



# The Queen of Ash and Magic

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**Category:** Suspense Thriller

**Description:** Embers burn in my soul, deprived of oxygen. I am gasping for air, trying to find my way out of the dark. Everything I have ever known is a twisted version of reality, but it's my mates who help unravel the truth. When bonds are severed and my world goes up in flames, will I survive as the Queen of Ash and Magic, or will I be another casualty of war?

This is a DARK fantasy romance with HEAVY triggers. Readers discretion is HIGHLY advised.

**Total Pages (Source):** 19

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 2:23 pm*

Lysa

His body weighs down on mine and I whimper when he rams his dick deep inside my ass. I can't move from the spell he has binding me. I should be used to this by now, but I hate it. I hate him. How could a family be so cruel? I know this is not how family should treat each other, because I have seen other families. Families that have nothing yet still fill their lives with love. No one uses their little sister as their personal sex slave because she never developed powers.

I am an outcast witch because I do not have the ability to cast spells. I am useless, so they make use of me by hurting me. Aldric is the most brutal, but it's my dad that hurts my feelings the most. I wonder what our people would think if they knew the great and powerful King Rystar fucked his little girl with the help of their future king after whipping her bloody. What if they knew that the loved Queen Isolde watched and has her own cruel ways of hurting her little girl? Would they care? What would they say if they knew there used to be three children? Would the witches of Thalorin be disgusted by this information? Maybe that's why they keep me locked up.

They have tried for years to make me control my tongue, but I have no problem voicing myself. I get punished for it, but I'll get punished either way. My very existence is worthy of a punishment. Don't they know I am a product of them? They made me this way.

Aldric pounds into me harder and harder. My body is numb, and I am limp. His magic is still holding me in place, but I have stopped fighting. I always give up and accept that he's going to finish. My back is blazing hot with thick welts that band around my body. That whip is vicious, and it will often reach around my body and

welt my belly.

“Useless fucking witch,” he groans as he pushes deeper. “Cry for me, bitch. Look at those tears.”

“I hate you,” I mutter.

“You’re still taking my cock like a good little whore though, huh? You wanna come for your big brother? Come for me, bitch,” he grunts.

“No. No. No. don’t. Please don’t. I don’t want to...” My words are cut off with a disgusting moan that he forces out of me. He always uses his magic to force an orgasm out of him. He and Dad both do it because they apparently think it's hilarious when I come while crying.

“That’s it... See how good it feels? You like the way it feels, huh?” he taunts as he fucks me faster.

I hate this feeling. I hate how I have no control over it. I hate that my body responds. I hate that he keeps me on edge until I give in. It makes my brain and body hurt when he draws it out. “I hate you,” I moan through gritted teeth as I manage to move up onto my elbows to bury my face in my hands. He grabs me by the hair and I see that Mom and Dad are watching.

“I can feel it in your body, little sister. Come for me,” he taunts me as if I have a choice in the matter.

“I hate you. I hate you. I hate you,” I moan through rapidly developing tears. He groans deeply and starts going painfully hard and fast. His magic forces a disgusting orgasm to rip through my belly, making me moan through my near-hysterical crying. He keeps drilling into me, extending the sick feeling, but eventually, he falls. He

pushes deep and comes with a growl.

“Ah, brother-sister bonding,” Dad remarks.

“What’s up?” Aldric asks him as he gets up and leaves me discarded on the floor of my room. It is filthy in here, but I do my best to keep it clean. I can only do so much without supplies. I stay lying motionless on the floor, inspecting the dirt. There are drops of my blood near me. I wonder how bad it was this time .

“The attack is about to begin. We need to help assist so we can ensure it goes smoothly,” Dad says. “You get your fill, or do you want more time?”

“Hmm. No, I’m good for now. We should celebrate after the spell is complete,” Aldric says.

“Yes. Lysa, prepare a meal for everyone. We will have guests in the castle, so be good,” my mom says. “When you finish, return here and keep quiet. We don’t want you disrupting the peace.”

“Yes, ma’am,” I say quietly as I move myself to the corner of the room where my wash basin is. They all leave the room, and I lay my head back and sigh.

What I don’t understand is why they keep me around. If I’m so awful and useless, why don’t they just kill me? Why keep me locked away in this room? I need to do what they told me to do, so I get up and clean my body as best as possible before putting on one of my favorite dresses. It’s worn and tattered, but it has beautiful flowers all over it.

I love flowers of all kinds. They make me happy and it’s something no one can take from me. I spend a lot of my time sitting at the window and looking out onto the giant field. Even in the winter, it’s nice because I can still imagine what it looks like in the

spring. Wildflowers cover the field and it's not like my family can get rid of all of them. They don't even know I like flowers. Quite honestly, I don't think they know much about me outside of my inability to cast spells.

Once I am ready, I leave my room, which is located in the far corner of the castle, and go to the main kitchen. They keep me separated so that no one can hear my screams when they visit me. I don't think anyone outside of this castle even knows that I exist. If they do, I am sure my family has some bullshit story they have made up on why I never come into public.

I keep my head down as I walk to the main kitchen. Anyone who speaks to me ends up beaten and bloody at the hands of my mother. I'm not allowed to have friends and even when I was doing schooling as a child, the instructors were not permitted to speak to me beyond what was necessary. It's stupid, really, but I don't want anyone to get hurt because of me. It's better and easier if I just keep to myself.

I put on an apron and set in on making food for everyone. I'd rather make too much than not enough, so I plan for more than I think will be here. Dad gets angry when I don't make enough food. Maybe if we have extra, they'll let me have a little bit of the leftovers. Usually, I have leftovers, but I have to plan ahead and make more. Even then, I have to be on my best behavior.

I am curious about what spell they're casting. I may not be able to practice magic, but I have everything memorized. If they have several people helping, it must be something big. I have heard rumors of them wanting to mine in the neutral territory for Ignisium. This element is the essence of dragon fire, but it is scarce within Thalorin. It is mostly found within the neutral area between the witch territory, and the dragon shifter territory, Vulkara.

The neutral area takes up approximately twenty-five miles and is exactly that. Neutral. No war or conflict can take place in this area. Only the leaders are allowed to

go into this area, but no one is allowed to build or mine. With our territory running low, I am guessing they are doing something stupid. Thalorin and Vulkara have a long-standing treaty and if they break that treaty, it will lead to war. The treaty is very simple, really. We can't go there and they cannot come here. We leave each other alone and no one tries to kill anyone. Witches caught in their territory are promptly killed, it's the same for our territory with dragon shifters. For as long as I have been alive, there has never been a dragon in Thalorin. I have heard rumors and stories meant to scare little kids, but I'm not sure what is fact and what is fiction. Rumors say they are huge and feed on witches. The treaty was to prevent them from eating all of us.

I finish making and plating the food. All the servants have to do is take them out to the guests. I start cleaning up my area, but before I can finish, my parents come in with Aldric. They look like they're in a good mood, thankfully. The spell must have worked.

"You cleaned," Dad remarks.

"Yes sir," I say quietly, keeping my head down.

"Make a plate and go to your room," Mom says .

"Yes ma'am. Thank you," I say before putting away my supplies. Before I can get away, Aldric stops me. He grabs my waist and pulls me in front of him before forcing me to look up at him.

"Eat extra. You need the energy," he remarks with a smirk. I know that look. That look means that he is going to torture me later.

"Okay," I whisper.

I leave the kitchen and quickly grab a plate of food before scurrying off to the other side of the castle. I kept it simple and just got meat and vegetables. I never know when I will get to eat again or what I will be served so I try to stick to things that will keep me full for longer. I do wish that I got to eat more, but I don't want to have to do the things that would be required in order to eat the same serving as everyone else. Sometimes I feel like I'm only around to be their little tortured sex slave. Shouldn't Mom be that for Dad? Aldric could always take a wife.

After I finish eating, I sit by the window and look out into the darkness. I wish I could get lost in it and never find my way back. I sometimes hope that I will go mad and be unaware of where or who I am. Maybe one day I can learn how to fly and leap out of this window. Hell, maybe that's how I learn I can't fly. Gravity is a hell of a wake-up call, I suppose.

Slurred mumbles and shuffling catch my attention. When I stand, my door comes open and I drop my head. Dad and Aldric are here, which only means one thing. An awful thing. I hate it when they show up at the same time. I knew they would come, but I guess I was hoping they would show up separately.

"Lysa," Dad slurs with a sickening smile.

"Aww. She looks scared tonight," Aldric chuckles as he stalks closer. "Don't you want to have some quality family time, Lysa?"

"I hate you," I say tearfully. "I hate both of you."

When he grabs my dress, I make a mistake. A stupid mistake. I know better than to fight them. I know what happens when I don't serve them the way they want. They came in here for obedience. When they are drunk, they make me lead. If I fight, they brutalize me. When I smack my older brother's hand away, he promptly grabs me by the hair and throws me down to the ground. "Stop!" I scream. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

Please don't hurt me. Please."

"Stupid fucking useless whore," Aldric growls as he and Dad rip my dress off. When Aldric drops his pants, I make another stupid mistake and try to get away from him. I kick and scream as I try to get out of his grip when he grabs my ankle, but he easily drags me closer and pins my arms.

"Ow!" I yelp when he slaps me across the face. "Aldric, please. Please stop. You're going to hurt me."

"Shut the fuck up," he growls. I scream out when he rams himself deep inside of me. It feels like fire ripping through my belly as he drives deeper and harder. "You want to hit me again, bitch? Huh? If you wanted to play rough, all you had to do was beg."

"Stop," I sob weakly. I am trying my best to not move, but the pain is intense. He hooks one arm behind my knee to push deeper, and I let out a shrill scream. My pain pleases him and he quickens his pace.

"Take my come, you filthy whore," Aldric groans. "Let's fill you up for Daddy. Hmm?"

"P-Please," I stammer. "It h-hurts."

"Fuuuuck. Yes... Oh, my gods, this tight fucking pussy... Fight me," he moans as he grabs a tight hold of my throat. I can't breathe suddenly, and I panic. I start pounding on his chest and clawing at his hands as he goes harder and harder. It's like he's trying to invade my body completely. Aldric moans are obnoxiously loud as he pumps his hips in shallow thrusts as he comes.

I expect at least a moment of reprieve, but my dad immediately straddles my face and rams his dick down my throat. Aldric holds my arms down so I can't fight him as he



violently fucks my face. Dad has his hands on the floor and his knees on either side of my face. This allows him to force himself all the way down my throat. I am praying to myself that this is how he gets himself off. When he attacks me any other way, his sickly-sweet ways hurt worse than when he is violently taking my throat. I would rather get beaten by Mom than hear him say the things he does while he makes my body betray me.

I stop fighting and accept what he is doing, hoping he will just finish. They take notice of my compliance and Dad gets off me. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. He's going to do it. I know she is in here now, which means she is going to beat the shit out of me when they leave. She hates it when he is anything but violent. If I fight him, though, he will just spend hours forcing me to have back-to-back orgasms until I eventually pass out. He only does this when he's drunk, and I hate it.

I am sobbing when he settles between my legs and lowers himself on top of me. He reeks of stale beer and his hot breath on my face makes me want to vomit. "Please, Daddy. Please don't," I say through broken cries.

"Oh, but Daddy loves this sweet little cunt," he croons. He groans as he slowly pushes himself inside of me. "Oh... fuck. So tight. So fucking good for being so fucking useless."

"Please stop, Daddy. I don't want this," I cry as he finds a pace that reaches deep. The friction from when Aldric took me is long gone and his come set things up so that Dad can torture me. He gets off on humiliating me and this is the only way they can. No matter how many times this happens, I feel so ashamed for it. When I have explored my body on my own, the feeling of an orgasm isn't this icky. I know it should feel good, but not when it's them. Not when they steal it from me .

Dad rests on his elbows beside my body as he starts to fuck me harder. I squeeze my eyes shut and grit my teeth, trying to keep it at bay. If I can just hold it off for a little

while, he will come and get off me. “You’re going to come for Daddy,” he grunts. He looks mad as he pulls back and brings my legs up to his shoulders. Before I can try and fight, it’s my mom who comes over and pulls my arms up to pin them above my head.

Mom is on her hands and knees and keeps a tight hold on my wrists as she lowers herself down to her elbows with her ass up in the air. “Fuck, you’re just so tempting,” Aldric grunts as he pulls the back of her dress up. I yell out when Dad abruptly starts to slam into me over and over again. He pushes as deep as he can and moves his hips fast. Mom cries out with a moan when Aldric starts to match his speed.

“Fuck, Unika. Come for Daddy,” Dad groans.

I hate all of them. I hate myself. I hate this stupid fucking castle and this stupid fucking family. I’ve been witness to their gross incest bullshit, but this is too much. I just want out of this place. I don’t care if I have to drown myself in the ocean or jump out of that damn window. I want out of here. Twenty-three years of cruelty and this is my limit. Calling me by my dead sister’s name is my limit.

Unika was my literal savior. She kept me alive as a baby when my mom and dad realized I didn’t have powers. They did a spell to see if I did. She kept me fed and protected me from a lot of abuse. I witnessed her beatings and assaults because she often protected me from it. Every night, she would tell me a story. We would sometimes make up scenarios where we were free and able to do whatever we wanted. We shared this room and it’s also where I saw her die. Mom dragged me away so I couldn’t say goodbye. When I was able to return, the blood was here, but she was gone. She died when she was eighteen and I was six. Unika was my best friend, but I at least have the little stuffed bear she gave me.

Mom is moaning loudly as she gets fucked by her son and I am still sobbing as my dad violently rams himself into me over and over. The disgusting feeling starts to

take root, and he notices it immediately. “That’s it. Come for Daddy. Come on my cock, Unika,” he slurs.

“I don’t want this,” I say with a whimper.

“Give it to me, Unika.... Fuck, come on Daddy’s cock...” he grunts as he goes harder and harder. My body tenses involuntarily and he moans, “Oh, gods. Yes... Yes, Unika... Squeeze my cock... There ya go... Daddy’s little slut... Take my come. All of it, Unika.... Fuuuuck, come with Daddy...”

Dad forces his fingers into my mouth and pulls my jaw open so that when the icky feeling tears through me, my tearful moan echoes through the room. My body is shaking and still tense as he continues to stab deep. The feeling won’t go away and neither will my forced sounds. I can’t make it stop. Something massive is building and I hate the feeling. It’s worse this time .

Aldric suddenly moves Mom so he can get to me and starts rapidly stroking his dick with a tight grip as he leans over my body. When Dad takes his fingers out of my mouth, Aldric promptly straddles my face and starts to viciously fuck my throat. I am gagging and the bile is beginning to rise in my throat at the taste. When Dad finally forces the pressure in my belly to explode, I scream around my brother as something warm floods out of my body. Both men moan and start to come. Aldric pushes deep so that I am forced to swallow.

When they move away from me, I roll to my side and my stomach turns inside out. I start to vomit and I can’t make it stop now. I am violently retching well past the point of my body producing anything. My brain is snapped out of focus on throwing up when something slashes across my back. I fall to the floor and curl myself up as Mom continues to hit me. It’s a rod of some sort, and I let out a blood-curdling scream every time she makes contact. She is angry that Aldric shifted his attention to me, so this is my punishment.

I am doing my best to protect my face so all the blows land on my back, rear, and legs. My broken screams turn to small grunts when I start to grow weak. “Stop before you kill her,” Dad slurs. He quickly grows angry when she doesn’t and shoves her away from me. “I said stop!”

“That useless fucking slut...”

“Is mine to break,” Dad growls. “Get your mother out of here. ”

“Yes sir,” Aldric says with an amused tone.

My body is violently trembling, and I am in so much pain. I didn’t want any of that, so why is it my fault? “Clean up and rest,” Dad says after a moment of silence. “I’ll let you heal for a while, but then you need to make it up to us. Understood?”

“Yes sir,” I choke out.

When he leaves the room, I slowly drag my body over to the washbasin and clean myself. The water is hot and clean, which means the servant came in and changed it during their attack. They know the horrific things they do to me. They would be stoned forever helping me, but I am thankful that they do what they can. Maybe we can all escape together one day? When I am as clean as I can get myself, I sit up to lean against the wall. I still have vomit in my hair, but I am too weak to do anything else. Just as I am about to give up and crawl to my cot, a servant hurries in.

“Miss Lysa,” she says in a hushed tone as she kneels beside me.

