidson resumed the finger-fucking, and I exhaled. He must have taken a gulp of the drink because the weight of the tumbler was gone. His fingers withdrew. What would happen now?

Fiery liquid ran over my sensitized rim, and I squeaked with surprise. My inhumanly strong mate lifted my ass high in the air by a firm grip on my waist and slurped up everything. He licked my crease, and the burn of alcohol abated, giving way to the sweet sensation of his tongue gliding in and out of my hole.

“I can’t get drunk on the whiskey, but your slick... Mmm.”

I wavered precariously, my feet sliding over the sofa cushions, but Davidson wouldn’t let me fall. He lowered me slowly and arranged me so I was on my hands and knees. He pushed my face down into the corner of the sofa. I could breathe, but barely.

“You didn’t topple my drink. I think you deserve a reward. What’s the best way to reward an ass like this?”

“You decide, Master.”

So he spanked me. He used the ideal rhythm and force, and I luxuriated in the stinging heat spreading over my ass and thighs. My slick was running down my crease. Davidson lapped it up and spanked me some more. Alternating between rimming and spanking, he brought me to the brink of orgasm yet again. Then he stopped.

An involuntary whine escaped me, but Davidson only chuckled.

“Oh, I love you, my darling nympho. Do you want my cock?”

“Yes, Master. Always.”

“What are you willing to do to get it?”

“Whatever you want, Master. I’m yours, all of me, anytime.”

He could tell me anything, and I’d do it to the best of my ability, no questions asked.

Davidson seemed to think about it as he stroked my back lightly and hooked his finger in a ring on my collar. There were three of the silver rings, convenient additions to the jewel for this very purpose. He tugged me up and led me by the collar upstairs to our bedroom. He paused by the door to the ensuite.

“I’m covered with grime from the office. I want my omega to wash me.”

I loved Davidson so much; sometimes I got overwhelmed by the emotion. Like now. My eyes stung a little, and I had to swallow around a lump in my throat. I wouldn’t cry—I was just happy. I loved washing him, and he knew. I might be the one following orders, getting my face slapped and ass spanked, but everything he did was calculated to bring me as much pleasure as I could take.

“Yes, Master. Thank you so much, Master.”

Slowly and carefully, I removed his jacket and draped it over a chair. His tie was next. As I opened his shirt, one button after another, I leaned closer, pulling in his intensifying scent. I knelt to remove his shoes and socks, then I undid his belt and pushed down his pants. I couldn’t help but nuzzle his cock through the cotton briefs he wore. He petted my head.

“Soon, my little fuckhole. But not yet. Today, we’re taking our time, remember?”

The wait was heavenly torture. I squirmed, clenching my leaking hole, as I removed his briefs, and his cock sprung free. Thick and hard and *huge*. My mouth filled with saliva. But I wouldn't touch it without permission.

When he was naked, I slid the jockstrap down my legs as well and gave it to him. Davidson sniffed at it before placing it on the nightstand. Then I lifted my chin, closing my eyes.

This was something only he could do. I would never open the buckle by myself without a direct order from my Master.

His fingers brushed my skin when he slid the leather through the metal opening, slowly removing the collar. His hand curled around my throat and squeezed. It was lust that made me quiver, never fear. There wasn't a way Davidson could touch me that would unsettle me.

He set the open collar on the nightstand next to the jockstrap and gently shoved me toward the bathroom.

In the shower, I doused his body from all angles. Meticulously, I lathered him with the unscented shower gel, covering one inch at a time, contouring every line and muscle.

“Please, Master, can I wash your cock?”

Wordlessly, Davidson spread his legs.

With a groan of excitement, I massaged his length and balls, dipping my fingers into his crease and spreading suds over his ass cheeks. I had no reason to linger as long as I did, but he let me, watching with a benevolent smile. Tracing the firm ridges and his half-swollen knot, I could almost feel him inside me already. The phantom sensation left me hollow and achy, but I savored the state of acute need.

I took the showerhead from the hook and rinsed him thoroughly.

“Wash yourself,” he said, leaning on the tiles and folding his arms across his chest.

Despite being mostly clean from earlier, I made a show of lathering myself head to toe. I turned my ass toward him when I cleaned up back there, using my fingers to open myself up

and letting some of the water trickle in and out. Davidson looked impassive, but his erection was pointing right at me.

