



IN THE KNIGHT'S BEDROOM

BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI

Green Bash
Publishing



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In the Knight's Bedroom
Or
Never Fuck A Sleeping Dragon

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Draco dormiens nunquam a futuo

Never fuck a sleeping dragon

Chapter One

The knight swung the sword as hard as he could, smashing it down on the slumbering dragon's neck, attempting to sever the head from the body in one fatal and swift blow.

The sword shattered on the beast's long red neck and its eye popped open. The knight jumped back in alarm. It had been sleeping so peacefully that the knight had been certain he could do this. The day was sunny and bright. The dragon was dozing in the warm sunshine on the large flat rock outside the cave that was obviously its lair.

Strangely the dragon didn't seem all that perturbed by the knight's ineffective attack. It slowly rose up as the knight shrank away to half hide in against the outcropping of rock that bordered the cave's opening. Bits of shattered steel tinkled to the ground and the horse-sized monster fixed the knight with a withering glare. When the dragon opened its mouth the knight expected to die in an inferno of dragon fire. Instead it asked, "Were you really trying to kill me?"

Despite himself and his fear, the knight managed to warble out, "Y-y-y-yes."

"You know," said the dragon, "that's not going to work unless you have a magic sword. Or spear. Or a nice magic axe. Those are very rare. Dragons are all but immortal. You can't kill a dragon with a plain steel sword."

"M-m-m-maybe I have a magic dagger in my boot I'll kill you with!" Despite his bravado the dragon wasn't impressed with the knight.

The dragon sniffed the air. "No. I don't smell any magic on you." The dragon's eyes narrowed and focused on the knight's heart. "You are no threat to me. What is your name, man?"

"Sir Tarant," he answered.

"And why are you trying to kill me, an innocent dragon having a nice nap in the warm sunshine."

“It’s a knight’s job to kill dragons.” Even Sir Tarant didn’t sound convinced of his lie.

“No it’s not,” the dragon countered. “The king’s huntsmen are supposed to kill the beasts and monsters that infiltrate the kingdom. Knights are supposed to woo ladies, fight in tournaments, and cause problems in the court.” Its eyes narrowed to the tiniest of slits. “Tell me the truth.”

“My lady promised to marry me if I could slay a dragon like the true knights of old.”

The dragon regarded Sir Tarant a moment longer and then burst into growling laughter that caused the armor-clad knight to clamp his steel gauntlets over his ears and pray for silence. “Oh, that’s an interesting tale. Do tell.”

His eyes bulged at her. “You want me to tell me why I tried to kill you?” He automatically accepted the fact that dragons could talk; it was harder to understand why a dragon would want to know a knight’s motivation in dragocide.

“It’s terribly boring up here on my mountain. Amuse me and maybe I won’t kill you.”

“O-o-o-okay,” Tarant stuttered. “Um, it’s really not much more complicated than what I already told you. As I said, my lady promised to marry me if I could kill a dragon and bring her the head.”

“She sounds like an awful person,” the dragon said reproachfully. “Who would want to kill a dragon? And by the way you say it I know you’re lying. Tell me the whole story. Leave nothing out. Pretend you’re telling a story for the amusement of the king at a high banquet.”

“I’m not sure—”

“I’m sure,” the dragon interrupted him. “And you look awfully young to be marrying. What’s your little secret?”

Sir Tarant had the audacity to actually blush. “There are certain...personal relationship complications that are involved.”

The dragon's eyes brightened. "Intrigue! You have my full attention!"

"And there are parts that I'd sooner leave out," he added, his face bright red now.

"Even better if they are dirty," the dragon all but purred as it sidled over the hard rock and twined the end of its long tail around Tarant's leg. "Leave nothing out."

Chapter Two

Sir Tarant and Lady Violet were in the sewing room of his family manor house. This was all that unusual because the sewing room had the most beautiful view of the valley. The manor house was perched on the edge of the valley and the sunsets were spectacular all year long. The only better place for a view of the valley was the western porch where the family dined out of doors in the summer.

Tarant and Violet weren't there for the view or for sewing. Tarant was standing braced against one of the tables, his pants around his ankles. Violet was on her knees with his cock in her mouth. Since she was a lady of good breeding she wouldn't deign to lay down with a man of so little family status until they were married. Sucking his cock to bring him to marriage, however, was perfectly acceptable. Since she wanted Tarant to understand this she hadn't removed any of her clothing. She was a lady after all.

"I'm going to cum," he breathed heavily. Violet was a practiced cocksucker. She was much better than either of the milkmaids, the twin Stewart sisters, that Tarant regularly used behind the barns. That wasn't surprising because the milkmaids were just barely of marriageable age while Lady Violet was nearly a spinster. A very experienced spinster. Her father was keeping her unmarried looking for the right match. Violet's family had noble titles and history, but no money. Tarant's family had money because his father had deigned to sully himself as a merchant, trading sheep's wool and fine wines, but had little noble status beyond an ancient ancestor who was the bastard son of a minor lord. It was a match made in the heavens.

Violet paused briefly, taking her mouth off his cock while continuing to stroke him with her hand. "In my mouth," she said. She was older than Tarant, not old, but older, and certainly more experienced. "And don't sully my dress." Though she dressed somewhat modestly—displaying just enough cleavage to be seen as available to the right suitor but not so much that she would be confused with a common prostitute—for her little cocksucking episode she had tugged down her blue dress just enough to show off every inch of her cleavage for Tarant to enjoy. This also had the positive benefit of baring her shoulder and upper chest so that if he did not manage to finish entirely in her mouth it would most likely drip on

her skin and not stain her dress. She wasn't the sort of woman who would go about advertising what she did in the privacy of her suitor's mother's sewing room.