“You s-shouldn’t be here,” I whisper. “They’ll...”

“Hush now, baby. Let me clean you fast,” she says as she takes the cloth from me. Her name is Petra. She is older, maybe in her thirties. She’s the only one who’s ever

been brave enough to talk to me. She's nearly been caught a few times, but I just said that I was talking so I would be punished and not her.

"Thank you," I say weakly.

"You're welcome, Miss Lysa," she smiles sweetly as she cleans me. The cloth has blood on it from my back, but she quickly rinses it.

"My body hurts," I say. She pulls a small vial out her of pocket and opens it.

"Drink this. It will make you sleep for a few days. They won't mess with you, and you'll be able to rest, okay?" she says, urging me to take it. "It will heal you a little. If I could make more, I could heal you completely. This will have to do."

"Will I die if I jump out of the window?" I ask bluntly.

"Don't think such thoughts, Miss Lysa. The Gods have a greater plan for us. We have to just keep fighting, okay?" Petra asks.

"Yes ma'am," I sigh and drink the contents of the small vial. She helps me to my feet and over to the cot. When I lay down, she pulls my thin blanket over me and hands me my small stuffed animal. I hug it to my chest as my eyelids grow weak. As I drift away, Petra gently kisses my forehead.

"Sleep now, Miss Lysa. Things will get better," she says softly.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 2:23 pm*

Drakarus

I sit back in my chair and watch as the others file in. “What is this about, Eyrx?” I ask when he sits beside me.

“The witches are acting suspicious,” he says.

“Again?” I raise my eyebrow. “Why am I just now hearing about this?”

“It just happened,” he says. “They have been in the neutral zone off and on for months now, but they all suddenly retreated.”

“Doubtful,” Julianna chuckles.

“Why are you here?” I ask.

“Because I am your sister and the wife of your second-in-command. I can do as I please,” she smiles.

“Very bold for a dragon who won’t be able to shift soon,” I say, and she smiles .

“You won’t hurt the heir to the throne,” she says.

“Excuse me?” I ask, glancing at Eyrx.

“Find a mate and I’ll stop saying it,” she shrugs.

“I can certainly punish her for that, but it might delay the meeting,” Eyrx laughs.

“Only by a few seconds,” I remark, and he frowns. “Just tell me what’s going on.”

“So, it seems like they are just wandering around when they’re in the neutral zone, but for months?” Eyrx says. “They’re up to something. I just can’t seem to pinpoint what. They’re not coming close to our wall, but all the ones we’ve spotted are directly connected to the royal family.”

“Well, they haven’t broken the treaty, so we can’t exactly do anything about them being weird,” I say. “The abrupt retreat is odd. How about this... Let’s place some soldiers close to their wall and try to provoke them a bit. King Rystar is a hothead, so I know he will reach out if we get close. His moronic son, Aldric, might be the one, though. Rystar likes to delegate shit.”

“We’re going to have a problem on our hands when Aldric takes the throne,” Julianna remarks cautiously. I respect that she is aware that she shouldn’t actually be here, but I won’t say no to her. She is one of the few that I will bend to occasionally. I took the throne at nineteen when our parents passed in a mining explosion. She was only seven when they died, so I raised her. She’s twenty-six now, but I am still just as protective of her as when she was a young child. I couldn’t be happier that she is mated to my best friend. I know Eyrx is just as protective of her.

“I agree,” I sigh.

“You okay?” Eyrx asks me.

“Yeah, just feeling a bit drained today,” I say. “I’m going to stop by the mine and check with Keril. Send me someone later, yeah?”

“Yeah. I’ll keep an eye on things,” Eyrx says with a concerned tone. It’s not like me

to feel drained like this for no reason. It's been a while since I bedded a woman, so that must be why.

Dragons have to fuck frequently, especially unmated ones. They like to act like I am choosing to not have a mate, but I want to find her. I am nearing forty and I need an heir. Anything could happen and I would be without someone to take over. I trust that Eyrx could handle it, but it would make me a failure. My bloodline would die out. All of this is exaggerated, considering dragons can live to upwards of four hundred years. Julianna thinks it's a combination of losing our parents and simply being lonely. All I know for sure is that I want to find and breed my mate. I want to know what the pull feels like. It angers me that I hold jealousy for those who have mates.

When I get to the mine, Keril is already waiting for me. "Your Highness," Keril says, bowing his head .

"Report?" I ask gruffly.

"We hit another pocket of Ignisium," he says proudly. "We are stockpiling at this point."

"You can slow production by thirty percent. Offer more breaks so they aren't digging as fast," I say. "Any accidents to report?"

"No, Sir," he says.

"Alright. Updates are going to Eyrx for the remainder of the day," I inform him.

"Yes, Your Highness," he bows. Fuck, the feeling is only getting worse. I refuse to appear weak around my people, though. I power through the trip back to the castle.

Vulkara is a beautiful land with a warm climate. It offers us the ability to farm all



year long. Everything is built to perfection, and we are advanced because of our never-ending supply of Ignisium. It is the essence of dragon fire, so we are able to use it for several things. I feel blessed by the Gods to have such a magnificent territory to share with my people. They are who make everything run as efficiently as it does.

The castle was built from obsidian generations ago, long before the treaty was passed. It offers us protection from most spells in recent years since we started focusing on mining the Ignisium and could incorporate that into the walls of the castle. I think we all have an unspoken understanding that the witches won't be able to help themselves. They will eventually break the treaty, and we can destroy them once and for all. They are powerful when they are banded together, but they are still nothing against us.

When I get into the castle, I go up to the bedroom. The King's space takes up an entire wing of the castle, but I have one dedicated area that no one is allowed to enter without specific reasoning. Eyrx and Julianna know that I do not want others in here, so guests are limited to those I invite to fuck.

Eyrx will have a woman here soon, so I strip down and lie on the bed. I have many things swirling in my mind, but I keep coming back to the meeting. Why would they pull back so fast? My instincts tell me they're about to break the treaty, but how? I hear the large door to my room open and I sigh as I run my hands down my face.

A woman softly clears her throat to let me know she is here, so I stand. I have fucked this one before. She is usually who Eyrx sends when I need them to be able to withstand my stress. She is used to my aggressive tendencies, and she knows what I expect. I lift her chin, and she smiles sweetly at me. She's a decent fuck, but she's not my mate.

Dragons have outstanding stamina, and we can go for hours while coming several times. Let's see how much this one can take before one of us passes out. I suspect

that she understands my state of mind since she is only called when I need something to fuck my anger out with. I might be feared, but it is known that I will not harm a bedmate. I have enough self-control to ensure their safety. On rare occasions, I will have several women so that I don't injure one. When I find my mate, she will be made to take me. She will be delighted to take me as many times and for however long I want. She and I will share the same lust for one another. We will be able to sense each other's pleasure, and it will grow in perfect synchrony. I want my mate because I am stronger with a mate.

"Would you like for me to start on my knees, my King?" she asks softly.

"Yes," I huff. She nods and sinks to her knees. "Speak up if I hurt you, understood?"

"Yes, my King," she says as she looks up at me from her knees. She has my cock in her hands, and she smiles wickedly before wrapping her plump lips around the tip and sucking hard. As she starts to move her head and take me deeper into her mouth, she is already preparing for what I'm going to do. I take her head between my hands and shove my cock as deep as it will go. She cups my balls and squeezes as I start to fuck her throat hard and fast. Even then, it's not enough.

I push the woman back against the bed and prop one foot on the edge so that when I thrust deep, she is forced to take all of me. "Fuuuuck," I growl as I fuck her mouth. She is still sucking hard and massaging my balls. When she tightens her grip, I groan. She knows how desperate I am to come right now, so she keeps squeezing and tugging at me and I fall into a violent pace. She is humming with delight, but it's her moan that finally drags me down. She is nearly coming as she greedily drinks me down.

I grab her by the hair and shove her onto the bed with her face down. Only my mate gets to watch me fuck them. Only she will get to see my pleasure. I am saving that part of myself for her. My queen.

I pull her up to her knees while her chest is on the bed, but offer her no warning. She screams when I slam inside of her. I imagine for a moment that she is my queen and push past the growing weakness to continue channeling my anger into her. The woman is sobbing but is pushing her hips back to meet my violent thrusts. Her pussy grips onto me as she moves through endless orgasms. I am trying to find my release before exhaustion finds me first. I move my hand to the side of her body and push her flat to better support myself.

When she comes again, the grip of her pussy drags me down with her. I growl and slam as deep as her body allows to drain my cock inside her. We are breathing heavily, but I am suddenly dizzy. I don't want to fall on her, so I move back to stand so she can get up. When she turns to look at me, her eyes go wide.

“Oh my God. Drakarus!” she shrieks. “Sit. You need to sit.”

I am far too weak to tell her to mind her place, so I let her pull me back to the bed to sit. Something is terribly wrong. I am quickly losing control of my body and for the first time since the explosion that took my parents from me, I'm scared. “Eyrx,” I mutter. “Get Eyrx and Juli.”

Before she can respond or react, my body gives out. She screams and attempts to catch me as I slump forward and hit the floor. “Help! We need help!” she yells.

I am screaming at my body to do anything, but it doesn't respond. I cannot even open my eyes. When no one comes, she runs from the room, and soon after I hear a stampede of footsteps running back to me.

“Oh, Fuck. Drake,” Eyrx says with panic in his voice. “Juli, get Salvor. Now.”

“But he's...”

“Go, Julianna. Get the healer!” he shouts at her. Eyrx would never shout at his mate unless he was scared. His fear makes more panic build inside of me, but I can’t do anything about it. I can’t move or speak to tell him I’m still here. My body is cold now, but I don’t feel like I’m dying. Am I dying? “Keril, help me get him to the bed.”

They move me to lie on the bed. A blanket is laid over me to conceal that I am naked still. “Move,” Salvor barks as he runs into the room.

“He’s cold, Sal,” Eyrx says. “He doesn’t have an heir. Juli cannot lose her brother too. ”

“Shh,” Salvor says as he lays his hand on my chest. “His heart is strong. Did the girl say anything specific?”

“She said the second time he finished, he was noticeably weaker, but wanted to be respectful, so she didn’t say anything. She turned and she stated that he was extremely pale, and his eyes were green.”

“Green? Is she sure?” Salvor asks.

“Yes. I asked her twice,” Juli says as she sniffs back tears. Salvor forces one of my eyes open, and I can see him for a moment. When he opens the other, anger is written all over his face.

“It’s the fucking witches,” Eyrx snarls. “Isn’t it?”

“Yes,” Salvor says with a calm voice. “It seems that he is in a coma, of sorts. His eyes are green because he’s been cursed into this state.”

“Keril, stop all production and ready the soldiers. I want them ready to fly by daybreak,” Eyrx says, naturally sliding into a position of power. I fucking hate this,

but I trust Eyrx to do what needs to be done. We have protocols for this, so I am confident he will find a way to produce an heir of my bloodline.

“What can I do?” Juli asks tearfully.

“Be with your brother, Juli,” Eyrx says softly.

“I can’t lose him,” she whimpers. “I can’t lose him, Eyrx. I want him back. You bring him back to me, Eyrx. ”

“Shhh,” Eyrx says as he comforts her. I can hear her muffled sobs, and it breaks my heart. “I will burn their entire fucking territory down to find a way to get him back. I promise.”

“I’ll sit with him,” she says as she forces her emotions away. “Bring me a witch and we can break them. The closer to the royal family, the stronger.”

“The king has daughters. I will bring one back with me,” Eyrx says.

“No one touches her but Drake, understood. When we get him back, he can use her to spare the woman here his anger,” she says. “If we cannot get him back, we will breed her to give Drake an heir.”

“Have the servants ready a room for her. We will return in three days,” Eyrx says. “If something happens...”

“Don’t you ever try and say goodbye to me again,” she scolds loudly. “Three days or I am coming to kill them all myself.”

“Be good, my love,” he says softly. “I love you, Julianna.”

“I love you too, Eyrx,” she says. There is silence for a while before I sense my sister lying next to me. Her cries are soul-crushing, and I want to comfort her. I can’t mindlink. I can’t speak. I can’t move. They think it’s a coma, but it’s not. I have no way to tell them that this is a paralysis of the soul and body. At least I still have my thoughts, right?

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 2:23 pm*

Lysa

“Wake up,” I hear a voice shout at me. “You useless whore. Wake up.”

“Mmmm,” I groan and force my eyes open.

“Get up,” Mom demands. “Now.”

“Why?” I groan as I force myself to stand.

“You are moving rooms. Let’s go,” she says before turning and walking to the door. I quickly grab my small bear and follow behind her.

The castle is in absolute chaos as we walk to the main living quarters. We come up to Dad and Aldric and they look concerned. “What are you doing?” Dad asks.

“Taking her to her new room,” Mom says simply.

“Get her new clothes,” Aldric says.

“Come along,” Mom says.

I am so confused, but I know better than to keep asking questions about why she is doing this. “How long was I asleep?” I ask.

“Two days,” she says as she opens a door and walks in. When I step in, I see it’s a beautiful room with a real bed. Everything is clean and Petra is laying a dress on the

bed. "I thought she might need something better to sleep in, so she doesn't dirty the sheets," Petra says, keeping her head bowed.

"Get her as clean as you can and give her something to let her sleep a while longer," Mom says.

"Thank you," I say quietly.

"You are not to leave this room, Lysa. Understood?" she asks, grabbing my face and making me look at her.

"Yes, ma'am," I whisper. She leaves the room, and I look at Petra in confusion. "What is going on?"

"Let's get you clean," she says simply, before taking my hand and pulling me into the bathroom.

"What's going on?" I ask in a hushed tone. "Why is everyone acting so weird?"

"They broke the treaty," she says with a smile.

Sucks for them. Maybe the dragons will burn this place to ash. It was their fault for casting the spell, whatever that was. They should have been more cautious considering the castle is made up of nothing but wood, glass, and stone. If your enemy breathes fire, maybe don't live in something that can be destroyed by flames.

Petra cleans my hair and body thoroughly before helping me dress. My body is still sore, but the potion she gave me helped tremendously. From what I can tell, the bruising is gone. All that remains is an ache. Thankfully, I don't have to worry about my dad or Aldric ever getting me pregnant since my mom performed a sterilization spell on me at ten. I am saddened by the fact that I will never have kids, but I also



don't think I will ever find love outside of this hell.

"Didn't she want you to give me something to..." she starts to say.

"If she asks, I did. I don't want you unconscious when they arrive," she says quietly. "I will find my way to you, okay? If you hear commotion, hide. I will come for you, Miss Lysa."

"Okay," I say. "But where will we go?"

"Where the dragons cannot find you," she says.

"Uh... okay," I say as she points for me to lie down. "Thanks? "

"Things will get better, Miss Lysa. I promise," she says. I nod and she pulls the covers up to my shoulders. "Sleep now. We have time."

I am startled out of my dreams when I hear a loud bang outside of my door. I jump up from the bed and back away, trying to urge my brain awake. I hear another bang, followed by screams and I remember what Petra told me. Before I can get to the closet, my door is kicked in and a large man comes in. He is every bit of seven feet tall, and he looks angry. "Are you going to run from me, little witch?" he growls. His body is tense, like he is ready to chase me if I run.

Here's the thing though... I don't want to run. This man terrifies me, yes, but he still looks nicer than Dad on one of his good days. This giant man is wrapped in thick muscles and no doubt would break me into pieces without any effort, but I hope he does. I hope I am killed so I can be rid of this loneliness.

I rapidly shake my head and he walks closer. "Where is your sister? You have an older sister, yes?"

“She’s dead,” I say, confused.

“Hmm,” he says. “How old are you?”

“Twenty-three...”

“You’ll do nicely,” he says. “Are you going to walk with me, or do I need to drag you? ”

“I’ll walk,” I say simply. “Can I... bring something?”

“As long as it’s not a spell book,” he says sarcastically. I roll my eyes at him and go to the bed to get my small bear. He yanks it out of my hands to inspect it. I frown deeply at him before snatching it back from him. “Come along, little witch.”

“I have a name, ya know,” I say as he grabs my wrist and pulls me along with him.

“Where is your family?” he asks.

“Hiding from you, if I had to guess,” I say. “I said I’d walk. You don’t have to drag me.”

“If you run, I’ll make you regret it,” he huffs.

“Are you a dragon?” I ask as I walk beside him. He has his hand on my back, not trusting me when I say I won’t run.