“Enough,” he barked and took the showerhead from me.

I stilled, waiting.

“I’m all wet,” he said.

Instead of handing him a towel, I dabbed at his skin with it, gathering every drop. Again, I ended up on my knees. Bracing his hand on the wall, he offered me his left foot, so I toweled it off and kissed the top. Then the other foot. Only after Davidson stepped out of the bathroom did I dry myself.

“Where are you? Come here.”

I hurried to his side. Clasp my neck, he pushed me to a kneeling position by the bed.

Then he wrapped the collar back around my neck, fixing it in place.

At this point, I vibrated with arousal. I’d been ready to come for the past hour, and everything we’d done had only wound me up tighter. Knowing I’d feel him soon, I struggled to breathe without moaning.

Davidson pulled a small chest from under the bed, and my heartbeat doubled. *Fuck, yes!* It had been so long.

He wrapped thick cuffs around my wrists and tightened them. Leather straps with carabiners dangled from the cuffs, each about two feet long. Davidson grabbed them and pulled me into a standing position. Then he clipped the carabiners into the discreet hooks screwed into the ceiling beam above the foot of our bed. I hung in front of the bed like a fly caught in a spider’s net, arms spread and toes barely nudging the floor.

Any second now.

I heard him behind me, breathing heavily, as he assessed his handiwork.

“Are you comfortable?”

I knew better than to lie.

“I can’t reach the floor, Master. My arms ache, and breathing is getting difficult.”

“Then I’d better hold you up, hm?”

He stroked down the back of my legs, circling my muscles. I gasped when he lifted me, his big hands holding me under my thighs. Suspended from the ceiling, I hovered surely five feet above the floor when his lips brushed my opening.

“My tasty treat,” he murmured and licked into me.

He held me to his mouth like a fucking snack, and it was mind-blowingly hot. Davidson gave the word manhandling completely new meaning. I couldn’t relax in the most awkward position I’d ever experienced. If he dropped me, I’d surely dislocate my shoulders. But then he licked deeper, his humming noises reaching into my guts, and I let go. My Master would never let me fall or hurt myself. When I relaxed, the sensations got even better, my ass leaked more slick, and Davidson’s sounds turned wilder.

At first, I felt it in my ass. His tongue was suddenly reaching deeper than should be anatomically possible. It pressed on my gland and wiggled, making me shout. Then his claws dug into the soft skin of my thighs. The air in the room moved as if someone had turned on a fan. His wings.

Davidson had half-shifted.

I tried to stop my orgasm, but it was too late. Davidson’s tongue slithered inside me, and my lower body began throbbing, my hole pulsating, and cock twitching. My cum flew through the air and splattered all over the bedcover underneath me.

My Master growled. I didn’t have time to mourn the loss of his tongue. With a minor adjustment of his grip on my legs, he pulled me onto his erection as easily as if I were a toy.

I screamed.

In this form, his cock was about an inch longer, the head thicker, and the ridges so defined I felt them pop inside me one by one.

“My little fuckhole. You’re so tight. Been a long time since I took you like this, hm? I’ve been neglecting you.”

He moved me up and down, burrowing deeper, and my orgasm flared again even as I expected pain any moment.

When he pulled me down faster, his cockhead punched into an oversensitive spot deep inside me. I wailed from the sudden sting, but it made me come even harder, dissolving into warm tingles.

“Yeah. Suck on my dick, my little fuckhole. You feel so nice when you come.”

And then he *really* fucked me.

The thick cuffs didn’t chafe, but I felt the strain in my arms and shoulders when he moved me up and down his monstrous cock. His wings sent the curtains swinging. When I closed my eyes, I could imagine we made love while flying through the endless skies. He folded me in half, my back against his chest, holding me under my knees, and he dropped me onto his dick over and over. From this angle, the invasion felt surreal, like he was digging into my guts and stretching them out into absurd dimensions. I came again. Then once more.

By the time he unclipped the carabiners and lowered me onto the bed, I couldn’t move my limbs. My husband wasn’t done with me, though. He spread my legs and sheathed himself in me again, claws scraping down my sides and teeth sinking into my shoulder.

My beloved monster.

I melted into the mattress and let him use me, reveling in the distinct smell of cum and sweat that permeated the sheets.

“You’re twitching, my fuckhole. You got enough?”

“Never.”

