

Changeling Press

MICHELLE HASKER



Fire

in the

Sky



DRAGONKIN

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Dragon Kin: Fire in the Sky

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Editor: Chrissie Henderson

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Selena sat at her desk and stared at Kyden Lisander's door. The room was empty, the light out. He was at a meeting. If it went well he'd be happy when he returned. If it didn't go well... then she'd pay the price. She always did. He was a very grumpy man. A hard-as-nails boss. Though she loved a challenge, she didn't love dodging bullets at work.

What she wouldn't give for that man to just look at her one time the way he looked at all the bimbos he took out on dates. Why did he keep picking petite blondes when not one of them lasted longer than a few weeks? He needed a real woman.

Someone who was interested in him, not his money. Someone like her. But he only viewed her as a release for his anger, not for his sexual frustration. *What a shame.*

The man was drop-dead gorgeous, with thick black hair that brushed his shoulders, and eyes a mesmerizing green. Her favorite body part to ogle when he wasn't paying attention wasn't his broad chest or long muscular thighs. It was his delectable ass. Selena wanted to squeeze that bit of him and hear him purr in pleasure.

She'd love it if one day he called her in there and had her shut the door, instead of bitching at her for someone misfiling something, or for a client who said they faxed over something they hadn't. She'd like it if he pushed everything off his desk and shoved her down on the smooth surface to fuck her brains out.

Smiling, she relaxed in her chair and continued with the little fantasy. Maybe he'd yank up her skirt. She always wore skirts because the office was so hot. Hell, she was always hot. Today, she wasn't just hot, but she was bothered too. Very bothered.

Normally she didn't fantasize about sex at work, but today she was hot and panting for some action. Hell, she'd take it in the janitor's closet.

Selena focused more on the fantasy and Kyden. He would tear her panties off and then bury his face in her pussy, licking and sucking on her clit like it were a piece of candy. Ooo, she could have him coat her pussy with whipped cream or chocolate sauce.

Did they have either of those in the break room? She made a mental note to check. It would help future fantasies if she knew.

Kyden would unbutton those black slacks he always wore, and then he'd put his dick at her wet pussy. Was he long? Thick? Thin? She imagined him both long and thick, and grinned. He'd thrust into her hard and fast, making her scream as he fucked her on his desk, his cock filling her pussy and his balls slapping against her ass. Harder and harder he'd take her on that desk, her climax building and building.

"Selena!" Kyden's shout interrupted the pleasant fantasy. Selena jerked upright, almost falling off the chair. "I'm not paying you to sleep on the job!"

"Yes, sir." She shook her head, wondering what had happened. Whatever it was, it didn't bode well for her. Why couldn't he take it out on one of the other secretaries just for once? Once. It was all she asked. One time. Sure, he had to catch her the one time she lapsed into momentary insanity. What was she thinking? Like the hardass would ever want to fuck her.

"My office. Now."

"Yes, sir." She grabbed a notepad and pen, and meekly followed him to his office. She'd like to shout back at him, tell him it wasn't right to treat her this way, but she needed the money he so generously paid her. She easily made five grand more a year at KL Inc. than a secretary at their biggest competitor. The man, while a jerk, did offer some compensation for his lousy attitude.

She heard Kyden suck in a deep breath and he stood still, his back to the door.

She wondered what he was doing as he stood there. Why had he drawn in such a loud breath? Was he about to launch into a tirade? He knew she stood there waiting to enter.

He had ears like a fox. And he'd caught her daydreaming about sex. Thank God she hadn't creamed her panties. Or screamed out in completion. Oh, wait. He'd interrupted her before that. She let out a low growl before she could stop herself.

Instead of calling her on her impatience, Kyden walked over to his desk, turned around and sat on the edge of it. "My clients weren't happy with the proposal.

Threatened to go elsewhere. I need you to copy everything we have on the Ryders so I can bring in someone else to help plan something that will win back their loyalty and ensure that everyone involved is happy."

"I don't think it was the ad." Selena bit her lip. *Stupid.* He didn't like it when she made suggestions. What was she thinking? She was a lowly secretary.

"Excuse me? Do I pay you to think?"

"No, sir." She hung her head and drew a noose on her notepad. Was she trying to get fired? It was her damn libido. It was in overdrive, and he was so hot. She wanted to fuck him something fierce. Stupid hormones.

She shook her head and looked up to see him staring at her with an odd expression. She must have signs of her insanity showing. Better to steer him right back on topic before he could ask her what was going on. "Anything else, sir? Do you need a cup of coffee while I copy the file?"

"Come on." He sighed. "Finish it."

She blinked up at him. "Excuse me?"

"Your thought. I want to hear what you think is wrong."

Was he purposely trying to make her crazy? First she was supposed to shut up and not think. Now he wanted her to think and talk to him. A girl couldn't win with him. No wonder he liked brainless sluts. They were the only ones who could put up with his idiosyncrasies long enough to make it to the bedroom. Any other sane woman would brain him.

"I'm frustrated, tired, and hot, Selena. Tell me what your thoughts are on this ad."

She drew in a deep breath and prepared to batten down the hatches if a storm erupted. "If I can be honest, sir, who drinks rutabaga juice anyway? It's not the ad, it's the product." She tried to make herself smaller as he hissed. It would have been funny if

she weren't so afraid of him. He looked angry enough to lay a hand on her. But she'd never seen him hit a woman. Why was she suddenly thinking about him hurting her?

"Our job is to sell their rutabaga juice. If their sales are low, then we're not doing our job. We need to entice consumers to purchase the juice. We need to seduce consumers into parting with their money."

Selena flushed. She hoped her dark skin hid it, but it probably didn't. She did not need to hear words like entice and seduce coming from his luscious lips. She wanted to kiss him, to bite those lips. To have those lips on her lower body in a very inappropriate way.