“Do you ever stop talking?” he asks. I smile when I realize that my talking is annoying him. If he is going to kidnap me, he’s going to have to listen to my mouth. Maybe I’ll get lucky, and he will snap my neck.

“What color are your scales?” I ask. “I bet they are purple. You look like you’d be purple.”

“Walk faster, witch,” he grumbles.

“My name is Lysa, and I have little legs compared to you. Chill out.”

I see Petra and I immediately turn and run for her. “Witch,” the man shouts as he charges after me. I ignore him and hug Petra.

“What’s going on?” I ask. The man grabs my arm, and I smack it away. “Get your hands off me. I’m saying goodbye.”

“Hurry up,” he frowns

“He’s a grumpy bastard,” I say to Petra, and she smiles. “You have to get out of here. It’s your chance to get away from them.”

“Miss Lysa, don’t you worry about me,” she says softly.

“No. If I’m missing, they’ll kill you. You need to go,” I say. “Ham Hock. Can she come too?”

“What did you just call me?” he asks.

“Would you rather grumpy purple dragon?” I ask.

“It’s okay,” Petra says.

“Are you going to be annoying too?” the man asks Petra.

“No,” she smiles. “I would be thankful if you could just get me to the neutral zone.”

“I’ll have one of my men take you,” he says. “Keril.”

“Yes sir?” a man asks as he comes up behind us .

“Take this woman to the neutral zone,” the man says.

“Uh... Okay,” Keril says. “Is this the oldest?”

“No. She’s dead, apparently,” he replies.

“When?” Keril asks me.

“When I was six,” I say. “My dad killed her.”

“She’s telling the truth,” Petra says.

“This one is annoying, but she fits the type,” the man says. “Come on, witch.”

“Go, Miss Lysa,” Petra says, hugging me again. The man pulls me away after a moment and I walk with him.

“When are you going to kill me?” I ask.

“I’m not,” he says as we step out to the front courtyard.

“What?” I ask. “What the fuck?”

“Do you want me to kill you, little witch?” he asks, turning to face me.

“Uh... I don’t know,” I say.

“If you do anything but get on my back, I’ll cremate you where you stand. Is that understood?” he asks. I nod rapidly again and he steps back .

I watch as scales start to develop on his skin and his entire body grows. I am completely stunned as I watch him shift in front of me into a massive dragon but bust out laughing when I see that his scales are black with an iridescent purple hue. “I told you that you were a purple dragon,” I say as I look him over. He huffs smoke at me and I involuntarily yelp, understanding that he meant it when he said he’d burn me alive. How the fuck do I do this? I look around and he is visibly pissed as he stomps closer to me. I spot another giant man and yell at him. “Hey. You. Muscle man.”

“What?” he asks, turning to me. He looks at the dragon and it’s almost like they are talking to each other. I have heard that shifters can talk in their minds. Is that what this is?

“How do I... What the fuck am I doing?”

“He told you to get on his back,” he says, slightly annoyed. “Are you going to be difficult? I hope you understand what happens to witches who piss us off.”

“Calm down, muscle man. How do I get on his back? He’s huge and I’m tiny,” I say. “You guys are terrible kidnappers.”

“Come here,” he laughs. I step closer to the dragon and the man lifts me up to set me on the dragon’s back. “Hold on tight. He won’t let you fall.”

“How kind,” I say, rolling my eyes. “What’s his name? I don’t think he likes Ham Hock.”

I scream when the dragon bucks and nearly throws me off him. “Eyrx,” the man laughs. “And no. He does not like Ham Hock.”

“Thanks,” I say. “I think.”

Eyrx takes a few steps forward and I whine as I hold on to the spikes on his back. When he leaps, his wings move, and we are lifted into the air. I lay myself down on his back and wrap my arms around him as best as I can as we soar through the air. I am in a constant state of feeling like I’m going to fall, so I am tense. Over time, I relax, but I don’t dare move.

After a few minutes, I quickly lose strength. I am still sore from the beating I took, and I haven’t eaten in days. I try to readjust my hold, but I start to slip. I desperately try and grab a hold of him as he flies, but I lose my grip and fall.

I scream as I start to plummet toward the ground, but Eyrx swiftly catches me in his claws and keeps a tight hold on my body. I am too stunned to cry, but I feel safer like this. We descend toward the ground for a bit longer before he levels out and continues on.

I snap my eyes open when I am gently placed on the ground. As I jump up, Eyrx lands in front of me. He slowly walks closer before dropping his head a bit and opens his mouth. I squeal when I see my small teddy bear fall out of his mouth. “Oh, my Gods! Thank you!” I pick it up as he shifts back, and I scrunch my face up when it’s dripping with saliva. “Ew.”

“I noticed you dropped it,” he remarks simply.

“I appreciate this... really,” I say. I know this is a serious situation and these people are dangerous, but he’s not as scary as he thinks he is. He just saved a tiny teddy bear for his captive. Assholes don’t do that.

“Call me Ham Hock again and I’ll burn it in front of you,” he says, and I smile. “Let’s go.”

I turn to follow him and see a massive castle made of obsidian. It’s stunning. Everything here is stunning. There are flowers everywhere from the flower beds to bushes, to the fields around the castle. “It’s beautiful,” I say. “Oh... Thanks for catching me.”

“You’re weak,” he says as we walk inside.

“I haven’t eaten in a few days,” I say simply. He stops dead in his tracks and turns to face me.

“What?” he asks.

“I haven’t eaten in a while. That’s why I’m always weak,” I say. He studies me for a moment before turning back and walking. Others are watching as we make our way to the left wing of the castle. Everyone looks sad .

What did my family do to break the treaty that made them all so sad? I feel bad for them. I wish I could help. I would if I knew how. As far as I know, they always honored the treaty, so I don’t think they deserved to be made to feel this way.

We walk into a massive room and Eyrx turns to me. “This is where you will be staying. You are not to leave this room. You may go onto the balcony if you wish. I’ll have servants bring you food and clothing. They will also bring you some books to read to entertain you. Before you eat, I want you to take a bath and clean the filth off of you. I expect you to remain clean. Servants will come in daily and clean the room. Don’t make their lives harder by being messy. ”

“Yes, Sir,” I say.

“When someone enters the room, you are to kneel and stay where you are. If you try to run, you’ll be placed in the dungeon below the castle,” he adds.

“Yes, Sir,” I say. “Are... Are you the king?”

“No,” he says. “Drakarus is the king.”

“Oh...” I say. “Am I expected to... uhm... service anyone?”

“What? No. No one is allowed to touch you but the king. If anyone does, tell me immediately,” he says. “The servants are not your friends. You are a prisoner. Understood?”

“Yes, Sir,” I say.

Is this their version of prison? What a joke. This is luxury. I will be on my best behavior if it means I get to stay in a room like this and get treated so well. I actually get a real bathroom and bed here. Plus, they are going to feed me. No way I am screwing this up. I don’t even care if I end up having to service someone the way I was forced to with my dad and Aldric. I will definitely suck a dick for consistent meals.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” he frowns.

“I am just thankful is all,” I say.

“I will return later. I must greet my wife,” he says.

“You have a wife?” I ask as he walks away.

“Yes. Why?” he asks as he turns when he gets to the door.



“Just curious,” I say. “I realize my questions are annoying. I apologize. I just don’t get to talk to many people. I’m sure it’s sketchy... considering.”

“Considering what?” he growls.

“Petra said that the witches broke the treaty with that spell they did. I assume that’s why you took me. Plus, everyone looks sad.

“What do you know about the spell?” he asks, walking back to me.

“Nothing,” I say .

“Liar!” he shouts as grabs me by the shoulders. “Tell me what you know, witch.”

“I don’t know anything,” I plead. “I wasn’t there when they did it.”

“I don’t believe you. Tell me,” he yells as he shakes me.

“Ow! You’re hurting me,” I complain.

“Eyrx,” a woman scolds from the door. “You’re going to break her neck. Stop shaking her like that.”

“She’s a witch, Julianna. She did this to...”

“Stop,” she says softer. “What is your name, witch?”

“Lysa,” I say as I sniff back tears and step away from Eyrx.

“Everyone is a bit on edge. You’ll have to excuse his anger,” she says.

“Are you his wife?” I ask.

“I am,” she says. “I am also the king’s sister.”

“It’s... am I supposed to bow? I am so sorry. I don’t know what I’m doing,” I say as I tear up again.

“It’s alright,” she says. “My name is Julianna. Just call me Juli.”

“Uh... Okay,” I say.

“What do you know about the spell?” she asks .

“Nothing. I swear. I wasn’t there,” I say. “I was preparing a meal for their celebration. I just know that my parents came and got my brother and said they were starting the spell. I figured they were up to something because they never gather like that for a spell. Petra told me when I was moved rooms that they broke the treaty.”

“Okay. How about this... Let’s get you settled, and we can talk more later,” she says.

“Thank you, Your Highness,” I say, bowing my head to her.

“What the fu...”

“She isn’t going to tell you shit if you treat her like garbage,” Julianna scolds him.

“Be nice or I will take over.”

“Fine,” he huffs. “She called me Ham Hock, Juli.”

“I’m going to cut your ham hock off if I catch you shaking her like that again,” she warns. “Lysa, Eyrx will be up shortly with food. Go take a bath.”

“Yes, ma’am,” I say. When they leave the room, I turn and walk to the bathroom. I don’t want to piss her off. She’s nice to me. Eyrx seems to be under a lot of stress, so I need to be careful of how I push him.

The bathroom is large and clean. This place is so much nicer than where I’m from. I turn the water on, find a bottle of what looks like soap, and pour it in. I strip off all my clothes and get into the hot water. The soap smells amazing and it soothes me. I start by washing my body and hair before eventually laying back and trying to relax for a second. I wasn’t permitted to relax, but how could I not?

I gasp and start to get out when I open my eyes and see Eyrx at the door. “I-I’m sorry. I was just...”

“No, relax,” he says, shaking his head.

“This bath is just so nice,” I say. “I know I wasn’t permitted to relax but...”

“Stop,” he says. “Turn. Let me see your back.”

“Uh... Okay,” I say. I turn in the bath to face away but he is silent for a while. “Juli, come in here.”

“What?” she asks.

“Look at her back,” he says.

“Lysa, can you step out, please,” Julianna says as she walks over to me.

“Y-Yeah,” I say.

Fuck. I’m going to get beaten. I knew I shouldn’t have relaxed. I should have just

done what I was told to do. Maybe they won't hit me as hard as my mom? I drop my head and get out. When Julianna touches my back, I flinch. "Who did this to you?" she asks. I don't answer because I don't know if I should tell the truth or not. "Lysa, who did this?"

Julianna turns me to face her and lifts my face. "My family," I say quietly.

"Which one?" she asks. "Eyrx mentioned that your father killed Unika?"

"They all did it," I say. "Mom, Dad, and Aldric."

"Dear Gods," she sighs. "How did Unika die, Lysa?"

"Uhm... Dad wanted to take me for the first time and Unika protected me. He beat her until she went limp and my mom made me leave the room," I answer quietly.

"What? He was going to rape you? How old were you?" Eyrx asks.

"Six," I say. "He did it anyway the next day. Unika just wasn't there to protect me that time."

"What?!" Eyrx roars. Julianna gently touches his arm, and he huffs as he runs his hands down his face.

"Was it just the once?" Juliana asks.

"No," I say. "He did it a lot. Aldric started helping him when he was sixteen. The last time was a few days ago before I fell asleep."

"You slept for days?" she asks .

“Yeah... Uhm... It’s complicated,” I admit.

“Tell me,” she urges.

“After the celebration, Dad and Aldric were drunk. I knew they would come to torture me. They took turns on me, but my mom came in at some point. When my dad was taking me, Aldric fucked her while she held me down. Aldric ended up... uhm... helping Dad by taking my throat instead of finishing with my mom. After I was throwing up, she started beating me with something. A metal rod, I think. Petra snuck in to help me clean up. When she helped me lay on my cot, she gave me a little bit of a potion to sleep. I woke up to my mom having me move rooms. Petra came to help me clean up again and change clothes. Then, I woke up to Eyrx coming into the room,” I explain.

“That’s why you asked if you had to service anyone,” Eyrx says with a sigh. “This doesn’t change anything, Juli. We...”

“It doesn’t, but he is stable. She needs to rest before we ask that of her. She needs her energy,” Julianna says.

“Fine,” Eyrx frowns.

“Lysa, there is food out here for you. Eat and relax. We will give you a week to relax, but then we will get to why we brought you here, okay?” Julianna asks.

“Are you going to kill me?” I ask her.

“Not if we don’t have to,” she says, and I nod.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 2:23 pm*

Lysa

One Week Later

If this is a prison, where in the fuck have I been my entire life? This place is incredible. Everyone is nice, even when they're trying to be hateful. They respect me more than anyone in my family does. I am fed three times a day. The food is warm and filling. It doesn't even have mold.

Every morning, I wake up and clean before breakfast is brought in. After I eat, I clean the room, sit on the balcony, and read. I eat outside as well because it's always warm. I go back in and kneel while they clean, but they never have anything to clean. Julianna comes in to bring me my dinner and asks random questions about my childhood and my life in general. When she leaves, I eat my dinner, take a bath, and read until I fall asleep.

Today has been no different. I have been here a week now and I have a lot more strength than I did before. I think I have even gained a little bit of weight. You can't see my bones as easily now. I am sitting on the balcony reading but abruptly jump up and kneel when I hear the balcony door come open.

"I'm sorry," I say as I bow my head when I see Eyrx. This is the first time he's been here since the first day.

"Get up," he says. "Why aren't you letting the servants do their jobs?"

"What?" I ask. "I..."

“Their job is to clean, but you keep cleaning. Why?” he asks.

“Force of habit, I suppose. I am just incredibly thankful to be here,” I say.

“This is not a vacation, witch,” he frowns.

A laugh slips out of me, and he grows as he steps closer. “I’m sorry... I just... this is kind of like a vacation. This is the best I have been treated in my entire life. If this is a prison, home is like hell.”

“You expect me to buy that? You are the daughter of a king. You expect me to believe your fucking sob story that your daddy raped you?!” he says as she shoves me against the railing and pushes me back, so I am laying across it, almost dangling. “I could kill you right now, witch. Wanna see if you can fly?”

“Sure,” I say simply. “Can I jump and find out, or is this like a baby bird situation where you push me out of the nest? ”

“Gods, you are so fucking annoying,” he grumbles and drops me to the ground. I stand and fix my dress before looking back at him.

“What do you want from me?” I ask.

“Tell me why the spell was done?” he asks.

“I don’t know,” I say.

“Liar. You are just abusing our kindness, tell me,” he growls.

“I’m telling you the truth,” I say. “Maybe it was to try and get more Ignisium. I don’t know.”

“Why do they need that?” he asks.

“Because our land is wiped clean of it,” I say. “Electricity is scarce. Farming is suffering. I guess things are falling apart. I only ever hear bits and pieces, but they’ve been struggling for months with a low supply.”

“So, you attacked our king?!” he yells.

“I didn’t do shit,” I snap. “I don’t know what they even did. I don’t know why I’m here.”

“Fine. You want to see what your people did?” he asks before grabbing my arm and dragging me back into the room and out of the door.

“You’re hurting me!” I yell at him.

“Get over it,” he says as he drags me into a room across from mine. When we get in, I see Julianna sitting next to a large man asleep on the bed.

“What are you doing? Let go of her,” Julianna shouts at him.

“No. I’m done watching you baby her. Move,” he shouts back.

I ignore the bickering and move closer to the man. He is a little taller than Eyrx and his muscles are more pronounced. He has brown hair and a full beard. He is stunning. He’s not just hot. No, I mean, he is the most beautiful being that I have ever seen. I feel drawn to him, so I go to his side.

“What’s wrong with him?” I ask softly. I gently touch his arm and a jolt of energy surges through me, rewiring everything in its path.



“He’s in a coma,” Julianna says. “He’s been like this since the spell.”

“This is what your people did to us,” Eyrx booms.

“I am... so sorry,” I say softly. I still have my hand on his arm and looks like he’s sleeping.

“You’re going to fix him,” Eyrx says. “You are going to break the curse and bring him back to us.”

I sigh and turn to face them, and he looks angry. Julianna is focused on me, and I cannot discern what she is feeling. “Guys... I don’t have powers,” I say. “I don’t know....”