He laughed darkly and sped up, pounding into my splayed body. Wet slaps and squelching noises filled the room. I couldn’t tell if I orgasmed anymore or not. My body seemed to be disconnected from my brain. But when his cum filled me, I felt it. The contentment reached all the way into my heart.

“There. That should be enough cock even for a lusty whore like you.”

He pulled out and spread my ass cheeks, and I knew he was looking at my cum-stained opening. With how stretched I was, he was staring right into me, at my raw flesh. I wanted to push and clench, but I couldn't. Everything back there still buzzed with confused pleasure, and I was unable to control my muscles.

Davidson kissed my rim, then licked. He was cleaning me up, licking his own cum off me.

I sighed.

Even though I didn't want to, I fell asleep within seconds.

A GROAN ROUSED me from a heated, confusing dream. Disoriented, I looked around. I lay in the middle of the bed, uncovered, and Davidson knelt above me. He was stroking his cock, fast, looking at my body.

“Just in time,” he rasped.

He came all over me. His hot cum sprayed my stomach and chest, and a few drops landed on my face. He collected the cum with his fingers and fed it to me, drop by drop.

“Lick my hand clean.”

Even half-asleep, I obeyed. I always obeyed my Master.

After that, he rolled me onto my side, shoved his half-hard dick into me, and told me to sleep again.

I grinned. It would be difficult, but I would fall asleep eventually. I thought of how he'd jerked off watching me sleep and gradually drifted until I wasn't sure if it had been a dream or not.

Sometime during the night, he fucked me wrapped in his arms, kissing my neck and shoulder, whispering filthy nothings into my ear. I was sore and overstimulated and simply ecstatic. I'd be full of his precious cum in the morning.



Davidson

I WOKE up to the scent of fresh coffee and butter. Peeling my eyes open, I stretched and noticed the tray on the nightstand. Coffee, a croissant, and a glass of juice.

Leo knelt by the bed, head bent, waiting. He was naked, wearing only his collar. And he was just breathtaking. Skin glowing, cheeks still pink from all the fucking, traces from my teeth at the base of his throat, and lips puffy from biting kisses... And the serene expression on his face—as if kneeling for me had been his life’s greatest dream come true.

How long had he waited? Devoted, trusting, and eager to please me. Leo changed into the most subservient and docile version of himself when we had sex, and I adored it. The complete power he’d given me made me feel immortal. In return, I gave him peace and pleasure. So much pleasure.

Without saying anything, I sat on the edge of the bed and dragged Leo’s face to my groin. I held him by his hair with one hand, and with the other, I sipped my coffee and checked my phone. Leo sucked and licked my dick in the meantime, nice and slow, so I could eat and drink at the same time. Only when I finished my breakfast did he work to make me come, sucking me deep and gagging prettily.

His hips rolled in time with his vigorous sucks. He was close himself, but I didn’t want him to come yet. I pulled his head away, and as he stared at me pleadingly, flushed and desperate, I painted his face with my seed. Knowing what my husband liked, I slapped him across his cum-stained face a few times, not hard enough to leave any marks but enough for it to sting a little.

Leo was panting with arousal.

“You’ve been so good, my dear husband. You deserve the biggest reward.”

Realizing what I meant, Leo sucked in a breath.

A minute later, the dildo was attached to the chair. It was a replica of a dragon knot, marketed mostly to adventurous humans but fabricated by a shifter-owned company.

It took Leo a long time because it'd been a few months since we'd last done this. I lounged on the bed and watched as he struggled to take the entire toy. When he finally sat, he was flushed all over, his cock standing to attention, the jewel at the tip gleaming.

“Good boy. So good. You have a nice, big hole.”

Then I lowered myself onto the floor in front of him. “You can come if you want, omega.” I sucked his cock to the hilt and swallowed around it. Braced on my shoulders, Leo rocked and wriggled, impaling himself on the toy while fucking my mouth. He was so loud. He came shouting, and I swallowed everything, grateful for every little drop of my mate's pleasure.

FOR THE REST of the morning, we sweated in the sauna and lounged by the pool. I massaged Leo's back and feet and kissed his swollen, used rim—not to arouse him but to soothe. He almost fell asleep again.

After lunch, he got a little restless, looking at the clock often.

“Are you worried we'll be late?” I asked.