"Go do what you're paid to do and copy the files. Leave the ads to me and the ad staff. And make some fresh coffee too."

"Yes, sir." Fighting back tears, Selena found the file in the cabinet and walked down to the copy room. Every time she tried to help, he shot her down. It was as if he hated her, which was a shame since she wanted to fuck him in the worst way.

Damn man. If he kept this up, she was walking out the door. Really. No one had to put up with this shit. So why did she? Because the money was good.

Confusion streaked through her as the man she'd been thinking of walked past, a scowl on his face. Damn man probably had another secretary bawling by now. So why did she check out his ass as he walked past? Why did she hunger for his body when it was probably career suicide to think these lusty thoughts?

Maybe it wasn't his fault, she debated as she entered her code into the copier and settled the file to be copied in the machine. He could have been born that way. Maybe raised to hate all women. It was such a shame, if that was true. All that long black hair and those eyes that reminded her of the ocean on a perfect day. That light bluish color with a hint of green. She wanted to sink her hands in that hair and force him to his knees. Make him pay homage to her womanliness.

Sometimes she swore she saw a flicker of flame in those eyes of his. A few times in the past two months she'd seen him looking at her with such intensity that his eyes seemed to change. To narrow and darken. Heat with those odd flames. It was just her

imagination, though. She was so scared of the man that she imagined he was a monster and not an ordinary man. Her shrink said she tended to fictionalize aspects of her life that she didn't like. So what? It helped her cope in this odd world that she'd never fitted into.

She had been abandoned at birth and then bounced from one foster home to another. She'd never really belonged anywhere. People claimed she'd had a fiery temperament. Well, she'd learned to control that, but not once had she learned how to get skinny or change the color of her skin.

The therapist said that in an attempt to control her temper, she'd buried it. The woman warned that no release was more unhealthy than an uncontrolled outburst. Her weight was a result of bottling in all those emotions. Her color... the therapist told her to take pride in her mocha skin. That if she treated herself like the beautiful woman she was, others would see it and react accordingly.

Lately, she wondered if her color bothered her because Kyden only fucked white blondes. She didn't stand a chance. This whole thought process was a train wreck. One that was going to get her fired if he came in and caught her goofing off. Again.

Selena snorted and retrieved the copy and original, reset the machine and walked back to Kyden's office. The sooner she got the stuff to him, the happier he'd be.

A happy Kyden was better than an angry one any day. "Here's the file you requested, sir."

"Finally," he growled and reached for the information.

Selena sucked in a deep breath, holding onto the anger his tone and temper roused in her. "I did it as fast as humanly possible." She bit back anything else she'd have said as his eyes narrowed. She straightened her spine and forced a blank look onto her face. "Anything else I can help you with, sir?"

"No. That's all."

She bit her tongue to keep from saying "Thank God" out loud. Knowing it was best to get going before he found something else to pick on her for, she turned and hurried to the door.

Kyden propped his elbows on his desk and steepled his fingers as he watched Selena walk away. He had scared her. And hurt her. He could smell her fear and anger mixed with arousal.

As owner of KL Inc., he was entitled to make use of any of the four secretaries out in the main hall, but he always chose Selena. And it drove her nuts. He knew it did.

Watching her ass sway as she walked away reminded him of his plans for later. Plans to make her forget he was an ass. Plans to make her scream out his name as her cum drenched his cock.

Bright red braids bounced as she stormed off. He knew she wanted to tear him a new asshole, but she held back. Always held back. He'd like to hold her back. Tie her to his bed and taste each and every curve of her luscious body. He was positive she wouldn't break under him like a human would when his dragon wanted to play.

Her mocha skin enticed him, making him want to lick each inch of that chocolaty flesh. He was hungry. Hungry for his destined mate.

"Selena?" Ignoring the urge to adjust his erection in case it scared her even more, he shifted in his seat while he waited for her to turn around. "I need you to cancel your plans tonight. If you have any."

She whirled, eyes blazing before she regained that über control she had. "Yes, sir." She turned and hurried out his door, probably before he could order her to do something else.

"Oh, Selena?" he added as she was halfway to her desk.

"Yes, sir?" She spun around, and this time he knew he did not mistake the flames in her eyes for anything other than what they were.

"Can you shut my door?" He watched her stalk back to the door, grab the knob and tug the door shut with a firm click. A chuckle escaped him. One she probably would have thought she'd imagined if she'd been in the room to witness it.

Kyden clasped his hands behind his head and moved his chair to look out the large window overlooking the bay. That woman didn't even know what was coming.

She was as oblivious to her true self as she was to his. But she also desired him, and she despised that. Hated that she wanted a man who was so mean to her. That made her crazy.

He did it on purpose. Pushed her buttons. Pushed her to the edge of her limits.

He'd yet to get her to erupt like he knew she could. Would, when forced into it. From reading her personnel files when she'd been hired, he knew she most likely had no idea what she really was. He hoped to push her into discovering her true self on her own, but her stubbornness was driving away the last of his patience.

The time had come to claim his fire companion. She'd gone into heat. He'd been lucky so far that no one else had tried to claim her, but he couldn't risk waiting any longer.

As a fire dragon, it pleased him immensely to know his fire companion was one too. Tonight he'd fly her to the island with him. She'd meet other dragons and realize what she was. Then he could claim her the way he was meant to, with her knowledge and acceptance.

First, he had to get her to his lair and make her realize what she was. All his attempts to make her change had been unsuccessful. No matter how mean or demanding he'd been, nothing had made her break.

He was more demanding than most dragons or men anyway, but something about her made him want to dominate. That had been his first clue she was his fire companion. The second was the day he'd seen the fire in her eyes after he'd told her she'd have to work through the weekend to fix a mistake that truly hadn't been her fault, but that of another employee on staff.