When she put his cock back between her lips Tarant nodded and clamped his eyes shut to better focus on her busy little fingers teasing the underside of his member and her tongue twirling around the head. He erupted with gasping cries of satisfaction. She kept her mouth sealed to his cock, swallowing every little bit of spunk he pushed out of his balls. The twitch and heat he produced was most satisfactory to her lusty needs and it was with great relish she smacked her lips when he was done pulsing and filling her mouth.

"I can't wait to marry you so I can fuck you properly," groaned Tarant as he all but collapsed to the floor.

Violet daintily wiped her mouth with a silk handkerchief she keep secreted in her sleeve and wished for a drink of wine. As he slid down, she stood up. "I doubt we'll be getting married," she said off-handedly.

"What?" Tarant was shocked. Everything had been going perfectly. "But our fathers are negotiating the marriage contract right now."

"True. But we've determined your family is too low status to actually marry ours." She didn't seem the least bit upset by this. Tarant was crushed.

"But..."

"Unless there is something you can do to raise your personal status," she mentioned. "But I doubt that you can do that."

"How would I do that?" he asked eagerly.

"I don't know," Violet said. "Rescue a princess from kidnappers. Stop assassins from killing the king. Slay a ravenous monster." She ran her fingers along a quilt that Tarant's mother had been working on with his sisters. The stitching was exquisite. It was too bad Tarant would never bed her. Such talent in the family would have been nice.

"There's a dragon at the south end of the valley," Tarant said in hushed tones. "I'll kill it for you," he promised.

“And bring me back the head?” she asked, amused. “For that I’ll make sure you’re admitted to the Order of the Garter.”

“You’ll have the head by week’s end,” he vowed.

The dragon looked at him skeptically. “One blowjob and you promise a tart that you’ll kill a dragon for her?” The dragon was disappointed in the caliber of this would-be dragonslayer.

“Several blowjobs, actually,” he corrected the dragon.

“I see. And what are you going to tell the slutty Lady Violet now that you’ve failed in your duty to her?”

Tarant sighed. “Nothing. You’re going to kill me so my troubles are over.” He closed his eyes and lifted his chin so that the dragon might slice open his throat with one quick slash of its claws.

The dragon gave a wry, throaty chuckle. “I’m not going to kill you.”

Tarant half opened one eye. “You’re not?”

“No.” A dragon’s smile is a wry and rare thing. Tarant witnessed one now. “There’s more than one way to slay a dragon.”

“There is?”

In the blink of an eye the dragon was next to him, pinning him to the cliff wall. The heat from the monster’s body was tremendous. Tarant realized the dragon was much smaller than he initially realized. Still large, yes, but most of the bulk was taken up by large wings and a long tail. The body itself wasn’t much larger than Tarant. “There is,” the dragon promised. “What are your thoughts on inter-species intimacy?”

The question caught the young knight off-guard. Once more he stammered. “I-I-I-I-I know some of my family’s shepherds don’t just watch the sheep out in the fields.” He failed to go in to his own personal history as a shepherd.

The dragon breathed directly in his face. While the monster's head was lizard-like, it wasn't much larger than that of a big dog. He expected the creature's breath to smell of charcoal and death; instead it was more like cinnamon. Much to his chagrin he felt his cock hardening beneath his armor.

"Dragons have many talents," the monster said after a long, uncomfortable moment. "We fly, we fight, we kill, we can smell magic, and we can work magic." One of the small front claws the creature normally walked on suddenly gripped his crotch. "We know how to inflame the lust of young men and make them our slaves in bed."

That was easy to believe. Tarant was feeling that particular talent's effect right now. "I don't believe you," he said anyway. He knew what was coming and was nearly paralyzed with fear over it.

"I'll make you believe it," the dragon promised and breathed once more in his face. Tarant tried to hold his breath, but that was a wasted effort. Once he sucked in a lungful of the cinnamon-spiced air he knew he was doomed. He wondered how the dragon was going to abuse him. Would he simply be forced down on his hands and knees and be buggered like the lowliest squire? It didn't really matter at this point. His need was so great that he started unbuckling the straps to his armor himself. He wasn't fully plated, but it still took some effort to get everything off. It was disturbing to have the dragon watching him with slitted eyes, but he cast that concern aside. Soon he was down to just his loincloth and soft woolen undershirt, the best made by his family. Automatically he went down on his knees, expecting the dragon to mount him, push its obscene cock into his ripe, virgin backend.

"What are you doing?" the dragon growled.

Tarant looked over his shoulder at the strong beast. "Letting you fuck me," he said somewhat pathetically.

The dragon grunted. "Yet I'm the one desiring your cock," it hissed as it picked Tarant up off the ground and pushed him to his feet, taking his place on the ground, tail swept up to the side and hide end raised. Tarant looked at the intersection between the dragon's rear legs and tail. There was a small pucker there but just beneath was, unmistakably, a bright red cunt.

Without thinking, because there wasn't a need for such a thing, Tarant grabbed

the beast's hindquarters and angled his hips to sink his hard cock deep into the wet and waiting cunt. It felt better than either of the twin Stewart sisters that Tarant fucked behind the barns at home. Once he quickly accustomed himself to holding the large warm body of the dragon fucking the beast wasn't much bigger than fucking the bigger Stewart sister, Krystyn. She had a fat ass, but it was soft and enjoyable to see her flesh shake. The dragon—and only at that moment did Tarant realize was a female dragon, once his cock was buried safely in her monstrous cunt—growled as Tarant's hips started rocking back and forth on their own accord. And once again it took the young knight a few moments to realize the growl wasn't one of aggression but of appreciation of his cock-slinging skills.

