



# Dragon's DEN OF PLEASURE

A M E L I A W I L S O N

# DRAGON'S DEN OF PLEASURE

Alpha's Shifter Growling Desires Series

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AMELIA WILSON

# Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Epilogue: Three Years Later](#)

[Also By Amelia Wilson](#)

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# Chapter One

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## The Mountain

### Sienna

Everyone thinks I'm foolish for doing this mountain climbing thing. I guess I understand. I'm almost three thousand miles from home in the middle of the wilderness without anyone else climbing with me. I guess people might look at a twenty-two-year-old college graduate doing something so damned crazy as a pretty silly thing, right?

Well, how about this to add to the whole picture of foolishness?

I'm busy pulling off Adrian's shirt. Adrian's not a complete stranger. After all, in another fifteen minutes or so, I will have known him for two whole hours.

Yeah... I know.

I mean, it's like I'm just going crazy now that I'm done with school. I don't know. I'm in a very small hotel in a little Alpine village. Next door to the hotel is a little bar (or do they call them *pubs* in the Alps?). That bar is where Adrian and I met.

And I guess my hotel room is where Adrian—who's about twice my age—and I am going to fuck.

I never thought I'd be the type of person to hook up with someone I just met, but there was something about Adrian that drew me in. Maybe it was the way he laughed at my lame

jokes or the way his eyes lit up when he talked about his travels. Or maybe it was just the fact that I was feeling particularly adventurous and reckless tonight.

Maybe it's how when he looks at me, he actually sees me, you know? I mean, it's not like he's just looking at my face or my body. It's like he sees me, the actual me. It's like he can see past all of the superficial things and look deep inside of me. I mean, maybe that seems funny to you but that's how it feels to me.

As we kiss, I can feel his hands moving up and down my back, his touch sending shivers down my spine. I push him onto the bed and straddle him, the heat between us growing with every passing second. At this moment, I don't care about anything else. I don't care about the mountain I will climb tomorrow. I don't care that I don't even know Adrian's last name. All that matters is the way he makes me feel.

We peel off the rest of our clothes, and I let out a gasp when I see his cock. He's big, scary big. I think as much to force myself to keep going as for any other reason, I reach forward and wrap my hands around the shaft.

I start to stroke it, starting from the bottom as I watch the look of pleasure on Adrian's face grow more intense. And as I stroke, I feel the heat between my legs grow more intense as well.

To tell the truth, I'm a little afraid of that thing going inside me. I decide to take it in my mouth first, and from there, I can decide if I want him to finish in my mouth or if I want him to fuck me after all.

So, I fall to my knees, lean forward, and take the head of his cock into my mouth. I swirl my tongue around the head of and then let my lips slide down his shaft, taking more and more of it into my mouth. Oh, wow. He loves it. It's like he's wrapped around my finger now. I mean, this hot-as-hell guy is at my mercy, and I can't believe how powerful I feel. I mean, I'm good-looking. I mean, I'm not perfect but I'm good-looking. Still, I can't land guys like Adrian.

Except I have landed him! I'm sucking his cock right now!

As I suck, I put a hand on his balls and let the other run over his muscular chest. I'm not afraid anymore. I want that man to fuck me. I want it more than I can even express. I pull my mouth off...

But my fucking phone rings.

I lean over and reach for it. I sigh and answer. "Tara, hi." Tara's my best friend.

Oh, I should point out that there's nobody here in my bedroom but me. The hand not holding the phone is still between my legs. I'm not actually sucking Adrian's cock, nor am I debating whether or not to let him fuck me. I'm masturbating, and while I'm masturbating, I'm thinking about how much I wish I was in Switzerland practicing techniques with the sexiest man I've ever seen.

I guess I should also point out that while I'm going to go mountaineering, I'll be headed to the Alaska Range, decidedly less exciting than the Swiss Alps despite the fact that many of the peaks are more extreme and technically challenging. It's just that in the Swiss Alps, there's a hot guy named Adrian who I would have let fuck me if I had the chance.

That's why Tara is calling, in fact. I don't mean she's calling because of a fantasy guy I made up who happens to live in the Alps. I mean she's calling about my Alaska trip. She and I became friends in college back in Alabama, but she's from Juneau and wants yet another promise that I'll stop by there to see her.

"Hi, Sienna!" Tara says in her typical bubbly voice. Tara looks like a stereotypical blonde bimbo with a perfect figure, naturally yellow-white hair, bright blue eyes, and a speaking voice that sounds like she stole it from one of those shows about rich teenagers living in California. Most people would never guess that she was at the top of her class in pre-med at Auburn and earned a full-ride scholarship to Harvard Medical School. She's at home on summer break now, which is why she's begging me to come to see her.

I don't look quite as much like a swimsuit model as Tara does, and I didn't win a full-ride ticket to Harvard, but I did



very well in school and earned a BS in Accounting with a three-point-nine GPA and got my CPA certification right after.

I actually love accounting. I think that people see us as nerds who play with numbers at work and play fantasy card games in our free time while talking about the latest developments in allergy medication. In reality, we give individuals and businesses the knowledge they need to make good decisions. I love that I can look at some numbers and very quickly know how profitable and effective a business is.

But it's damned tedious work, especially for a girl who likes to play outside.

"So, when are we gonna hang?" Tara asks.

I giggle at that. "I'll call you when I land. We'll go find the most exciting corner of Alaska and party like crazy kids again."

"I take offense to the veiled suggestion that there aren't places in Alaska to party like crazy kids," Tara says, "but I also take you up on your offer. I better get that phone call. If I don't, I'm going to pay some grizzly bears to kick your ass."

"I always knew you were a real-life Goldilocks," I retort.

"So now you're making fun of my blonde hair?" she teases, "Ooh, girl, you better bring your boxing gloves and step up."

I giggle again and say, "You better be careful. I've been training in jiu-jitsu."

"You have not been training in jiu-jitsu," she says.

"Okay, fine, I'm not training in jiu-jitsu. I'll still kick your ass, though."

"Well, get *your* ass up here and prove it!"

"All right," I say, "I will. I gotta hang up now, though. I need to get ready so I don't miss the airport shuttle."

"Okay but call me when you land!"

"I will."

“You better.”

She hangs up, and I sigh. I debated finishing the fantasy about Adrian, but the moment passed. I don't know, it kind of feels like if I finish, it will be like Tara caught me masturbating instead of just interrupting. I finish packing, grab a shower, and then wait. Before long, I grab my luggage and then head outside just as the shuttle arrives to take me to my last hurrah before adulthood.

## Drake

AS I SOAR high above the rugged landscape, enveloped by the vastness of the Alaskan wilderness, the magnificent Alaska Range unfolds before my eyes. A breathtaking panorama of snow-capped mountains, soaring peaks, and deep valleys stretches to the horizon, painting a mesmerizing scene. For almost sixty-five years I have lived here but to this day, the sight still overwhelms me and makes me feel small.

I'm seventy-two feet long with a wingspan twice that and weighs something like eleven tons in dragon form. It says something about the sight that it can make me look small.

The Alaska Range is one of the most awe-inspiring mountain ranges on Earth, extending across central Alaska for more than four-hundred miles. As I glide effortlessly over this expanse, I feel the familiar overwhelming sense of grandeur and untamed beauty. I have seen many mountain ranges, but this is the only one I've made my home.

Below me, imposing snow-covered summits pierce through the clouds, their jagged edges carved by nature's forces over millions of years. Mount McKinley, the highest peak in North America, looms majestically in the distance, its apex hidden among swirling clouds. The sheer scale and magnitude of these colossal mountains fills even me with a sense of insignificance, humbling me in their presence.

Actually, I remember now that they changed the name of the mountain to Denali. When one lives as long as I do, one

tends to forget how whimsical and transient human conventions are.

Below me is a mosaic of colors. The lower elevations are adorned with abundant vegetation, including thick evergreen forests, vibrant alpine meadows, and shimmering lakes reflecting the blue sky. These pockets of life amidst the austere nature of the mountains create a striking contrast, demonstrating nature's resilience, I suppose. More than anything, they remind me that lush cannot exist without stark, that dark cannot exist without light, and that there is beauty in this world that is welcoming but also beauty that is brutal and unfeeling.

Glaciers, like great frozen rivers, etch their way down the mountainsides, snaking through the valleys like icy serpents. Their pristine white surfaces glisten under the sunlight, while deep crevasses hint at their shifting and dynamic nature. Witnessing the immense size and splendor of glaciers from above leaves me in awe of the immense power they possess, sculpting the landscape over centuries. I love this place. I love the enforced solitude and the chance to just fly.

As I fly, I catch a glimpse of a solitary Dall sheep clinging to a rocky ledge, its white coat standing out against the dark cliffs. There's a natural instinct to hunt and I have to resist the urge to swoop down to enjoy a mid-afternoon snack. I resist, though, distracted a bit by bald eagles patrolling the skies, their wings outstretched as they search for prey. I know below me, Moose roam through the dense forests, and if I'm hungry later, I'll just swoop down and eat my fill.

I lose myself in the sight and the grandeur of the situation. It's very difficult not to lose myself, actually. Finally, I figure it makes sense to get home and leave the sky behind for a while. I turn in a wide arc, but I abort the turn when I see through a haze of white a small flash of orange-pink. There's a mountain climber. This person must be insane to climb in this area.

That's another peculiar trait of humans. They're insane.

All right, that's not a fair thing to say. The reality is that when most creatures find limits, they avoid those limits. When humans find limits, they seem to feel a compulsive need to push past and overcome those limits. It's actually one of the most incredible traits of their species, and frankly, it's the reason why they and not dragons rule the world. One of the reasons anyway. The fact that dragons very rarely reproduce while humans, as the saying goes, breed like rabbits, is probably an even more powerful factor.

I'm getting sidetracked. The point is, there's a mountain climber trying to scale Mount Hunter alone, once more demonstrating the insanity and drive of humanity.

Mount Hunter is shorter than Denali by about six thousand feet but is generally considered to be far harder to climb. This person is making that climb alone, which even the most insane of humans would consider foolhardy.

I shake my head and focus my vision to see the climber more closely. Dragons have a vision as sharp as eagles, so even from thousands of feet above, I have no trouble making out the details of the climber.

It's a woman! A lovely woman.

That's not really a surprise. Women challenge their limits as much as men do and mountain climbing is one of those arenas where women have proven to be the equal of their male counterparts. Still, in addition to being lovely, this particular woman looks young, still in her early twenties, I would guess.

Why is she alone?

I feel a touch of irritation watching her. It's one thing to challenge yourself, and even take risks. It's quite another to put yourself in unnecessary danger. Would it really be so much trouble to travel with a partner or a group to help in case things go wrong? What happens if she hurts herself or if there's an avalanche? At this altitude on the slopes of a steep and rocky mountain, it's not likely she'll encounter a predator, but that doesn't make it okay that she's putting herself at this much risk.

I sigh and start circling high overhead, keeping my vision focused on her. I'm not exactly sure how I'll manage to help her without revealing myself to her if the need arises, but I can't just leave her to her own devices. Besides, if she tells people that a dragon rescued her from danger on a solo mountain climb, people will just assume it's a delusion brought on by hypothermia or altitude sickness.

I circle and can't help but fixate on how truly beautiful she is.

## Chapter Two

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### The Fall

#### Sienna

Remember when I told you a lot of my friends think that I'm crazy about mountain climbing alone in a remote wilderness area? Remember how I think they're silly and just don't understand me?

Well, let me tell you in no uncertain terms that the Alaska Range is a hell of a lot more challenging than any of the mountain ranges I've climbed in the past. Let me tell you that I'm afraid.

I'm very afraid.

All my friends are right. I'm a crazy girl. There's no doubt about it. I know this is going to seem dramatic or even stupid but let me tell you that I'm certain I'm going to die on this mountain. Twenty-two years. That's all I get. It's icy and snowy and... I'm so exhausted I'm just clinging to handholds but not really able to move up at all.

This is the end.

No, damn it!

As I cling to the icy wall, struggling to maintain a grip, I can't help but wonder if this is it. Is this going to be the end of me? The bitter cold seeps through my bones, and I can barely feel my fingers, let alone the rest of my body. I have never felt so alone and scared in my life. Every fiber of my being is

telling me to give up, to let go and let myself fall, but I can't do that. It's natural for me to feel this way under the circumstances but... well...

No, damn it!

I can't let my life end like this.

Closing my eyes, I take a deep breath and focus on steadying myself. I must keep going. I must keep trying. I can't let fear control me. Slowly but surely, I begin to move up the mountain again, inch by painful inch. Every muscle in my body aches, and my mind screams at me to stop, to turn back, to give up.

I can't turn back. Not even possible.

I *can* give up but that means letting go and just making death come quickly.

No matter how my body and mind scream at me, I won't give in. If I die, it won't be because I give up. Hell no. I push on. As I continue to climb, I can feel my body becoming numb. The wind howls around me, and I can barely see through the falling snow. I begin to wonder if anyone will even find me if I fall. But I shake the thought away. I can't let myself go down that path.

No, damn it!

I force myself to take one step up at a time, each movement taking all my strength. I mean, whoever came up with the idea of one step at a time probably never thought the steps including clinging to tiny imperfections on the face of a mountain, for fuck's sake. Still, I force myself to move forward regardless of the situation. The fear is still there, but I know I can't let it control me. I have to keep going. I repeat my mantra in my mind. *No, damn it!*

As I climb, I can feel the ice below my fingers beginning to crack. My heart jumps into my throat as I struggle to find a new grip. I can't afford to make a mistake. I can't afford to fall.

It takes every last bit of strength I have, but I finally make it to a ledge large enough for me to pause and regain my

strength. I collapse onto the snow, gasping for air. I made it!