That weekend he'd planned to make his move and see if she'd be receptive to him, but he'd had to remain on the island with his brothers. Though work was only a short flight away, and even shorter in dragon form, he'd needed to be there on the island.

The following Monday morning he'd gotten the most chilling reception from Selena, and knew he'd have to work twice as hard to break through her tough exterior.

He just hoped he hadn't ruined his chances by trying to get her to wake up to herself.

“Stupid fucking ass making me stay late on a Friday night. Did he even ask if I had a date? No.” Anger coursed through her. “Cancel your plans.” Selena mimicked his deep, sexy voice.

That was part of her problem. As much of an ass as he was, she was attracted to that ass. Tight and firm. She bet she could bounce a quarter off it. Liquid heat moved through her body at the image of her boss buck-ass naked and lying down so she could test that theory. Right now she'd rather stick a dildo up his ass than have him fuck her.

Even as she thought it, sexual frustration hummed through her.

Who was she kidding? She was so horny she was desperate. Her last three dates had been duds in the sack. Hell, the last two had been so lame she'd dumped them after one attempt at sex. Didn't they know that a strong woman needed a strong man? It was this stupid meek shit she had to do to keep her job. The men thought that obedient at work translated to obedient in the bedroom. As if she would just lie down, spread her legs, and enjoy their pathetic attempts at pleasure. Not one of them had pleased her.

She'd had to finish the job herself.

Since the last failure she'd not even bothered to attempt to date. Tonight had been the night she was going to go to that private club that catered to the kinky crowd.

She was going to buy some hot sex since she couldn't find it on her own. Instead, she'd most likely be taking dictation or doing research. Maybe it really was time to find a new job. But the pay here was amazing. It made up for the fact her boss was an ass. A sexy ass. One she wanted to fuck on a regular basis. Okay, maybe she was obsessed with his ass, but... yum.

Maybe the next time he did dictation with one of the other secretaries she should climb under his desk, unzip his slacks and give him the best head of his life. Then, when

the other secretary left, she could climb out and get on his lap and ride him to another orgasm. Again and again until he realized she was the only woman for him.

No! She wasn't looking for permanent. She just wanted to fuck the living daylights out of him. Not keep him. Hell no, that would be asking for trouble. Men like him never settled down, and if they did get married, they continued to play the field.

A nice good fuck would make this shit so much easier to tolerate.

Realizing her thoughts had come back to where they shouldn't be -- again -

Selena gathered up a fresh notepad, a few pens, and slowly walked to Kyden's office.

After a quick knock on the door, she opened it, stepped inside, and froze mid-step.

Kyden stood there, his suit jacket on a chair, the tie on top of it, and his shirt unbuttoned. Glorious tanned skin teased her. Knowing she shouldn't stare didn't stop her eyes from following the fine dusting of hair from his oh-so-delicious abs down to where it disappeared into his pants.

“Miss Fine?” The husky sound of his voice barely penetrated her reverie as she eyed that delicious expanse of flesh.

She almost whimpered when he closed the buttons and hid all that yumminess from her view. Moisture soaked her panties, making her wonder why she seemed to be as superficial as she claimed half the men in the city were. Would a man with a belly like hers get her wet and horny? Probably not. Who was she, a plus-sized secretary, to fantasize that a man as ripped as Kyden would even consider her for anything more than clerical work?

“Selena?”

“Yes?” She looked up to see Kyden's highly amused expression. It was hard to be mad when his lips curved so enticingly. Damn. She was so screwed. Or rather, she wished she was. How sick was she, lusting after her stodgy boss? The one who made her life hell? Who made her stay after hours and fix problems that the other secretaries caused?

“You're probably wondering why I picked you to stay late again.” His deep voice rumbled through her. As he took a step closer, she sucked in her belly before she

realized what she'd done, and forced herself to release the breath. It wasn't like he was returning her sexual interest. Only in her dreams.

The man walked right past her, his arm brushing against hers as he shut the door behind her. A shiver of desire snaked up her spine. She was fucked. There was no way in hell she could work with him confined in a closed office. Not now. Not as aroused as she was. Shit. The last time this had happened she'd been stuck here all weekend and had spent most of it in the guest suite. She and her fingers had gotten real intimate in the shower, in the bed, on the sofa, and in the tub. It had almost been like she was out of control. If she'd been at home she'd have probably worn out her favorite dildo.

She walked over to the calendar on his desk and flipped it around so she could see today's date. Yep, there was a new moon under it. Since she'd been having increased sexual frustration once a month, she'd started trying to keep track of it to see why it was increasing in strength. The need to fuck kept getting stronger until she felt like she'd explode if she didn't get sex. If it happened during a full moon, she'd explain it away easily enough. Crime rates always rose on a full moon. People always seemed more full of energy and passion then too. What was with her and

new moons?

"I just realized that I can't stay much longer. I'm sorry. I should have told you to get a different secretary. I forgot about something really important I have to do." *Like find someone to fuck.*

"No." Kyden leaned against the door, arms crossed.

She bit back a whimper as more desire saturated her panties. Why was her arousal so intense tonight? It was worse than ever before. And it was happening now, here in the room with her boss! Maybe it was because she already desired him?

Her friend Christine was a were-panther, and she was always really horny at the full moon. Her friend would often accept sex from any other panther during that time.

Selena had been privy to at least two incidents where Christine lost total control of herself and let another panther fuck her mindless. It had been both arousing and frightening to watch. What she was feeling right now was close to what she'd seen Christine go through.

The oddest part was that she wasn't a were. Shifters were at their sexual peak on full moons. It wasn't even a full moon.