“Bullshit!” Eyrx shouts. Julianna doesn’t move. It’s like she’s frozen.

“I never developed powers. That’s why my family is so mean to me. I’m a useless witch. What part of that do you not understand?” I ask. “If I could break the curse, I absolutely would. You didn’t deserve this.”

“Try!” he roars. “You’re a lying witch abusing our kindness.”

“No, I am not,” I yell at him. “I am useless to you. Also, you cannot break a curse like that. They had nearly one hundred witches casting the same spell at the same time. That is a massive amount of energy and no one person can reverse that. Did you seriously fucking think that one underdeveloped witch could fix him? Are you stupid?”

Eyrx suddenly charges at me, but I’m cornered. “Fine. Let’s find out right now if you’re lying,” he says as he pulls my arms behind my back and binds them with something. I start crying when I hear him pull his belt free, only he doesn’t hit me

with it. No, it's far worse than that. Eyrx wraps the belt around my throat and fastens it tightly before shoving me to the ground.

"Save yourself or die," he screams.

If I had powers, I could get myself out of this situation. I know the spells, but they just don't work for me. I can't breathe. I can't move my arms. I'm going to die like this because magic is of no use to me. I thrash on the floor and try to pull my arms free, but I can't .

"She can't breathe, Eyrx. Stop it," Julianna scolds.

"Good. That's the point," Eyrx shouts. I understand his anger. The King must be his best friend. They're not brothers, but they might have been raised that way. This is the kind of unconditional love that I wish I had with my family. Only I don't. I'm just a useless witch who is going to die of strangulation because I can't save myself.

"Eyrx. Stop it before she dies," Julianna screams. "Stop it right now."

"Her powers will save her. She's faking it," Eyrx says with a sad voice.

Oh, this poor man. He is desperate to help the king. This level of violence is not in his character. He sounds like he's in pain watching me thrash on the ground and slowly get weaker. Eventually, my muscles stop responding and I am reduced to nothing but twitches as my brain is starved of oxygen.

"That's enough. She's telling the truth," Julianna says through tears. I suddenly feel her hands on my neck as she pulls the belt free. I gasp for air and start coughing and gagging as I try to move myself away from Eyrx. He doesn't let me get far though. He grabs my arm and hauls me up.

“Fine. If you cannot reverse the spell, you will bear his child instead,” he says. He still maintains a hostile tone, but he looks broken. Julianna looks broken too. “Servants will ready you for the ceremony.”

“Wha...” I start to say.

“We will breed you. When you have his baby in your belly and eventually give birth, you will have paid your debt to us. You will be free to go or to stay with a child. If you stay with a child, we will continue to breed you to bear his heirs,” he says firmly. “Go with the servants. Now.”

One of the servants gently takes my hand and pulls me from the room. I’m guided back to mine and several of them join us. I am in a daze as they undress me and start washing my body. They are meticulous and seem to have a process for this.

I don’t know how to tell them that I’m sterile. I cannot bear the king’s child or any child for that matter. I will do as I am told and just pray to the gods that a miracle happens, and I can give this kingdom an heir to the throne.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 2:23 pm*

Drakarus

I am fighting with everything I have to try and save this poor witch from Eyrx's anger. It's not like him to be so cruel. I understand his anger, but it's not helping anything. It is only clouding his judgment. Thank the Gods that Juliana was here, otherwise he might have let her die. I think that would've crushed him.

When the witch touched my arm, I felt an energy between us that is admittedly addictive. Maybe it is because I am touched deprived, and everyone thinks that I am asleep. All I know is that something inside of me tells me that she can break this curse. Maybe I'm just being hopeful.

Eyrx declares that she will bear my children, and I am relieved that he is not killing her. The moment I get a chance, I'm going to kick his ass for hurting her, though. I think what I am most surprised by is that Juliana is so protective of her. She is the one I expected to be cruel. I have listened to them fight for the last week about the witch and Juliana is consistently protective and willing to go against her mate to save the girl from harm.

Servants pull the blanket off of me and begin the ritual of cleansing my body. This process is not exactly necessary, but it is almost like an offering to the Gods. Dragons that have trouble conceiving will go through this ritual before any attempts at breeding and hope that it will take and that she will get pregnant.

I am moved to a separate bed before being transferred out of the room. I suspect they are taking me to the ceremonial room so that anybody is welcome to watch. If you think about it, this weird set up for the people of Vulkara to watch a witch fuck the

King while he's unconscious. This is one of the many protocols in place to help me produce an heir. Knotting is the issue though. I am positive I can reach the point of climax, but if I have no control over my body, how am I supposed to breed her? We have not had to go through this process before, but I'm sure the healer has a way.

They put me on a bed fit for one person and leave me exposed. I would be a liar if I said that I wasn't excited for the little witch to ride my cock. If I was the one leading, I could easily destroy her, but she will not put herself in harm's way for the sake of a dick. Maybe it's best that she does lead.

I hear the room filled with people, but no one speaks. Everyone is silent as they take their seats and wait for the ceremony to begin .

The moment she enters the room, I can tell. I can feel her presence as she grows closer to me. I imagine what it will be like with her, bouncing on my cock, desperate to be bred. I can tell she is a good girl and will do what she is told, but from what I have heard them saying over the last week, she is a brat. She will take her pleasure in spite of them. I can feel my cock hardening at the thought of her tight little pussy wrapped around me.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 2:23 pm*

Lysa

I am led out of my room and down the hallway. I am nervous as I am brought to the king. I'm slightly confused about what we are doing until we walk into a massive room filled with dragon shifters. This is a public ceremony where they will all watch me make the king come. Why is that exciting?

The fact that I get to lead the way means that I can try to enjoy myself. When I see the king, my eyes go wide at the sight of his cock. He is massive and I am not sure how I'm going to do this without being in pain. Even then, all I want to do is climb up on that bed and fill myself with him. Being aroused by another person is odd but helpful.

"Begin when you are ready," Eyrx says.

"Uhm... I uh... I don't know what I'm doing," I admit.

"What? Is this another excuse? I will put you on his dick myself," he threatens .

"That's not what I meant," I say softly. "I... I'm honored to do this for the king and all of his people. I will do what needs to be done, but I am confused."

"Do you understand the process, Lysa?" Julianna asks.

"Uhm... Yeah," I say.

"Just mimic those motions. You'll know when he reaches a climax," she says. "You

will continue until his body naturally breeds you.”

“What?” I ask.

“Dragons knot to breed. Essentially, a dragon can fuck all day long, but if he doesn’t knot, a baby will not be produced,” Eyrx says.

“I have... no idea what that means. The only thing I was ever taught about dragon shifters was that you feasted on witches, and you breathe fire,” I say.

“The king would certainly feast on you,” Keril chuckles.

“I guess it’s a good thing he’s asleep then,” I mutter.

“Just get on top of him and go slow,” Julianna says. “Take as much time as you need to adjust, but once you are on him, you won’t be able to get off of him until he knots and finds a release.”

“Okay,” I say. “Is this going to hurt me? He’s... I am tiny compared to that thing. ”

“Your body will adapt,” Eyrx says. “Go on now. No more questions.”

I nod and servants take off my black and red robe so that I am naked. I turn to the king and look him over for a moment. The others back away, but Julianna leaves altogether. I feel like I should have an issue with how many people are looking at me right now, but I just want to please the king. I place one hand on his chest while I put my knee beside him. This allows me to easily and gently climb on top of him.

I line him up with me and the moment my hand touches his dick, his eyes snap open. I get pulled into a trance and I cannot look away from him. Does no one else see this? I think I should say something, but instead, I slowly lower myself on his massive

cock. I groan from deep in my chest as he stretches me wide to accommodate his size. My body is buzzing with energy, and instinct takes over as I start to bounce on him.

Our eyes are still locked as my soft moans echo through the room. This feels incredible. I was worried that the friction would make it unbearable, but my pussy is dripping for the king. Arousal is comforting, but new. I've explored myself and I know what an orgasm feels like when it's not forced by a monster. This King is no monster, despite his monstrously sized cock.

I move my hands up to his shoulder so I can lean my body into him more. This allows me to take him deeper and faster. I'm forcing moans out of myself that are loud and unhinged. A feverish desire sweeps over me, and I want to come so badly. I want the king to come with me. I tighten my pussy around his cock and move faster. I can hear rumbles in his chest, but no one else seems to notice.

I know they said that he was in a coma, but I'm starting to think he is very much awake. I eventually lay my body across his chest and bury my face as I continue to move my hips. "Fuck, it feels so good," I whisper into his chest.

I am losing energy, and I'm exhausted, but I don't stop. Everything suddenly explodes when I feel him start to swell inside of me. The pressure is immense, and I am quickly limited to shallow strokes when I can't draw him out of me. As my orgasm takes over, a wave of stupidity comes with it. It happens so fast, but it feels natural.

I sink my teeth into his chest and growl deeply as he explodes inside of me. I can feel every twitch of his cock as he fills me with come. Everything is ruined in an instant when I finally let up on my bite and I am promptly yanked off of him.

"What have you done?!" Eyrx roars. "Take her to the dungeon."



I'm grabbed and quickly dragged out of the room and through the castle. I realize I am sobbing when we start to descend the stairs into darkness. There are empty cells lining the walls and I'm shoved into the last one in the back corner. A chain is wrapped around the door to secure it before I am left here alone.

This is the prison I know. There is a small cot in the corner, so I go to it and curl myself up with my back to the door. I still have the king dripping out of me and for whatever reason, that is a comforting feeling.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 2:23 pm*

Drakarus

Mate. She's my mate. Why did he take her away from me? I gasp and sit up and anger suddenly floods me. "Drake," Eyrx says with wide eyes. I abruptly grab him by the front of his shirt and throw him across the room and into a wall.

"Drake!" Julianna shouts at me. She grabs my wrist, but I pull away from her and shove Eyrx back to the floor when he goes to get up.

"You nearly killed her," I scream at him. "She told you the truth, and you tried to fucking kill her. What is wrong with you?"

"Drakarus... I... you heard that?" he asks.

"Yes, I heard that, asshole. I heard everything. You two fought all fucking week and Julianna was the one being compassionate for a change," I scold him as he stands. I push him back into a wall to get in his face. I'm slightly about confused how we are in my room when we were just in the ceremonial hall. "Where is she? Where did you take her? "

"To the dungeon. She marked you Drake," he frowns.

"She's my mate, you idiot!" I scream at him.

"Fuck, that's why I've been protective of her," Julianna says with a sigh. "I am instinctively drawn to protect the queen."

“How long? How long has she been in the dungeon?” I demand.

“A few hours. You were moved back here,” Eyrx says.

“If anyone has harmed my mate, I will have your fucking head for it,” I growl at him.

“Drake, I’m so sorry,” he says carefully.

I resist the urge to put his head through the wall and turn around to leave the room.

“Drake,” Julianna says, stepping in front of me.

“Move,” I say through gritted teeth.

“Don’t hurt your mate, Drake. Don’t put all your anger into her,” she says.

“She is my mate. I can do as I please,” I say as I push past her and storm off to the dungeon.

I find her curled up in a cell, but I take a second to look at her in the dark before ripping the door open. The chains clatter to the floor and she doesn’t even flinch. She has long brown hair and a small-framed body. She is much smaller than I am, but it won’t stop me from taking what’s mine.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 2:23 pm*

Lysa

I am curled up in the cot and I haven't stopped crying. I didn't mean to do that to the king. I deserve to be down here for hurting him. I just miss my little bear. I didn't realize until now how much comfort it brings me. I hear someone down here with me, but I don't move. Even when the door is torn off and thrown, I don't move.

"Get up," a man growls. It's not a voice I recognize but it instantly sparks something in my brain. I immediately get up but bow my head when I see it's the King. He still has my fresh bite in his chest and I feel horrible. I don't know what came over me to do that.

"I'm sorry, Your Highness. I'm so sorry," I say tearfully.

"A witch with no powers," he says as he roughly lifts my chin to look at me.

"Yes Sir," I say quietly. "I deserve to die for what I did. I'm so sorry. I don't know why... I'm sorry."

He cocks his head to the side in confusion as he looks at me. "We are mates," he says simply. "You marked me."

"I... what?" I ask.

"You know what mates are, yes?" he asks.

"Uh... no," I say.

“We are bound for life; instinctively drawn to one another, no matter what,” he says as he wraps his large hand around my throat and pulls me against his chest. “You’re mine, but you’re a witch.”

“I know. I’m useless,” I say. “I don’t want to die but... you deserve a mate of your own kind.”

“Are you too good for me?” he asks, tightening his grip.

“No. No. No. You deserve better. I want you to be happy. I am useless. I offer you nothing,” I say. It sounds like I am pleading for him to kill me at this point. Anything would be better than the shame I feel.

“You’re mine,” he growls and pushes me back against the wall. He leans in and smells my neck before dragging his teeth across my skin. I am trembling under his hand. I would let this man rip my throat out with his teeth just to be able to feel his touch. “Run, mate. Run so I can take you.”

“Run? Where?” I ask when he steps back. “What do I need to run for...”

“Run,” he growls as he points to the door opposite of the staircase. He starts to shift in front of me and I immediately bolt past him and go to the door. I throw it open and sprint down a long corridor. I can hear him following me. When I get to the end of the hallway, I pull the door open and glance behind me to see him mid-transition.

“Oh fuck,” I gasp. Black and dark red scales cover his body, and he is much larger than before. Claws are starting to grow out of his fingertips but it’s his dick that gets my attention. There are two of them and they are covered in scales. I think death by dragon dick is a wonderful way to go.

I sprint out of the door and into the woods. I know he could easily catch me, but I

suspect he's letting me get away from the castle some before he pounces. I am running lazily because I want to be caught. I want him to ruin me, and I already know I will love every second of it.

When the darkness takes over the moonlight, he leaps and tackles me to the ground. He ensures to protect my head as I fall but rolls me to my back. "My mate," he growls as he pushes my thighs apart.

"Please don't hurt me," I pant.

"I won't hurt you," he says his voice is deep and gritty like this. I love it. "I'm going to eat what's mine though. "

"Wait. Hold on. What are you..." I start to panic because I think that he's about to chew my head off, but he lowers his body and plunges his tongue into my pussy. "Oh Gods... Oh... that's good."

I watch as he transitions more and goes larger, but with it, his tongue grows inside of me. When he pulls back for a moment, I see that it is forked, and each side can move independently from the other. He smirks at me before his tongues push back into my pussy but start to move inside of me. I moan loudly and lift my hips to get more of this feeling.

"Oh Gods. Oh... Yes. Please. Yes..." I moan and rock my hips. My thighs are trembling and when my orgasm finally breaks, warm liquid floods out of me. The king growls against my pussy and he drinks from me.

He moves his body up and I squeeze my eyes closed. I want this so badly, but I'm so afraid. "Look at me, Mate," he says in a surprisingly soft voice.

I open my eyes, and he is no longer shifted. He is still a massive man, but I'm not

afraid of this version of him. Not when I'm looking into his eyes. "Please don't hurt me," I whisper.

"I'll try," he says before slamming his cock deep inside of me. My scream is nearly silent as I arch off the ground and he starts to fuck me hard and impossibly fast. A flood of orgasms hit me, and I loop my arms around his neck to pull him to my chest. He buries his face in my neck as he violently pounds into me. The feeling is unlike anything I have ever experienced, and I never want it to end.

He never slows or falters as he drives in as deep as my body will allow. My moans are feral and broken as he easily brings tears to my eyes. Nothing about this hurts, but it feels so damn good that it overwhelms my emotions.

"My mate," he growls against my neck before sinking his teeth into my flesh. A scream racks from my throat as a blinding orgasm punches through me. He's moving through his own intense orgasm as he starts to suck and drink from my body.

When he finally pulls away, I am weak. His eyes go wide when he looks at me, but I don't get a chance to say anything before a surge of energy stabs through me and I drift away.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 2:23 pm*

Drakarus

“Fuck,” I say as I scoop her into my arms. I don’t want to be mated to a witch, but I didn’t want to kill her either. I need to get her to the healer.

I carry her back to the castle and take her to my bedroom. Before I get there, I see Julianna. “Get the healer. Now,” I command.

“Oh no,” she says. “I’ll get him.”

I take her into the bedroom and lay her down before covering her exposed body. I don’t want anyone seeing my mate so vulnerable. No matter how much I want to walk away from this witch, I can’t. I can’t pull myself away from her.