He shook his head. “Sorry. I'm being stupid. Manny messaged everything's fine, and we still have a couple more hours.”

“But you want to go get Rufus already?”

Leo sighed. “I don't want to cut our time short.”

I could see it in his eyes. “But you miss him.”

“It's silly.”

“No, it's not. I miss him too. Let's go get him.”

“Are you sure?” His tone was hesitant, but his eyes lit up.

“Absolutely. If he falls asleep tonight at a reasonable hour, I’ll spank and fuck you over the bathroom counter.”

Laughing, Leo pecked my lips. “Back to furtive married sex?”

“Are you complaining?” I raised my eyebrows. “Because if you are, I could always pull out the riding crop.”

Leo bit his lower lip. “It would be a fitting punishment for cutting our alone time short.”

“I decide on your punishments, omega. Now go dress.”

My mate kissed my cheek and caressed my beard before darting upstairs, taking two steps at a time.

Half an hour later, we were parked by the Bracknell house. Leo held Rufus in his arms, nuzzling him and laughing when our son head-butted him in an attempt to give him a kiss.

Manny stood next to me, a knowing smile on his face. “First time is always the hardest, but Rufus was a darling. He felt a little sorry for himself in the evening, but that was because he’d spent half of the day running with the twins and was exhausted. He slept all night. I suspect the separation was more difficult for Leo than for Rufus.”

“Probably,” I admitted. “But I kept him distracted.”

Chuckling, Manny patted my arm. “I bet you did. In any case, I’ll gladly take him again when you need some alone time.”

“Thank you so much, Manny. It means a lot.”

“Nah.” He waved a hand in the air dismissively. “As if it’s a sacrifice on my side. You’d think after thirteen grandchildren, I’d be over the baby fever, but apparently not.” He gave a soft scoff, shaking his head. “Leo, would you like some tea?” he called.

Leo hiked Rufus up onto his hip and turned to us. “We don’t want to intrude. I’m sure you want your house back.”

“Nonsense. Come in.”

Rufus fell asleep in my arms when we sat on the patio outside, drinking tea with Manny and his husband, Cyrus.

“Lawrie and Ernest were here yesterday, and the twins kept Rufus entertained. It was really no bother,” Manny was saying to Leo, who leaned on my arm, shifting closer to our son.

Cyrus looked at Leo and me over the rim of his cup. “And are you planning another one soon?”

It was an intimate question, but since Rufus was born, we’d become close with the Bracknells. Manny adopted Leo with the same protective affection he aimed at his sons-in-law, and Leo basked in it. For the first time in his adult life, my mate was getting the fatherly love he deserved.

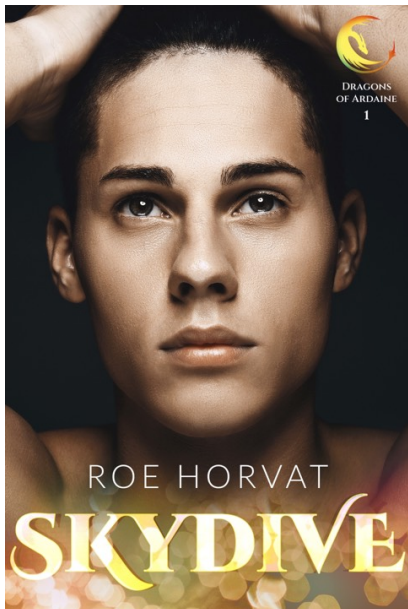
I looked at my husband. I wouldn’t answer Cyrus’s question because it wasn’t up to me. Leo knew where I stood. If I had my way, he’d be pregnant all the time, popping one baby after another.

My mate was blushing, his eyes pinned on our son. Then he briefly glanced at me and grinned.

He said only one word, loud and sure: “Yes.”

DRAGONS OF ARDAINE

*Lawrie and Ernest's story is told in **Skydive**, Dragons of Ardaine Book 1, available on [Amazon and Kindle Unlimited](#).*



On New Year's Eve, Lawrie meets a deadly attractive, loaded alpha who's brilliant in bed and nice to boot. Pity Ernest travels so much and doesn't do relationships. Lawrie can at least enjoy one wild weekend. Except now it's the morning after, and things get weird. *Very* weird. Lawrie's body has changed overnight, warranting the freakout of a lifetime.