Kyden's eyes were doing the flame thingy, and his nostrils had flared. Her heart pounded erratically as she stared at him. His expression looked more animal than human. It made her feel both frightened and thrilled. She had to figure out what he was. He had to be more than human.

The sound of the lock clicking on the door was so sharp she dropped the pad and writing utensils. Even though they bounced on the carpet and rolled under the desk, the sound was as loud as if it had been hardwood or tile. She swallowed past a thick throat and edged her way around his desk, trying to put something -- anything -- between them.

Her swallow was loud in her ears. So loud. She noticed a pounding and wondered who would be banging at the door at this time of the evening until she realized it was her heart, pounding so loud and hard in her chest it was painful. She gasped in air, the sound making her hair stand on end.

"Selena?" Kyden pushed off the door and advanced toward her.

With a shriek, she backed away from his desk and into the window behind her that looked out over Utopian Bay. "Sorry. I didn't mean to drop my things." She dropped to her knees and picked them up, crushing them against her chest as a pair of black dress shoes stopped in front of her. She looked up, right at his crotch. She moaned and licked her lips, trying to force her gaze from the impressive erection straining against his slacks.

Erection? She panicked and fell back, dropping everything again as she crab-walked away from the imposing man. She had imagined that too. She had a very vivid imagination. Everyone told her that. Even her therapist.

"Selena." Kyden walked toward her.

She managed to look into his face again, and what she saw stunned her. Desire.

Pure hot desire on his face. How could this god of a man want an undesirable such as her? Even as a child she'd been unlovable.

She closed her eyes and pressed back against the wall. Maybe if she could calm down and find her center, everything would be okay. Every deep breath she drew in, though, was filled with the very masculine scent of Kyden. He smelled like fire and sin.

The scent of him was like none other she could think of. Had she ever noticed this before? Was it a new cologne? Whatever it was, it was lethal.

He stared down at her as she trembled in the corner. Why was she huddled against the wall like this? It was obvious the man desired her. But she didn't want to be used for sex. She didn't want him to fuck her and fire her.

Closing her eyes, she rubbed her head. She was so confused. She wanted him in the worst way, and she had not imagined that erection. There was no way she'd imagined that. It was large. And she needed to not think about it or what she wanted to do to it.

She also needed to stop sitting here on the floor quivering in fear and desire. If he wanted her, why be afraid? She didn't want to lose her job, but was it that scary? What the fuck was wrong with her?

"Selena?" She opened her eyes and stared at him. Her vision blurred, and her body did this weird thing where it felt like millions of ants were crawling around under her skin. Kyden gasped, and she focused on him. His eyes blazed with that fire she'd always thought she imagined. Instead of reaching for her, he took a step back. She closed her eyes for a moment and groaned, trying to regain her composure.

"Se?"

Ignoring him, she scooped up her supplies headed for the door.

"Se." He grabbed her arm. "Wait. I need you to --"

Hunger streaked through her, almost making her double over. Damn. This was unreal. She focused on chasing him away before she embarrassed herself. "I know what you're doing, and I don't have to take it. I can file for sexual harassment."

"Sexual harassment? What did I do that constitutes sexual harassment?"

"You looked at me like you wanted to eat me."

"You're going to file a report because you think I want to eat you?"

"You have a different woman every week. We both know I'm not your type. I don't know what desperation caused you to think what you did. Lisa is more your type.

Blonde, skinny, and not the brightest bulb in the pack."

He growled when she reached for the door. "Stop!" She froze, before she caught herself and ignored him, closing her hand around the knob. "Selena Fine, release that doorknob this instant."

Confusion streaked through her. Why did her body listen to him when her mind was screaming to get out? To run. To flee. Her fight or flight responses were definitely short-circuiting. Why not? Her hormones were all over the place. She didn't want to fight or flee. She wanted to fuck him until they both passed out. Then fuck him some more when they woke up. This was wrong. Bad. So very bad.

Even if she did desire him, they couldn't do what she hoped he wanted to do. He was her boss. She needed this job. If he fucked her, didn't like her, dumped her, and fired her, she'd lose her house. Her car. The stability she'd worked so hard to achieve. "I want to keep my job."

"Fuck." His curse had her unlocking the door and turning the knob, only to have his hand keep the door shut as she tugged on it. He cupped her chin in one hand before she could back away. "I was going to fly you to the island and seduce you the right way. Mate with you. Claim you as my companion and make you mine, but you're forcing my hand here, woman. Making me confess things I didn't want to say in this office."

Claim. Companion. The words echoed in her ears. Those weren't words a human used. Those were words weres used. Hadn't she already decided his flaming eyes weren't human? She spun around, searching his body for a sign of what he was. "What are you?"

"What am I?" He moved so his body held her against the door.

His strong scent made her knees weak and her pussy throb. Why hadn't she noticed his cologne before? But it wasn't his cologne. It was that earthy male scent

beneath it. Not one of stench, but one of male. Pure unadulterated male. "Yeah. I know you're more than human."

"What gives you that impression?" He leaned down until on his last word his lips brushed against her neck.

"You don't want to claim me. You want a skinny chick. Someone that will look good with a man like you. Not your chubby secretary who isn't even your secretary, but one of four who have to do your bidding. I'm nobody. Claim? I don't think so. Have you been drinking? Doing drugs?"

"You underestimate yourself, Selena. I knew from the moment I first met you that you were mine. I fought it. Yes, I did. You know I enjoyed bachelorhood. I loved being free to fuck whoever I wanted whenever I wanted. But that changed at your interview. I tried to wipe you from my mind. I tried to pretend you weren't meant to be mine. I knew you had issues. I knew you wouldn't feel the same way about me. I didn't want a human fire companion. I would crush a human when sexing is upon me."