Except the ledge is all packed snow, no rock. It disintegrates under me and sends me hurtling toward the ground.

Did you know that human babies are born with only two natural fears? Every other fear, we learn.

One fear we learn at birth is the fear of loud noises. That fear makes a lot of sense. Things that make loud noises are rarely good things from an evolutionary perspective. Predators make loud noises. Lightning makes thunder—a damned loud noise. Earthquakes, avalanches, tsunamis, hurricanes, tornadoes—all loud noises, all very good at killing people.

The other fear that we're born with is the fear of falling. That one makes sense too. If falling were a pleasant sensation, a lot of human children would seek out chances to fall. Since humans aren't very good at surviving multiple broken bones, shattered skulls, and serious internal trauma; we probably wouldn't do very well as a species if we liked falling. So, we're born with a desire to avoid situations where we might fall.

I'm falling right now, and I have to say, my fear of falling is *very* healthy. It's strange, though. I don't scream. I always thought if I had a chance to foresee my death, I would scream or freak out, but I don't. In fact, I don't react much at all other than to curl into a ball and hope that I die quickly and don't spend hours wasting away in a broken, painful body.

I suppose I'm in a little bit of shock. That would explain why I'm not screaming, flailing, or begging God to save me. It would also explain why it feels like I'm falling for ages even though it's only a hundred feet or so down to the ledge below me. I should have hit that ledge in a few seconds, but it feels like I've been falling for several minutes.

Actually, it doesn't feel like I'm falling at all. It feels like I'm floating.

I suppose that makes sense. With my eyes closed, and being in a state of shock, the cold air rushing past me as I fall



could seem like floating.

Except that's not what I feel. There's cold air for maybe a second or two as I fall, but the air now feels warm and still. Even more strangely, I don't feel like I'm moving downward. In fact, it feels like I'm being carried upward. How I can feel that makes no sense to me.

Then there's the fact that I feel something hard underneath my body. I mean, I expected to feel something hard, I just thought it would be ice, packed snow, or rock. This doesn't feel like any of those things.

And I should have hit hard enough to kill myself. From this distance, it should be instant too, or nearly so. Just a split-second WHAP! Then nothing.

Instead, I am keenly aware not only of the sensation of motion and the strange sensation of a hard surface, but also of being carried as though held aloft by some giant hand.

I finally opened my eyes and uncurled from the fetal position where I thought for sure I would die.

What I see accomplishes what the fall didn't. I immediately reject the image out of hand and just as immediately fall into unconsciousness.

Drake

SHE IS UNCONSCIOUS, and if I can get to the clearing soon enough, she'll remain unconscious until after I shift. The girl is beautiful, far too beautiful. I can't help but wonder if what I feel looking at her is similar to what the dragons feel in the legends when they're instantly...

I have to swerve when I realize I'm headed right for a minor storm. I can fly through it unharmed, but the girl in my grasp isn't a dragon. The elements actually affect her. I wish that the myths about dragons breathing fire were true. It would at least give me the ability to give her a little warmth. As it is, the best I can do is hope that the little body heat that my hand

gives her will be enough to sustain her until I can get her to my cabin.

I fly down the side of the mountain and think to myself that while most legends are untrue, some grow out of truth. Mountains, like many aspects of the natural world, carry their own legends. Humans have, at times throughout their history, revered mountains as the homes of the gods, and feared them as the abode of devils and of course, dragons.

The Ancient Greeks considered Mount Olympus to be the home of their gods. By modern standards, the idea that Olympus—a rather small and unimpressive mountain compared to peaks like the peak I now glide down—could house gods is laughable, but to ancient peoples, the sight of montane storms with their often-powerful rains and winds and their brilliant lightning could easily inspire the idea that the peaks were inhabited by an exceptionally powerful uber-race.

The real reason mountains are often surrounded by clouds and storms while the surrounding landscape may be completely clear has to do with the effects that mountain ranges have on the local climate. Did you know that nearly every desert in the world is bordered at least on one side by a mountain range? There's a reason for that. Mountain ranges condense approaching cool air, causing precipitation. This precipitation typically occurs on only one side of the mountains, however. The other side is completely dry. That's why, for example, the California side of the Sierra Nevada Range experiences more precipitation annually than any other rainforest on Earth while the Nevada side is arid and dry. The same is true for the Mediterranean subtropical environment of coastal Southern California compared to the scrub desert of the Mojave and Sonora inland of the San Bernardino and San Gorgonio Mountain ranges.

There are other examples: the Atacama Desert in Peru, the Gobi Desert in China, and Mongolia—most of the driest places on Earth are that way because of how mountains affect the climate. It's no wonder that people used to imagine something divine in relation to mountain ranges.

The other side of that coin is easy to understand as well. Early humans who ventured into the mountains with a very limited understanding of the landscape often didn't return. When a human climbs a mountain and a storm follows shortly after, leaving no trace of the climber, the idea that a devil or an angry god might have smitten the human is easy to believe.

Or a dragon.

While different legends of dragons exist around the world, the European myth of dragons living in mountain caves and breathing fire likely grew from the image of storms and forest or brush fires caused by lightning. Some legends even indicate that we have some kind of supernatural control over the weather.

I'm not sure why these thoughts fill my mind as I reach the little clearing where I shift to dragon form earlier in the day. I suppose I'm still so stunned by the sight of this woman that my mind is fixating on anything it can to distract from the otherworldly beauty of the girl I now hold in my arms. I suppose maybe because of her beauty, I'm trying to find a way to make her venturing out to climb this mountain alone indicative of some kind of bold courage instead of terrible insanity. That way, the girl can be brave and beautiful instead of stupid and beautiful.

And she is beautiful. She is easily the most breathtaking woman I've ever seen in my life.

I am very long-lived. To the tune of several hundred years. No one knows for sure how long dragons actually live. Presumably, those dragons that have the good fortune of achieving a natural end to their lives know, but there are so few of us that the knowledge is not widespread. Those that do reach an advanced age typically live in seclusion, another kernel of truth to a myth—that of dragons sleeping on their hoard of gold and jewels and waking only once every hundred years or so.

We're also typically very wealthy, since we're so long-lived and have time to accumulate wealth that humans can't conceive of, but I'm getting sidetracked again. The point is

that though I have lived several human lifespans already and have loved many women, none affect me the way this woman does.

I shift into human form when I land and quickly dress lest she see me naked and assume something I don't want her to assume. I load her onto the back of the small utility vehicle I use to traverse the untamed terrain in the wilderness and drive her back to my cabin. The vehicle is equipped with an advanced independent suspension system, four-wheel drive, and oversized low-pressure tires to navigate the terrain, but the ride is still harsh, and I can only hope that she doesn't wake.

She does wake when we reach my cabin, but not fully. She blinks blearily at me, and I fear she may have suffered a concussion.

"Lie still," I say, carrying her inside and laying her on my couch. "You've fallen."

"Am I hurt?" she asks, slurring her words a little.

"I'm not sure," I reply. "There are no visible signs of injury, but you should rest just to be safe."

"I thought I saw a dragon," she says.

I manage to quell my reaction and ask a noncommittal, "Oh?"

"I'm thirsty," she says.

I nod and help her to a sitting position. I bring her some tea and soup, staying with her to ensure she doesn't scald herself while she eats. After she finishes, she says, "Thank you. Did you save me?"

Her eyes seem clearer now. I nod and say, "Yes, I did. I found you and brought you here."

That's not exactly a lie, but it's not exactly the whole truth either. I can't exactly tell her that I caught her as she fell nearly to her death.

"Oh," she says. "Wow. Thank you."

She sways a little, and just before she falls to the floor, I catch the empty soup bowl with one hand and the girl with the other. I carry her to the little room in the cabin, and I take a little pride in the fact that I resist the urges that rise up within me while I see her perfect form lying in my bed.

Damn, she's beautiful.

## Chapter Three

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### Drake's Roost

#### Sienna

I don't know if this is all about the way I'm rescued. I don't know if it's just adrenaline or what. I certainly don't know why I feel safe with this complete stranger. Actually, *safe* is probably the wrong word. I don't feel like I'm in danger, but with a man with so much behind his eyes... Well, I don't think anyone could ever call Drake safe.

Anyway, I can't tell you why I do what I do when I wake up. I can tell you, though, that my heart beats like crazy as I get up from the bed, lift my shirt up and off, and then slide my panties down and off. My heart beats like crazy as I walk naked out of the room and then follow the sound of the crackling fire to the front of the cabin.

He sits on the big chair smoking a pipe. Damn, this man looks good. I walk forward, and I'm about halfway to him when he looks up and sees me. His eyes grow wide, and I see something else grow inside of his pants.

I can't help but feel a thrill at the sight of his arousal. I've never seen a man so completely and utterly consumed by desire before. It's almost intoxicating.

Drake takes a long drag on his pipe, the smoke billowing around his head like a halo. "Well, well, well," he says, his voice low and husky. "What do we have here?"

I stop just in front of him, my body trembling with anticipation. "I... I wanted to thank you," I say, my voice barely above a whisper. "For saving me."

He smiles and says, "You understand I have no expectations of you? You realize I did what I did without imagining you would ever pay me back at all?"

I nod. I might be uncomfortable except the bulge in his pants makes it very, very clear what he wants, and what he wants is very clearly me.

"I understand," I whisper, "But I still want to thank you."

Drake sets his pipe down on the end table beside him and stands up. He reaches me in three of his steps, towering over me. "Is that so?" he asks, his hands moving to my waist. "And how do you plan on thanking me?"

I don't know what comes over me. Maybe it's the adrenaline, or maybe it's something else entirely. But before I know it, I'm pulling him towards me, pressing my lips against his.

At first, he goes rigid, his body tense, as though he's unused to a woman being the aggressor. It doesn't matter because then he kisses me back and I melt against him, going limp in his arms. His tongue pushes past my lips and into my mouth. I feel his hands slide to my back, gripping my ass. I moan against his mouth, our tongues dancing. I feel alive, excited.

And I can tell you at that moment, I am no longer the aggressor. While I'm most certainly the instigator, the initiator, and the... I give up. While I'm definitely the person who started this, Drake is going to finish it. Hell, he's not just going to finish it. He's going to take over right now.

My goodness, I feel more excited than I ever have before in my entire life. I feel as if I might explode. I might not know exactly what's happening or why or what this means but I know I don't want it to end.

He pulls away from me and in the firelight, I see that his eyes are glittering. He pulls me in close, my body pressed

against him, and I feel his erection pressing against my stomach. He's hard, like a steel rod. I lean in and kiss him again, my hands pushing down on his chest and then moving down to his waist.

I unbuckle his belt with shaking fingers.

"Good girl," he says. Damn, why does that turn me on so damned much?

I push his jeans down, feeling his cock press up against my leg. God, I'm so wet, soaked, really. I reach down and take his cock in my hands, stroking him up and down slowly. Notice I say *hands* and not hand? He's huge. One hand just isn't enough.

"I want you," I say. "I want you so bad." My voice sounds small and almost weak, like I'm just trying to regain a measure of control, to be a participant again and not... Fuck, I think too much.

"I want you too," he says, his hands moving to my hips. He lifts me up and brings me down. I don't know if I'm guiding his cock or he's guiding my body, but it slips inside of my pussy. I gasp, the feeling of him inside of me like nothing I've ever experienced before. It's one thing to notice he's big when I hold him in my hands. It's quite another thing to realize he's big when he's splitting my pussy in half.

He's big. Damn, he's big.

I wrap my legs around his waist. At least I think I do. I'm kind of out of it right now. Well, my legs are definitely around him. I can feel the heels of my feet digging into the small of his back as I lean forward. His hands grip my ass and he starts to bounce me on his cock. It's wild. I've never felt so alive, so free, so in touch with myself.

His hands move with my ass, pushing me up and down on his cock.

He leans in and takes my nipples between his lips, sucking on them, his tongue swirling around my areola. I don't think I've ever had them sucked so hard before. I squeal and feel myself going crazy inside. What will happen when the inside



part reaches the outside? I don't know if I'll ever be able to stop. I don't know if I'll throw myself down on this man and ride him until he's nothing more than a torso on the ground. I don't know if I'll cry out and writhe in ecstasy all night long.

He thrusts deeper inside of me, my hands pressing against his chest as I moan with pleasure. He holds me in the air thrusting but backing up until we reach the couch. I can't understand how a man can be so coordinated but he sits without ever leaving my pussy and so, we're both on the couch, me straddling him.

How the hell does he manage that without coming out of me? He takes one of my nipples in his mouth, and I moan more loudly, my head falling back, and then I gasp as he pushes deeper inside of me. I squeeze my eyes shut, my stomach tightening. Suddenly I feel as though I've burst apart, my orgasm crashing through me like a wave of pleasure. I cry out as it overtakes me. My body shakes, and my pussy contracts around Drake's cock. How do I have an orgasm so quickly with no foreplay at all?

I want to focus on him now, to move my body to make him cum but it's damned hard to concentrate on anything while the pleasure rushes over me. All I can really do is hang on. I manage to move my hips some, though.

Drake's breathing is growing ragged. He's thrusting harder now. I lean in and press my lips against his, and I can feel him tremble as he approaches orgasm. He grabs my hair, holding my mouth against his as we kiss. I can taste the tobacco on his tongue as he cums, and for some reason, the taste is intoxicating to me.

Hell, everything is intoxicating to me. Each pulse of his throbbing cock sends a powerful climax through me. Or maybe it's just another peak of my climax. I'm not really sure what to call it. It's more intense than anything I've ever experienced in my life. I know I've had orgasms before, but this one is so powerful that I can't be blamed for wondering for a moment if this is the first true climax I've ever experienced.