“Gooooood,” the dragon growled, drawing out the word to show her satisfaction with a human cock in her cunt. Maybe this dragon had been hit one too many times in the head, Tarant thought, and now lusted after human males instead of male dragons. Was there such a mental disease? Tarant shook his head and pushed aside the thought. It didn't matter. Her cunt was warm and wet and gripped his cock better than Krystyl, the other Stewart twin, whose pussy was tighter than her plumper sister's. Tarant was positive he could feel little bumps and ridges inside the dragon. That only made sense because he wasn't fucking a human, he was fucking a dragon. He thought about the shepherds out in the pastures and how a sheep's hole felt in comparison to a woman's pussy. A grin spread across Tarant's face when he realized that he was probably the only person in his father's small fiefdom that could now compare human cunt to dragon cunt.

He grunted his happiness and started fucking the dragon in earnest. Her long, sinuous neck turned around so she could look directly at him with her arched and slitted eyes. “Your cock is much harder than the last man I fucked,” she panted at him.

“Uh-huh.” He was already beyond words and near the edge of his orgasm. That was amazing because it usually took him a good five minutes—at least—of fucking Krystyl before he was ready to cum. And Lady Violet—though incredibly talented with her tongue—needed a minimum of ten minutes before he was ready to erupt in her mouth. It occurred to Tarant that maybe he was a pervert, a man who preferred the cunts of monsters to those of women. Then he remembered it had to be something in the dragon's breath the way it smelled of cinnamon and doubtless contained other things as well. He wasn't like that—was

he? At the moment he didn't care. He just wanted—needed—to cum inside the dragon's pussy and be done with it. But at the same time he wanted to fuck the dragon forever because the sensations were exquisite—even better than the most expensive cunts at the Red Lantern Inn.

The dragon's eyes narrowed—a nearly impossible feat for a dragon—and she realized what was about to happen. “Yes,” she pleaded. “Cum in me. I need you to cum in me.”

Tarant just nodded and concentrated on his cock. There was going to be an explosive orgasm and he was going to enjoy every little bit of it. He tossed his head back and animalistically howled as he came. His balls tightened to his body and his hips jerked without any real control. He could feel as if his essence were squirting out of his body and into the dragon's.

Once he started cumming the dragon responded beautifully. She growled and panted. Her cunt tightened up on his cock, squeezing out every last drop of his spunk. His orgasm didn't last long and he thrust in her a few more times as the last bit of semen was forced into her cunt. Tarant realized after the act was completed that the dragon was rolling around in her own orgasm. He wanted to disengage but her cunt had clamped down so firmly on his cock that he couldn't pull out. He was bound to her for the duration.

She howled and screamed in an inhuman fashion—which was only right because she was a dragon. The orgasm took complete control of her body and she thrashed about with tail and wings and her short, powerful legs. Tarant was tossed about—he had no control and feared for his life—but if he were to die this would surely be the best way to go about shuffling off the mortal coil.

And then—as if something worse couldn't happen—the dragon started to change. She collapsed to the hard rocky ground and was motionless a moment. For an instant Tarant was certain he had killed her, slain her with not his metal sword bound to his hip but the flesh one he kept in his pants. After a second her flesh started to writhe again, but this time she wasn't flailing her limbs—it was as if her body was wiggling and changing inside her bright red skin. And then she was shrinking and her skin wasn't so bright—it was fading to the palest china white and her wings disappeared while her limbs and body slowly evolved from that of a dragon to that of a human. Just like that he was suddenly attached to a human woman's cunt—a woman with long fiery hair, porcelain skin, a tight

cunt, shapely hips, and a tattoo of elaborate wings that covered her entire back.

The dragon-woman looked over her shoulder at Tarant and asked between heavy breaths, “Would you mind taking your cock out of me?”

“Of course,” he said automatically. It was the chivalrous thing to do. The grip on Tarant’s cock lessened and he found he was able to pull himself free of the beautiful woman’s cunt. Only after doing so did he realize he had just wasted a perfect opportunity to fuck a woman more beautiful than the Stewart sisters and Lady Violet combined.

“Thank you so much,” she said as she stood up and stretched. Her accent was hard to place but she was easy enough to understand. Certainly she didn’t come from the midlands or the northern valley. Perhaps her family was from the coastal summerlands? Tarant ogled the woman’s body. It was flawless with perfect proportions, full breasts, freckles that covered her arms and shoulders plus a scattering over her cheeks and nose, with a deep red thicket of hair covering her pussy.

“You are so very welcome.” It occurred to Tarant he wasn’t sure what he was being thanked for. Was it for pulling out of her cunt or transforming her from a dragon to a woman? And how in the name of the seven hells had that happened? He was fairly certain he didn’t have a magic cock no matter how many times Krystyn told him he did. He bowed slightly in accepting her gratitude, only slightly hobbled by his slowly shrinking cock.

“My name is Elspeth. Would you believe I was cursed by an evil witch to live out my life as a dragon until I was saved by the love of a knight with a pure heart?” She batted her eyes innocently at him and dropped a semi-formal curtsy, only slightly hampered by her lack of skirt.

Tarant nodded slowly. “I might believe that...except I’m not sure I have a pure heart.”