Selena stared up at him, not knowing what to say or do. This was what she'd wanted. Him to fuck her. But he was talking about permanent. And she wasn't sure that was in her future. Everyone abandoned her at one point or another. She could accept a quick fuck and then everyone back to work, but not this line of horseshit about being his fire companion.

"I was going to invite you to the island. I wanted you to meet my brothers. Meet others like me. I wanted you to see what you were so you could accept me when I showed you what I am."

"What are you?"

His flesh rippled, and she swore she saw scales. But they were gone as quickly as she'd seen them, so she couldn't be sure. And scales didn't mean much. There were many kinds of weres with scales.

"You're my fire companion," he growled and grabbed her, tugging her up against him as he kissed her.

The sound of her heart pounding in her chest and echoing in her ears was confusing enough without having this gorgeous hunk of man pin her to a door and kiss the life out of her. It didn't help that he was doing exactly what she wanted, either. He tugged her away from the door and led her over to his desk. With one sweep of his arm, the desk was cleared. He pressed her down on the hard oak. Had he known?

"I've had dreams of fucking you on here. Fucking you until you screamed so loud that everyone who could hear you would think I was killing you."

Selena groaned and looked up at the ceiling. How was this happening? Was she dreaming? Had he finally realized she was ready and willing? Was this going to cost her this job?

"Focus on me, Selena. I can practically hear those thoughts swirling around and around in your mind."

"I don't understand." She stared at Kyden. Was this a joke? Were there hidden cameras somewhere waiting for people to jump out and yell "Gotcha"?

"You don't need to understand. Just feel." Kyden stripped off his shirt and reached for hers. He slowly unbuttoned it as if he was savoring each moment.

In a moment of weakness, she let him remove her shirt and bra, but then quickly covered her breasts.

"Unh uh." Kyden shook his head and reached behind him for the tie draped on the chair. He brought it around, snapped it once, and then reached for her hands.

Faster than she could blink, he had her hands wrapped in the tie. He pushed her arms up, but didn't restrain her further. If he had she probably would have panicked.

As it was, her heart was racing. But she could still stop him. If she wanted to. "Kyden?"

Her voice was deep and husky, betraying her desire.

"I'm going to fuck you now, sweet Selena. Fuck you hard and fast. Fuck you long and hard. Fuck you six ways to Sunday and then we'll turn around on Monday and do it again."

Fear kept her from telling him that the dirty talk was arousing her even more.

She was nervous about this whole situation. Waiting for the punch line. The candid camera.

Kyden slid her skirt up to her waist and stared down at her lacy panties. She was afraid her fat thighs and bulging belly would turn him off, but the man wasn't deterred.

He ripped the underwear, yanked it free, and then lifted it to his face where he drew in a deep breath. "You smell delicious, Se. So very delicious."

She whimpered as he lowered his mouth to her. Fuck cameras. There was no way he'd eat her out if he was making an embarrassing videotape of her.

His tongue flicked along her pussy, up and down, slipping in between her swollen folds as his fingers rubbed back and forth on them. The appreciative noises he made as he ate at her only increased her arousal. Over and over, his fingers rubbed her, massaged her, as his tongue teased her mercilessly.

It was embarrassing how quickly she came from his oral stimulation. She'd always been the kind of girl who got wet during foreplay, wet during sex, and soaked if she orgasmed. She loved sex, and she couldn't believe Kyden was living up to her daydreams. It was almost too much.

He licked at her cream and then swirled his tongue around her clit before sucking it into his mouth. He scraped his teeth on it and then sucked again. Whimpers tore from her throat. Selena fought the tie as she struggled to pull her hands apart to bury her fingers in his thick hair.

Kyden's moan vibrated against her pussy, setting off a tingling that started at her toes and quickly spread up her legs to her belly. As the sensations moved up her spine, he slid a finger into her and wiggled it around. When he brushed against her G-spot she let out a small cry and jerked. He repeated the action again and again until she trembled under him.

Fuck passive sex. Selena rocked against his finger, fucking it like she wanted to fuck his cock. She was horny and hungry and he was willing. She was going to take it.

Whatever he wanted to give and more. "Kyden," she moaned as she squeezed his finger. "Fuck me. Fuck me now."

Instead of doing as she demanded, he added another finger to the first and pumped them in and out of her. "Admit you're my fire companion. That you're mine."

"Kyden!" She whimpered from need and fear. How could she tell him he wasn't her companion when he was so focused on pleasuring her? "I can't."

"You're mine, Se." He rammed three fingers into her and twisted them. "Say it."

She rolled her head back and forth, gasping for air as the sensations threatened to overwhelm her. "You are my fire companion." He flicked his tongue against her clit.

"Mine and only mine." He nipped at her clit, pinching it with his teeth, the whole time continuing to fuck her with his fingers.

Her eyes rolled back into her head as she came hard, her body shuddering as Kyden continued to tease her clit. The orgasm, powerful as it was, didn't satisfy her hunger. She needed his cock buried in her, fucking her hard and deep. "Fuck me, Kyden. Fuck me hard." She stared into his hungry eyes.

"Are you my companion?"

"Are you going to fuck me like I want you to?" she demanded.

"If you admit you're my companion."

"I'm your companion, Kyden." She shivered as he bit her clit. "God. Fuck me, Kyden. Please!"

She didn't notice him removing his clothes -- didn't remember if he'd done that earlier. Didn't care either. When his cock slid into her slowly, inch by excruciating inch, she let out a low keening cry, another orgasm streaking through her.

When he continued to hold still, she wriggled. "Come on, Kyden. Make me scream so loud that everyone who is still in the building thinks you're killing me."

With slow, steady strokes, Kyden pulled back out and then thrust his cock deep into her pussy. His hands locked on her breasts, his fingers pinching and tugging on her nipples as he made love to her.

