

**Encounter -- Dragon in Waiting (Dragon's Watch)**  
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## Dragon in Waiting

Omellain stirred slowly, responding to the heat of the body resting against her. She sensed she'd been asleep far longer this time. Almost too long.

She wasn't young any more, but she wasn't old, for a dragon. Not one of the true ancients, like Pajja, but still far older than any other being in this part of the world. She hadn't really meant to stay asleep so many years. She glanced about. The skyline had changed. Make that decades. Maybe more.

The world had changed. The humans didn't believe in Dragons now. Didn't need guardians. So she'd waited. She'd known he'd be back. He always came back to her.

Eventually.

She stretched carefully, testing her wings, ancient and creaky with disuse. "It's been a while, my friend. We're not in any hurry are we? Do you still maintain a corporate suite here in the city? I could use a nice hot bath and a good meal."

He pressed against her playfully. "And some hot Dragon sex to loosen you up, my love?"

She pressed her face against his chest, her hot breath filled with laughter. "I like the way you think, old friend. I do like the way you think."

She flapped her wings, once, twice, but they only shed tiny flakes of shimmering stone. Perhaps she was wrong. Perhaps it really had been too long this time.

"Shift for me," he whispered against her ear. The warm, sweet wind of his breath tugged gently at her aging scales.

She tried, but nothing happened. A wrinkle of dismay shivered through her. She would not panic. She would not. She'd lived a long, long life. More than two millennia. If this was to be her last, so be it. She'd hatched her eggs, seen

them wake and flourish. Some no doubt still roamed the earth. Some had passed on. It was the way of things. She had few regrets.

“Shift for me, my love.”

“None of us are immortal, my love. Perhaps my time has come.”

She thought he would argue with her, try to dissuade her, as he always did, Instead he wrapped her in his wings and rubbed his muzzle against hers. “Then we will go down together.”

With a mighty leap he sent them over the side of the rooftop in a sleek dive for the ruined city below. Despite the velocity of their decent, he rolled gracefully, no longer holding her, but guiding her along his ridged spine. She scrambled for purchase as he spread his wings, turning the spiraled freefall into a soaring flight.

The wind against her smelled of salt and sea and washed away years of city and soot. She opened her eyes and stretched her wings, moving them in time with his hard, powerful strokes, until they climbed again, soaring out above the ocean and skimming along the shoreline beyond the edges of the city. Grasses waved here, long stalks as tall as a human, grained heads bobbing gracefully in time to the incoming waves.

Here, it was as if the humans had never been.

A few more thrusts, and she gained altitude, the wind of their flight separating their bodies as they explored the coast. Pajja moved away, then shifted back, above her now, skimming closer till she could feel his heat against her sea misted scales.

She was ready when he settled closer, still, his rear legs framing hers, locking them together, belly to back. She had not forgotten the glorious feel of her body, warm and willing, her elongated slit opening for him, wet and wanting as she curled her tail aside to wrap around him, letting him in, welcoming the invasion of his long, thick cock.

One short, tentative rub, testing their position, and then another, longer, deeper, harder as he seated his long cock deep inside her. Their wings thrust together, hers only slightly behind his, riding the currents, climbing toward the long forgotten heat of the sun.

Oh, dear gods, she had missed this. Missed the feel of him, stretching her, filling her, his every thrust driving them higher as his body curled and his tail shot down. She could picture what they must look like to anyone on the ground. Two sets of wings. Two long necks. One tail.

A giant two headed dragonfly outstretched, gliding toward the sun.

The notion made her laugh, joy bubbling out of her in a burst of dragon song that nearly erupted in flame.

Pajja's tail moved faster, and they thrust together, up and up, higher and higher, her body soaring with need and want and hunger as they reached up. *Are you happy, my love?*

She felt, more than heard the words. She curled tight, arching her spine and pulling with her tail, then straightened again, undulating with passion as they moved in harmony. *This day, this hour, your body against mine... I could not ask for more.*

*I've missed you. Missed this. Missed us.* He thrust harder, deeper, pulling her closer and welding their bodies tight with the heat of his passion. *Come for me, my love.*

She surged back against his thrust, her body responding to his with the strength of her kind, their shared passions so deeply ingrained in her being she could not have helped but respond to his urgency. *I waited for you.*

*I know. I'm sorry I was gone so long.*

*It was hard to wake up. The humans didn't need me any more. Didn't want me. Didn't remember me. Us.*

He banked left and came around, allowing her a good, clear view of the city she'd once protected. She saw now what she'd missed before, the ruin, the ragged tear of loss, where the sea ate at the land, leaving nothing untouched.

*The humans are changed. The ancient awoken. The new world will need us now, if they are not to make the same mistakes again.*

She knew what he wanted. Knew what was needed.

Those who survived would need their guidance once again, if they were to survive in this new world.

But there were so few of them left...

Pajja would not stay, he never did. But he would return. Always he returned to her. And now that she saw, she had a purpose.

She would stay awake this time.

He thrust again, then once more, and she came again as liquid fire drenched her inner passage, flowing through her, filling some ancient need deep within. She opened to him, allowing his seed entrance.

She would take what she needed from him. And they would rebuild.

She and her descendants would guard the world once more.

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