I'm still shaking from the crazy orgasm, and now I'm trembling with the effort of holding myself up over him. He's growling in my ear, and I can feel his cock still twitching.

And then we're lying there, on the couch, and I don't know what to say or to think. He cradles me in his arms, kissing my forehead and murmuring into my ear words I can't quite catch. For the first time in a very long time, I feel safe. Well, let me amend that, safer. Yeah, safer.

"What do I do now?" I ask, my body moving in time with his.

"Whatever you want," he says, his voice warm and soothing. "Whatever you want."

I lay my head on his chest. "What do you want?" I ask.

"You have plans for your trip to the mountains. You are here for how long?"

"Two weeks," I breathe out, "Eleven more days."

"You will stay here with me," he says. He doesn't ask. He simply tells me. For some reason, I like that he phrases it as a command and not a request.

I close my eyes and allow myself to drift to sleep to the sound of his powerful heartbeat.

## Drake

I SUPPOSE I'm not unique among men of any race in that I have a high sex drive. I don't even suppose that my sex drive is much higher than most human men. If anything, you could argue that it's lower. After all, there are several stretches in my life where I go decades without ever having sex or even wanting sex. There are decades that I don't see a female at all unless it's an elk or another animal I'm hunting.

But when I meet a woman I want, my need becomes overpowering and all-consuming. Six times I have taken a

lover, and all six times, I have spent much of my time with that lover engaging in every kind of sex you can think of.

There's another legend, perhaps less well-known than other dragon legends, that dragons have a particular affinity for young, usually virginal women. They capture these women and take them to their lairs and essentially keep them as kidnapped brides.

Oddly enough, that legend might actually be the most rooted in truth. The part about virginity is just bullshit. I'm truly unsure why anyone would be so concerned with virginity. I mean, I know that the answer is rooted in various religious traditions and I've heard from some that those traditions probably have an evolutionary link to the desire to spread one's own genes and the guarantee virginity provides that a woman will care for your offspring and not another's, but why a thinking, rational being should prefer a woman with no sexual experience to one with sexual experience is baffling to me.

But the part about dragons obsessing over a particular woman is absolutely true. All six of my lovers consumed all of my attention and received all of it. I showered them with affection and wealth beyond the wildest desires of any woman and they repaid me by giving me their bodies and their devotion. It was willing on their part. I don't mean to brag, but I'm probably better at sex than any human man, partly because of the physical gifts I enjoy as a dragon, even in human form, and partly—especially where the later lovers are concerned—because I have far more experience than any human.

They all grew old.

And I had to deal with the terrible moment when I lost them to time.

But this one, this seventh lover, is different. Sienna encapsulates another superstition, that the number seven is a perfect number. Where other lovers captured me sexually, she captures me completely: mind, body, soul, spirit, emotion, and fantasy.

That's not to diminish the way she captures me sexually. In the few days that she's lived here with me, we've had sex or some kind of sexual encounter an average of four or five times a day. Each time, it was better than the last, and the first time was better by far than anything I'd ever experienced in my life before her arrival here.

It's not that she's necessarily more talented than any other woman I've had, although she is incredibly talented. It's not that she's more beautiful than any other woman I've been with, although she is. It's that fulfilling her fulfills me more than anything else I've ever done, anything else I've ever felt. She is perfect and wonderful beyond the definition of wonder and perfection and knowing that I can please a woman like this makes my own pleasure incomparably more powerful.

I cannot tell you the specific reasons. All I know is that I am compelled to adore her. I'm compelled to need her. I'm compelled to want her, and I'm compelled to do all I can to bring her happiness, safety, security, and pleasure.

Compelled.

I don't have a choice. I am helpless in her presence to resist the urges within me.

At the moment, I'm fascinated by the way her body reacts to another orgasm I'm giving her with my mouth this morning. My senses are far sharper than any humans, and I can detect through my hands, my lips, and my tongue the way every muscle in her thighs shivers and trembles with ecstasy. I can feel her stomach flex rhythmically as her vagina squeezes and throbs with the spasms of her climax. I can feel her clitoris shivering and when I slide two fingers inside her, I can feel her g-spot—the back end of her clitoris that presses against the vaginal wall—shivering as well.

I can hear her gasp and detect the ecstasy and surprise in her voice as she cries out from the intensity of her pleasure. I feel all of these things, and though I intend to fuck her after this orgasm, I decide to keep going down on her just to feel it again.

I give her three more orgasms before my own need overwhelms me. She has three more orgasms before I cry out and empty inside of her, and it's over an hour before her body stops spasming and she's able to join me in the kitchen for dinner.

She takes my hand and smiles at me. "Wow," she says softly.

God, she's so beautiful. I lean forward and kiss her softly. "Have you been in touch with your friend?"

She nods. "She's irritated but she'll survive. She'll just have to see me at the end of my trip instead of the beginning."

"And you're fine with remaining here?"

She laughs. "That's an odd question to ask after a million orgasms all in the same morning. That has to be a record."

"It is for me," I say, "I think my last record was nine-hundred and twenty-seven thousand and four."

She chuckles. "How many other women have you had?"

"None that matter," I reply.

She flushes and her eyes grow smoky. She straddles me and guides my already hardening cock inside her already wet womanhood. "That's cheating," she says, her voice husky.

"Don't ever confuse wisdom with cheating," I reply as I move my body definitely and forcefully.

It might be cheating, but the tenth orgasm she has is powerful enough that I have to carry her to the bed.

## Chapter Four

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### Closeness

#### Sienna

I think people underestimate how important it is to be good with your mouth. I mean, women tend to view blowjobs as more of a chore or at best a gift rather than an important part of a sexual relationship. Some women think that blowjobs are just a stupid male fantasy and that women should actively refuse to give blowjobs.

Okay, not many women think that. I'm just illustrating how little respect people give to oral sex.

Men, on the other hand, fall into two camps. Well, two-and-a-half. There's the camp that thinks eating a woman's pussy is distasteful, and they refuse to do it. They somehow think it's perfectly fine for a woman to suck cock and lick balls, but they don't think it's all right for them to put their mouths on a vagina.

Then there's the camp that thinks that performing cunnilingus somehow makes them God's gift to women, and if they're willing to put their lips on a vagina, then women will automatically flock to them and beg to return the favor. These guys treat oral sex as a tit-for-tat thing. *I'll eat your pussy if you suck my cock.*

I suppose there's nothing really wrong with that. I mean, I do think it's unfair for women to expect oral sex from men if they're not willing to provide oral sex to men. I guess I'm also

okay with the idea of sex being a transaction. Hell, so many other things in a relationship are transactional, right? In the past, most of the blowjobs I've given I've given either because I don't want to have sex with a date but like them enough that I feel bad leaving them with nothing or because I want them to go down on me. In either of those cases, it's pretty much transactional, isn't it?

But the best men are the few who understand how beautiful oral sex can be. It's not just a way to make someone cum really hard. It's a way to show devotion to a partner.

See, oral sex is a completely submissive act. The giver doesn't get any pleasure from it other than the excitement of making their partner feel good. I suppose the sixty-nine position gives pleasure to both parties, but I doubt that actually works outside of a porn video. It's hard to cum and focus on sucking a cock or eating a pussy at the same time.

So, pornography aside, oral sex is completely focused on the receiver. It's an expression to your partner that pleasing and fulfilling them is in and of itself pleasing and fulfilling to you.

That's why I love sucking Drake's cock so much. When he cries out, and I taste him in my mouth, I know that I've just shown him in the most visceral way possible how much he matters to me.

And when Drake keeps suckling my clit while I scream and writhe and moan in ecstasy underneath him the way I'm doing now, I know that he's showing me that my orgasm makes him feel good, my pleasure pleases him, the overwhelming ecstasy that he provides me provides him with ecstasy too.

It's his way of showing me how he feels for me, and it's the most breathtaking thing on Earth.

He doesn't stop until I've cum so hard for so long that I'm nearly unconscious. Okay, I'm exaggerating about the unconscious thing but you get the point. I can't help but be a bit over the top with this man. Hell, everything about him is

over the top. When he finally pulls his lips off of me, I moan, “Oh God, Drake. Oh, God.”

All I can do is tremble weakly on the bed and repeat his name over and over. He holds me and I think but don't say the words that have been on my lips almost since the day I met him.

And I won't say them.

And I'll leave too soon.

## Drake

DRAGONS HAVE FASCINATED humans for centuries and have held a prominent place in myths, legends, and folklore across various cultures around the world. In many cultures, they represent both awe-inspiring power and wisdom. The history of dragons spans across different civilizations, with each culture providing its unique interpretation of these mythical beasts.

Most dragons believe it's all intentional, that there were dragons who actively focused on creating the myths. One of the earliest recorded instances of dragons was in ancient Mesopotamia, about five thousand years ago. The Babylonians depicted dragons as powerful serpent-like creatures, often associated with chaos and destruction. They believed that dragons had the ability to breathe fire, symbolizing their immense power and potential for devastation.

I can just imagine a dragon repeatedly irritated by people disturbing his rest and so showing himself in an area until people stayed away and then, of course, told all their friends until it became myth and legend.

In Chinese mythology, dragons are revered and seen as divine creatures. They are considered symbols of good fortune, wisdom, and strength. Unlike the Western depiction of dragons as vicious and malevolent beings, Chinese dragons are



benevolent and protectors of the people. I can promise you that was something some dragon in the past did intentionally.

I think about these things as I smoke my pipe and watch her in the kitchen. This girl is...

Damn it, she's perfect.

I want to reveal myself to her so badly, it hurts.

But I can't. There's too much risk.

Another legend, or rather legends, of dragons that is unfortunately based in truth are the legends that dragons were often slain by knights believing they were rescuing captured princesses, which, now that I think about it, is actually a very well-known myth. The few dragons that remain, including my parents, caution me against ever revealing my true nature to any of my lovers. Humans, they say, are superstitious creatures and just as likely to attempt to harm me for being a dragon as they are to accept me, far more likely, in fact.

I'm not concerned about some concerted effort to "slay" me. Dragons have faded so far into myth that if news of my existence were somehow to get out, it would be quickly dismissed as fake, such as the repeated sightings of UFO's, many of which, ironically, are sightings of dragons. I'm also not concerned because even if the armies of the world united to kill me, they wouldn't find me. While I'm at it, I could probably take on any armies of smaller countries.

What I am concerned about is how Sienna will react if she learns my true nature. It's one thing to fall in love with a man. It's quite another to fall in love with a dragon.

Love.

Is it too soon to be thinking about love?

The answer is obvious. Of course, it is. It's way too soon. I've only just met the woman. I enjoy her, but it's far too soon for me to be imagining a future with her that lasts any longer than the physical attraction. She's going to return home, too. We've talked about the mechanics of getting her to the appropriate waystation with my utility vehicle and the

transportation there taking her to the little municipal airport that will take her to Juneau so she can return home.

Then again, I am a dragon. When I want something, I don't stop wanting it. Even when I have it, I want it. Hoarding is another aspect of dragon myth that is rooted in truth. Dragons don't sleep on a pile of gold, and we don't kill kings for their wealth or lands, but if we do want something, we will stop at nothing to obtain it, and once we obtain it, we guard it jealously.

We also rarely want something only to find later that we don't want it anymore. All six of my previous lovers remained with me for decades. They all remained with me for life. In no case did my desire for any of them wane with the passing years. Even as they grew old, my affection for them did not wane.

So, it's the human in me that wonders if it's too soon to believe I'm in love with her. The dragon in me was certain the moment I caught her falling off of Mount Hunter.

I'm in love with her, and that's dangerous because this is the first time my love has been powerful enough to make me consider revealing my true nature. I would have risked my life for any of the others. I would have gone to very great lengths for them but I did not and would never have revealed myself to them.

I just have an overwhelming desire to know and to be known by her. I don't just want her devotion. I want her love.

My past lovers loved me, I suppose, but they didn't really love *me*. They loved the me that I created for them, the me that I felt safe revealing. They loved what I could do for them and how I could make them feel, but they only knew the image I created to make them desire me.

I want Sienna to desire the real me. No, I want her to love me the way husbands and wives love each other, the way soulmates love each other.

And that will eventually be either the end of our relationship or the consummation of it. I will either be wise

and release Sienna so I don't harm her by revealing what I really am, or I will be foolish and reveal myself only to scar her for life and stain the memory of her with a final moment of fear, loathing, and rejection.

Or I will reveal myself to her, and she'll love me.

Damn it all to hell, this is not an easy thing to know and far too impossible to predict.

Looking at the ecstasy on her face as she moves above me, it's easy to convince myself that she will love me forever. It's much harder to think of myself as (regardless of what naturalists think) the largest creature on Earth or, for that matter, in the seas, and imagine the same joy in her eyes looking at me then that I see now.

So though the urge is powerful, I don't reveal myself to her. I content myself with holding her and thrusting steadily into her while she shrieks with pleasure above me.

As she drifts to sleep, still throbbing around me, I can't help but feel forlorn. I wish that I could show her who I am.

But for her sake and mine, I can't.

She is leaving.

## Chapter Five

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### Interlude

#### Sienna

Is it possible to fall in love with someone so quickly? It certainly feels that way when it comes to Drake. Of course, I think these are things I ought to work out in my head before engaging in a pretty damned torrid affair, right?

What is it now, about six days?

I have engaged in six days of nearly constant sex with this man and I can't tell you why the question about love at first sight (or whatever you want to call it) comes up now. I mean, I have a hand on his balls, another teasing around the sensitive flesh of his asshole, and a throat being stretched by his very large cock.

I mean, finger at the asshole and cock in the throat... Seriously, is that the time to start thinking about the relationship? What am I, one of those porn stars who acts like it's art and not jerk-off material? How much does a girl's throat have to stretch before she accepts that it's sexual and not romantic?