Elspeth’s smile slipped slightly. “Would you believe I was cursed to be a dragon until I was fucked by any man who happened along?”

Tarant nodded. “That I would believe.” A slight breeze stirred the air and he realized his pants were still around his ankles. He pulled them up and continued to stare at Elspeth’s nude body. She gaze back and licked her lips fetchingly.

“Would you mind if I slipped into my cave for some clothes? I’d hate to return to a human kingdom wearing nothing at all. Being naked is natural for a dragon... but not so much for me.”

Tarant nodded once more. He’d happily go along with anything she suggested and followed as Elspeth slipped into her cave. It was easy to follow her because her perfect buttocks rolled back and forth in just the right way to make his cock hard again.

They rode double on his horse back to his father’s manor house and Elspeth wore a dress she had found a dress in her cave that was easily a hundred years out of fashion. Even Tarant knew this and he didn’t give a whit about women’s fashion trends.

“Are you really going to wear that back to the kingdom?” he asked her.

She gave him a jaundiced eye. He couldn’t see it since she was riding behind him. Although the saddle horn looked like a nice, firm place to rest her pussy, that wasn’t on her mind at the moment. Although she had spent much of the last century living as a dragon it didn’t appear to have affected Elspeth all that much. Not that Tarant had that much to go on, but she was acting mostly like a normal human being. Mostly.

“In case you didn’t notice, it’s not like when I changed back to a woman that I was wearing any clothes. If you might remember, you had your dick in my pussy.”

“I remember,” he said dreamily.

“And I didn’t bring any fashionable clothes with me when I was exiled out here,” she pointed out. “I was sort of rushed at the time.”

“Right. That I don’t recall.”

“There’s a good reason for it. It happened a long time ago. And I’ve been avoiding human lately.”

“That makes sense.”

“Right it does.” She ran her hand down his chest and settled it on his abdomen. Tarant had removed his armor and packed it away in the bags hanging off the back of the horse. He was just wearing a linen shirt and tight pants now. Fashions for men had certainly changed in the time she was gone and he didn’t seem to mind at all when she felt his firm muscles; he even tensed them up a bit so she could feel how strong he was. He might be a bit of a twit, but he had the build of a demi-god. “And how do you propose to present me to your family?” she asked. “You were supposed to bring back the head of a dragon to impress Lady Violet, were you now?”

“I thought we solved that little problem?” Inside the cave Elspeth had a two kings’ ransom in jewels and gold hidden away, plus a bit more to bail an earl or duke out of jail as well. She claimed it wasn’t hers, that it belonged to the last dragon who occupied the cave. He wasn’t sure if he believed her. In any event, they had scooped up some of the booty along with a small wooden chest she assured him would help ease her way back into the king’s court.

Elspeth was purposely vague about her history when he asked. He couldn’t remember any princess or lady of note being cursed into dragon form and being exiled for it, but that didn’t mean much. He didn’t keep up on current events. Maybe it was a secret her family kept from general knowledge and wanted her to be forgotten.

“We have—sort of. I’ve been away for a while, I know that. What year is it exactly?”

“This is the twenty-first year of the rule of King Edrond,” he told her.

She coughed politely. “And what year is that from the coronation of King Almund?”

He laughed at her. “I don’t know,” he admitted. “I have trouble keeping royal history straight.” He thought a minute, counted off on his fingers, and finally declared, “Probably close to a hundred and twenty years. Maybe. I’m not sure. Why do you ask? Almund wasn’t that great a king.”

“Because I was turned into a dragon two years after he was crowned.”

The revelation hung thick between them. “Oh.” Tarant paused and then said the next words that occurred to him regardless of their stupidity. “So that makes you

really old then.”

“I suppose it does,” she agreed. “In human years, at least. Apparently I still have the eighteen year old body of my human self, though. That’s good.”

“That’s great,” he said dreamily as she dropped her hand lower to feel the bulge of his cock through his pants. “If you keep your hand there it might take us longer to get home than I planned.”

“I wouldn’t mind that,” she said as she started rubbing him hardening manhood.

“I’m on a schedule.”

Anything to keep his mind off the fact he had fucked a woman who was over a century old. “And I have a hundred years of lust to make up for,” she whispered in his year even though no one was around and whispering wasn’t necessary. His cock continued to grow.

“I’m not sure I can get it up again so soon.”

“You’re young and virile. I’m sure that you can.”

That was enough for him to pull her around the front of his body and kiss her deeply. Elspeth pulled down the front of her dress, displaying her tits for his approval, letting him fondle them as he pleased. They both wanted to fuck again. All he had to do was let her down off the horse and take her right there in the middle of the field. It would be perfect.

He started to do just that, easing her off the horse and letting her down gently to the ground. But then a thought occurred to Tarant as he started to throw his leg over the saddle to dismount. “How did you get cursed and turned into a dragon anyway?” he asked. It was never a good thing for Tarant to have a good idea or a good question.

“That’s a good question,” she admitted and despite already being half naked and once-fucked by Tarant, she had the good manners to blush. “An earl found me in bed fucking his daughter,” she admitted.

“His son,” he corrected her. Tarant was proud of himself. He knew how sex worked between a man and a woman.

“No,” she corrected him. “His daughter. I think that’s the part that disturbed him. It would have been fine if it was his son. Anyway, it pissed him off enough for him to find his mother-in-law, who was an actual witch, to curse me.”

“Oh.” Tarant was stunned and hovered half on and half off his horse, in midair as if held by a magical spell. “You had sex with another woman?”