Her body hummed, each stroke sending her higher and higher. He increased the pace of his thrusts. He replaced one of his hands with his mouth, and sucked hard on her nipple, to the point it hurt. His finger found her clit and stroked it, rubbing in circles as he continued to fuck her.

"Kyden, mmmm. Sweet heaven." She trembled under him, her reactions to him out of her control. Her back slid on the smooth desktop with each thrust, and her pussy hummed in pleasure, vibrating with excitement and need.

"Your pussy is so damn sweet and tight. I could fuck you all night long. I could eat your delectable cunt until you ran out of that delicious cream. I--" His voice broke at the same time a spasm streaked through her. "Mine. This pussy is mine. I'm gonna fuck you 'til you scream."

"God!" she cried out, her muscles tensing.

"No. That wasn't a scream, baby. Let me hear that scream rip from your throat.

Let me hear how much you love my cock buried deep inside you. Show me how much you want me to keep fucking you."

"Gah!" she gasped, struggling against the tie again. Kyden thrust harder and harder, his body slapping against hers, the sound wet and loud in the silence. Over and over she listened to the slap and felt the glide of his cock all the way to her cervix. It made her tingle all over.

"Yes, baby. You're so damn tight. So fucking hot." He bit her breast as he thrust into her again.

Her keening wail echoed in the room, and probably the entire building, but she was beyond caring. Kyden continued to fuck her through the orgasm, drawing out the pleasure, and her scream. Babbling noises escaped her throat, but she didn't care. She'd just had the best sex of her life with the man she'd been fantasizing about for months.

Life didn't get better than this.

“Come with me, Selena.”

“What?” She blinked up at him. She was a little upset that he wasn’t fucking her brains out again, and that bothered her. She should be sated, not ready for round two.

Three. Four. Five, six, seven, forever...

“Come with me.” He scooped her up in his arms, and she noticed the tie was gone from her hands. He walked over to the window. A press of a button and the window moved down into the floor. The cold air made her shiver, but even worse was the fear of the unknown. What was he going to do to her? And while she was practically naked.

“Hold on tight, my little dragon.”

She barely had time to focus on the word “dragon” before he leapt out of the room. They fell for a few feet before he let go of her. Screaming at the top of her lungs, Selena reached for him, and looked up at the belly of an enormous red dragon.

Iridescent scales in every shade of red imaginable flashed as the rays of the moon reflected off some of them. He looked at her, his long snout covered in deep red scales.

His eyes gleamed dark in the night.

Claws caught her, and she held on with a death grip. Though she feared they’d cut her, Kyden was gentle with her, his claws not even scratching her as he held her securely.

With wings flapping steadily, the dragon -- Kyden -- flew her over the water. The wind was chilly, making her nipples pebble and goosebumps race across her skin. She was going to complain until she looked down. Instead of a complaint, she gasped. The view was absolutely breathtaking as he flew her over the water to an island she’d only visited once before.

Another dragon approached them. Kyden released a stream of fire at it. The dragon roared back and shot a flame at them. Kyden swerved to avoid the streak of heat. Selena was afraid it would attack once again, but before it could, a silver dragon and one as blue as the ocean flew up from the island and moved to either side of Kyden.

They were huge, with wings so wide and beautiful she was amazed. The shape of their faces reminded her of a horse, but they were anything but that. Scales covered every inch of them, and spikes ran down their backs. The creatures were incredibly beautiful. And frightening. Somehow she knew they were there to protect Kyden, to help him -- them -- get to the island without any further incidents. The few times another dragon was brave enough to come near, the two of them made sure they didn’t approach again.

By the time they were close enough to land, Selena was frozen. Between her fear and the way the wind whipped at her, she felt as if nothing could warm her again. Her breasts were numb. And her skirt kept flying up, reminding her she’d lost her underwear.

One of the dragons landed gracefully on a patch of grass and shifted into a gorgeous male. He was either a family member or close friend of Kyden’s to have helped them. He had long silver hair that brushed his ass, and eyes that were the same eerie color. The similarities between the two were obvious, even from ten feet off the ground.

Kyden released her. She fell with a screech, right into the hunk’s arms. Kyden landed and shifted quickly, retrieving her from her savior and holding her close to his chest.

“You could have let me put clothes on first, you beast!” she hissed at him.

The blue dragon had landed and changed into a gorgeous male too. His hair was so black it was almost blue, as were his eyes. All three of the men were tall and dark with square jaws, broad shoulders... Her thoughts trailed off as she realized they were completely naked. The shift meant no clothes.

“Ack!” She closed her eyes and immediately opened them again as she made sure most of her was covered.

She now remembered hearing stories of Kyden and his two brothers, and how they enjoyed sex and women, in that order. The other secretaries talked about testosterone heaven and how they’d love to be in on a ménage with the guys. “I don’t want a ménage.” Heat crept up her cheeks as all three men focused on her. “I’ve heard the stories about you guys.”

The one with silver hair and eyes chuckled. “So this is your fire companion?”

The one with blue-black hair reached out and stroked her arm. “I like your choice. She’s gorgeous.”

Selena grabbed Kyden’s arm and squeezed. As much as a Lisander sandwich sounded good, she was a one-man woman.

“And fiery, like you,” Silver added.

“You’ll be well suited, brother.”

Kyden growled. “Stop touching my fire companion, Egan.” Both of his brothers laughed. “I’m serious, Brenton.”

"We know you are," silver-haired Brenton answered.

"Just be happy yours is cooperating. Mine still thinks I'm a jerk," Egan said with a wide grin. "If you're serious about claiming her, though, I'd do it before someone else beats you to it." All eyes went to the sky and the circling dragons overhead.

"Kyden, you need to take her now. As much as I love and respect you, being this close to a dragon in heat is making Egan and me suffer. It's instinct and we're fighting it as best we can."