I know this won't make a great deal of sense to you but I'll tell you that even though this is a challenging position from a sexual standpoint, this *is* very romantic. Drake isn't holding onto the back of my head and ramming his cock in or anything. On the contrary, he's only gently stroking my hair as I fight to get my lips right to the base of his cock.

Wow. So, because I'm the one trying to cram that fucking monster of his into my throat, it's romantic? Because it's not him trying to force me deep until my nose is mashed up against him and his balls cover my chin, it's something sweet and beautiful? I swear this man redefines the entire idea of sex for me, changes it from some kind of physical activity two people can enjoy whether or not there is the tenderness of emotion into something that's lovely regardless of the intensity of the act itself.

I mean, what the fuck, right?

I'm not just trying to get him deep. I also work on the suction. It's difficult with his cock in my throat but I suck hard and am rewarded with the taste of precum, which makes it all worthwhile. A little bit of that and a little bit of his moans are all I need to get myself pretty well right to the edge. I know that makes me sound like some kind of a sex junkie, and I know it's pretty damned silly to keep referring to this as romantic while talking about bodily fluids but...

Well, I love it when he moans.

I love it even more when he's in my throat.

Just as I think about pressing my fingers against his asshole, I feel his body stiffen. I can't tell if it's because he's afraid I'm going to stick a finger in his ass or if it's just because he's getting close to cumming. I don't know what I'd have done if he pushed me away, but I don't have to worry about that.

Instead, Drake places both of his hands on my head. I'm pretty sure this is more about keeping me from moving around than encouraging me to keep going. He's not trying to use me as a sex toy or anything. He's being romantic. He's also getting close.

As the hand slides around the back of my head, I feel the huge cock in my throat twitch. I keep trying to fight my gag reflex when he cums but it's not easy with the huge thing in my throat. Fortunately, Drake pulls it back so he rests over my tongue before the cum starts to spurt. I'm still trying to

swallow but he cums a lot! I feel it dribbling from the corners of my mouth as I work on gulping it down.

When he pulls out, I can tell he's not done.

He's never done after only one.

A moment later, I'm bent over the arm of the couch, still trying to catch my breath from having his cock in my mouth. My mouth? Hell, I'd be breathing normally if it were only in my mouth and not stretching my throat in such a way it's a wonder I can breathe at all!

My pants end up at my ankles and then I can feel him pulling my panties down. He really doesn't seem to care if he ruins them. Damn, that turns me on regardless of the fact that clothes are in short supply here for me. Hell, if I remain naked close to the fireplace until it's time for me to leave, I'll be fine with that. Hell, if I show up at Tara's place wearing his clothes, I'll survive.

I'm splayed out, bent over with my ass in the air before he places his hands on my hips.

For a moment, I'm expecting him to start fucking me from behind, but that's not what happens. Again, he surprises me. Instead of sliding his cock into my pussy, he slides it into my ass.

I've never done that before.

Don't get me wrong. I've teased him with it, guiding his cock there several times but wimping out and guiding it to my pussy. I mean, I've made it clear a number of times he can have it just never actually given it to him. And now, he's taken it! I feel a terrible moment of panic as his dick barrels right past my little resistant ring of muscle. I'm shocked and in absolute agony!

Wait...

No, I'm not.

I'm shocked but I'm not in agony.

I expect it to hurt like hell. It doesn't hurt. It feels like it should hurt but it doesn't. I don't understand it. I also don't

understand why I cry out, “Yes! Yes, fuck my ass, Drake! Yes!”

Yeah, like this man needs permission.

What the hell?

I realized at that moment that he would never require my position. I don't mean that he will ever take from something I am unwilling to give. I just mean that I will never refuse him. He is entitled to anything he wants from me whenever he wants it. It's that simple.

I cry out as Drake's cock thrusts deep into my ass again. He's holding my hips firmly, using them as leverage for his thrusts. I'm not going anywhere.

What the hell?

I scream.

I'm crying out but not because of pain. Hell no, I'm crying out because I'm right on the verge of orgasm. I don't understand it. His cock still stretches me in a way that sure as hell feels like it ought to hurt me. I don't understand why I'm not screaming in pain. I also don't understand why I don't understand why I'm enjoying this. Yeah, I know it seems like I'm talking in circles. I tell you what, lube up a baseball bat and ram it in your asshole. Then, you'll have an idea about what's going on with me and then you can judge me.

Drake isn't giving me much time to think about it. His thrusts are hard, fast and relentless. He's not whispering softly into my ear. He's not telling me how much he loves me. He's not doing anything romantic, not that I'm asking for it.

He's just fucking my ass, and I'm loving every second of it!

I can feel orgasm building but it's not the type of orgasm I would have with his cock in my pussy. It's building differently.

It's building from a deeper place inside me and that's why I cry out as though... I mean, it's almost like pain. I mean, I'm not really in pain. It feels like it ought to hurt, but it doesn't. But it still feels, I don't know, wrong and confusing, like pain

does. You know, pain tells the body something is wrong. This doesn't hurt. It feels good. Still, the sensations seem to tell me something is wrong. Fuck, I don't get it. It's confusing as hell.

And it's incredible.

I don't understand why I feel this way, but I do. I'm pretty sure it's because the orgasm builds from a deeper place.

When Drake's cock increases in speed and force until it's like a jackhammer in and out of my ass, I realize he's going to cum soon. That triggers my orgasm and it hits just as I feel the cum spurting from his cock.

My orgasm is powerful! It's like nothing I've ever felt before. It doesn't feel like my clit has anything to do with it but deep in my pussy, the pulsing, explosive pleasure overwhelms me. It's confusing, too, because I feel fuller than I have ever felt before with that massive thing in my backdoor. Simultaneously, though, my pussy feels so desperately empty! There's something about having my ass stretched the way it does that makes the contractions of my orgasm more powerful. Hell, I don't know. I don't know anything except this feels incredible.

After several seconds, the orgasm seems to move from my pussy to my entire body. It starts in my pussy, though, and it's seriously like nothing I've ever felt before. The pleasure is so powerful that I have no words for it. I could say it was orgasmic but that doesn't do it justice. It seems to be an orgasm of another kind, an orgasm different than the ones I normally have.

As I start to come down from the orgasm, I'm aware that Drake has slid his softening cock from my ass. I just remain bent over the couch. Just as I'm coming back to my senses, I feel his body behind me again. I turn my head to look at him but nothing comes into focus before he pushes his cock, hard again, into my pussy. At that point, there's no hope of anything coming into focus.

I'm okay with that. I'm really, really okay with that.



## Drake

WE DRAGONS HAVE an affinity for beautiful young women, and so I guess it's just my turn to be completely swept away by a girl I barely know. Dragons don't mate, actually. What I mean is that although two dragons might come together just to create a child, there is no romance between adult dragons. We are all far too independent and, if I'm being honest, far too egotistical.

In contrast, when it comes to the idea of a permanent mate, a mate for life, it is common for a dragon and a human to become a couple that lasts the life of the human. I put it that way because dragon lifespans are far longer than humans. There are those who call us shifters like the wolf shifters, bear shifters, horse shifters, and... well, like every imaginable kind of animal and human hybrid. I suppose about a third of dragons believe we are shifters.

Another third believe we are not shifters at all. We are purely dragon. They believe there is no such thing as a natural dragon like there are natural wolves or natural bears. In context, anyway, they believe that. They don't believe we're a combination of two different creatures with the ability to shift between them. They believe that dragons throughout history from the very first dragon have been able to take on a human form whenever they want to.

The last third of the dragons fall somewhere in between. I guess I'm that type. There is no question that natural dragons are extinct in the wild (if we're not natural dragons) so we're all that's left. It's possible there are fossil records of dragons confused by paleontologists as dinosaur bones but we don't think so. That's because when we die, we always return to human form. Most shifters' bodies are simply whatever form they wore at the time of their deaths.

Anyway, there is a great deal of mythology about dragons, of course. Most of it is bullshit. None of us can breathe fire although in dragon form, we're pretty much impervious to anything having to do with temperature no matter how

extreme it might be. I think there's truth though in the tales about dragons wanting virgins and princesses. Like any other group, there are good individuals and evil individuals in the population. When I talk about us having an affinity for beautiful women, I'm understating things.

See, there's almost a compulsion when it comes to certain women. We are instantly smitten and utterly under their spell. Given that we have the physical ability to take what we want, there are certainly dragons in the past who have done exactly what the fairy tales suggest. I'm sure in the history of the world, there are real examples of lovely girls spirited away by unscrupulous dragons less concerned with the rights of their captives than with their own desires.

The compulsion is powerful, I'll admit, and this is the first time I feel it. Sienna is beautiful, of course, and I can understand my physical attraction. What surprises me, though, is that I also feel entranced by her intelligence, her sweetness, her sense of humor, and pretty much every other thing about her.

Sometimes, I hate my contemplative nature.

It is my contemplative nature that leads me to act slowly rather than immediately, or impulsively. It is my contemplative nature that leads me to consider what it would be like to lose her and then allow myself to lose her.

This woman is perfect, but she is also of a different world. The mountains are, for her, a vacation, a reprieve. They are not her life. They are temporary for her, and so behind us is the furrowed trail of snow showing the path of our travel, and in front of us is the hotel waystation where she will get transportation to the municipal airport an hour from here.

We talk a lot on the trip to the hotel, saying nothing of importance, but filling the silence with words so we can stave off the inevitable pain of parting. She tells me of her friend, Tara, who she promises me will, as she puts it, give her plenty of shit for trying to climb the most difficult peak in North America alone. I tell her of my travels, describing some of the

more exotic places I've been. I don't mention, of course, that I travel there as a dragon.

When we reach the hotel, the conversation stills. With the moment upon us, words fail. They can no longer distract from the parting that will now take place.

I don't speak because the words do nothing to fill the hole that I know she will leave behind. They are empty, and soon, I will be empty as well without her. I would like to think she feels something similar, but it's far more likely that she simply feels awkward about so casually saying goodbye to a man who, only hours ago, was naked and in her arms and whom she will likely never see again.

Her shuttle arrives, and the other passengers start loading their baggage. She turns to me and smiles at me, and when she does, I am seized by a desire to claim her so powerful that it takes every ounce of my willpower to keep from grabbing her and carrying her off and fulfilling the legends that I refer to earlier.

But I can't. My desire is strong, but the love I feel for her—and yes, it is love—is stronger, and I can never take what she does not freely offer.

So, I only smile and say, "I will miss you, Sienna. Thank you for the wonderful time you shared with me."

She returns my smile, then lifts herself on her tiptoes and kisses me deeply. Her arms wrap around my neck and she holds me close for a long moment.

Then she pulls away, smiles one last time, and says softly, "Goodbye, Drake." If there is any glimmer of hope I might feel, it is only that I can see tears forming in her eyes. This parting is as difficult for her as it is for me.

I watch as she boards the shuttle, taking my heart with her. She lifts her hand in farewell as the shuttle pulls away. I lift mine in return and watch until the shuttle disappears around the corner. I briefly consider following her in dragon form, but I know there's nothing to be gained from that but more pain.

So, I walk into the wilderness, and when I am out of sight, I shift and fly back to the cabin. I intend to go home to my actual home, but I linger at the cabin instead, drinking in the scent of her that still lingers in the bed we shared.

## Chapter Six

### Expectations Unexpected

Sienna

I hate accounting.

No, I love accounting.

I hate that being an accountant has me here instead in the Alaska Range. What the hell is my problem that I moved away? Why did I do that? Why in the world did I think my dream of being a CPA couldn't be set aside when I found a better dream? Hell, all I need is accounting software and I can do fucking accounting from any fucking place on Earth!

And accounting is an important profession, for fuck's sake!

A good accountant is a valuable asset to any business and can contribute significantly to its success. The contribution goes beyond bookkeeping and financial record maintenance. A CPA can provide financial analysis. By assessing key financial indicators, such as liquidity, profitability, and solvency I can offer valuable insights into the company's financial health. This enables management to make informed decisions regarding budgeting, investments, and cost-cutting measures.

I can be the difference between a company succeeding and employing hundreds or even thousands of people or those people not having jobs!

Look, accounting isn't sexy, but it can make a real difference in the world.

A good accountant creates budgets and forecasts that align with the organization's goals and objectives. A good accountant evaluates past performance, market trends, and future growth projections to develop realistic financial plans. Accurate forecasting allows businesses to set achievable targets and allocate resources efficiently.

Businesses stay in business.

Employees support their families and build retirement plans.

Damn it, it's not a silly, boring waste of a life. It's a great life with a purpose that affects many, many people!

A good accountant provides valuable financial information and insights to guide decision-making processes. Whether it's evaluating investment opportunities, assessing the viability of new projects, or handling mergers and acquisitions, their input helps management make informed choices that align with the organization's financial goals. A good accountant brings a wealth of expertise and knowledge to a business, contributing to its success in multiple ways.

I can impact people.

I can impact the world.

Why the fuck does it all feel like drudgery now? For three months, I've been at it. I have almost a dozen clients, and I've already helped keep one out of bankruptcy. I ensured that thirty-one people got paychecks instead of pink slips! There are people who will have a nice Christmas now instead of nothing under the tree.

Do you have any idea how often I've rebelled against the idea of accounting being some boring, meaningless career? Do you have any idea how I've defended the profession and been an adamant advocate for it. Do you have any idea how often I've insisted on its value and the importance it has to the world?

Why does my life feel so damned meaningless?