“What did you do?” Eyrx asks. “You’ve been gone forever.”

“I marked her,” I say. “She went unconscious after.”

“Did you take too much of her blood?” he asks .

“No. I don’t think I did. It’s not like I’ve done this before,” I say, still looking over my mate.

“Let me see her, Drake,” Salvor says carefully. I realize I am guarding her unconscious body, but I still turn and snarl at him. “You are my king and I respect you, but I will still sedate you. Let me help your mate, Drake.”



“Come on,” Julianna says as he takes my hands and urges me to stand. When Sal sits beside her and lays his hand on her chest, I lunge at him.

“Hey. Hey. Hey,” Eyrx says as he steps between us. “Let him look at her, Drake. I understand your emotions are on edge, but she is safe. Okay?”

“A witch?” I ask. “Why did I have to mate to a fucking witch?”

“I don’t know,” he says.

“I have to break the bond. I will not have a witch at my side,” I declare.

“You can’t break the bond,” Julianna says.

“I’ll make her watch me take another woman to bed. That will sever the bond,” I say.

“You are a king, Drakarus. All you will do is hurt her emotionally, but it won’t sever the bond. We have adapted as a species to allow forgiveness,” she reasons.

“I could kill her for you,” Eyrx says. I grab him by the shirt and slam him against the wall again as I get in his face.

“You will not harm my mate,” I growl.

“You see this, right? You honestly believe that you can walk away from her when your bond is this strong? You went against me and your sister for this woman. Learn to love her because your bond is not going to be broken unless she is dead,” Eyrx says simply.

“Fuck,” I complain as I step away from him.

“As the wife of your second in command, I am her second in command. She is your queen now, so treat her like a queen,” Julianna says. “If I find out that you so much as speak to her wrong, I will make you regret ever raising me.”

“I don’t like this version of you,” I frown.

“Okay,” Salvor says. I snap in his direction, and he doesn’t look sad.

“What’s wrong with her? Is she cursed?” I ask.

“No,” he says. “A few things... One, she is unconscious because her powers suddenly developed and weakened her. She will wake up in a few hours.”

“That’s good, right?” Julianna asks. “Why did it take so long to get her powers? Why now? Witches get their powers between ten years old and sixteen years old. ”

“The next part is a bit more confusing,” Salvor says. “She is a hybrid. She never developed powers because hybrids always manifest as a witch, but they need a dragon mate in order to come into the powers. She was always destined to be made into a dragon. Once she was marked, her power’s developed.”

“So... her dad is a dragon?” I ask.

“No. Seems like her mom fucked one though,” he says bluntly.

“I don’t see Isolde going to bed with a dragon shifter,” Julianna says. “There have been a few dragons that got a bit too close to the border and ended up in prison there. Maybe her mother found her way to one of them.”

“So... her mom is mated to a dragon that she kept in prison there, but then somehow was able to sever the bond and remain with Rystar?” I ask.

“No, I'm saying the King Rystar and Queen Isolde are not her biological parents,” he says. “I can say with a great deal of certainty that they are not dragon shifters, nor are they hybrids.”

“We can discuss them more when she wakes,” I say. “How long?”

“A few hours,” he says. “Get some rest, Drake. She will wake soon.”

“Alright,” I say. “Leave me with my mate. ”

Eyrx pats my shoulder before they all leave. I move to lie on the bed beside Lysa. She looks so peaceful when she sleeps. I gently stroke her hair, and she sighs softly as she relaxes more.

“What am I going to do with you, little flame?” I ask quietly.

Lysa

My eyes flutter open, and I smile when I see Drakarus lying beside me. He is sleeping soundly with his arm draped over my body and his face nuzzled against my shoulder. I heard them call him Drake, so that must be what he prefers.

I gently roll to my side to face him, and he shifts in his sleep to snuggle closer to me. He must be exhausted. I gently stroke his hair to help soothe him and he does relax a bit more for a moment, but then his eyes snap open and he growls.

I throw myself off the bed and back myself into the corner when he jumps up. I draw my legs up and hug them to my chest so I can rest my forehead on my knees. I didn't expect him to growl at me for touching him. "Stand," he says firmly. I get up and keep my head down, but he grabs my chin and makes me look at him. "Why were you touching me? "

"B-Because I wanted to comfort you like you did me last night," I say quietly. He sighs and drops his hand. "I'm sorry."

"I can't be mated to a witch," he says. "I am the dragon king, and you are not fit to be a..."

"I know," I interrupt. "I will go back home. My parents will surely get rid of me after knowing someone else has touched me."

"You would leave your mate?" he growls.

“You don’t want me. Why would I stay and watch you bed another woman?” I ask harshly. “Maybe Eyrx should kill me. I bet he would be fucking thrilled to.”

The realization sweeps over his face that I did hear what he had said last night. I was mostly unconscious, but I still heard the commotion.

“Lysa, I...”

“Forget it. I’ll leave. They’ll be happy to torture me to death anyhow,” I say, rolling my eyes. I go to step past him, but he grabs me by the hair and pulls me toward him.

“Don’t you ever walk away from me when I am speaking to you,” he growls.

“Fuck you, scar boy,” I scoff. He has a scar going through his left eye among others on his body, but that one is my favorite. He is strong and handsome. He’s downright addictive, and I fucking hate that I’m so attracted to him. He doesn’t want me here. He wants to fuck another woman to get rid of me.

I squeal when he shoves me onto the bed, but I’m quickly muffled when he puts his hand on the back of my head and pushes me face down into the mattress. He pulls my lower half up to rest on my knees. “You’re my mate,” he snarls as he slams his cock deep inside of me. My entire body gives to his and I moan into the mattress.

Clearly, his intention is to scare or hurt me, so he gets pissed when it brings me nothing but pleasure. Drake lowers his hands to my hips and starts to fuck me hard and fast, doing his best to reach as deep into my body as he can.

“Oh Gods,” I moan and push my hips back.

“I will fucking break you,” he growls in my ear. I have my arms extended out in front of me, so I can rest on my elbows, but my back is arched deeply into the bed. This

allows him to place his hands beside my arms as he drives into me. We fit together perfectly and no matter how hard he fucks me, I keep pushing my hips back to meet his force.

“Oh, Drake,” I moan.

“Fuck,” he snaps out of anger before flipping me to my back. He grabs the backs of my knees and pushes them to my chest before surging back into me. He is grunting and growling as he fucks me with every bit of anger he has harbored inside of him. Every violent stroke is pushing out all the pain and suffering I have endured at the hands of my family. My own groans and growls harmonize with his perfectly and I feel like I’m floating on a cloud. Although, the cloud I am floating in is violently fucking me through an endless string of orgasms. What I now know is my arousal floods out of me and it seems to power him more. No matter how aggressive he is being, he is feeding off of my pleasure.

Drake lets my legs fall, and I immediately loop my arms around his neck and pull him to my chest. “I’m going to put my baby in your belly,” he growls. “You’re mine, Lysa. Don’t you ever fucking suggest leaving me again.” He kisses me hard, and I move my hands to his face. When he starts to come, I whimper when he starts to swell inside of me eventually and break our kiss to arch dramatically off the bed. The feeling is incredible, and it is systematically shutting down my brain.

“Drake,” I gasp and dig my nails into his biceps.

“My pretty little flame,” he says softly, kissing my throat. “Fuck, we fit together so well.”

“W-What is T-That?” I groan and writhe under him.

“My knot, little flame. I told you; I’m going to breed you every chance I get until my

baby is in your belly,” he says.

“Oh... My Gods why is it so big,” I moan. Every movement it makes sends jolts of pleasure through my body and I am shaking under him .

“To keep you from running,” he whispers in my ear. “You’re mine to fuck, to breed, and to break, Little Flame. This tight little cunt is mine.”

“Oh Gods!” I yell when he draws out some and sharp pains pulsate through my pussy. “What the fuck are you doing to me!”

“The barbs. The knot. It’s all to make sure you stay on my cock. Don’t forget that, Lysa,” he tells me.

“Again! Do that again. Please, Gods,” I beg. He slowly draws out and an animalistic moan pours out of me. “Fuck, that hurts.”

“Oh, innocent Lysa,” he chuckles darkly. “My sweet little queen likes pain.”

“Please fuck me again, Drake,” I say seriously as I take his face between my hands.

“This is going to hurt, Lysa,” he warns with a smile.

“Then make it hurt, just fuck me,” I say. He moves his hips again and I groan through gritted teeth.

“I’m going to make you regret this, Little Flame,” he says with a promise in his tone.

Drake suddenly pulls out and slams back into me, forcing a scream to rack from my throat. When he starts to pound me into the bed, the knot has gone down but the barbs dig into my pussy with every stroke. I’m violently shaking as I cling to him and every

thrust brings out another feral scream. He is trying to break me but all it does is make me come so hard that it numbs my brain and blurs my eyes with tears. I plead for him to give me more pour out of me and he obliges me. Despite his violent actions, his words are the exact opposite.

“Gods, you’re so beautiful when you come for me,” he mutters. “You’re doing so well, Lysa. Keep coming, baby... Fuck, good girl... My pretty little queen... Shit, I’m gonna come. You just feel so fucking good, Lysa...”

I fall into a loop of screaming his name as one last orgasm rips through me. He moans as we fall together but this time he doesn’t knot inside of me. When he finally pulls out, he brings himself down to lay his head on my chest. We are both breathing heavily as I wrap him in a hug and kiss the top of his head. He sighs softly before leaning up to look at me.

“Your heart is racing,” he chuckles.

“Well, you just tried to kill me with your dick,” I say. “You all suck at being scary, by the way. All you did was make me come harder.”

“Oh?” he asks.

“Mhmm,” I say. “I’ll say, getting fucked to death by the Dragon King is far preferable over the witch king.”

“Excuse me,” he asks, abruptly sitting up .

“I could have sworn you were killing her,” Eyrx says from the doorway.

“Hey! It’s Ham Hock,” I say happily as I sit up.



“You’re a little shit, Lysa,” he frowns at me.

“Bite me, dragon boy. You can’t do shit to me now,” I say.

“What did you mean about Rystar?” Drake asks me.

“Oh. I figured you would know since you were awake technically,” I say.

“No. We never talked about it around him,” Julianna says. “You are about to find out why.”

“What did he do?” Drake asks me softly.

“Dad and Aldric made me have sex with them for most of my life,” I say.

“That’s called rape,” Eyrx says. “That’s not sex.”

“Okay, well I was repeatedly raped by my father and brother,” I correct.

“Lysa, Rystar, and Isolde aren’t your biological parents,” Drake says.

“Oh,” I say. “I guess it makes even less sense now on why they kept me around. ”

“Do you have any idea who your biological mother could be?” Julianna asks.

“Uh... Unika,” I say. “Can a thirteen-year-old have a baby?”

“Yes,” Drake growls.

“Lysa, you are a hybrid,” Julianna says. “Your biological father is a dragon shifter. The reason why you did not have powers is that you had to be mated to a dragon in

order to get the powers. You passed out because your powers rapidly developed.”

“Well... damn,” I say. “If they knew I was a hybrid, maybe that’s why they treated me like shit.”

“Makes sense,” she says.

“What’s wrong with your eyes?” I ask Drake when I see that his eyes are red.

“He’s angry,” Julianna says.

“Do you want us to dump all of the information on you,” Eyrx asks.

“Yes,” Drake snaps.

“She was regularly beaten by her family, including her mother, sometimes with a metal rod. Her brother had an incest relationship with the queen. She was severely malnourished when she got here. Lysa has gained a little weight in the last week and looks far less sickly than she did though. She was raped for the first time the day after her father killed Unika at six,” Eyrx says.

“I am going to burn that damn country to the ground,” Drake snarls.

“Who is my dad then?” I ask.

“I’m not sure,” Julianna says. “I’ve looked at our records, and around the time that you would have been conceived, Thalorin only had one dragon shifter in their custody. He returned to Vulkara just under seven years later. I’m guessing it is him. I’ve never met him, but we can certainly visit him.”

“Why not bring him here?” Drake asks.

“Because after being cursed, the people need to see that you are healthy and strong again. They need to see that you have a mate. We have a few hybrids and witches, so it’s not like she won’t be accepted,” she explains.

“Okay,” Drake says. “Juli, can you help her get dressed to go out?”

“Yeah,” she says happily. “Any requests?”

“Use your imagination,” he laughs.

“Aww. I’m going to get fucked in public, aren’t I?” I ask.

“That’s a safe bet,” Julianna laughs .

“Can... I try a spell real quick?” I ask. “I have most spells memorized and realistically I should be able to do them by thought alone.”

“Let’s see it,” Drake says. I stand and face them but focus on Eyrx. Within seconds of me attempting to summon an object, it appears above his head. When it bounces off and hits the ground, Drake and Julianna laugh heartily.

“A ham hock for the ham hock,” I say sweetly. Eyrx growls at me and Drake wraps his arm around my waist and pulls me against him.

“You’re like an annoying little sister,” Eyrx complains.

“I’ve always wanted a brother that didn’t fuck me,” I remark casually.

“I’m leaving now,” Eyrx says. “Drake, your wife’s sense of humor alone makes the two of you perfect for each other.”

Drake grabs my chin and tips my head up for me to look at him. “I think she’ll make a perfect queen,” he says.

“Didn’t you just say I wasn’t fit to be queen?” I ask, raising an eyebrow at him.

“I don’t have an excuse for my rude behavior, but I will work on finding a way to communicate more efficiently with you.”

“I appreciate that. ”

“Get dressed and meet me in the foyer,” Drake says as he gently kisses me.

“Mmkay,” I say sweetly.

Julianna takes my hand and leads me to the bathroom. I take a moment to clean myself up while she gathers clothes for me. When I look at myself in the mirror, I’m confused. I don’t recognize myself for a moment. “Juli,” I say tentatively.

“Yes?”

“Why do I look different?” I ask.

“Well,” she says. “When your powers developed, it starts to heal you. You are no longer malnourished, so you’ve gained some weight. Your scars are fading.”

“This is how I was supposed to look?” I ask.

“Yes,” she says. “If you hadn’t been abused, this is what you would have looked like.”

“I’m beautiful,” I say.

“Yes, you are,” she smiles. “Let’s get you dressed.”

Julianna has chosen a black dress with dark red accents. It hugs my torso but loosely drapes down my body from my waist to my knees. My long hair is pulled up into a clip with a few tendrils that fall in loose curls down the sides of my face. My jewelry is comprised of black obsidian with small blood-red Ignisium stones to accent. I slip my feet into simple black flats to allow for comfort and we make our way to the foyer.

Drake turns around to look at me when we get close and a mix of pride and lust sweeps over me. He slowly walks closer as he looks my body over and my eyes are scanning his body just the same. He is wearing black slacks and a simple tight black shirt. I can see and feel his muscles tense when I gently lay my hand on the center of his chest.

“You look... incredible,” I say softly. Drake grabs the back of my neck and abruptly pulls me against his body as lust overtakes both of us.

“Drake, we do need to go,” Eyrx laughs. Drake grunts his disapproval but loosens his grip before pulling me along with him. We step outside and we get into a large vehicle that gives us a panoramic view. There is a bench seat that wraps around the perimeter while the controls are on a table in the center. I sit next to Drake while Julianna and Eyrx sit on the opposite side of the controls.

Ashe sets the controls for the center of Ashveld, the capital of Vulkara, and the vehicle starts to move. I have never been in a vehicle like this, and I think they know that, so I spend the ride looking out of the window and enjoying the view. Vulkara is a gorgeous country with wide open fields for farming and rolling hills that provide a gorgeous view. If the royal family is this compassionate, I can imagine that the citizens are incredible too. In Thalorin, the people are bitter and downright hostile at times. I don’t blame them though. The royal family is awful. They’re so focused on

enhancing their powers that they don't focus on providing simple things like consistent electricity.

When we come to a stop, I realize there is a group gathering. "What... why are there so many people?" I ask.

"Everyone knows my vehicle," Drake says.

"They knew about the curse, so Drake being in public is going to draw a lot of attention. They need to see that he's okay, but also to know what's going on with Thalorin," Eyrx says.

"Do they like you?" I ask Drake. "Everyone was afraid of the royal family in Thalorin."