Ernest has been looking for his true mate since the eager age of twenty-one. After fifteen years, he's reconciled himself to restless traveling and hook-ups. The most recent one is a real treat—a certain Lawrence Winchester, a young omega with a sharp wit and an unusually intense scent. The thought of a mate doesn't even enter Ernest's head as he drifts through the night in a lusty haze. The morning brings life-altering revelations. Lawrie is the one—the signs are unmistakable. Now how to break it to him gently that he's stuck with Ernest for the rest of his life and that Ernest is, um, a slightly different species...

Skydive is a steamy, lighthearted MM omegaverse romance, featuring dragon shifters. HEA, standalone, high heat, mpreg.

WINTER SUN SERIES

Winter Sun is a series of standalone omegaverse novels, featuring the age-gap and hurt-comfort tropes. The books have high levels of heat, and each ends with a HEA for the main couple. Heat, knotting, mpreg, non-shifter.

When a homeless young omega comes by Burke's pub asking for work, Burke doesn't have the heart to send him away. He lets the boy help with some chores in exchange for food, and soon, Emerson's visits become regular. Then one frosty December night, the boy keeps his head down, hiding in a corner until closing time and looking like he wants to disappear into the ground. Emerson is about to go into heat, and he has nowhere to hide.

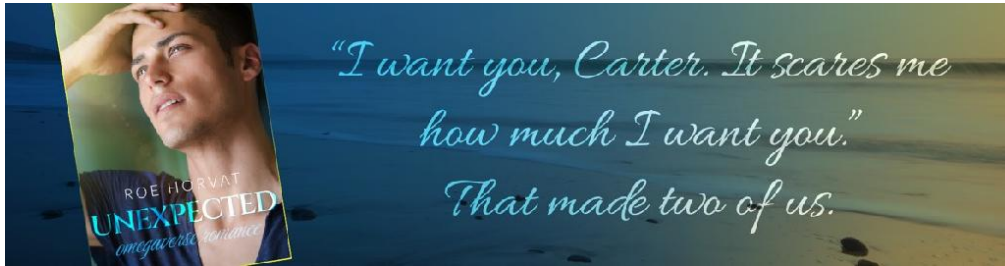
Find *Ugly* on [Amazon and Kindle Unlimited](#).



Richard has everything he ever wanted—immense wealth, sky-high status, beautiful men... But only the dog he did not want brings him some semblance of happiness. After a messy breakup, he moves to a tiny coastal town, intent on rebuilding his life and reinventing himself. He shouldn't even be noticing cute omegas half his age. Except then he finds his shy little

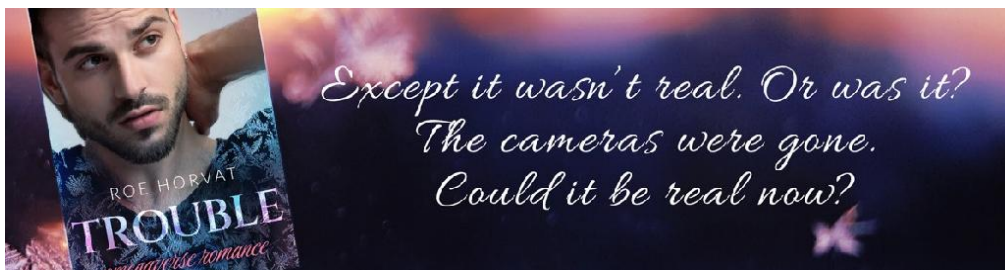
dog walker crying on his living room floor, and protecting Carter becomes his utmost priority.

Find ***Unexpected*** on [Amazon and Kindle Unlimited](#).



Hugh has been in love with Kirby for years, which either makes him the most foolish or the most patient alpha on the planet. Because Kirby Matthews, the famous porn star and omega of everyone's wet dreams, is resolutely single. But Hugh knows the real Kirby underneath the armor of glamour and snark. When an opportunity arises to be with him during heat, Hugh will do whatever it takes—even get naked in front of the cameras.

Find ***Trouble*** on [Amazon and Kindle Unlimited](#).