Of course, I know the answer. My life feels so damned meaningless because I'm here and Drake is miles away. My

life feels so damned meaningless because I found meaning that meant more to me than anything else, but then I filled the trip to the tourist waystation with meaningless small talk and then bought my fucking ticket to the fucking airport and got on the fucking plane and spent two days with my fucking friend and then left fucking Juneau and took another fucking plane and ate the fucking in-flight peanuts and landed in fucking Los Angeles and got about the process of being a fucking adult.

Okay, Tara isn't my fucking friend. She's probably my best friend, and that means she's not a distraction or an obstacle. She certainly doesn't deserve to be a target of my anger even in my private thoughts. I take that back.

The point is, I didn't do a fucking thing!

I didn't do a fucking thing to end the fucking steps that took me away from Drake!

I wonder if that's why I've been so nauseous lately? I wonder if that's why my period was so spotty the first month after I left Drake, and why it's so late now? I mean, I'm on birth control, so I know I'm not pregnant. It must just be all the stress and grief over losing the man I love that's fucking me up so much.

The man I love.

I wish I could say those words hit me with surprise. If they did, then maybe I could justify at least some of the actions—or rather, lack of actions—I take to stay with him.

But there's no surprise. I've known for a while that I'm in love with Drake. Hell, I knew it when I left him.

But I still left him. I still left him, and it's fucking killing me that I left him!

“All right, Miss Carter,” Doctor Krause says, pulling me from my thoughts. “I've got the results back, and I have wonderful news.”

“I'm not sick?” I ask.

“No, not at all,” Doctor Krause says with a chuckle. He offers me a kindly, fatherly smile, and I return one of my own

in spite of myself.

Maybe I'm just grabbing for any silver lining I can find, but the fact that Doctor Krause has to be the nicest doctor I've ever met actually means a lot to me right now.

"Yeah," I say, relaxing a little. "I think I've just been a little stressed."

That's the understatement of the century. I haven't been a little stressed, I've been absolutely beside myself with frustration, anxiety, and mostly disappointment and grief. As nice as Doctor Krause is, though, I don't feel like getting into my relationship with Drake right now, so I just leave it at stress.

He chuckles again, "Well, having a baby will do that to you."

"Yeah, it's just been a crazy last few months, and the new job is really... wait, what?"

"I said having a baby will do that to you."

I stare at him, and my emotions completely disappear. I feel numb with shock. "I'm pregnant?"

"You are," he says. "Congratulations."

He smiles at me, but I don't return this smile. My mind is blank. I'm supposed to be on birth control! How can...

It occurred to me that I missed a dose while I was in the cabin with Drake. Missing one dose that close to intercourse shouldn't result in pregnancy, but it's not impossible.

And I imagine Doctor Krause knows his job well enough to know if I'm pregnant or not.

I finally manage to stammer a "thank you," then manage to keep from freaking out while he tells me something I'll have to read later when he gives me my paperwork because I don't hear a fucking word he says.

Pregnant.

I'm pregnant.



Holy shit.

Drake

WHEN YOU LIVE FOR CENTURIES, you experience regret more than someone who can reasonably expect a lifespan of three-quarters of one century. You experience sadness and regret, and you experience it often. I have lost loves. I have watched them grow old, and I have lost them. I know sadness, and I know regret.

I have never experienced sadness like this.

I have never experienced regret like this.

More than once, I have spent decades with a woman, the span of their entire adult life. I spent less than two weeks with Sienna, and yet now I feel hollow and empty. I was sad when my last lover passed on. I was sad, and I was bitter, and there were nights I felt profound unhappiness. I never felt hollow, though. I never felt empty. I never felt as though there existed no real reason to go on, as though nothing would fill the void.

What possessed me not to tell her to stay?

I told her to stay with me the first time, in context to having her vacation with me. She did exactly as I asked. I am certain if only I took a moment to tell her to stay permanently, she would be with me here now. What prevented me? I am certain she would have agreed. I am certain she would have done what I asked so why didn't I ask?

I don't know the answer to that question, but I suspect it has to do with the power of dragons in general. There is a roleplaying game that was very popular in the 1970s and 1980s. I believe it is still around but I'm not sure in this age of video games and easy entertainment if games using books and miniatures are still economically viable. I imagine they can just do all of these things on a computer now. In fact, they don't even need to roll dice. The computer can generate the numbers randomly.

In this game, adventurers explored dungeons and killed dragons and other monsters. In the game, dragons are depicted as powerful and intelligent creatures, capable of commanding awe and fear. They are ancient beings that possess immense strength, magical abilities, and a legendary hoard of treasure. The part that always impressed me was the awe and fear. It was actually built into the rules of the game and characters running into a dragon might actually be forced by the rules of the game to turn tail and run with no choice involved.

Certainly, the dragons had impressive physical attributes, colossal reptilian creatures, with fierce claws, massive wings, a strong tail, and a scaly hide that ranged in color from metallic hues like gold, silver, and bronze to more vibrant shades such as red, green, blue, or black. Each color represented a different species of dragon, associated with specific elemental powers and personality traits.

The truth is, we dragons do come in different colors, but it is simply genetics in much the same way there are brunette humans, redhead humans, blonde humans, and so on. It has nothing to do with anything elemental. Blue dragons don't control water, red ones don't control fire, green ones don't control earth or spit acid, and gold ones don't control wind.

In terms of temperament, dragons were treated as highly intelligent and possessed incredible wisdom, often being described as masters of strategy and manipulation. They were known to be fiercely territorial so interacting with dragons could be a treacherous endeavor, but gaining their favor or enlisting their aid can be invaluable due to their vast knowledge and power.

The portrayal of dragons in that game involved a blend of classic mythology and fantasy elements. Their description and abilities had a lot that was correct and a lot that was not, but they got two things right that most do not. They got the intelligence and wisdom right and they got the intensity of the awe and fear right.

And that awe and that fear... That's why I'm alone.

We are imposing beings, and bending the world to our desires is something we do without thinking. I know that I didn't tell Sienna to stay because she would have stayed. She would have stayed whether she wanted to stay or not. I didn't tell Sienna because even in human form, my dragon nature gives me abilities to persuade and convince that go beyond any human's ability to resist.

And I wanted her to ask to stay, to tell me she wanted it. I wanted desperately for her to come to that conclusion herself.

And she didn't.

That's incredibly hard for me to accept.

It's not hard to understand. Humans, oddly enough, are very indecisive creatures, and dragons are very decisive. You would think that the short lifespans humans possess would predispose them to be single-minded in their pursuits, knowing that they lack the time to spend on multiple avenues of fulfillment, but the truth is the opposite. The lack of time motivates humans to spend what dragons would consider an inordinate amount of time deciding for fear that the decision they make will be the wrong one, and they will have wasted valuable time on something that doesn't fulfill them at all.

So, of course, Sienna wouldn't have asked to stay. She's known me for all of a few days, and she has a life and a career waiting for her thousands of miles away from me. Why would she throw away all of that—something she *has* put time into—for someone who has spent only a few moments with her?

Viewed from that perspective, it makes sense, but the fact that it makes sense makes it no less painful or difficult to accept.

I am pulled from my thoughts by a knock at my door. I frown. That never happens. I take care of all necessary permits and tax responsibilities at the capital. I have few friends, none who know about this cabin. Could someone else be lost and in need of help?

I open the door and see a strange man—a youth, really, perhaps in his early twenties. “Yes?”

“Do you know a Sienna Carter?” he asks.

Instantly, alarm bells ring in my head. “Where is she?” I ask, “Is she hurt?”

I must ask that more intensely than I intend, because the youth pales and lifts his hands placatingly. “I don’t know, man,” he says, “I don’t think so. She just paid me to come tell you she needs to talk to you right away. She didn’t tell me why or nothing.”

“I see,” I say, taking care to keep my voice gentle in spite of my growing anxiety. “Thank you.”

“Yeah man,” he says, backing away and forcing a wavery smile. He turns around and then stops and tentatively holds out a piece of paper. “Uh, this is her phone number,” he says.

“Thank you,” I say as gently as I can.

He seems to sigh in relief when I take the paper without tearing his arm off or something. He is clearly still frightened of me. “How much is she paying you?” I ask.

“Uh, four hundred bucks.”

“Wait here,” I say. He pales at the thought but I know he’ll remain in place. I head inside and return, placing five hundred dollars in his hand. “Thank you again.”

“Hey, um, thanks. Uh, take care, man,” he says before turning and practically bolting to his waiting UTV. I

As soon as he is out of sight, I shift and fly south. I don’t know if Sienna is in danger, but if she is, a thousand armies couldn’t prevent me from the vengeance I’ll rain down on whatever fool placed the woman I love in harm’s way. I can tell you with absolute certainty that there is no creature on this earth that can stand before even the weakest of my kind.

I will tell you that by no means am I the weakest of my kind.

## Chapter Seven

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Sienna

I wait until noon.

I don't want to wait until noon, but I wait.

I want to follow up seconds after the first phone call. Hell, milliseconds!

Seriously, this is the most insane thing imaginable. I suppose it was inevitable that I would make the phone call to get a message to him. I suppose that was impossible to avoid. I just needed to reach a point where I really had no choice, and that happened the moment I became aware of the pregnancy. I understand that was the breaking point for me. What's insane is that what started out as me feeling an obligation to call this man, an obligation to make sure he was aware of his child, turned into something else entirely.

I mean, I can't recall any time in my past when it felt this bad to wait! I mean, it reminds me of the intensely emotional nature of high school love, if you know what I mean. I mean, it's like a boy just got a note from me and I'm desperate for him to write back of something.

Damn!

Anyway, I wait until noon before I follow up with the hotel on my request.

I guess I actually wait until somewhere between five to noon and noon. In any case, I have to keep waiting as the

damned phone rings. Finally, I hear a voice on the other line. The connection isn't great. "May I speak to Roland, please?" I ask.

"This is Roland," I hear.

"Roland, hello. This is Sienna. I called yesterday. I called about you delivering a message for me to a cabin up the mountain."

There's nothing but static and then silence. I stare at my phone but then it rings. I answer and things are clear. "The weather's bad up here but I'm trying a voice-over IP thing," Roland says, "Did you say this is Sienna?"

"Yes, hi."

"I delivered your message yesterday," he says, "in the afternoon."

"Oh," I say. "Thank you."

"No worries," he says, "Is that like, your dad or something?"

"No," I say, "He's... a friend."

"Oh," he says, "Sorry. I just... he's so much older than you, I assumed—"

"There's nothing for you to be sorry about," I say, sparing him further awkwardness. "Thank you."

"Any time. Hold on a second."

I hear him talking to someone there at the hotel. I want to ask him if Drake said anything, but I'm also afraid of the answer so I say, "I can hear that you're busy. Let me pay you and let you go."

"Oh no," he says, "the guy paid me."

That stuns me but I manage to say, "Well you're busy so thank you again, and have a nice day."

I hang up without waiting for a response just in case he might say the type of thing I'm afraid of.

What if Drake doesn't call me?

What the hell am I going to do if he doesn't call me?

Nothing. Not a damned thing. It's not like I can't raise the baby myself. In fact, as immature and silly as this might seem, I don't really care all that much about that part of things, at least not right now. My fear is that he won't call me because he doesn't want me.

I know. I know.

There are many more important things for me to be thinking about. Before you think I'm a monster, I need to tell you that I love this baby inside of me more than life itself already. I'm not saying that Drake is more important to me. I'm just saying that if he doesn't call me back, I'm going to have to be done with him. If I'm done with him, that doesn't mean I'm done with the baby. On the contrary, I'm going to raise this child and give it the best possible life with or without Drake.

But being without Drake is such a terrible thought!

Damn it all to Hell! Why in the world am I feeling so tortured? Why in the world do I find myself in such a terrible place? Why did I ever go to fucking Alaska in the first fucking place!

I can't do this. I hurry to my bathroom and turn on the shower. I push my head under the freezing water to shock myself out of the funk. I don't know if it gets rid of the swirl of panic and negativity in my head, but it at least keeps me from spiraling any worse. I pull my head out and grab a towel. And, of course, just so this fucking day doesn't get any better, there's a knock at the door. I wrap my hair up in a towel and stomp my way to the door. I feel sorry for whoever's on the other side. I just know I'm going to be a bitch.

I yank the door open.

But I'm not a bitch.

Instead, I stare at Drake. He looks at me, too. He looks at me while my hair is wrapped up in a towel and my wet shirt.

Then I rush forward and I'm in his arms.

There's no conversation, not even a couple of hellos. Instead, we see each other, and then we're kissing each other.

Then our clothes come off, and I have just a moment to feel the stray thought that I wonder if it will feel any different since I'm pregnant.

It doesn't. It feels every bit as wonderful as it did when I first met him. When his cock opens my pussy up the way only his cock ever has, it feels just as incredible as it does the first time I learn how good sex can really be.

I still don't say any words. I don't even say, "Yes, Drake!" or "God, Drake!" or "I'm cumming for you, Drake!"

When I do cum—and that happens damned fast, just like it always does with Drake—I just scream in ecstasy as my body—his body—explodes underneath him. As always, he keeps thrusting while I cum, and the orgasm intensifies until it's something transcendent, something beyond me, something more powerful than anything I can quantify or understand. It becomes the most incredible force in life, and it overwhelms me, and as it does, it drives away every worry, every fear, every regret, every question.

I know that this feeling won't last. He still doesn't know about the baby, and I have absolutely no idea how he'll react when he does learn about it.

But for right now, he and I are one. He is here, and we are together, and that's all that matters.

He spins me over and fucks me from behind, and God in Heaven, I know exactly why doggy style is so many girls' favorite position. God, the angles he can reach, the way he can penetrate deeply without hurting me, the way my body can spasm and jerk, the way my clit aches with desire and fulfillment at the same time. Of course, every position with him is perfect!