“Yes. It was delightful. Too bad it wasn’t the previous day when I actually had bedded his son.” She purposely let that little detail slip. “I like both men and women. But you already know I like fucking men.”

That he did. The story was enough for Tarant to jump from his horse, throw Elspeth to the ground, pull down his pants just enough to get his cock out, pull up her dress just enough to expose her pussy, and start fucking her in the middle of the field without any further foreplay.

It was a hard an intense fuck, all passion and no technique. Neither of them minded and both finished quickly. It almost no time at all they were back on Tarant’s horse and trotting toward his family’s home. Tarant’s spunk was seeping out of Elspeth’s pussy and leaking down her leg. She didn’t mind.

Chapter Three

Explaining Elspeth's presence was much easier when her existence was leavened with the revelation of the fortune that Tarant had brought home with him. The simply said she was a prisoner of the dragon living on her wits and luck until Tarant came along. The gold and jewels explained away a lot—or at least Tarant's father was distracted enough by them not to care.

Lady Violet's father was not so certain of the situation.

"What did you say your name was, dear?" he asked.

"Elspeth. Lady Elspeth."

"And you're from where?"

"The northern mountains. I was stolen away here by the dragon." It was only a half-lie.

After many congratulations were bestowed upon Tarant and a quick celebratory feast was thrown in his honor, he retired to his bedroom claiming exhaustion. No evidence other than the treasures and gold were necessary to prove his dragonslaying skills. In the end, money was more important than hard evidence of a dragon's corpse.

Elspeth was given a room in which to sleep and a promise to send a messenger in the morning to her family to let them know she was alive and well.

Lady Violet and her father conversed in low tones in a corner of the banquet hall plotting their next step.

"I don't know who she is but I don't trust her," Violet raged.

"The lad is smitten with her," the Earl of West Haveredfordshire nodded gravely. "We've gone from them wanting us to us needing them...if that chest of gold is any evidence of what other treasures the dragon's cave holds."

“I know,” sobbed Violet. It wasn’t that she didn’t have any affection for Tarant, but more importantly she was losing a game to a woman she didn’t know and might not have any standing in the royal court. That couldn’t be allowed.

“Go to him tonight,” her father told her. “Seduce him—physically.” He nodded with a sly wink. “I think you know exactly what I mean.”

She gave her father a roll of her eyes and then glared at him. “Sleep with him, fuck him, get pregnant by him. I’m no fool, Father.”

Since the manor house was relatively small and the family relatively lacking in status if not money, it was easy for Lady Violet to slip through the hallways and ghost into Tarant’s room. She wore a thin nightdress that was less substantial than moonlight over a revealing white corset and matching panties. If pressed Tarant would have his doubts about Violet’s virginity—which was fine with him—but wearing unsullied whites would give her the illusion of purity.

After locking his door behind her Violet let the nightdress slide to the floor. She carried a candle with her which she used to light the lamp on the table next to the door, letting just enough illumination into the room to relax her eyes.

The corset pushed up her breasts, putting a massive amount of cleavage on display. Her panties were more an afterthought than anything else, a bit of lace tied together with a length of ribbon. Even in the dim light the dark patch of her curly black triangle was visible under the lace. The ribbon went around her waist and between the cleft of her buttocks. She knew exactly what young men liked in experienced women.

“Tarant?” she called softly to the bed. “I’ve come for you tonight. I have a special reward for my brave dragonslayer.”

A figure sat up from the bedclothes and said, “He’s very tired. I think I wore him out.”

Violet frowned and turned up the wick on the lamp to reveal the lithe form of Elspeth. The bedclothes were bunched around her waist. She didn’t mind displaying her bare breasts. Presumably she wouldn’t have minded displaying her bare cunt either, Violet thought with great anger. “Slut,” she hissed under her

breath.

“And you are so much better?” Elspeth asked archly. She was sad that she so easily remembered the petty insults of court.

“I’m merely bedding the man I’m destined to marry. There’s nothing wrong with that.” Violet had perfected haughty.

“Too late. I’ve already bedded him tonight. Try again some other lifetime.”

“Bitch,” Violet found herself cursing.

“Cunt,” Elspeth returned getting right to the point.

Despite her rank as a lady of the court and heir to too many titles to count on both hands Violet found herself tearing across the room to attack Elspeth. The two women hissed and scratched at each other, trying to lock their hands around each other’s necks and silently strangle the other to death. They would have screamed their frustration at each other, but they didn’t want to wake the rest of the house.

They couldn’t help but wake Tarant, however. He cursed under his breath and tried to figure out what was happening. Once he comprehended the two women in his life were fighting in his bed he watched them going at each other as his dick was getting harder. When they started getting serious about injuring the other, he actually made the effort to separate them.

“What the fuck is going on?” he demanded.

The two women burst out with simultaneous streams of explanations. He didn’t understand either one of them.

“Fuck it. Shut up and leave. Both of you.”

The two women goggled at him, neither believing he would kick both of them out of his bed. “I’ll suck your cock,” said Violet.

“You’ve already done that for me,” he pointed out.

“I’ve fucked him twice,” Elspeth bragged. “Top that.”

Violet's mouth twisted into a little moue of anger, and then she happened upon a bright idea. "I'll eat her pussy while you fuck me," she said.

He nodded. "I'm up for that," he agreed with a wink to Elspeth that Violet didn't see.

The former dragon picked up on his plan. "Don't I get a say in this matter," she asked with a tinge of anger.

"If she does a lousy job eating your pussy she loses," Tarant decided. "If she makes you cum, then she's back in the running."