"They're scared of me, but I feel I have established enough trust that they know I am fair and compassionate when appropriate. I don't tolerate nonsense, and they know that. Consequences for breaking the law are severe, but the laws are based off affecting others. I don't care what they do so long as it does not negatively affect anyone else. Violent crimes, when it is not self-defense, are met with the death penalty. Any crime against a child is similar. We don't focus on putting people in jail because that's more money out of our pockets when we could just focus on solving the issue," Drake explains.

"Do you intend to take Thalorin down?" I ask .

"Yes, but it's the royal family that I am after," he says. "I'll explain in detail with everyone because transparency is essential if I am going to ask anyone to fight by my side."

"So... this is war?" I ask.

“Yes, Little Flame. This is war,” he says, gently kissing me.

We get out of the vehicle and Drake immediately pulls me to his side. Julianna is on my other side while Eyrx is beside her. We walk toward the crowd that is quickly growing, and I am one of the smallest people here. I do spot a few people who are not as big, but I am still small in comparison.

Everyone looks happy to see Drake, and that makes me happy. “Ready?” he asks me.

“Yeah,” I say sweetly.

“Good afternoon, everyone,” Drake speaks. Everyone instantly gets quiet and turns to us. “I know things have been hectic the last week. I appreciate all the well wishes. I am going to be blunt with everyone because I am going to be asking for something major... The curse that was placed on me did break the treaty with Thalorin. While I was under the curse, Eyrx led a mission to the capital city to bring the king’s assumed daughter here to help break the curse. He did learn that she never developed powers, so it moved into ensuring that I had an heir. That ceremony many of you saw, but you were left thinking that I was attacked by her. To put it simply, she is my mate. Lysa is the assumed daughter of the King and Queen of Thalorin, but we have recently learned that she is a hybrid and they’re not her biological parents. When she and I mated for the first time, her powers developed and she is now able to heal from the long-term injuries caused by her assumed parents and brother, Prince Aldric. We have narrowed down who her biological parents are, and we are confident that her biological father is alive. Her biological mother was her assumed sister who is thought to be dead since she was six... Now the second part of why I am declaring war on Thalorin is very simple... King Rystar, Queen Isolde, and Prince Aldric spent Lysa’s entire life mentally, physically, and sexually abusing her. She was raped regularly by the king and the prince while the queen watched or helped restrain her. The queen beat her on many occasions.”

“Can I project memories?” I ask Eyrx quietly.

“Absolutely. Drake?” he says.

“That would be great,” Drake smiles and looks back to the crowd. “Lysa would like to project her memories onto everyone. She is a brilliant woman and has spent her life studying spells, but she is new to being able to practice. Please be patient with her during this process.”

I step up and close my eyes to focus on the spell. It’s simple but complex in the way of it being projected to so many people. I don’t know which ones to project, so I give them everything. It takes me a few minutes to sort through my thoughts, but I can feel it as the memories multiply and spread out. I made sure to include Drake, Eyrx, and Julianna in the spell so they could see it also. Within seconds I hear sniffles and open my eyes to see people crying. The tears do not discriminate as they are huge seven foot tall men crying and smaller females.”

“This... this is why I am declaring war. The issue with the treaty could be rectified but not this. I will not stop until I get my mate justice for what she has endured,” Drake says with emotion in his voice. “Your queen deserves justice, and I hope you all will stand with us and fight. The nobles and leaders of Vulkara will be given instructions that will be passed down to you all.”

Without hesitation, everyone starts to cheer and holler in support of the war. Well wishes and promises of violence spread across the crowd as they all share the same drive for justice. I smile up at Drake and for the first time in my entire life, I feel heard. “Thank you,” I say sweetly.

“Don’t thank me too quickly,” he says with a devious grin.

“Here we go,” Eyrx chuckles.



“Now that I have that settled,” Drake says as he pulls me in front of him. “I would like to introduce every to their Queen.”

In one swift motion, Drake grabs me by the waist and pulls me closer. He keeps a tight hold on me as he pulls his cock free and I giggle in anticipation for what I know will be a brutal fucking. He grabs my hips and spins me to face him but leans down and picks me up by the back of my thighs. He positions my legs so that they drape over his arm while he has a tight hold on my waist. I grip onto his biceps and cry out in pleasure when he slams into me.

“Show our people how you come for the king, Little Flame,” he encourages as he instantly finds a pace that is borderline destructive. I let my head tip back and my moans fill the streets as he pounds into me. He is in full control of my body as he uses me as his fuck toy, and I wouldn’t have it any other way.

“Oh Gods,” I moan. “I’m gonna come.”

“Come for me, Lysa,” Drake grunts and pushes deeper. Pleasure rolls through me and I am like putty in his hands as I melt. When I start to come, he groans deeply and comes with me. I am trembling by the time he sets me on my feet and leans down to kiss me hard.

“Gods, you’re incredible,” I pant.

“As are you, my Queen,” he smiles.

“I am literally dripping now though, so I would like to clean up before we go to meet my potential father,” I say.

“I’ll clean you up,” he smirks.

We all wave to the crowd and they all clap and cheer as we go back to the vehicle. Eyrx sets the controls as Drake sits me on the very edge of the seat and leans me back. When he kneels at my feet, I grin at him. “Would you look at that? The dragon king is on his knees for me,” I remark.

“How long is the trip?” Drake asks without breaking eye contact.

“Two hours,” Eyrx says.

“Mmm. Two hours to eat my meal,” Drake says as he pushes my legs apart and pushes my dress up. “I might have to finish it on the way back, but I’ll eat what I can now.”

“You’re weird,” I laugh.

He dips his head, and I gasp when he grabs my thighs and pulls my legs up. He lays with my back flat on the seat and when I open my eyes, I see that he is half-shifted.

“Will it kill me if you fuck me completely shifted?” I ask.

“It won’t,” he grins. “Relax and let me eat this beautiful cunt.”

Drake plunges his tongue deep inside of me. Each part of it is moving and stroking the inside of my pussy. “Oh, Drake,” I moan helplessly.

He continues to eat my pussy, and I am writhing under him as he keeps me coming on an endless loop. His delighted growls and grunts against my pussy make my thighs shake and I am a mess. “Fuck, I need you on my cock again,” he growls as he moves to sit on the seat. When he starts to pull me into his lap, I pull away and go to my knees in front of him. Drake lifts my chin and softens a bit.

“I want to,” I smile .

“Lysa,” he starts to say as I pull his cock free. “Little Flame, I love the ambition but...”

“Drakarus,” I say, and he stops.

“Shut up and let me suck your cock,” I say before taking him into my mouth and sucking hard.

“Oh, fuck,” he groans and fists my hair. I start to take more of him when he pushes me down on him, forcing his cock down my throat. He is trying to let me lead but I let out the smallest of moans and he grabs my wrists and pulls them behind my head. Drake starts to use my throat to aggressively fuck himself. When he can’t reach as deep as he wants, he pulls me off him and I am moved to lay on the seat. Our height difference allows him to put one knee on the seat in order to be at my head. He grips the back of my neck with one hand and the seat with the other before pushing his cock down my throat. This time, I can take all of him.

When he starts to move, he places my hand on my throat. I can feel every inch as my body adapts to him. I was literally made to take him and this is proof. I can handle anything he does because we are mates. I keep my hand on my throat but move my other to gently cup his balls. When I squeeze hard, he abruptly quickens his pace and starts pounding into my throat. He isn’t offering me even a shred of mercy as he takes his pleasure. My whole body is buzzing, and I can feel his arousal. Every time he groans, he pulls me into a lull where I might actually come by this alone. I have a firm grip on his balls as I massage and pull at him. I don’t know why I’m doing it but clearly, he likes pain too.

“Swallow,” Drake growls. “Gods, I’m gonna come...”

I am already on the brink of my own orgasm but the first twitch of his cock I feel in my throat sends me spiraling into pure ecstasy. I moan and whimper around his cock and he notices what's happening and promptly shoves three of his large fingers inside my dripping cunt and starts to violently fuck me as we both explode. I am nearly screaming as I swallow him down. I don't stop until he makes me by pulling away.

"That was hot as fuck," Julianna says bluntly. "We are here, by the way."

"Did you just come from sucking dick?" Eyrx asks.

"Apparently, I enjoy that too," I shrug.

Drake and I take a moment to collect ourselves before we step out. Julianna fixes my hair, and we make our way down the walkway to the large obsidian home.

"Balor Firethorn is a port noble, so he runs the shipyard for fishing," Eyrx says. "We have no info on if he has anyone living with him."

"Wouldn't Unika have been his mate?" I ask .

"If he is your father, yes. When dragons are in captivity or away from their mate, they will unintentionally breed her when he sees her," Drake says. "I was paralyzed for only a short period of time and I still unintentionally knotted when Eyrx tried to breed you. Generally, that process would have taken several times for me to get there. It wouldn't have been unintentional that first time."

"Ah," I say.

We get to the porch and Eric knocks. A few seconds later, a man opens the door. "Can I hel..." Balor starts to say. He immediately stops when he sees me and tears well up.

“Well, I’ll take that a yes,” Julianna says. Balor is frozen and I’m confused.

“Dragons will always know their young, even if they’ve never met,” Julianna says. I open my mouth to say something, and he grabs me and hugs me tightly. I’m surprised Drake hasn’t said anything, but I realize that not only am I hugging him back, but I’m crying.

“I wanted to take you with us. I swear to the Gods, I wanted to save you,” he says as he pulls away and cups my face. “You look just like your mother, Lysa. I’m so glad you got away from them.”

“Us?” I ask.

“Yeah,” he says, confused. “Your mother and I... she was so close to death. I just wanted to save her, but we couldn’t get to you. I tried, but I nearly got you killed trying. ”

“Unika... Mom is... I saw her. She was dead,” I say.

“Baby, you were six,” he says.

“Backup,” Drake says. “Unika is alive?”

“She is. I... didn’t tell anyone because I thought she might get sent back. I didn’t want to risk losing both of them,” Balor says.

“Does she know Lysa is here?” he asks.

“No. We avoid the broadcasts unless it’s marked as urgent,” he says. “Unika. Come to the living room.”

“She’s alive?” I ask tearfully.

“Yes, and you two look identical,” he says. “Come in, everyone.”

When we step inside and my father shuts the door, I see her. She looks older now. Stress lines stretch across her forehead, and she holds grief all over her body. She doesn’t miss a beat when she sees me, and we practically run at each other before colliding into a hug. Sobs rip through me and my legs struggle to support me. We end up sinking down to the floor and she gently rocks up and she strokes my hair. I didn’t know what to say or do because I thought she was dead. I was told she was dead. Do they even know that she is alive?

“Lysa, I am so sorry,” she says as she pulls back and cradles my face with her hands. “I am so so sorry. I couldn’t get to you. I didn’t want to leave you there. I tried so hard to protect you, but I failed. Didn’t I? They hurt you?”

“Yeah,” I whisper. “I can show you but... it’s bad.”

“I want to see,” she says. “Wait. Do you have powers? Who did you mate to?”

“Drake,” I say. “Technically, Eyrx kidnapped me. I’ll just show you. Can I show B... dad? He is my dad, right?”

“He is,” she smiles. We get up from the floor and I sit between my parents.

“Can I... Can I call you mom and dad? I don’t like them being my parents. I think I always did see you like a mom anyway because you took care of me.”

“We would love that,” Dad says, squeezing me in another hug.

“Uh so. I’m... new at magic. I know almost everything but sorting through thoughts

to project is hard. I might unintentionally project... Sorry ahead of time," I say.

"Ohhh," Eyrx laughs. "Trying not to show them what you two freaks did on the way over?"

"The king is a wonderful man," Dad says. "I'm sure other things will take the forefront of these memories anyhow."

"It's bad," Drake says honestly .

"Ready?" I ask my parents as I take their hands. They nod, and I close my eyes. I try to sort my thoughts, but I struggle to separate my recent memories.

"It's okay," Mom says, squeezing my hand. When a witch projects a moment like it, it's like a rush of knowledge. One second, they don't know, and the next they know everything. I relax and project everything from my memories of Mom and me before I thought she died her death, and everything following. Rage instantly hits them, but they remain calm outwardly.

"What can we do?" Dad asks Drake, nearly growling.

"I want you two at the castle with us," Drake says. "I won't force you, but I think it would be good for Lysa, but the second they find out that Unika is alive... She is the first one they will try to kill. I can guarantee safety there. Beyond that, I just ask they you stand and fight with us."

"Absolutely," Mom says. "I don't know what plans you have for Rystar, but I will fucking kill him for this. All of it. For hurting me my entire life. For trying to kill me for protecting my daughter. For raping her. He's dead, and I won't make it fast."

"He's all yours," Drake says with a smile.

“Can I call dibs on the bitch?” I ask. “I’d love to beat her with a metal rod. ”

“Absolutely,” Drake tells me. “I think Aldric is going to be the one we have the biggest issue with. He has a lot of support from the military because he specifically brings the ones in who hate dragons. It won’t be hard for them to target a hybrid and her dragon mate.”

“I assume that even though I am a hybrid, I don’t actually shift?” I ask.

“No, you won’t ever be able to shift,” Drake says. “You will have the same lifespan of a dragon and the same resistance. Your powers will be stronger and Ignisium will make them significantly stronger too.”

“When... I assume our child would be a dragon?” I ask.

“Yes,” he smiles. “There is a chance they will have some powers, but they will be much weaker than an average witch.”

“Did you have any other kids?” I ask my parents.

“No,” Mom says. “I just wanted to get you back, but we never could find a way back to you. We’ve been trying since I was healed enough to do spells.”

“Not too late,” I say. “You’re what... Thirty-seven? Drake is only a year older.”

“How’s that make you feel, Bud?” Eyrx asks.

“Old,” Drake chuckles .

“Do you want a sibling?” mom asks me.



“Wrong question,” Eyrx says. “She’s a morbid little shit.”

“I think you want another child, but you were afraid of it seeming like you were replacing me,” I say.

“I do,” she admits.

“How are you able to sense that?” Julianna asks. “Is that a witch thing?”

“No,” Mom says. “I think when her powers developed, she has a type of mind reading almost. She’s always been intuitive with other’s thoughts, but it is far more advanced now than it was before.”

“I have so many memories of us for only being six,” I say.

“I did the best I could to make as many positive memories for you as I could,” she says.

“I still have the bear,” I tell her. “Eyrx got his spit all over it, but I still have it.”

“You’re welcome,” Eyrx laughs.

“So, let’s go back. I am calling a meeting this evening for all nobles, so you’ll need to be there soon anyhow, Balor.”

“Give us just a few minutes to grab what we need and we will join you,” Dad says as we all stand. He turns and hugs me again and it’s comforting. “I wish every day I had found my way back to you. I would give anything to have been your father.”

“You are my dad,” I say as I hug him back. “We have so much time ahead of us. We can move forward and make memories.”

“I love you, Lysa. We both do,” he says, kissing the top of my head. “Go on and we will meet you guys at the vehicle.”

Lysa

I slept in Drake's lap the entire way back to the castle. I was exhausted from so many different things and his comfort is next level soothing. I swear, I could live and die in this man's arms. I didn't even wake up until he laid me on the bed. I thought he was going to go and do other things, but he undressed us both and we took a nap together. Now, I am lying in his arms with my face buried in his chest.

I could be sweet and wake him with gentle kisses, but I want to get fucked by him again. I love how he uses me with no regard for my comfort because he knows I can take it, and I will love every moment of his cock wrecking my insides. I cannot wait for him to fuck me shifted. I reach down and take his cock into my hand to make slow strokes. Seconds later his eyes snap open and he growls as he rolls and pins me to the bed with my arms above my head.

"Hi," I smile sweetly .

"My needy little queen... Always wanting to be filled," he says as he slowly pushes into me.

"Both," I groan. "I want both."

"When I give you both, I plan to take you for hours," he says. "I will fuck you unconscious and you will wake with me still fucking your tight little body. I will be rough and have no mercy for you."

"After the meeting," I say. "I want to fight you, but I want to lose. Show me how

good violence can feel.”

“If you give me that permission, I will absolutely make you beg me to stop,” he says.

“Before we go to war, I want everything you have to offer. Everything, Drakarus. Channel every bit of stress and built-up anger into me as if I was disposable.”

“Why?” he asks.

“You relieve stress by violently fucking me. I relieve stress by getting violently fucked by you. I am taking on the source of my trauma with this war. I will battle everything I have ever known. I need to go into this with a clear mind or I will get distracted by the memories. I need you to take away those memories and I trust you with my life,” I explain.