It's perfect. It's just perfect.

*He's perfect.*

He's—



Damn, how can a man be this good? He slides his hand over my ass and around my leg until he's between my legs. He strokes my clit while he fucks me. I don't even know how to describe what happens when he does that. It feels like I turn into a giant orgasm and that's all I am, all I ever will be, and all I ever want to be.

When we finally finish and shower together, I end up sucking him off just because I need to do something to somehow express the gratitude that I feel at getting to be fucked by him. Yeah, I know. I'm not going to win any Feminist of the Year awards.

I'm head over heels.

## Drake

THERE IS no way that Sienna can possibly understand how powerful her message was for me, how dramatically it affected me to receive word from her. As I sit on her couch, sipping the iced tea she served me, I think about the journey. The flight was, of course, easy. I'm sure I showed up on radar, but I flew where a great many planes fly, and most of it was above the ocean and not really alarming to anyone who might have seen me. I cut inland late at night, the only really dangerous part of the journey, into the California desert and that put me close to Fort Irwin for a while. If the base had interpreted me as a threat, there might have been some irritation to deal with.

Fortunately, I'm larger than a jet fighter, faster than a C-130, and smaller than a C-17, so I didn't really fit the bill for military aircraft and I made sure not to violate the airspace. By the time I reached Apple Valley, a small town near Riverside an hour and a half away from Los Angeles, they'd forgotten about me. I returned to earth on the three hundred acres I own there and walked naked through those acres to a house I have on the property. I got there about midnight, but the caretaker who lives on the property was still up.

The last time I saw him was four years ago. I walked naked to the house then, too.

I shower while he arranges refreshments and leaves. He also knows the only reason I came to this place. On the table next to the charcuterie platter and wine is the wallet I keep here that has my California Driver's license. It also has several hundred dollars in cash. An envelope has another few thousand. He also puts the car keys there. In addition, there is a folder with the ledger of household expenses, but I don't bother with it.

I almost head to Los Angeles right then, but the very fact my caretaker left reminds me that humans don't stay up for days at a time as I do. In any case, now that I am close I can sense her. That happens with all of my lovers but with Sienna, it is far stronger than the others. I can sense her and she is not in danger. So, I head to the bedroom, sleep, and when I wake in the morning, I drive to Los Angeles and meet with the attorneys who manage a portion of my wealth. It's unscheduled and they see me so rarely that it's always shocking to them. My wealth, though, is as intimidating and awe-inspiring as a dragon in certain situations. I don't know what schedules are changed but every partner and most of the associates are there updating me about various things.

I don't need an update.

I just let Sienna's name slip early in the meeting and also let it slip that I misplaced her address. I express it in the middle of a conversation, prompted by an associate coming in with a report on gold mines in Africa, mentioning he thought for a moment he'd misplaced the file. I reassured him I could understand that and that was when I mentioned misplacing Sienna's address, an irritating thing because I'd hoped to dine with her while I was in town.

Comments like that are essentially directives when my wealth is considered and when they get paid a whole lot of money to manage what they probably imagine is all of it but is less than a tenth of it. It's still far more than... Well, Gates, Buffet, Musk, Bezos, and anyone else you can think of aren't as wealthy as even the least wealthy dragon. Centuries make a

difference. I'm not one of the least wealthy dragons either. Anyway, my wealth ensures action. I suppose also, the natural persuasiveness of dragons helps as well although there isn't any request specifically mentioned..

I left the meeting at eleven fifteen, leaving a bunch of lawyers relieved that they once again got through the surprise audit of my wealth. I complimented two of the associates. I imagine they will get bonuses. I got what I wanted, of course. As I'm leaving, one of the partners tells me they tracked down Sienna and hands me a paper with her address.

And now I'm here.

And I'm sipping tea.

And I'm with the woman I love.

I look up at her, and she smiles at me. In that smile, I see the relief in her eyes, the trust, the love. I see the smile and think to myself how lucky I am to have a woman like her. There's no doubt anymore that I do have her. She is clearly not only happy to see me, but relaxed.

Mostly relaxed. I sense some tension still remains, but I assume it's because she doesn't know yet if I want the same commitment she wants. I intend to address that right away.

"What is it you needed to talk to me about?" I ask her.

A flash of fear crosses her face, but she takes a deep breath, and I see her steady herself as she prepares to answer my question.

Before she can, her phone rings. She looks at the number and frowns in irritation. "Sorry," she says, "I have to take this."

She answers, "Hello? What's up?" After a moment, her eyes widen, then roll with more irritation. "Got it," she says, keeping her irritation from her voice. "Sorry, I'll be right there. No, that's okay, it's my fault. See you soon."

She hangs up and sighs in frustration.

"Is everything okay?" I ask.

“Yeah,” she says, “I just completely forgot about a meeting I have this afternoon to go over a ledger for my client. They think one of their in-house accountants might be stealing money from them, and... well, it’s just an important meeting that I can’t blow off.” She lifts her eyes to mine, revealing irritation and apology but also relief.

“Sorry,” she says. “I would have told you to come another day if I had remembered the meeting.”

“You couldn’t have kept me away if you wanted to,” I say, meaning that more than she understands.

She giggles and kisses my cheek. “I’ll see you soon.”

She dresses and leaves me with another kiss. I wait for her, and the minutes pass like hours in the excitement of anticipation of finally being with the woman I love.

It’s strange how I can be so confident when only a day ago, I was convinced that I would be apart from her forever. I suppose it’s my intuition looking at her and realizing that she wants me just as much.

I catch sight of myself in the reflection on her stainless-steel refrigerator and see an almost childish grin on my face. I have to laugh at that. I haven’t smiled like that in hundreds of years.

The moments pass like hours... did I say that before? Anyway, she finally comes home, and when she does, I begin to ask her what it is she wants to tell me. Her mouth presses against mine before I can utter a single word.

I suppose it can wait.

## Chapter Eight

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### Right In The World, Again

#### Sienna

This is like whiplash. How could I have been so certain I would never see Drake again just twenty-four hours ago? How could I have been so filled with worry and uncertainty? How could I have felt so lost and unhappy?

And how in the world did I survive these last few months without his magnificent cock? You know, my name means orange/red. Some people think that Sienna means from Siena, a town in Italy, but I like the color meaning instead. The reason that comes to mind right now is that I'm pretty sure my whole body is flushed a kind of reddish color as I tangle my fingers in the blankets while Drake thrusts that incredible cock of his deep into me.

My blankets and my bed!

Drake is here with me in my home on my bed!

And, damn, he feels good!

The way he fills me up and stretches me is so wonderful, so exciting, so precious, and oh so sweet!

Drake, that is!

The way he's fucking me!

It must be the way I love him or the fact that we've been apart for so long that makes this sex so fucking amazing!

Wait a minute.

Love him?

Apart for so long?

I spent less than two weeks with him, and we've been gone for only three months and...

I mean, sure, the sex is good enough that I'm all discombobulated but love? Really? I mean, I'm behaving like we've been together forever and then parted. What the hell?

I think it might be true, though. I think I *do* love him. Otherwise, how could our separation be so damned devastating to me? I'm in love. Who knew? And while I'm at it, who knew I could be so happy to have a guy fucking me doggy style on my bed?

"Fuck me, Drake. Fuck me!" I'm not usually this vocal during sex. I can't really give you a reason for my sudden gregariousness now. The words just come out of me. Right now, they come out like lightning, like I have don't have any control over them.

The reason for that is simple. I don't. I actually don't have any control over them.

I'm just a girl who's experienced a guy she's in love with and missed him for too long.

I'm just a girl who's filled with an incredible joy she's never felt before.

And I'm just a girl whose mind has been blown away by this man's cock.

Somehow, I can't imagine living without him. I mean, look at me!

I'm having the time of my life with my love, and my love is fucking me. I'm on the covers of my bed, on top of my comforter, and Drake is on fucking me so damned profoundly that his cock is just wrecking my pussy. Hell, he's wrecking my whole body!

Why in the world did I delay all this by leaving Alaska? Why did I go through the damned separation in the first place? I moan and push myself back to meet his thrusts, but the truth is, this is his show, not mine.

Drake has control of me. I'm just his plaything. I'm just his fuck toy. He's in charge of me. I'm helpless. I'm his. I've surrendered to him, trusted him with my body; and I'm just here to enjoy his cock.

I'm just one lucky girl.

I moan loudly and wiggle my ass. I hear him kind of growl, low in his throat, a sound that's so damned erotic, so damned filled with desire, and so powerful it makes me scream. "Yes! Yes, Drake!"

I move wildly now. I wiggle my ass and I also slam myself back against his thrusts. "Yes! Yes!"

And then the orgasm hits and I'm overwhelmed, completely overwhelmed in ways I can't even understand. It's powerful and profound and it's... I can't describe the emotion. All I can say is that it feels like everything is right in the world again.

When he cums, my pussy moves instinctively over him, working busily to make him cum as hard as possible, and each twitch of his cock is like a victory for me. Knowing that I can make him cum like this makes me feel like a superwoman.

God, I love him so much.

We lay there, me gasping and releasing soft little cries with every single movement as each movement sent little shocks of pleasure through me to remind me of the power of the orgasms I've just had, him sighing and sliding his hands softly up and down my body, his touch warm and tingly and powerful.

God, he feels so good. It just doesn't make sense. It's like he's not a man but some supernatural creature that can affect me in ways no mortal human could. It's like he's some mythical being who has the power to make me experience more pleasure than I can even quantify. It's like...

Nothing else. That's what it's like. It's like nothing else, and if I do nothing else for the rest of my life but shiver on his cock, I will consider it a life well spent.

"You said there was a reason you needed to talk to me," he says.

And just like that, reality comes crashing back down. I can't just spend the rest of my life fucking Drake. That wouldn't be a life well spent because the short portion of my life I've already spent wrapped around Drake's cock has put a baby inside me, a baby I have to raise, a baby that Drake has traveled thousands of miles to hear me tell him about.

A baby that might make him rethink the idea of being with me.

Not everyone wants to be a parent. That doesn't make them bad people. Raising a kid is a damned stressful job. It's an important job, but it's far from an easy one. It's one of the hardest jobs anyone will ever have to do, and I don't know if I can reasonably expect Drake to co-parent with me. After all, he saved my life, but he didn't seduce me. I seduced him.

And I don't want to force anyone to be a father. That's not fair to Drake or to me. It's definitely not fair to our child. I would rather raise the child alone than with an unwilling partner.

But the idea that Drake might be an unwilling partner, and he might now want to be with me is more than I can stomach right now.

What if he doesn't want me? What if the moment he hears about the baby he wants nothing to do with me?

I've felt fear before, but no fear, not even the fear I felt as I fell from that ledge on Mount Hunter, compares to the panic that grips my chest right now.

Drake



SHE LOOKS SUDDENLY nervous and afraid. Then, she lies to me. No, she tells me a half-truth. She says, “I... I missed you, and I realized I should have asked you to continue the relationship or even let me stay with you in Alaska.”

Dragons possess heightened senses. We have better vision than eagles. We have a better sense of smell than a bloodhound. I could keep going, but I’ll just tell you that each of our five senses is better than any other creature on this planet and we also have different senses reserved just for Dragons. No person has ever lied to me without me knowing. If I buy a cup of coffee for those rare times I leave my den, if I ask how the barista is doing and the response is, “Fine, thanks,” I know if she’s really fine or if she’s just giving me an automatic customer service response.

Sienna is telling me the truth that she missed me and realized she should have asked me if it would be okay for us to remain together. However, she is lying about that being the reason for the message.

Once again, I could get compliance from her immediately. I could simply tell her to tell me. I don’t though. I can’t with her. Well, I have the ability, strictly speaking. I can’t bring myself to do it, though. I smile and pull her to me, kissing her softly. “I spent the time beating myself up about not asking you to stay,” I tell her. “May I take you to dinner tonight? If I don’t, you’re going to turn me on again, and then who knows if we’ll ever leave this place.”

She giggles and says, “Okay, let me get dressed.”

My inclination is to take her to a fancy restaurant, something that will blow her away. So, I say, “actually, let’s go buy you an outfit.”

“Oh,” she says, “you don’t have to do that.”

“I don’t have to do anything I don’t want to,” I say. “I choose to do this for you. I choose to buy you an outfit and take you to dinner. Now get dressed, but don’t worry too much about what you wear. They won’t be the clothes you return home in.”

She blushes, but I don't see the relief—even in part—that I hope to see. I realize that whatever she's hiding from me, it's serious enough that she won't relax until she tells me.

Well, hopefully after tonight, she'll have relaxed enough to be comfortable telling me everything she's hiding now.

A part of me wonders if I'm making the right decision by being gentle with her. If what she has to tell me is so serious that it affects her this way, then maybe the right thing to do is be a little firmer with her.

I reject that idea, though, because there could be many reasons that she is hesitant that aren't life-threatening, and I don't want her to feel pressured. Worse, I don't want to force her to tell me but want her to come to that decision herself. We are, after all, still new in our relationship. I don't want to risk making her feel that I intend to be demanding or controlling or, worse, her complying without realizing it's the dragon in me forcing it, thinking she's doing things of her own will but not.

It occurs to me with sudden clarity that I am equally nervous around her. It's a new feeling for me. I've never felt anything even close to anxiety over a woman. I suppose it's just another sign of how different Sienna is from all of my previous lovers.

I take her to a boutique, an expensive one. “Oh, Drake,” she says, “this is too much! This is...”

“Enough,” I say, gently but with command. “I intend to spoil you tonight. I'll hear no more protest.”

She blushes again and says, “Why are you doing this for me?”

*Because I love you*, I think but don't say. My next thought is a wry admission that if I can't bring myself to disclose my feelings for her, then I certainly can't expect her to disclose her feelings for me.