Elspeth didn't know what kind of woman (and former dragon) Tarant thought she was, but he had managed to come extremely close to the exact type of woman she was. The game redhead pushed the bedclothes off her body and flopped back on the soft mattress, opening up her legs, exposing the blood-red stain at the apex of her thighs. "Go ahead," she said meaningfully to the black-haired woman.

Tarant moved off the bed, his cock jutting out, fully erect, as Violet nervously crawled between the other woman's legs. She had spoken quicker than she thought. Going down on Elspeth would be the first time she had sex with a female. The idea wasn't objectionable to her, but she was worried about her performance. What if she wasn't up to the challenge? That was the real problem.

Dipping her face down to Elspeth's cunt Violet gamely opened her mouth, stuck out her tongue, and tasted her rival's cunt. It was spicy and musky at the same time. The little nub of her clit rose up and, knowing what she liked, Violet gave it a little lick and then a pinch. Elspeth sighed and pushed up her hips, wanting more tension and pressure on her sex.

Meanwhile, Tarant had gotten behind Violet's upraised ass and admired the smoothness of her skin and the tension of muscle. There was no need to move the nearly nonexistent panties down. They were simply tied on the sides. Tarant pulled on the ribbons and the silk and lace flimsy fluttered down to the bed which exposed her moistening cunt and her tightly puckered asshole.

For a moment Tarant considered the black rosebud of the woman's ass. The Stewart sister's actually preferred to be fucked in the ass because there was no risk of pregnancy that way, but Tarant wasn't a fan of anal sex. He liked the

smoothness and perfect tension of cunt. He had no grease for her backdoor anyway. Instead he pressed the pad of his thumb on her anus and with his other hand guided his cock into Violet's cunt.

He knew he shouldn't be surprised to realize her maidenhead was long gone. Lady Violet would never be confused with the Virgin Violet. Tarant briefly wondered who her first lover had been and how many she had had before him, but that thought was put aside as his hips started the back and forth motion of the all-too-human need to fuck. As he started the rocking motion Violet lifted her face from Elspeth's cunt and moaned her pleasure.

Violet's face was slick with Elspeth's copious lubrication. For her part Elspeth was panting from the brief workout Violet's tongue had performed on her cunt. She might be new to cunnilingus but she took to it like a dragon took to the skies. Elspeth curled her hand around the back of Violet's head and pulled her back in to the moist cunt. Violet didn't mind at all. While she might be self-centered she did like making her lovers cum. Making Elspeth cum was just another achievement for her, another acknowledgement that she was a good lover.

The view of watching two women make love was almost too much for Tarant. He never thought to bed the two Stewart sisters at the same time and seeing Violet and Elspeth take to each other he resolved to make a correction to his past technique of separating the twins and fucking them individually. He wanted to bang Violet as hard and fast as possible, but at the same time he wanted this moment to last forever. To break the conflict he just slowed the pace of thrusting and marveled at the sight in front of him.

No good thing lasts forever; as much as he wanted to be fucking both women for as long as possible eventually Tarant reached the end of his endurance. His cock became rock hard inside Violet and his balls drew up to his body. Knowing the signs of incipient climax he let go and slammed into Violet, letting his orgasm erupt into her.

She pulled her face up from Elspeth's cunt and cried out her pleasure as he unloaded a heavy dose of his spunk into her. Her body shook each time he thrust forward filling her up more and more. Elspeth watched him with shining eyes until he was done and he fell back on his heels, his still semi-rigid cock slipping free of Lady Violet.

“I didn’t cum yet,” Violet complained.

“Sorry,” was all Tarant could think to say.

“I might be able to fix that,” Elspeth commented. She had already cum twice from Tarant’s wonderful cock. She was feeling generous and was happy to make the other woman cum. It had been far too long since she had truly been with another woman.

The two women struggled a moment to position their bodies. Violet was so taken to eating pussy that she didn’t want to give up on her newest lover just yet and at the same time she didn’t want to deny herself of the pleasure of a good climax. Eventually they lay on their sides and buried their faces in each other’s cunts at the same time. Elspeth wasn’t the least bit distracted by this positioning; she had done it many times before. It was a new experience to Violet, but she adapted quickly, giving and receiving pleasure at the same time.

Tarant watched them. It was a perfect sight, two women making love to one another. If he hadn’t cum three times already that night he would have tried to join in immediately, but his cock remained soft as the two licked and moaned together, their hands grasping each other’s buttocks, exploring each other’s bodies. He wondered what Violet’s cunt tasted like to Elspeth’s busy tongue, flavored by her deep musk combined with his sour spunk. It must have been a perfect treat for Elspeth because Violet was the first of the two to cum. She pulled back her head and moaned heavily and deeply, letting both the lovers in bed with her know that she was climaxing because of Elspeth’s efforts.

When she had ridden up and over the peak of pleasure, Violet lowered her face back to Elspeth’s cunt, determined to make the other woman cum. She took pride in her lovemaking and wasn’t going to be stymied by the slightly confusing configuration of a woman’s cunt. Putting full effort forth she used fingers and lips and tongue, varying her technique as she would on a man’s cock, finding what he needed and wanted by listening to his moans and feeling the reaction of his body. Fucking Elspeth was no different. Eventually she found the combination that worked on the redheaded slut and the unmistakable signs of impending orgasm were given off.

It was at that point that Elspeth started to protest and pull away. “No, no. Wait. Stop. It’s not like this. I need you to stop!” She was begging but Violet didn’t

listen. She wasn't going to listen to an upstart slut deny her an accomplishment she could brag about to her future lovers, both male and female.