Selena groaned. So the men were eying her like a dragon treat because of their instincts, not because she was hot? "Now I'm insulted."

They all ignored her as Kyden spoke again. "I'm taking my companion to my lair to claim her. She accepted me during our first sexing. Now I need to finish the claiming ritual. Once, twice, third time the charm. Guard us, brothers. Don't let anyone in or out."

"Wait!" Selena dug her nails into Kyden's arm. Shit. She'd said she was his fire companion just to get him to fuck her. He wasn't serious was he? "Don't I get a say in this?" The men all snorted and walked rapidly to the side of a mountain. "Lair? A real lair? Like stone and rocks and shit? Oh, hell no!" She squirmed in his arms.

When Kyden just held her tighter, she bent her head and bit his shoulder as hard as she could. The man only grunted and tossed her onto his shoulder. The hand on her ass caressed her in an intimate manner she didn't want with his brothers around. She squealed and smacked him, her hands striking his naked bottom.

"Ohh..." She sighed, staring at his muscular rear. The man was tight. She could most definitely bounce quarters off that. Unable to stop herself, Selena reached down and slid her hand over his ass. Kyden jerked, but then patted her bottom and kept walking. She wanted to bite the overbearing man. Bite him right on the curve of his luscious derrière.

She heard chuckling, and pulled her hand away as she looked up into the amused faces of Kyden's brothers. The men winked and then walked past her and Kyden. Before she could ask what was going on, her boss and lover carried her into the cave. He kept walking as a steel door slid down and clicked into place, echoing loudly.

"Why do you have a lair?"

"Every respectable dragon has a lair." Kyden came to a stop and slowly slid her down his body until her face was even with his and her feet dangled above the ground.

"Put me down!" She was breathless though, and she didn't sound convincing, even to herself.

"After I've claimed you, I will take you back to my house."

"You don't live here?"

"Darling," he chuckled, "this is my lair." As if that explained it all. He scooped her into his arms and carried her. Once they stepped into the inner sanctum of his lair, it all made sense. It was his love nest. His bachelor pad.

She was not another conquest. No way, no how. "I'm not interested. Please take me back to work."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm in heat and your instincts are telling you to fuck me."

"No. I'm not just fucking you, Selena. I'm about to claim you." He set her down and cupped her face in his palms. He touched his nose to hers. "I'm going to make you mine forever, and fire dragons can live a long time."

Her knees went weak as he stared into her eyes. The hunger that threatened to overtake her in his office reared its head again now that she was safely on land once more. "I'm not sure you can claim a human. You said yourself that you'd devour one."

"But you're not human, my luscious lady. You're a dragon yourself. I'm not sure why or even how you've managed to repress everything deep inside, but you are most definitely a fire dragon. I've seen the fire in your eyes. I can feel the heat from your body. You even have the same temperament as me."

"You being a fire dragon explains a lot." She nodded.

"Do you understand yourself better knowing you're one too?"

"I'm not one, but I don't think we need to argue about this now." She rubbed her arms as the word "claiming" popped back into her head. "This claiming thing is not really necessary, is it?"

"Yes, it is. I don't want one of those other dragons to get their claws into you."

"Puhlease." She snorted. "I'm no catch."

"Didn't you see the way they were trying to attack me? It was because they wanted you. They wanted me to drop you so they could grab you and fuck you. They wanted to claim what is mine!"

"I don't think so." She wanted to argue more, but she remembered the bits of information she'd heard about dragons.

"You're in heat, Se. They can smell it and sense it. You're ripe for the picking.

Even after I claim you they will still want you."

She shuddered at the thought. Men-dragons all wanting her for sex. None of them for love. Her heart sank as she realized Kyden also probably only wanted her

because she was in heat. "That certainly explains a lot." She pushed away from him and headed back toward the entrance to his lair.

"What? Where are you going?" He went after her, grabbed her arm and spun her around.

"I have to thank you for the amazing sex, but I can't have you claiming me when I'm in heat. You're just feeling the same thing those other dragons are."

"No!" He shook his head. "I felt this the first time I met you. It's gotten stronger over time. I had to push the issue of us as fire companions because you're in heat."

"I don't think so. I've never had a change. And you haven't made a move on me before today."

"I tried to last month when you were in heat. The weekend I made you work."

She gasped, eyes widening as she stared at him. "You bastard!" She stalked back to him and slapped his chest. "You jackass! You made me work all weekend because you wanted pussy, and then you didn't even come to claim it?"

"I couldn't. We had problems here on the island. I had to be here. I knew you'd be okay, because you were staying in the guest suite at the building. No other dragon would have found you while I was busy."

"That's another thing." She poked his chest. "You've treated me like shit at work!"

"Selena..." He reached for her.

She dodged him and poked his arm. "Don't 'Selena' me! You would blame me for things I didn't even do. You made me stay late. You made me work weekends. You made my life hell. I only stayed for the money, as much as it hurts to say that. You are an asshole boss, Kyden."

"I only made you angry to get your dragon to come out."

"You wanted to piss me off? You're that much of an ass?" She poked his arm again and again. "You made me feel like total shit. Like a worthless secretary. Like no matter what I did, it would never be good enough."

"You were supposed to stand up to me. A fire dragon doesn't take shit from anyone, Se. How was I to know you didn't know you were one? I still don't understand how you don't know what you are."

"If I am one, not that I'm saying I am..." Selena poked him again. She wanted to be angry, but had a lot of questions if what he was saying was true. "That explains the fires that seemed to follow me through my childhood. Not that I remember starting them, but three of my foster homes burned down and another two had small fires."

"Maybe you were taught to repress it. Maybe if you'd been raised by your parents, you would have been taught control."