“Because I can and I didn't get the chance while we were apart,” I say instead, my own half-truth.

She smiles gratefully up at me, but that fear is still there underneath her joy.

We head inside, and I select a long black cocktail dress for her that falls just above her ankles but has a slit on the left side that travels to mid-thigh. It has a mid-back and a v-collar that reveals the perfect amount of her cleavage—enough to tease at what’s underneath without looking cheap or trashy.

I selected a pair of black heels for her as well and purchased a pair of panties and a bra. She smiles when she sees the soft silk lace of the underwear. Her expression grows mischievous, and she looks at me. “Drake, would you help me try the dress on? I want to see what they look like on me.”

They look beautiful, and the blowjob she gives me in the dressing room feels beautiful. When we reach the restaurant, the orgasm I massage out of her clit with my hand leaves her as flushed and smiling as I am.

The restaurant is a prestigious steakhouse in Newport Beach, an expensive oceanside town in Orange County that is renowned for its luxury. I order her a filet and myself a ribeye, both of which are cooked exquisitely. We talk about nothing over dinner, but when dinner is finished, and we wait for dessert, I decide that we must talk.

“I understand the distance between us is an impediment for you,” I say.

“Distance?” she asks, face paling.

“Not emotional distance,” I quickly explain, “the physical distance.”

“Oh, you mean that we live far apart?” she asks, some color returning to her cheeks.

“Yes,” I confirm. “I want you to know it’s not a problem for me.”

She pales again, and I explain, “I don’t mean that it’s not a problem for me to be apart from you. I mean that I am willing to do whatever I have to do to close the distance between us. I can fly to California regularly, and I’m more than willing to move you to Alaska if that’s what you’d prefer.”

“You’d do all of that just to be with me?” she says, eyes wide with wonder.

“I would,” I say. “You... mean a lot to me.”

Why can’t I just tell her I love her? I don’t understand it. It makes no sense to me. I am a dragon, not a human! These anxieties aren’t supposed to plague me.

Yet, they do, and I have no choice but to accept that, I suppose. One virtue my long lifespan affords me is patience. Whatever it is that is keeping me from being direct, it won’t remain an obstacle forever.

It’s only a matter of time before I and the love of my life are able to be together forever.

## Chapter Nine

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Truth

Sienna

Sometimes I think I'm almost compelled to have sex with Drake.

I don't mean he does anything to me. He certainly doesn't pressure me. I just mean that I always want to sleep with him. It seems like I have an endless capacity for arousal where he's concerned. Let me say that he's obviously wealthy, very wealthy. I had no idea about that before today when we went out. None of my desire for him is related to that but he's wealthy enough that he didn't bat an eye when the outfit was rung up. He simply handed her a card, and if you add up every item of clothing I have and throw in all my jewelry, you won't add up to what he spent on that dress.

Of course, it's easy to think about how my arousal never seems to stop while he's kissing me savagely and his fingers are moving inside of my pussy, driving me absolutely wild.

It's easy to think of how incredibly aroused I am when I'm sitting on his lap and he's rubbing his thumb back and forth across my swollen clit.

It's easy to imagine how extremely aroused I am when he's thrusting his big, thick cock inside of me, his body pressed against mine as he continues to kiss me. But we're not there yet. Damn, I want us to get there. I want us to get there right now.

On the other hand, there's something incredible about this, about how he can offer me such incredible sensation just with his fingers and his thumb, how his savage kiss can thrill me not only from a sexual standpoint but also with something approximating romance and sweetness.

I mean, God, this is like high school! It's like I'm fifteen again, kissing Trevor Pearson and parting my legs slightly so he can slide his hands down my pants. My heart pounds in my chest, and when his fingers pass over my clit, I gasp in shock at the intensity of the pleasure that I feel.

That's where the similarities end, though. The initial shock with Trevor is more due to the fact that it's my first time doing anything more sexual than kissing a boy and the surprise that it can actually feel good to have a boy's hand on my clitoris. It's not like Trevor's any good or like I'm any good for that matter. I don't think either of us even cum. We just fool around a little bit, thinking we're so grown up because we did something that adults do.

With Drake, the pleasure is something just absurd. I mean, the fact that he can stroke my clit and finger my G-spot better than I can is just insane. I read somewhere that the most intense orgasms a person can have are the orgasms they have when masturbating because they know how to stimulate their own bodies better than anyone else can.

But Drake not only knows how to stimulate me better than I can. Drake also knows how to stimulate me in ways I can't possibly imagine. That becomes evident when he takes the hand that isn't working magic on both sides of my clit—incidentally, that's all a g-spot is, just the back end of the clitoris that pushes up against the vaginal wall—and presses it lightly to my navel just above my pussy, then moves it in slow, soft circles.

“Drake!” I shriek as an orgasm more powerful than anything I've ever experienced in my life hits me like a damned freight train. “Drake, yes!”

Of course, he keeps going when I cum. He won't stop until I'm either unconscious or I've made him cum.

This feels amazing, but damn, I want him to fuck me. I want him to thrust his cock inside of me right now, that's what I want. I want his cock inside of me, I want it now, and I...

All right, I'm talking in circles.

Damn it, I need him to move things forward.

As though he can hear my thoughts, Drake ends the kiss and gently pushes me down onto the bed. And then his fingers are back at my clit and he's kissing me. Now his strong body presses against mine.

And he moves!

His big, thick cock presses against my wet pussy. It's like I snap out of the waiting game. I take hold of him and rub the head of his cock against my slit. I wrap my legs around him and pull him into me.

I let out a kind of scream against his lips. His shaft stretching me is the most incredible sensation in the world.

It takes only a moment before I'm moaning against his lips. He's thrusting inside of me, the pleasure so sharp and sweet and familiar that it makes me want to cry out.

Familiar. Damn, it's wonderful to think that the pleasure Drake gives me is familiar. I hear that one of the reasons people cheat on each other is that there's no excitement to sex anymore, that it just becomes mundane and unfulfilling, but that's not the case with Drake yet, and I can't possibly imagine any future where I wouldn't be just as excited to cum like this as I am now.

It takes only another moment and then I'm crying out. I'm crying out with ecstasy as he's thrusting into me while his cock is filling me up and stimulating all the nerve endings in my pussy.

He kisses me passionately. I kiss him back and cross my legs over the small of his back as I dig my nails into his back and pull him close to me.

He moves a little faster and the pleasure gets sharper, the intensity of the sensation almost too much to bear. But I want

more. I want him to fuck me hard. I want everything from him.

“Drake, damn it, Drake!” I shriek.

That comes when he not only starts to stroke my clit with one of his hands while still fucking the hell out of me but also decides to use his other hand to grip my left breast while grazing my right nipple with his teeth.

I think I cum forever and ever when he does that. Okay, that’s obviously an exaggeration, but it’s no exaggeration that when he finally empties himself deep inside my grateful, overjoyed pussy, I have no strength left in me.

I think that’s why I ended up bursting into tears.

Drake, of course, is instantly concerned. “What happened?” he asks. “Did I hurt you?”

I shake my head, but no words come out.

“What’s wrong, Sienna?” he asks again.

The second time he asks, I feel almost compelled to tell the truth in spite of myself. “I’m pregnant!” I cry out.

## Drake

I STAND up and look at her. “Why... why is that something that makes you cry?” I ask.

She stops crying immediately. I haven’t reassured her at all. She’s just utterly shocked. She doesn’t expect this reaction from me. “But it’s your baby!” she says.

“And you don’t want a baby with me? Is that why you’re crying?”

“No, I don’t... I mean, I want a baby with you, of course, but I don’t... You’re not...” She’s gone from desolate to shocked to absolutely confused. Of course, she has no idea that for a dragon, offspring is an incredibly joyous event. We reproduce so rarely that when it happens, it’s something for



which we are very grateful. Even if she wanted nothing to do with me, this would be a joyous event.

Because the mother is human, the baby will be human and will not come into any of its dragon power until about twenty-five years old. More than one dragon has introduced himself to his son or his daughter when she begins to feel the shift. If the mother is a dragon, the baby will be born dragon but unable to shift to human form until that same time frame, mid-twenties.

I'm not sure why that's the case. After all, dragons live for centuries, perhaps millennia. I myself am over five hundred years old, and while I am not a young dragon anymore, I am far from old. It's very conceivable that I will live another five hundred years or even more. So why dragons develop at the same speed as humans is a conundrum. The most common belief is that it has something to do with the shift, that the same physiological change that allows us to shift also dramatically slows the aging process. This is true for all shifters, although it is far more dramatic in the case of dragons. A wolf shifter might not live a thousand years, but they stand a better than even chance of living a hundred fifty years.

I realize I haven't responded to her when she looks at me and says, "Say something."

"I still don't understand why you're sad about something so wonderful," I reply, "Are those tears of joy?"

I can't imagine that my intuition has failed me so dramatically that I would be misreading her emotions, but the thought that having a child with me would be anything other than wonderful news for her is so absurd that I don't know how else to interpret her tears. I mean, if she didn't want to have my baby, why would she contact me? I suppose because it's the right thing to do, actually. But she obviously wants to have something to do with me because she keeps having sex with me and doesn't just tell me right away?

She keeps looking at me in disbelief and then finally whispers her question. "This doesn't change anything for you?"

Now I understand. I chuckle at the fact that it takes me so long. I already think of her as my mate, so I was interpreting this pregnancy the way a dragon would and assuming she would do the same. It never occurred to me that a human man may have a radically different perspective than I do. Twenty-five years for a dragon is nothing, but twenty-five years is fully a third of a human life. Some men would be terrified and even angry to learn their woman is pregnant.

Well, I look forward to showing Sienna the difference between me and a human lover. It hits me suddenly that she doesn't know the most glaring difference between me and other men yet, but I'll get to that another time. Right now, there's a more important consideration.

"Of course, it does," I say. "If you decide I'll be visiting down here, I'll buy a house for you so you have more room. We'll furnish it and build a nursery. I'll also make sure you have the finest doctor and anything else you need."

"I mean... this doesn't change anything with us, with you and me?"

I realized then the full scope of her tears. She's not just worried that I'll be angry about the baby, she's worried that I'll actually leave her over this pregnancy. All I can say in defense of my obtrusiveness is that the prospect of offspring to a dragon is that miraculous of an event, that joyous of a proposition that the idea it could portend anything negative is a completely foreign concept.

"It most certainly does," I say with a smile. "Before, I only adored you completely. I only felt empty and hollow without you. I only loved you more than anyone has ever loved a woman. Now, though, I also feel like we should buy a crib."

She stares at me a moment longer in disbelief. Then she laughs. She giggles, her face turning red, tears streaming down her cheeks, but tears are clearly motivated by joy now and not fear.

I stare at her with what I imagine must be a similar level of incredulousness as what she showed a few moments ago. "What's so funny?" I ask.

“Nothing,” she says, controlling her laughter and wiping the tears from her eyes. “Come here and fuck me again.”

I do as she asks, and when we’re finished, she lays on my chest and rests a while. I allow the silence to remain, knowing that the relief in this silence is necessary for her to truly heal from her fright at the thought she might lose me.

I wait for her to speak first. When she does, she softly asks, “Can we go back to the cabin to make some plans? I mean, it’ll be a while before the baby arrives, but I want to get a head start on things.”

I smile at her and say, “Of course.”

I nearly shift then and showed her what I really am, but I decided if I did that, I would do it back in Alaska. Instead, I helped her pack a bag and buy us tickets back to Juneau. The trip back is beautiful, actually, sharing it with her. My utility vehicle is at the cabin so I just buy another after we land at the little municipal airport. I realize by now, she must realize I’m wealthy. I don’t say anything about it, though.

When we arrive at the cabin, Sienna says, “I think the baby will love growing up here. Alaska is beautiful.”

“It is,” I say, “but the baby will not grow up here.”

She looks at me, frowning in confusion. “What do you mean? You want to move to California?”

“No,” I say. “At least, not full-time. I do have a home in California, and we’ll spend some time there, of course, but I mean the child will not live in this specific home.”

She still looks confused, and I smile and say, “Would you like to see my real home?”

Clearly, I’ve made my decision.

## Chapter Ten

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Home

Sienna

He leads me to a door at the back of the cabin. I never notice the door the first time I'm here. I think it's... I don't know, camouflage maybe. I mean, it's almost like... Anyway, I assume it's another bedroom or bathroom or something. When he opens it, and I instead see a carved stone passageway lined with sconces that look like they used to hold torches but now hold electric lights, I stare in stunned silence.

“Where are you taking me?” I ask.

“You'll see.”

I mean, this passageway belongs in a castle! No. It's too well-maintained to be in a castle. It's more like it belongs in an amusement park version of a castle, in some sort of fun, safe... What the hell is going on, here? The passage extends for about a hundred yards, I think, just this well-maintained stone thing. I don't like using well-maintained like that but there's no other way to put it.

And it ends in a nondescript metal door like one you might see in a commercial building. “Are you some kind of spy?” I ask.

He chuckles. “No.”

“Superhero?”

“I like that. I guess I can be a superhero. Does that work for you?”

I roll my eyes and say, “Are you one of those crazy doomsday people, the ones who have these military-style bunkers with six years of food and all that?”

“Welcome to my home, Sienna,” he says with a smile. He opens the door and gestures for me to enter. There’s a roar on the other side and I step forward cautiously.

Then, I gasp.

I’m on a large ledge overlooking a cavern the size of... Well, damn. I think it would take six or seven football fields to cover it.

And it’s like paradise.