“Okay,” he says. “After the meeting when I tell you to run... Run. ”

“Are you going to fully shift?” I ask. “Pretty sure I should go outside for that.”

“Just partially,” he says. “I plan to take you shifted during war.”

“That’s one way to get me excited for war,” I say with a grin. “Are you going to make me wait?”

“Yes,” he smirks.

“Sir, you already have your dick inside of me,” I frown.

“Is that frustrating, Little Flame? Having my cock stuffed inside of you, unmoving?”

“Yes,” I say.

“We need to get to the meeting,” he says with a devious smile as he pulls out of me and stands.

“Asshole,” I complain. I squeal when he suddenly rolls me and smacks my ass seven times.

“Anything else to say, Lysa?” he asks, daring me to keep being a brat.

“Fuck you, dragon boy,” I laugh.

“Sixteen. Keep it up, brat,” he says. “Count. ”

“What?” I laugh.

“Count or you’ll get edged sixteen times instead,” he warns. “Count.”

“Okay. Okay,” I laugh. He smacks my ass and I start counting. “One....”

Each one is harder than the last and the burn he is causing on my ass is intoxicating. I never knew how much getting spanked would turn me on, but I am whimpering and panting through each firm smack to my ass. When I count out the last one, he gently peppers my burning skin with kisses. “Next time I won’t be as nice,” he promises as he pulls me up to stand. “We should get dressed.” I smile sweetly at him before we get clothes on. He chooses a long, loose dress and he puts on simple slacks and a dark red shirt to match me. Once we are presentable, we walk hand in hand to the main level.

“Hey,” Eyrx says when we walk into the large meeting room. “Have a good nap?”

“We did,” Drake says.

“Have you developed a mind link yet?” he asks.

“Not yet,” Drake replies. “I think after mating partially shifted might trigger it.”

“Mind what?” I ask.

“Basically, you’ll be able to talk to each other in your minds no matter where you are,” Eyrx explains. “All dragons can link, but mates have a stronger link. You already share emotions like joy and arousal, but this link will allow you to feel what he is feeling.”

“So, if he jerks off, I’ll know?” I ask, and Eyrx laughs.

“Yes, and you’ll probably come with him too,” he says.

“Hmmm,” I say as I smile at Drake.

“Brat,” Drake says. “Have you not learned a lesson today?”

“I’m curious,” Julianna says as he walks up.

“I smarted off and got a spanking,” I shrug.

“Ah, that’ll do it,” she laughs.

“Come sit,” Drake says. He leads me to the head of the table and sits and pulls out his cock. When he motions for me to turn around, I groan and complain but do as he says. He slides his hands up my dress to grab hold of my hips and hauls me into his lap.

“Oh Gods,” I gasp when he slams me down on his cock.

“Don’t move and don’t come. Understand?” he asks me quietly, whispering in my ear.

“Mhmm,” I whimper. He kisses my shoulder and moves my legs to drape over his so I can lay back on his chest. Everyone is watching us, but no one is fazed. Not even my parents. This must be a very regular occurrence in Vulkara for no one to bat an eye at me sitting on a cock, or maybe they just know better than to question the king.

“Good evening, everyone,” Drake says as he rests his hand on my bare thigh under my dress. He rolls us closer to the desk and acts as though his monstrous cock isn’t buried inside of me. “As you all know, Thalorin has broken the treaty. Based on that, I am proceeding with declaring war. As I stated earlier today, I have every intention to seek justice for my mate, and her biological parents. We learned after my statement that Lysa’s biological parents did manage to get to safety here but were unable to get back to her. Unika was severely injured when Balor had to make the tough decision to save her and leave Lysa behind. I want to stress that in no way are they responsible for Lysa’s abuse and have reconnected. Together they are seeking revenge for their upbringing and ultimately their separation.”

“When will we attack?” Keril asks.

“That is what this meeting is about,” Drake says. “The citizens of Thalorin are not our target. We want to give them an opportunity to get to safety before we attack. Ultimately, that is here in Vulkara. I will be opening the wall to allow anyone who wishes to join us. We have the resources to take on all of them comfortably, so I want them to have that option. By the end of this, I want the walls down and Lysa and myself to rule over all.”

“How can we get that message to the citizens of Thalorin though? Balor asks .

“Flyers,” I choke out.

“Come again?” Keril asks.

“She can’t,” Eyrx chuckles.

“Shut it, ham hock,” I frown.

“Brat,” he mutters.

“Flyers,” I repeat louder. “I can project memories onto them. Let them see what their leaders have done and leave them with a simple message to explain where to go for safety. We just fly over and dump them. Rystar, Isolde, and Aldric are more than likely in hiding, so the citizens are being left to fend for themselves anyway.”

“I could help project them,” Mom says. “We can work together and put all the knowledge into them. The moment they touch it, they’ll know. Anyone they encounter will also know. You and I can fly with Drake and your dad. They can get low enough and we can toss them.”

“I nearly died flying with Eyrx,” I laugh.

“You were incredibly weak,” Eyrx says. “We can be more prepared with a saddle also so you will be far more stable than before.”

“What happened?” Drake asks.

“I fell off,” I laugh. “I hadn’t eaten in days, and I still had the potion in my system that Petra gave me. Eyrx caught me, obviously. Then he went after my teddy bear that mom gave me as a kid. That’s how it got his spit all over it.”

“I washed it myself,” Eyrx laughs. “You’re hung up on the spit.”



“You did that?” Drake asks.

“He’s a terrible kidnapper. He’s too nice,” I remark and lay my head back on Drake’s shoulder.

“Then this is what we will do,” Drake says. “Tomorrow, Lysa and Unika can work on the flyers. Tomorrow night, we will go to the wall and camp. The following morning, we will take flight to Thalorin. We will hit all major cities before returning to the neutral zone to set up headquarters. Once we get an idea of who is choosing to come here, we will plan further... Keril, I want you with us. Juli, I want you to help them with actually throwing the flyers. Nobles, I want you to delegate someone to act on your behalf here so we can keep things running smoothly. I want every one of fighting age without small children ready to fight, so they need to be at the wall with us tomorrow night.”

“What is the minimum age?” Keril asks.

“Twenty, for now,” Drake says. “If things become dire, we will take sixteen and up as well as the remaining ones who are of fighting age. I want to prevent taking parents away from children, but I don’t want there to be any chance that the Thalorin government gets here. Ignisium is something we can use but can be dangerous if they get ahold of it. I want plenty to spare for any hybrid witch. We will ensure to keep plenty with us for Lysa as well. I don’t care what anyone has to do, I do not want the enemy getting even a shred of that element.”

“Yes, Sir,” Keril says. “I uh... have a confession.”

“Oh?” Drake asks.

“I was... instructed to take Petra, the servant that was helping Lysa, to the neutral zone but.... I brought her here...”

“You did?” I ask happily.

“She’s your mate,” Eyrx says. “I thought I saw that connection when you two met. Where is she?”

“At our home,” he says.

“She is welcome to join us as well,” Drake says. “Fresh mates need to be together anyhow. It will cause you far less stress. Congrats, man.”

“Thank you, Your Highness,” Keril says with a bright smile.

“The servants know everything,” I say. “She can probably give more insight as to what exactly happened.”

“I’ll have her here first thing in the morning. She’s been a bit shaken from the change, but I think she will talk knowing Lysa is safe.”

“I can only imagine what she endured,” I say .

“Similar to you,” Keril says. “Only it was every male noble that came into the castle. Aldric has a lot of sympathizers that will cause a lot of issues.”

“We need as much information as we can get going into this, so whatever she can give us will be helpful,” Drake says. “I don’t want to push her if she isn’t ready, so make sure she knows that she is under no obligation to open those wounds for me. Okay?”

“I will, but she will reopen them for Lysa. She cares deeply about her,” Keril says.

“When did she become a servant there?” Mom asks.

“When I was ten,” I say. “She was the one who they had trying to help me develop powers. She turned into the one who would tend to me after any of the rapes or beatings.”

“Ah, yes. I remember her from your memories,” she says. “I would love to meet her.”

“I will pass that along,” Keril smiles.

“Alright, everyone. Let’s call it a night. I will see everyone tomorrow for the journey to the wall,” Drake says. “Now, if you’ll excuse me... I have a mate to hunt.”

“And on that note... We are going to bed,” Mom laughs. Drake stands us up and we all walk out to go our separate ways .

We get to our wing of the castle, and he stops. “What?” I ask, turning to look at him. He smiles innocently before grabbing the front of my dress and ripping it off my body.

“Run,” he says simply.

“Oh, shit,” I laugh before turning on my heels and sprinting down the hall. I hear him snarl and huff behind me, so I keep running. His claws are digging into the walls and floor as he chases me, and I realize that he’s more than partially transitioned. Before I turn a corner, I glance back at him, and he is almost completely shifted. I squeal and jump away from him, and he swipes at me. I turn to run from him again but slam into Eyrx and Julianna.

“Sorry, Witch. I’ve been waiting for this,” Eyrx says with a grin as he shoves me backward toward Drake.

“No! You ass!” I squeal when Drake catches me in his claws and shoves me down to

the ground.

“You thought you could escape me, Little Flame?” Drake growls in my ear as he shifts back a bit. His wings are gone but he’s still much bigger than usual. His scales scratch against my skin as he pulls me up to my knees while keeping my chest pressed against the cold floor. “You’ll never escape me. You’ll spend the rest of your life being chased by me, Lysa.”

“Fuck, you’re going to wreck me,” I whine .

“The harder you fight, the harder I fuck,” Drake growls. “So, fight me, Little Flame. Let me make you beg for mercy.”

I immediately start fighting against his hold and thrashing to get out of his grip. “Let go!” I yell at him. Drake lets me wiggle free just enough that my knees are under me more as I try to crawl away from him.

“No! Wait!” I scream as he digs his claws into my hips and pulls me back. I don’t want him to wait or stop. I want him to fuck the life out of me. I want everything with no mercy. I wiggle my ass, and he growls and presses his cocks against me. “Drake, wait! Please!”

With no warning and harder than I expected, Drake surges into me. He completely fills my pussy and ass simultaneously and I scream and claw at the floor to pull away from him. He has a tight grip on me as he starts to pound into me. I can’t breathe with how full I am. Each time he bottoms out, it forces a shrill scream out of me. It doesn’t hurt at all, but the pressure is immense, and the pleasure is overwhelming. His strokes are punishingly deep but slow. As he quickens his pace I fight more.

“Wait, please,” I beg. “Too deep... Gods, no. Too much.”

“Shhhh, Little Flame. Be a good little fuck toy and shut up,” he hisses.

“Fuck you,” I grunt as he snaps deep inside of me.

“Fuck me?” he laughs .

“Drake, please,” I moan, and an orgasm starts to creep in. He’s holding back. I know he is. I’m sure he fears triggering something from my past, but I want this so badly. Drake abruptly flips me and gets a tight hold on my waist before lifting me from the ground. He is kneeling and sitting back on his heels so when he slams me down on his cocks, he turned me into a literal fuck toy.

I grab hold of his wrists as he violently fucks me. He is staying still while moving my body effortlessly. He is easily able to maneuver me as if I actually was an inanimate object that he was using to pleasure himself. “Ohhhh fuuuuuck, Drake!” I cry out as he uses me. I can no longer continue this facade that I don’t want this because I absolutely do.

“Fuck, I love this tight little pussy,” he growls.

“Gods, I love it. I love you. Please, fuck me harder,” I moan. My eyes snap up when I realize what I’ve said but he smiles.

“I love you,” he says. “Come with me, my Queen.”

He suddenly starts to move my body insanely fast to stroke his cock with my pussy and ass. My eyes roll back as an orgasm rips through me. I immediately get lightheaded from the intensity and my body weakens as he approaches his own release. I quickly fade away in his arms and my body goes limp. The pressure inside of me never dissipates and I am suspended in pleasure as I remain minimally aware of my surroundings .

I gasp and my eyes snap open as an animalistic moan pounds out of me. My chest is pressed into the bed and my ass is up in the air. My pussy and ass are filled, and Drake is violently slamming into me at a speed that is punishing. He has his claws dug into me in the moment he realizes that I'm awake, pain tears through my belly as his barbs and scales dig in.

"Fuuuuck," I scream out. "Yes. Gods, yes. Harder. Please. Please, fuck me harder."

Drake pushes deeper as he rails me into the bed. His barbs and scales feel like they're ripping me apart, but I keep coming on an endless loop. Drake snarls as he bites my neck, his sharp teeth sinking deep into my flesh and he drinks from me. A blinding light floods my brain, and I am suddenly brought into convulsions as he explodes inside of me. I can feel each and every twitch and every drop of his come as it fills me with more force than I expected. When he pulls out of me, the convulsing doesn't stop, and he panics.

I can hear his every thought, and his panic causes my own to surface. I can't make it stop, but I don't know what's wrong. I can hear him mindlink the others for help as he wraps me in a blanket and cradles my body. He holds me close to his chest and tries to calm himself.

"What's wrong?" Mom says .

"She won't stop. I don't know what's wrong. She's fine until... I don't know what to do," Drake says with clear panic in his voice.

"It's the mindlink, Drake," Dad says softly. "She's just sensitive to rushes of power like that."

"Why won't she stop?" Drake asks.

“You need to calm down, Drake. She is feeding off your panic,” my mom says. “She is a strong witch, and you are a powerful dragon. You two have a strong bond so you two have to be calm if you want the other to be calm. Just breathe.”

“Fuck. Okay,” Drake sighs. He buries his face in my hair, and I hear his voice in my head.

“I love you, Lysa. Relax with me,” he speaks softly through our link.

“I love you too,” I respond. “I’m sorry I scared you.”

“There ya go. See?” Mom says when I finally stop convulsing and turn into him. We sit like this for a moment before Drake lifts my chin.

“I’m sorry I made you panic. I should have known,” he says.

“You’d figure I’d be the one who got traumatized from that, but it was you,” I say, and he chuckles. “It’s okay. We are learning together.”

“You two are freaks,” Eyrx says. “I love it.”

“I think I should say something,” I say cautiously. “You’ve seen it in my memories but... I’ve never told anyone aloud.”

“What is it?” Mom asks.

“I am sterile,” I say.

“What?” Drake asks.

“Isolde did a sterilization spell on me when I was ten years old,” I say. “She didn’t

want to chance that Rystar or Aldric got me pregnant. They also didn't want me to create another useless witch apparently."

"Baby, you're not sterile anymore," Mom says. "When your powers came in, it healed you. It healed everything bad that they did to you. This includes that sterilization spell."

"So, I'm...? Lately I forget about being sterile but... are you sure?" I ask.

"Yes," she smiles. "Every dragon can sense it."

"What?" I ask.

"Female-born dragons give off a pheromone that indicates that she is mated but not successfully bred yet. If you were sterile, we wouldn't smell it. That's how everyone knows who can reproduce and who cannot," Eyrx says. "You might not be able to shift, but you have all the same senses as we do. It will take you a while to separate everything to know what is what, but you'll get there. "

"What do I smell like?" I ask.

"Yes," Eyrx smiles. "You have a very strong floral scent anyway, but that sweet addition is what tells us. It's like a flower dipped in honey."

"You also smell like Drake," Mom says.

"I do?" I ask.

"Yeah," she laughs. "It just means that your bond is strong and you've mated recently."



“Ah... well... that’s one way to say I smell like I got fucked,” I say, and everyone laughs.

“I have something for you,” Drake says softly. I turn in his lap slightly to look at him as he leans over and grabs a box out of his nightstand.

“What’s that?” I ask.

“Open it,” he says. I take the box out of his hands and open it. Inside I find a gold banded ring. It is Ignisium surrounded by gorgeous black obsidian. When I pick it up, I notice that there are flakes of Ignisium on the inside of the band that will lay against my skin. It is inscribed with a language I do not recognize.

“What does it say?” I ask.

“ Shanorak thal drak, il ne varu, ” Drake tells me. “It is an old language called Drakari and it means “bound by fire, we are one.” This ring belonged to the last hybrid queen.”

“Who?” I ask.

“My mother,” he says softly as he slides the ring into place on my finger. He pulls the second band out and it is solid obsidian with flakes of Ignisium in it. I take it out of his hand and see that it is inscribed with the same thing. I softly kissed the ring before slipping it onto his finger. “We are bound until death. Only then are the rings able to be removed.”