When Elspeth's body started shaking in earnest Violet did pull back a bit, but only because Elspeth was actually pushing her away with great force. The girl was incredibly strong. Only after a few moments and a strangled gasp of astonishment from Tarant did Violet realize what was happening. Elspeth was undergoing a completely unnatural transformation. The girl rolled from the bed and crouched on the stone floor on all fours. At first she was on hands and knees but this quickly changed to clawed feet. Her skin flashed from freckled porcelain to red scales. Only as the redhead changed from a human did Violet notice the tattooed wings on her back transform to a pair of actual wings. Her face, of course, lengthened and huge teeth sprouted from her mouth. When all was said and done a large dragon was crouched in Tarant's bedchamber, taking up most of the space and forcing Violet and Tarant to cower on the bed.

"What in the hell of devil's fucking is that!" demanded Violet.

"That's what Elspeth looks like when she's a dragon," Tarant replied dumbly.

"I can see that."

"What happened?" Tarant asked the dragon.

"I don't know," Elspeth cried. If she were still a woman she would have wailed, but that wasn't possible with a dragon's mouth. "I thought the curse was broke when you fucked me," she said. Violet snorted at that little revelation and wondered what it looked like to see Tarant fucking the large hind end of a dragon. "But now this!"

"What was happening when you changed?" Tarant asked. "Did it suddenly turn midnight or did the full moon rise? Isn't that what normally sets off these evil transformations?"

"Right," Violet agreed. She was half in shock to see this unexpected turn of events.

"No," disagreed Elspeth. "Violet was making me cum and—" If she were still a woman, she would have gasped and put her hands over her mouth. Instead all she could do was vaguely wave her wings in frustration. "The curse," she cursed.

“It’s not gone...just dormant.”

“What?”

Elspeth fixed Tarant with her steely, slitted gaze. “When a man fucks me and makes me cum, I turn into a woman,” she patiently explained to him. “When a woman fucks me and makes me cum...I turn into a dragon.”

“Oh.”

“Oh,” agreed Violet. She was amused at this turn of events. “Who cursed you?”

“An old witch,” Elspeth growled. “The grandmother of the girl I was fucking at the time.”

A silence hung in the air. “Well, some people object to that sort of thing,” Violet said lamely.

“What are we going to do?” Tarant asked his voice full of anxiety. “I can’t hide a dragon in my bedroom.”

Violet laughed at him. “Isn’t it obvious?” she asked. “I fucked her and made her a dragon. All you need to do is fuck her and she’ll turn back into a woman.”

The dragon and Violet looked at Tarant’s nude body. He looked down at his exposed cock that hung limply between his legs. “I’m not sure if I can get it back up right now.” A thought occurred to him. “And I thought you were trying to get her out of my bed so you could marry me.”

That didn’t concern Violet at all. “I’m not worried about that at all. There are plenty of up and coming families looking to marry into nobility,” she told him dismissively. “But there are few—if any—men who have a dragon as a lover.” She slowly licked her lips. “I like sex a little more than I like money and status. I think we can make an accommodation here.”

Tarant had a question. “What accommodation?”

“Don’t worry about that now. First thing, we need to get you hard and fucking Elspeth here. You’re right about one thing. You can’t have a dragon hiding in your bedroom. You need a woman.” She tapped her lips with her fingers for a

moment. “I don’t suppose you have a fetish for large red dragons. Does that make you hard?”

Tarant shook his head. Elspeth grumbled in annoyance.

“Just checking,” Violet explained.

“I’ll just dose him,” Elspeth said and sucked in a deep breath. Violet took a nervous step backwards, certain that the dragon was going to incinerate the two of them and escape through the window. Instead Elspeth merely exhaled a moist breath of warm cinnamon. It was an exotic and enticing scent. “Just give it a moment,” Elspeth explained. “It’s a trick that took me a few years to learn.”

Violet nodded and looked at Tarant’s penis once more. It stayed stock still. His two lovers glared at him expectantly. “Well?”

“Give it a minute,” Elspeth said.

“I’m not feeling anything,” Tarant said.

Oddly, Violet was. There was most definitely a tingling in her loins. She wanted Tarant’s cock once more. Or his fingers. Or Elspeth’s tongue and fingers. Any and all of that would be good. She licked her lips and stared at Tarant’s cock. It remained soft and limp. “Can I help?” Violet asked.

“How?”

In explanation Violet got on her knees in front of him and took his sad, overworked cock in her mouth, tasted the combination of her and Elspeth’s cunts on him along with the salty flavor of Tarant’s spunk. It was a spicy mélange and she savored the flavor on her tongue. There was the slightest twitch in his manhood and Violet was encouraged by this. Still, he had already cum three times and even with her mouth and Elspeth’s magic breath they were fighting a losing battle. Violet had one last trick up her metaphorical sleeve. She was naked but for her corset at the moment and didn’t have any sleeves. She reached up between his legs, searching with her forefinger, wiggling it up between his buttocks, searching for his anus.

If Tarant knew what she was doing he didn’t complain or back away. Instead, knowing what she was up to, he opened up his stance and let her burrow her

finger up his bum. It was an odd sensation, but apparently Tarant had some odd fetishes even he didn't realize he had. It was one thing to want to bed both the Stewart twins at the same time. It was another to fall victim to a dragon's spell and fuck the same dragon because he was a lust-filled knight on a quest for a women he ached for. But well beyond those pale edges of acceptable behavior was to desire a woman's finger up his ass...and yet there it was plunging into his body and encouraging him along.

