

**Encounter: Night Watch (Dragon's Watch Encounter)**  
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## Night Watch

The night breeze blew in cool over the tundra. Sindarin watched his wolf sleep, curled in a ball, tail across her face. He suspected it was more than just the cold that made her more comfortable as a wolf tonight. She'd been unable to shift while bound by the slaver's torc. Even free, that helplessness seemed to haunt her sleep.

Or else like a real wolf, she twitched in her sleep, chasing a rabbit she'd never catch. The thought brought a lopsided smile to his face. Shifting, he curled up around her, protecting her with his body and lending her his warmth. Not that he'd let himself drift off to sleep. A short nap, maybe. It had been a long, long day... There was nothing in these parts fool enough to attack a dragon. Even a sleeping one.

The moon was full by the time he snapped back awake. The sun would be up in a few hours, and they would be on their way. So little time... He spent a small bit of flame on the fire, bringing the embers back to life before he shifted back to man form, stepping back from his sleeping beauty.

"Sindar?"

"Shh. All is well. Go back to sleep."

"I dreamed a dragon held me in his arms..."

"A good dream, then."

"A very good dream, but it ended too early."

Sindarin lay down beside her, gently brushing her white gold locks from her eyes. "And what would you have had your dragon due before he left you?"

Karenne rolled to face him, looking up at him with those gorgeous wolf blue eyes. "I would have had him stay longer. I should liked to have tasted his kiss."

Sindarin leaned down to share a long, lazy kiss that drifted as slow as the path his fingers took to explore her skin. "Like that?"

"Yes," she agreed. "Just like that."

"And then?"

"Then I'd have kissed him back. Like this." Her kiss was bolder than his, tasting, asking, then demanding. Their tongues entwined, then slipped a part, only to seek one another again, in the ancient mating dance of the ages.

Sindarin used his magic, this once, to spirit their clothes away to a neat pile beside their gear. If anyone should invade their small camp on this early morning, well, his warrior would learn the ancient legends were true. He growled passively at the thought of anyone attempting to harm his woman.

Thoughts like that were going to get him in trouble. He knew it as sure as he knew he'd never find peace again unless it was with his cock sheathed deep in her body. Sliding into her now, burying himself balls deep in her tight, wet cunt, was like coming home. He took her hard, satisfying all the pent up lust of his ancient dragon's heart, barely containing the need to shift and hold her with teeth, claws, and tail while he took possession of every orifice.

As it was, he claimed her mouth with his teeth, and took one hard, firm nipple between his fingers, pinching and tugging until she moaned under his touch, raising her breasts to him on every thrust of his cock deep into her. He knew by now how to torture her, driving in hard enough to grind against her clit, dragging little moans and gasps of pleasure from her with every slide.

Her eyes squeezed shut as she came the first time, throwing her head back, her whole body straining to hold him within her. He waited half a beat before pulling out again, then thrusting back home, shifting his teeth to her nipple and grinning as she bucked under him, writhing, trying first to push him away, then clawing to draw him closer again.

If he shifted, even part way, he'd use his tail like a spear, thrusting the tip into the tight ring of her sphincter, just like that. He mimicked the move with one

thumb, delighting at the way her body jerked in response, her eyes flying open again, her mouth forming a gasp of surprise, then an “Oh,” of pleasure, and she rocked back onto his fingers, and he slid an extra one in for good measure.

He was stronger than a mortal man, or even a wolf shifter, for that matter. He could have held her captive, forced her to ride out her pleasure unmoving, but it was more fun to watch her twist and squirm, impaling herself harder with every thrust and counter thrust.

Karenne screamed as sashes came again, her whole body shaking with the force of her climax, but he only sped up his thrusts, pushing through her contractions as he watched her come, shoving so deep his cock bumped her cervix with every thrust.

Her voice rang out in a long, keening moan. “Sindar!” she begged. She clawed at his hips, pulling him in deeper, then ramming herself back on his fingers. “Sindar! Now!” She came again for him, her body twisting and thrashing in his arms.

Her juices coated them both, making her spasming resistance less than futile, lubricating his way as he claimed her. His release came in searing hot waves, and still he thrust into her, leaving his mark within her on every drive home.

She was his, as sure as he was a dragon. She’d been his since the first time she’d offered him her virgin body. Dragons and virgins... there was a bond there no one could break.

Whatever it took, he’d find his way back to her side. He was never letting her go. Not today. Not tomorrow. Not in forever.

And all he had to do to keep her was to change the laws of their world...

Tomorrow. He’d leave that thought for tomorrow. Today he was a dragon, and he had what was his. His beauty. His treasure. His prize. His virgin. His dragon’s gold.

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