

Encounter: Dragon Lord's Mate
A Fortnight Is Too Long
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Dragon Lord's Mate: A Fortnight Is Too Long

A smile of anticipation lightened Grun's grim face, clearly communicating to Taja that her huge brute of a husband was aware of her presence. He was blissfully unaware of her intent, however. He continued to ride toward her, the hooves of his black steed devouring the distance between them. Taja raised her bow, an arrow notched and ready.

The movement drew his eyes, that lustful black gaze at last resting upon her. Warmth swirled within Taja's pussy. Fucking through their mate link had eased her need, but could not fully satisfy her, causing every minute away from him to become sweet torment, an extended foreplay with no resolution. For prolonging that agony, he deserved this retribution. Taja drew back the arrow, the feathers rustling in the breeze.

"Taja," he growled. His voice was low and deep, promising a dark passion. A shiver of delight ran through her body.

She chose not to heed his warning, releasing the arrow. Her aim was true. Metal dinged against metal as the arrow bounced off his shield. Grun rode on relentlessly,

making no move to protect himself. He was an arrogant warrior, her mate. He would never retreat, forcing her surrender. Slick moisture coated the crotch of Taja's breeches.

"You go too far, lady wife." He dismounted at a gallop, rolling. "I told you to wait inside the castle keep." He drew himself up to his full impressive height, cracking his knuckles.

She backed up slowly, watching him with a mixture of wariness and arousal. She longed to have those rough, coarse hands on her skin. "You also told me it was a three day ride." He had been away for a fortnight. That was an unacceptable delay. "I have needs, my lord husband." She rubbed the ache between her thighs. "I could not wait another moment." She drew her tunic over her head. Sunlight caressed her bare breasts.

He tossed his own tunic aside. His chest was broad and muscular, crisscrossed with scars. "I have needs too, mate." He stroked the bulge in his breeches as he walked. His long, thick cock was clearly outlined, an effective visual distraction. Taja licked her lips. "Yet I do not put my safety at risk to satisfy them."

"I was in no danger. I knew you were near." She pulled her breeches down and kicked them toward him, her nakedness causing Grun's face to darken more.

"You are in danger." He discarded his breeches also, his cock springing free. "You are in grave danger."

A flicker of his eyes was her only warning. She darted as he lunged. His hand grazed her thigh. She ran from him, the grass whipping at her bare legs. He stalked after her, playing with her the way a dragon would play with a deer, batting her ankles with his palms, brushing his fingers against her calves.

He downed her when she zagged when she should have zigged and she rolled in his arms as they fell. She landed with a thump on top of a very aroused male body.

"You will not put yourself in danger again, mate." Grun pinned her arms behind her. He breathed heavily, smelling of smoke and horse and man. "I will not allow it."

"You will not tarry when you are far from me." She raised her head, sticking out her chin. She could be as stubborn as he. "I will not allow it."

He drew her arms back farther, arching her back, thrusting her breasts upward. "You are in no position to demand any boons from me." He nipped at her nipples. Taja sucked in her breath at the mix of pleasure and pain. "You are my captive." He released her arms, cupping her breasts.

"I am in the perfect position to demand boons." She slipped down his body until her pussy lips cradled his hard cock. "And I am not the captive." She lifted her hips, coating his shaft with her juices, until the ridge of his cockhead teased her clit.

He groaned, a long drawn out rumble starting in the base of his stomach and moving up his chest. His muscles contracted until he was coiled like a wild thing under her. "I missed you, lady wife." With those husky words, his control was released. He flipped her onto her back, his mouth sucking hard on her neck, her breasts, her nipples. He attacked her body, touching her with hungry hands. He was so rough, so strong. She near lost her mind with desire.

"Fuck me, Grun." She spread her legs, her pussy open and waiting. "Fuck me, hard." She liked that she drove him to this, that he lost his renowned restraint around her, that he became one with his beast while loving her. It made her feel powerful and sexy, like a woman rather than a warrior.

The sound coming from her mate's lips was more dracon than human. Grun sat back on his haunches and reached out to her, his callused fingers digging into her ass as he raised her hips. One thrust and he buried himself up to his balls, her pussy gratifyingly stretched and raw with his assault.

This was what she missed. "Harder, Grun." She clawed at his shoulders, desperate for more. He withdrew and surged into her again, harder. She shuddered, her pussy vibrating with pleasure around his cock. "Harder."

He dominated her, body and mind, riding her without mercy, entering her with such strength that she thought she might split in two. She panted, he grunted, their animal sounds echoing across the clearing. They weren't lord and lady. They were dracon and mate, fucking like primitive beasts.

“Grun!” she screamed as she came, clenching his shaft in a tight embrace. He filled her one, two, three times more before shouting his own release, his booming voice scaring birds into flight.

“Fuck, mate.” He collapsed upon her, pressing her into the soft grass. “I will grant you your boon. A fortnight is too long.”

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