Slowly and steadily his cock rose to attention, to perform the job necessary. Like any good knight he was duty-bound to perform for and rescue whatever lady in need was around. Luckily there were two ladies in need in Tarant's bedroom and both were willing to help.

Elspeth turned her body around as much as she could, raised up her tail and arched her hips, showing off her half-human, half-dragon cunt. Violet led her lover over to the dragon. She was about to see what she thought just minutes earlier was simply impossible. She had been wrong before. The bonus of being wrong this time was that she would get to add an additional note to her varied sexual history. That made her smile broadly, especial as she saw Tarant's cock slowly sink into the dragon. It was strange and erotic at the same time. Now Tarant only had to cum to complete the act and transformation.

That was the difficulty Tarant quickly discovered. Although Violet had gotten him hard and he was enjoying fucking Elspeth, he found it damn impossible to cum again. Even on his best day with the Stewart sisters he had only cum three times in the span of a few short hours. Although he was still in his sexual prime he had cum three times while pleasuring both Violet and Elspeth. A fourth climax wasn't entirely impossible, but it seemed a goal that was well beyond his ability at the moment.

And it wasn't like fucking a dragon was the most relaxing way to spend the evening. He was physically exhausted. Maybe in the morning he could cum again, but right now all he was doing was pumping his cock in and out of Elspeth's tight dragon cunt which might be causing her some pleasure, but at the moment wasn't doing anything at all for him. He needed a little kick to go over the edge once more. Fucking two women, fucking a dragon, neither of those were good enough for him to cum a fourth time in one night.

"It's no use," he panted as he continued his fruitless exercise in dragon fucking.

“I can’t cum again.”

Violet gave him a disapproving stare and a tsking cluck of her tongue. “Certainly you can,” she informed him. “You’re young, you’ve virile, you can have any woman in the kingdom and not only have you chosen me but you’ve chosen to a dragon as well. What more could a man want? Nothing, I tell you!” She pressed her body against his, her chest against his back, rocking her body back and forth with his as he slowly and steadily fucked the dragon.

Elspeth was whining in anticipation now. She needed to cum just as much as he did. It wouldn’t do to make herself cum. That wouldn’t work. She had done that many times before as a dragon and it never turned her back to her original human form. She knew she needed his spunk in her cunt as she came. It was the only way.

“I can’t!” he wailed. Tears were practically rolling out of his eyes.

“You can,” Elspeth insisted. As strong and powerful as she was as a dragon, she knew that getting caught in the knight’s bedroom was a death sentence. There were many good reasons dragons were feared and hunted. Fucking a knight might not be one of them, but it could easily be added to the list. “I’m pretty sure consorting with a dragon is a capital crime against the crown worthy of having your head separated from your shoulders.”

Fear was not a motivator for Tarant. His dick started to shrink. “No, no, no,” he quickly repeated, a prayer for those who have lost hope.

Violet realized what was happening and did the only thing she knew to do in such a dire situation. With one hand she reached around Tarant’s body, circling her thumb and forefinger at the base of his cock preventing any further return of blood to his body. With her other hand she delved between his buttocks, searching for his anus. He tensed up his muscles trying to keep her exploring fingers out of his ass.

“Don’t,” he begged.

“You need this,” this informed him.

“What are you doing?” inquired Elspeth, turning her long, snake-like neck all the way around too look at the pair.

“Just playing with his ass,” Violet said softly. “Most men love it but they never admit it.”

“No...” moaned Tarant as Violet entered him and then started massaging the root of his cock while he was still buried inside his dragon lover. Even as he protested he found life was returning to his cock. It was growing bigger and stronger. Once he was adequately hard enough violet helped him with the motion of his hips, encouraging him on, making him work for that next beautiful orgasm.

For her part Elspeth watched the strange couple behind her and panted heavily to their odd lovemaking to her. A stranger scene couldn’t be found in any of the seven kingdoms; it was uniquely erotic and never to be repeated.

Finally, against all odds and predictions, Tarant finally came. There wasn’t a huge amount of spunk that wept from his cock, but it was enough. Elspeth felt his hot cum dribbling into her and that pushed her over the edge. She grunted and came and sighed and shrank, her body slowly returning to its native human state. As she did so Violet removed her fingers from Tarant’s ass and he collapsed to his knees.

Back in her human form Elspeth regarded the pair that had returned her to what she was once again regarding as normal. “I guess it’s true then.”

“What,” asked Violet.

“The power behind the throne is always a woman. Behind every man is a good woman.”

Epilogue

“Allow him to marry that-that-thing!” Violet’s father thundered until he spluttered on the last word. “That dragon slut!”

“Yes,” Violet replied calmly

“She’s a hundred years old and her family’s titles are on the wane,” he reminded her.

Violet thoughtfully ran her finger on the rim of her wineglass. “I know that. I also know that she is the source of much more money than we could ever acquire from Tarant’s family.”

“You just don’t want to marry him.” Her father was always slightly incorrect in his assumptions.

“Not at all. He’s an excellent lover and his family’s wealth is exactly what we need. But not right now. The former Lady Elspeth is the true source of money here.”

“And how will letting Tarant marry that tart help us?”

She regarded her father carefully. “She is the source to more wealth. More fortune.” She took a slow sip of wine. She needed to let the words sink in and let her father take that bait. “The silly girl is in love with me.”

Violet’s father’s eyebrows went up in appreciation of his daughter’s ambition and capacity to do what was necessary. For her part Violet looked away and studied the fire burning in the hearth.

Behind every man is a plotting woman.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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