"Whatever." She waved her hand at him. "I'm outta here. Thanks for the fuck, see you at work on Monday."

Kyden moved to block her way. "You aren't leaving here naked. You aren't leaving here, period."

"And you think you can stop me?"

"If I can't, those other dragons out there are going to fight over you and the winner will fuck you whether you want it or not."

"I don't even remember why I wanted to fuck you in the first place."

"You may not remember, but you certainly wanted it. Protests or not. You were so wet, Selena. So fucking wet." He stepped closer, trailing a hand down her chest, over her breast. He flicked her nipple.

"Bastard." Selena slapped him.

"So wet. And the way you screamed as your cunt squeezed my cock so tight."

The flames in his eyes grew bright. Scales began to dot his flesh.

"Fuck." Selena backed away from him slow and steady.

"That's exactly what I want to do to you. Fuck."

Panic and desire warred within her. She did still desire the idiot. Wanted to both beat him and fuck him. He'd been cruel to try and make her

change into a fire dragon.

That was uncalled for. "You owe me, prick," she choked out as she continued to move backward.

"I'll be glad to start payments right now." He grabbed her shoulders and yanked her up against him.

She gasped as the fine hairs on his chest tickled her breasts. Then it felt like scales rubbing against her, and then hair again. Staring up at him, she opened her mouth to launch into another tirade, only to be cut off when his lips covered hers.

His lips brushed over hers, gently at first, then more insistently as his tongue slipped inside her mouth. He scooped her up and carried her into the inner room. When he stopped he leaned close and whispered against her lips, "Pick a toy."

Hell. Her insides turned to liquid at the desire in his eyes and the scent of him.

He smelled like sex. Delicious sex that she wanted more of. Did she want to argue about this now? He'd abandon her later anyway. They always did. Why not get the most out of him that she could before he left? Selena turned and looked around the room. She saw all kinds of sexual toys. The man was a freak. Licking her lips, she allowed a small satisfied grin. She liked sex with freaks.

There was a St. Andrew's cross in one corner, along with chains on the walls and floor. Various types of wedges and pillows dotted the area around the large king-sized bed that was built into the floor. The one that really caught her eye was a contraption with red padding. It looked like a giant seat. There were multiple pads at different levels. One at the base, one to kneel on, one to lean against and one to put arms and a head down on. It looked comfortable and fun. Better than being bound with a tie and fucked on a desk. Though that had been a daydream come true.

"I see you like the bench, Se. I'm even going to let you pick the position. Do you want me to take you from the front?" He licked her ear. "Or from behind?"

She shivered and studied the bench. "From behind."

"I'm going to restrain you."

"I know." She licked her lips and walked over to the equipment.

"I'm into really kinky sex, and I need to be in charge. Also, I don't take orders. I give them."

"Of course you do. It's a good thing for you that I've learned submitting can be a good thing. It's what kept me sane when you had your stupid outbursts. Punishing me for things I didn't do. You should have just said you wanted me."

"I'm sure that would have gone over well."

"It would have. I've wanted you too."

"I didn't know that. I didn't want to chase you off."

"So being horrible was supposed to entice me to stay?"

"It worked, didn't it?"

"It was the money, honey." Selena climbed up on the bench, wiggling her ass as she situated her body on the padding.

Kyden followed her. He quickly strapped her wrists to the bench. As soon as he was satisfied she was comfortable, he nudged her legs apart and restrained her ankles.

"How's that, love?"

Selena turned her head and gave him her best coy look and wagged her ass at him. "It could be better." His chuckle resounded through her, making her warm from the inside out. This easy flirtatious banter was refreshing after their earlier argument.

"Oh, I'll make it better. Do you want me to spank you or flog you?"

"Neither. I just want you to love me."

"Anything you want, babe." Kyden moved against her, sliding his hands down her back to her hips. Then he moved his palms down the insides of her thighs.

She watched, waiting to see what he'd do. She was plenty wet. The man had one thing right. This had to be heat. She hadn't stopped being horny.

Kyden dropped to his knees and nudged at her pussy with his nose. He swiped his tongue along her clit, and she whimpered. Oral sex was a make or break in her relationships. If a man didn't want to give her oral sex, then she had to find one who would. She loved the feeling of a man licking her, sucking on her clit. What woman didn't want a man dedicated to pleasuring her? Paying homage to her womanliness.

She also didn't mind givng head. What was more pleasurable than taking a cock deep in your throat and letting your lover fuck your mouth? Kyden liked kinky sex?

That was fine with her because she just liked sex. Period.

He made small sounds of pleasure as he ate her, devouring her pussy. His teeth nibbled on her clit before he sucked on the taut bud. Her cries of delight mixed with his moans and the sounds of sucking and licking.

His finger slipped easily into her. She squeezed it hard, wishing it were his big, fat cock. *Soon, Selena, soon.* Kyden added another finger as he massaged her clit, first with his mouth, then with his thumb. He licked along the crease of her ass, flicking his tongue against her rosette. "Oh." Selena shivered. "Not your tongue, but anything else."

His chuckle rumbled against her ass. "Anything else, huh?" He rubbed his fingers against her sweet spot, and she forgot to respond as she tried to grind against him.

"Just fuck me, already."

"Unh uh. What did I say about being in charge?" Selena growled and pushed down on his hand. "Wench." He pulled his fingers free and wagged one at her as she turned her head to look at him. "I'm in charge. I get to decide what happens to you. I decide when you get the release you are so determined to rush."

She growled again, tugging on the restraints. "If you aren't gonna fuck me, then let me find a dragon who will."

"If I'd known you were gonna do this, I'd have stuffed my cock in your mouth.

That would keep you from giving me orders."

"Do it, then. Fuck my mouth with that big, fat cock. I dare you."