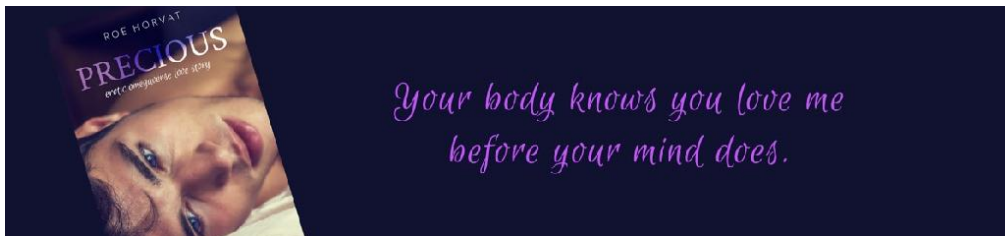
HEATED TOUCH SERIES

Heated Touch is a series of standalone omegaverse novels with instant intense physical connection and deep emotional bonds between the main characters. The books have high levels heat, and each ends with a HEA for the main couple. Erotic romances, heat, knotting, mpreg, non-shifter.

*The bestselling novel **Precious** is a gay erotic romance about a runaway omega in heat and his unexpected protector.*

Hurt/comfort, finding home, standalone, HEA.

[Amazon and Kindle Unlimited](#)

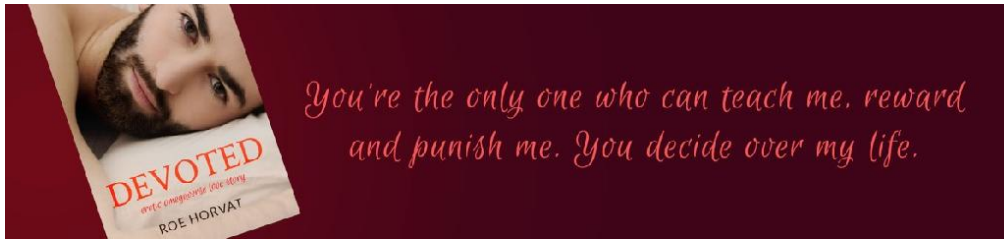


His Excellency Caleb Massoud is the least available man in the Northwest. He's young and beautiful, outrageously rich, surrounded by security detail, and bound by the strict rulebook of his conservative family. Loving Caleb is forbidden, a sacrilege. But what if Caleb returns Nate's feelings?

Forbidden love, age gap, size difference, heat, standalone, HEA.

*The novel **Devoted** is available on*

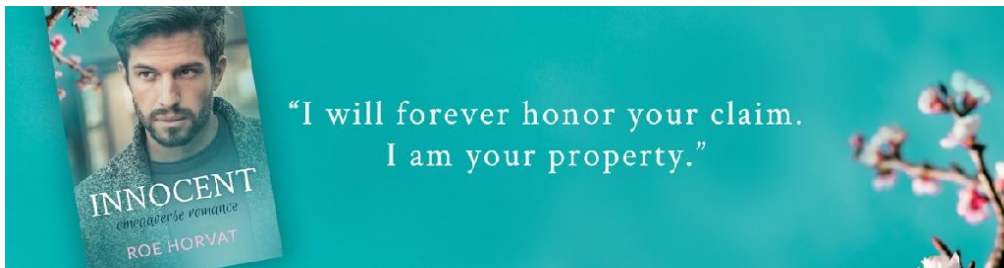
[Amazon and Kindle Unlimited](#)



On the night of his eighteenth birthday, Navid is marrying the illustrious tycoon, His Excellency Zana Massoud. He barely knows the man, yet he is now Zana's property.

*The erotic romance **Innocent** is the story of Caleb's parents. Arranged marriage, hurt/comfort, standalone, HEA.*

[Amazon and Kindle Unlimited](#)



"I have the best job in the universe—I treat omegas in heat. I've been doing it for seventeen years and can safely say that I'm immune to that inconvenient sickness called love."

*The erotic romance **Teacher** is a standalone novel, a sex worker and a single dad, heat, HEA.*

[Amazon and Kindle Unlimited](#)



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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Queer fiction author Roe Horvat was born in the former Czechoslovakia which equipped him with a dark sense of sarcasm and a penchant for good beer. Roe traveled Europe and finally settled in Sweden. He came out as transgender in 2017 and has been fabulous since. He loves Jane Austen, Douglas Adams, bad action movies, stand-up comedy, the great Swedish outdoors, and all kinds of earthly pleasures. When not hiding in the studio doing graphics, he can be found trolling cafés and pubs in Gothenburg, writing.

Website: roehorvat.com



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