I don’t see it immediately, this spectacle that truly captivates all my senses. The moment I step through the door, though, it’s like I’m embarking on an enchanting journey. It’s strange, almost magical. A sense of anticipation ripples through the air. The light beyond the door is dim but I feel a cool, refreshing breeze softly caressing my skin. I realize I’m in the mountain. The aroma of damp earth and minerals engulfs my senses, as if whispering ancient tales of the underground world.

Yeah, I know. Overly dramatic. Overly descriptive. Sorry, that’s how it feels, okay?

I feel Drake’s arm slip into mine and we walk. The echoes of dripping water punctuate the silence, gradually growing louder with each step. The dim light is maddening, heightening the anticipation. And then, like a magical unveiling we step onto a passageway encircling an enormous cavern. A stunning cascade of light directs my gaze toward the breathtaking sight of a waterfall shimmering in a green and red glow. The magnificent waterfall plummets from the ceiling, at least a two-hundred-foot drop, creating a mesmerizing dance of shimmering droplets that glisten and sparkle in the light, wherever it’s coming from. It’s a sight that leaves me

awestruck, my breath stolen away by the sheer beauty and wonder.

As I stand in awe, listening to the roar of the falls, a rhythmic thump resonates through the cavern. The vibrations move beneath my feet, making themselves known within my body. This tactile sensation adds another layer to the experience, making it feel real and tangible. I can almost feel the power and force of the water as it crashes down, carving its way through the rock over millions of years. The taste of awe lingers on my tongue as I stare. It's a taste of pure marvel, reminding me of the extraordinary forces that shape our planet. The experience of witnessing this hidden gem stimulates all my senses simultaneously, overwhelming me with a sensory symphony that leaves an indelible imprint on my soul.

Damn.

I know.

I know I'm being so damned over-the-top that you must think I'm silly, some stupid obsessed and overly important schoolgirl. I have to tell you, though, standing on the stone about a hundred feet above the floor of the cavern and looking at this waterfall start a hundred feet above me and end a hundred feet below...

Well, it's like immersing myself in a world that doesn't exist. It's an ethereal journey where my senses converge, transporting me somewhere. This is the kind of thing you only see in fantasy movies or, I guess, sci-fi movies with beautiful planets.

"There is my house," Drake says. He has one hand on the small of my back now. The other points and I gap again. Nestled against one side of the cavern stands a majestic architectural wonder. As I stare at the sprawling estate, I try to wrap my head around this. The house—no, it's like a mansion but the kind that kings live in, not the kind that ordinary people... Damn. The building is magnificent.

He directs me with his hand and we walk until I find myself in front of a long staircase. The slope is gentle, though.

As we walk, I'm astounded. This mansion stands four stories high, constructed with what I think is a Victorian architectural style but I don't really know anything about architecture. The mansion emanates a sense of regality and opulence. Its red brick exterior, punctuated by stunning limestone and intricate woodwork, creates a striking contrast against the imposing stone of the cavern. I have no idea where the light comes from but it illuminates everything like green and red rays of sunlight. The glow seems to emphasize every detail, making it almost come alive.

My gaze then drifts towards the magnificent gardens that surround the mansion. From afar, the meticulously maintained landscape unveils a cornucopia of colors. Vibrant flower beds with tulips, daffodils, and roses that shouldn't be able to grow here underground. There are statues, fountains. The entire place is...

It's impossible!

"How did..." I can't finish. I can only keep my eyes on him. "This is... it's not even possible, Drake," I finally manage when we reach the foot of the staircase and I stand at the beginning of the manicured lawn that shouldn't even exist. I turn and look at him. "You're not just rich. I mean, you're not just super-rich. This is... This..."

He says, "Would you like to live here?"

"Of course I want to live here!" I say, irritation pretty strong in my voice, "but this makes no sense." I take two steps into the lawn and pull up a handful of grass. I'm surprised that it comes up. "It's real," I say. "It's... it's real."

"Yes it is," he says.

"You built all this?"

"The falls have been here long before me but I built the house and arranged the gardens. I carved the path and also drove through the mountain for vents."

"But how? It must... it would be more money than even fucking exists!"

"I am not just a man, Sienna," he says.

“Drake,” I say, “Now isn’t the time to be funny! I... I can’t understand any of this.”

“I’m not being funny,” he says. “I’m being honest. I am more than a man. You know that I cannot harm you, right? It is not in my nature. My very being would not allow it.”

“Why are you saying that?”

“I will show you but I need to know that you understand I will not hurt you.”

He’s serious. This isn’t playful at all.

“I trust you,” I say.

And he disappears.

Literally.

And what I see instead is even more impossible than the cavern itself.

As I stepped cautiously into the dimly lit passageway, the air grew heavy with an intangible anticipation and I felt like I was entering a new world. My heart pounded in my chest, matching the rhythm of each cautious step I took. The stone floor echoed beneath me, amplifying the sound as if it were a blaring alarm. When Drake put his hand in mine... The sight of the magnificent chamber and the falls was simply stunning.

The mansion is stunning.

From where I stand now, I can see that the cavern’s roof is adorned with glittering stalactites that drip with a mysterious luminescence. There are plenty of things about this magical place to draw my attention.

Absolutely none of them matter at the moment.

The intangible anticipation for this place doesn’t do justice to what I see now. It’s a dragon.

A real dragon.

I must be high.

I must have died on the mountain. No. I’m in a coma and all of this is a dream. I look around and call, “Drake? Where



are you?"

And the dragon says, "I am Drake."

The voice is his. It's exactly his voice. I stare in wonder. The dragon's body is enormous but in relation to its form, slender. The slender body appears like a living spectrum, shimmering with ethereal colors that cascade across every scale. As the dragon lifts its head, vibrant hues envelop the cavern, reflected by the light or, I suppose, by the dragon itself. The sight leaves me spellbound in its kaleidoscope brilliance. Its wings, nestled against its body wings, send prismatic rainbows arching through the air, dancing playfully on the cavern walls. It is as if the dragon itself is a walking, breathing embodiment of all the colors and...

"Are you really Drake?" I ask.

"It's me," it says.

No. Not *it*. He. He says it.

And... well, I don't know how it happens but all the fear is gone. Instead, I'm just enthralled. It isn't just the visual spectacle that entralls me. The air is alive with a scent, both exotic and otherworldly, wafting from the creature's every breath. A heady mixture of smoky sulfur, hints of wildflowers, and arcane energy (if that makes any sense) envelops my senses, seizing my attention as though I'm being pulled into a trance. Each inhalation fills my lungs with the intoxicating aroma, leaving me yearning for more while simultaneously fearing the consequences.

It's like a kiss.

Like a kiss after he's smoked one of his aromatic pipes.

It almost sounds like music, though. What I mean is the sight of him appeals to everything about my senses, so it's kind of like... Hell, I can't explain it. It's like I'm seeing music. As I stand there, enraptured, I can almost hear whispers of long-forgotten legends and secrets, carried upon invisible currents that only this mythical creature possesses.

Through the tangible silence, I reach out hesitantly as if to touch the mirage of colors rippling before me. The dragon's

radiant gaze—no, Drake’s radiant gaze—meets mine, and he does away with my hesitation by simply leaning forward so his massive head, larger than me, is against my hand. “You were... you were the dragon I saw on the mountain.”

He’s suddenly in front of me, human again, and my hand is on his cheek. “But you didn’t look like this there,” I say. I realize I’m whispering.

“We have certain... qualities,” he says, “qualities that are only available to us underground. Above the earth I am...”

I giggle. “I saw you, remember?”

Okay. Reality check. I just discovered there’s an impossible wonderland in the center of this mountain. That’s insane enough, right? Then, I see a real dragon who happens to be the father of my child!

And I’m giggling?

“This is a whole lot to take in,” I say, looking around in wonder again. “I don’t know if I’ll ever be able to figure it out.”

“What would you like to do?” He asks.

Listen, if you paid me a million dollars, I just wouldn’t be able to come up with the right words for why I say what I say. I don’t know why the one thing that I’m sure about is Drake. I say, “I would like you to take me home.” I can see the disappointment on his face and I point to the impossible mansion. “My new home, Drake. Our home.”

## Epilogue: Three Years Later

Sienna

“Oh, Drake,” I whisper softly as his hands move lightly over my skin. I have to say that it’s strange to be both comforted and calmed by his attention and simultaneously stimulated and excited.

I think it must be the romance of the moment.

This man often has me screaming as his cock drives into my pussy with so much power and force that even as I feel overpowering pleasure, the episodes would certainly appear to an outsider as something violent! (But, of course, all of my screams are screams of encouragement.)

There are times he has a tight hold of my butt cheeks and moves my body up and down on his massive cock as though I’m one of those flashlight male masturbators, not a human being but simply a tool, a toy for his enjoyment. (Yeah, I scream during those times, too.)

There are times his beautiful dick stretches my asshole so widely that I can’t even comprehend that such a thing is possible, that I’m even able to receive the repeated violation of my tiniest and tightest hole.

There are times I feel like I’m going to pass out with his cock cutting off all air and all thought, buried deep in my throat while my nose is pressed right against his pubic hair and his balls rest on my chin. (And sometimes, I cum hard just out

of a sense of triumph because I've managed to deep-throat him.)

But none of that is happening now although we are both naked and my hand moves gently and almost delicately as I stroke his shaft. His hands move softly, and I believe the tenderness of the moment is what strikes me so powerfully. Don't get me wrong, I love when things are very intense. Hell, I love it more than I can really explain.

But at this moment, I feel the gentleness of being cared for and comforted, something I certainly don't experience from any man other than my husband.

I love this gentler side. I experience it quite a bit in non-sexual circumstances but this... this is beautiful, intimate, and almost completely new.

And suddenly I need him inside of me. Trying to move Drake is a lot like trying to move the mountain itself so instead, I move myself, scooting underneath him until I'm positioned so that I can take his cock and guide it to me. I feel him against my pussy and I let out a kind of hum of happiness as he slowly slides into me.

"Yes!" I whisper in pleasure. Drake had stopped what he was doing in order to allow me to position myself. He resumes his gentle massage of my body, his hands moving almost tenderly as they move over me.

"My good girl," he whispers softly.

I lift my arms and wrap them around his body, my hands sliding over his back and down to his butt, cupping his gorgeous ass and pulling him deeper into me. He's so big that he fills me up entirely, pressing against all of my soft spots on the inside, making my pussy feel like it's overstuffed with cock.

But I don't care. I love it when I feel like my body is going to burst with sensations that are in no way painful but still completely overwhelming.

I try to control my voice, to keep it as quiet as I can because I don't want to risk interrupting this. "I love you," I

whisper, “I love you so much.”

“I love you, too,” he whispers back.

His lips find mine and he kisses me tenderly. My breathing becomes shallow and I close my eyes. I realize that this is the first time in a very long while that we’ve made love in this sort of slow, unhurried way.

In our lives right now, hurrying is usually necessary.

“I love you, too,” he whispers, “so fucking much.”

He holds me close to him and his hands reach for my hair. He pulls it back from my face which puts a strain on the muscles in my neck. I don’t care, both because the very slight pain thrills me and also because I’m in the mood for him to do as he pleases.

He could make me do just about anything right now. Hell, he could make me do just about anything at any time at all. It’s hard to describe. Sometimes even when we’re not in one of our more intense moments, he can bring out something in me that makes me feel almost completely submissive. Not completely but almost.

I trust him. I know he loves me. I know he’d never hurt me or allow anyone else to hurt me. Still, there’s something about this that makes me feel almost powerless. Of course, knowing his nature must surely impact that, right?

I want to be powerless. I want to be in his hands. I want to feel as though my entire life is in his hands, that he has complete control over me... over everything. I feel the tears forming in the corners of my eyes. I don’t know why. I don’t cry very often and I certainly don’t cry during sex. Maybe it’s because I’m so overwhelmed. “I love you,” I whisper again.

And then I scream, “Drake!” as my orgasm hits. The climax is enough that I swear it might drive me absolutely insane! It feels so strange to have such a powerful orgasm from such gentle, sweet, and romantic attention. Hell, even when his fingers tangled in my hair and he pulled so he could kiss my neck and throat... I mean, even that seemed sweet.

And, of course, the scream did the trick. I don't mean for Drake or for me. I mean we hear the stirring of the twins one room away. Sure enough, Jenna cries out, "Mommy!" her voice reveals her age of two years but her enunciation is extraordinary. Drake says she and Oliver speak as they do, with a vocabulary and understanding at least as high as junior high school students, because of their dragon nature.

Drake kisses me and withdraws. "Oh, Baby," I whisper, "You didn't get to finish."

He smiles and when I try to get up, he gently pushes me back. "I will attend to them," he says. He stands and reaches for a robe. "And don't worry about me, love. I'll finish later." His eyes narrow as he looks at me, "and I will finish many, many times."

My breath catches in my throat. I'm still cumming slightly but his words suddenly make me ravenous for him. How in the world can a girl be in the midst of orgasm, the culmination of desire, and then suddenly desperate for sex?

I guess a girl can be all that when she's with Drake.



Did you enjoy *Dragon's Den of Pleasure*? Drake and Sienna are definitely in for a wonderful happy ever after life with their twins and maybe even some more children later. Who knows, right? I feel pretty damned deeply in love with Drake while I wrote this book. I hope you did as well. Be sure to check out the other novels in my series. *Alpha Shifters Growling Desires* is filled with very strong leading men, and women overwhelmed by their need for their men who would be larger than life even if they weren't animal inside! Each novella in this spellbinding collection offers a unique and enthralling love story, unveiling the primal instincts and scorching passion of these extraordinary shifters. In *Alpha Shifter's Growling Desires*, sizzling romance intertwines with breathtaking adventure, immersing you in a universe teeming with supernatural allure. Get lost in each heart-stopping moment as

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