“That is...” I say but stop when I can’t find the words. Instead, I throw my arms around his neck and hug him.

“I will burn this world to ash for you, Little Flame. Even in death, I will always be

yours,” he tells me softly. “I love you with all my heart, Lysa.”

“I love you too, Drakarus,” I snifle and snuggle my face into his neck.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 2:23 pm*

Lysa

Mom and I have been working with the flyers all day. The Ignisium in my ring has made my powers noticeably stronger. It's taking a minuscule amount of energy to cast a spell, even larger ones. Dad is working on armor of sorts for Drake and me. None of us know how being one-fourth witch will affect things but we know he doesn't have magic in the traditional sense. This will almost play through to our future child because they will also be one-fourth witch but manifesting as a dragon shifter. The thought of being pregnant with a dragon is honestly terrifying though.

We are projecting memories into large stacks of paper made of a native tree to Vulkara. It is called a fire breath tree because it is resistant to fire. This means the flyers are also fire resistant but hold enchantment well. We have several vehicles capable of off-road travel loaded to the door with flyers. They all have remote access so that we can have them follow us when we make the trip to the wall.

"How's it going?" Drake asks as he comes into the meeting room .

"Eyrx just took the last set," I say. "I put all of my memories from birth until Eyrx opened the door to the room as well as mom's life from birth until she woke up after healing. Additional memories are you and I becoming mates, me reuniting with Mom, meeting Dad, and one final message to let the citizens know exactly what is going on. Petra gave us a lot of information this morning so you might want to go touch a piece of paper so you can be on the same page no pun intended."

"You are a wonderful queen," he smiles and picks up the last paper we have on the table. He is dazed for a second before looking at Mom and me.

Mom's life was absolutely tragic. She endured the same abuse and neglect that I did, only Rystar and Isolde saw her as a lover. She was expected to regularly service him and Isolde. She even slept between them until getting pregnant. After that, she was moved to the room she and I shared. Isolde stopped sexually abusing her and didn't come around her for the duration of her pregnancy. Rystar still regularly assaulted her, and my birth was induced because he was exceptionally rough one day. The day she was nearly killed, it was because she was protecting me. Rystar realized that I was not his biological child, so he was going to rape and kill me out of spite. Mom hit Rystar and he turned on her. She was so severely beaten that it took months for her to wake up. She was beyond the help of any of the witches in Vulkara. She just simply needed time to heal so that her powers were able to heal her the rest of the way.

Petra gave us vital information that helped us put together that Rystar, Isolde, and Aldric were planning to take over the neutral zone and eventually invade Vulkara. They were desperate for Ignisium, so they broke the treaty. What they intended to do was make a big enough distraction, so everyone was focused on Drake and not the neutral zone. Only they did not plan for Eyrx to act so quickly, and they certainly did not count on me mating with Drake. We have all her memories about the layout of the castle, all of the secret tunnels, and the land layout. There are several caves that they could be held up in, but they also have a ridiculous number of sympathizers who are, without a doubt, going to fight back.

"You okay?" I ask.

"Yeah," he says as he pulls Mom and me closer to hug us. "I am so sorry they hurt you two so badly. Neither of you deserve that."

"They will be dead soon enough," Mom says with a promise. "Not a rock in hell can help Rystar hide from me. Not after what he did to my baby."

"Everything okay?" Dad asks.

“Yeah,” Mom says.

“We traumatized him with the papers,” I say. “I think we made Eyrx cry.”

“He’s a softy,” mom smiles.

“My gods, being a brat is genetic,” Eyrx says.

“That’s enough out of you, ham hock,” I say. He suddenly grabs me, tickles my sides, and I squeal. “Drake!”

“I’m not helping you,” Drake laughs.

“Eyrx! I swear to the gods, I will curse you to sob when you knot. Stop!” I threaten .

“Now that would be hilarious,” Julianna cackles.

“You’re a little shit,” Eyrx says as he stops tickling me and grabs my chin. “Why do you insist on picking on me?”

“Eyrx, you tried to strangle me with a belt,” I say. “Payback is a bitch. Also, I’m the annoying little sister, remember?”

“That doesn’t fuck her,” Julianna giggles.

“You’re all sickos,” Eyrx deadpans before hugging me. “I’m sorry for being so cruel.”

“It’s okay. I knew even then that you were desperate to get him back. You didn’t want to think that he was gone,” I say.

“Of course, you’d have pity for the person who tried to strangle you,” Eyrx laughs.

“We ready to go?” Drake asks Dad.

“We are,” Dad smiles and steps to the side, so I can see what he has on the table.

“Oh my Gods,” I gasp. “It’s beautiful, Dad.”

On the table before me, there are two outfits. Mine is fashioned into a dress that will hug my figure but still remain comfortable. The obsidian plates with deep red Ignisium stones wrap around my chest and abdomen to offer not only protection from physical attacks but also make me resistant to fatal magical attacks. Under the mid-thigh length dress, I will wear snug black pants and black leather knee-high boots with flakes of Ignisium to further add to the protection and enhancement of my powers. Next to my outfit is a simple necklace. The gold chain is holding a pendant featuring a black obsidian stone with a blood-red Ignisium stone in the center. It looks like the pendant will clip into the plate of my armor between my breasts. Drake’s armor is styled to mirror mine, only his is more intimidating. He also has a necklace that clips into the same spot. When I flip the pendants over, they are inscribed with the same words that our rings have.

“When Drakarus shifts,” Dad says to me. “It will shift with him. Your mother and Petra helped enchant everything so that when he shifts, his dragon will be protected as well. There will be a saddle built in that will keep you in place, so you do not have to hold on when riding him. His armor attracts yours, so unless you jump, you will not fall. You will also have that same protection when you fly with me, Keril, or Eyrx. We all have multiple saddle spots, including Drake, so that we can get you out if something happens. Julianna and your mother have similar armor that will mirror mine and Eyrx’s.”

“Why isn’t Juli shifting?” I ask him before turning to look at her. “How are you able

to protect yourself without shifting?”

“I will have a bow that your mother enchanted,” she smiles.

“But why?” I ask.

“Wait,” Drake says. “Juli...”

“I... am pregnant,” Julianna smiles.

“Oh, Juli,” Drake says as he hugs her tightly.

“It wasn’t intentional If that counts for anything,” Eyrx says.

“I’m so confused,” I admit.

“Female dragons have certain windows where breeding is nearly guaranteed and when mating, her mate will knot no matter if he means to or not. I didn’t realize I was within that window... and... Dragons can sense the moment they get pregnant,” she explains. “ You are a hybrid with the same sense as I have, so you will have those same windows and will know right away.”

“The difference with a hybrid is that Drake will sense when she is within that window,” Mom says. “And... his dragon won’t give him a choice.”

“So, what if we are in the middle of war?” I ask. “How bad would it be if I ended up pregnant?”

“We can change the armor to fit you better if that happens,” Mom says. “When you are flying with Drake, you will be able to lay forward, pregnant or not, and essentially be invisible. We would keep you with him or at least someone who is shifted unless

absolutely sure that you were safe. Worst case, we take you to the caves where no one but us can find you.”

“So we’d be safe?” I ask.

“Absolutely,” she smiles. “We’ve thought of everything, plus some.”

“Your tent is also soundproof,” Eyrx laughs.

“And large enough for him to shift,” Julianna winks.

“They are all like that,” Dad says.

“Good. I want a little sister,” I say, and Drake laughs.

“Better get to it, man,” Eyrx chuckles.

“Is his armor purple?” I ask, and Julianna giggles.

“It is,” Dad smirks. “I hear you bullied him for being a purple dragon?”

“I did,” I grin.

“What color do you think he is?” Mom asks.

“Hmmm,” I say stepping back to look at Dad. “If Drake is red and Eyrx is purple, I’d say you are... Black and dark blue.”

“That’s creepy,” Drake says. “How’d you know that?”

“Because blue is a comforting color,” I say. “Purple makes me happy. Red makes me



feel safe. I love flowers, so I associate feelings and emotions with flowers and colors by default.”

“Aw, shit. You weren’t bullying me after all,” Eyrx says.

“No,” I laugh. “I always thought you were a sheep in wolf’s clothing, so to speak. The moment you opened that door, I knew you wouldn’t hurt me. Kind of hoped you would, but my life was shit.”

“You have such a kind heart, Lysa,” Dad says as he hugs me. When he pulls back, he smiles. “But I know your mother very well. This means that you, her literal clone, are also a vicious little thing. I feel like it is a blessing from the Gods to have the opportunity to finally stand by your side as your father and fight this with you and your mother.”

“You are what I needed my entire life,” I tell him. “I had the blessing of knowing mom but it was a father that I needed to show me that compassion extends beyond fear. Although Eyrx was the one who showed me that, you are showing me every second of every day that no matter the distance, I always had two loving parents who wanted me.”

“We always wanted you, sweet girl. Always,” Dad says as he hugs mom and me.

“Let’s hit the road, everyone,” Drake says with a smile.

After loading everything that we need, we all get into vehicles and set course to the wall. As we are leaving, there is a crowd cheering and waving us goodbye. The trip is exceptionally long, and we have an entire war ahead of us, so I sleep on Drake. There is something truly amazing about being curled up in his lap.

“Lysa,” Drake says softly.

“Mhmm,” I mutter without opening my eyes.

“We are here, my love,” he tells me. I groan and sit up but find that we are alone.

“They have started setting up. Do you want to go help?”

“Sure,” I say as I stretch. We get out and we are on the other side of the wall and massive tents are effortlessly going up. “Where are we setting up?”

“In the center of everyone,” Drake says as he leads me with his hand on my back toward the tents.

“There are so many people here.”

“Everyone wants justice for you,” he says as he pulls a rope that is tied around a small box. He steps back and a tent starts to emerge and spread out in front of us. I look at Drake with my jaw dropped.

“That’s... cool as fuck,” I say, and he laughs.

“It has obsidian and Ignisium flakes in the walls, so we will be well protected in here from anything magical. We can hear everything around us extremely well, but no one can hear us,” he says.

“What now?” I ask.

“Now we eat,” he says with a smile. “I believe Eyrx and Juli are cooking.”

“Sounds good!”

“We should take a walk in the woods tonight,” he suggests subtly as we walk away from the tent .

“Oh yeah?” I ask with a smirk.

“Mhmm. I could go for a little game of hide and seek,” he remarks.

“Sounds familiar,” I laugh.

“Gotta try a little harder to get away this time, Little Flame.”

“Mmmm. I might even cry for you,” I tell him.

“Oh, sweet Lysa. I’ll do more than make you cry,” he says, squeezing my ass in his large hand.

“What? Choke, scream, and beg?” I ask as we stop beside Eyrx and Julianna.

“You are pretty when you beg,” Drake says with a grin.

“Knot in her ass. That’ll make her scream,” Eyrx laughs.

“I can see it now... she’s clawing at the dirt trying to get away. I’ll let her get right to the wood line before I put my hand over her mouth and take her ass,” Drake says to Eyrx.

“She’ll cry and beg for mercy as she gets pounded into the dirt, still trying to crawl away to safety,” Eyrx adds.

“Oh, but she gets no mercy,” Drake smiles. “She gets fucked past her limit.”

“Fuck, I want that too,” Julianna says to Eyrx.

“I think a little game of hide and fuck would be fun,” Eyrx smiles.

“For us,” Drake chuckles.

I am sitting with Julianna, Mom, and Dad as Drake and Eyrx clean up and talk with the nobles. I am on edge because I know Drake will tell me to run soon. I don’t know where he is but I’m sure I will find out soon.

“You okay?” Mom asks.

“Huh? Oh. Yeah, I’m okay,” I smile.

“You’re distracted,” dad says.

“Yeah, a little,” I admit, making Julianna giggle.

“What’s going on?” he asks.

“Uh... Drake and Eyrx are going on a... uh... walk with us. In the woods,” I say.

“Ohhhhh,” Mom says. “Probably should warn you that they’re sneaking their way over here.”

I look behind me and see that Drake and Eyrx are slowly walking up behind Julianna and me. “Oh shit,” I laugh and jump up.

“We should run,” Julianna says.

“Think they’d do it here?” I ask.

“Absolutely,” she laughs.

“Better listen to her, Little Flame,” Drake says with a devious tone. When we don’t

move, they both growl and start slowly shifting.

“Oh fuck,” I laugh and grab Julianna’s hand to pull her with me. We sprint toward the woods and disappear into the darkness.

“They’re going to find us so fast,” she laughs.

“They have no self-control,” I laugh. “Ham hock is going to baby you though. I can sense it.”

I scream when I am suddenly knocked to the ground and pinned with my arms behind my back. Julianna busts out laughing and by scent alone I know it’s Eyrx. “All this just to still not be able to do anything,” I laugh .

“Well, aren’t you a confident little brat,” Eyrx whispers in my ear as he straddles my body.

“Drake wouldn’t let you,” I say simply. Eyrx grabs a fistful of my hair and pulls my head up to look at Drake.

“Does he look like a man who is about to stop me, Lysa?” Eyrx asks humorously.

“Drake,” I say as panic bubbles up. Wouldn’t that make me betray him? Is this how he gets rid of me? If another man touches me, it will break the bond. Right? Why am I only worried about the bond and not Eyrx fucking me?

Drake smirks before walking over and squatting down to look at me. He gently cups my face, and I whimper. “This is your only opportunity to say no,” Drake says.

“I.... say no to what?” I ask, playing stupid.

“Lysa, he has my full support and permission to fuck you,” Drake says bluntly. “Your pussy is mine, but otherwise me and Juli have no problem with him teaching you a lesson.”

“Or five. This is hot,” Julianna says. “Since the day I met you, Lysa, I’ve wanted to see him balls deep in you. I don’t know why, but... you should say yes.”

“It’s betrayal,” I whimper.

“Little Flame, if you think for a second that I won’t join him in fucking that bratty attitude out of you, you’ve got another thing coming,” Drake says. “You think I would let him get this far if I didn’t trust him?”

“No,” I whisper.

“Do you trust him?” he asks.

“Yes...”

“Do you trust Juli?” he asks.

“Yes...”

“This is your choice, Lysa. The three of us have said yes, but you have the final say,” Drake tells me.

“I’m not saying no,” I say.

“I suggest you don’t tense your body then,” he says as Eyrx releases my hands and starts tearing my clothes off.

“Wait. Wait. Wait,” I yell when I feel his scales brush against me. He’s partially shifted, which means he’s about to fuck me in the ass with both of his cocks. “Not both. Eyrx! Not both!”

“I am so fucking tired of you taunting me,” Eyrx growls as he grabs my hips and drags me under him. I dig my fingers into the ground and try to pull myself away, but he presses his body against mine. “Always acting like I won’t do anything.”

“Eyrx, please...”

“You sound so fucking pitiful begging for mercy,” Eyrx taunts me.

“Are you going to fuck me or bully me, ham hock?” I say, making Julianna and Drake laugh.

“Say it again,” he snarls in my ear. “I’ll make you regret that fucking nickname, Lysa.”

“Fuck you, ham h... Fuck!” I scream when he abruptly grabs my hips and slams both of his cocks deep inside my ass. “No. No. No. No. Fuck. Eyrx. Oh fuck! I can’t... oh Gods, no!”

Eyrx quickens his pace with every rejection I make. His barbs tear into me as I scream and writhe under him. He is fucking me so hard and so fast that my pleas for mercy are broken, and I can hardly form anything coherent. I can feel him deep in my belly as he pounds me into the dirt. I keep trying to claw my way out from under him, but he is relentless. He is pouring every ounce of pent-up rage into each stroke. Despite the pain, it feels so fucking good. The rage behind every thrust while knowing he will keep me safe has me coming in an endless loop. I ignore the shifting in my soul and manage to get my knees under me so he can go harder with my ass up in the air.

Drake grabs me by the hair again and forces my mouth open. “Choke on it, whore,” he growls before he starts to violently fuck my throat. I push my hips back, needing more of Eyrx. He feels so fucking perfect inside of me, and I love it. I love him.

Fuck...

As soon as the thought crosses my mind, I feel Julianna gently gather my hair in her hands as she ties up and out of my way. She gently rubs my back as her husband and brother fuck me relentlessly, not knowing I just mated to her husband. Not knowing I’ve ruined everything. The worst part is that I know Drake can sense the change.

Drake abruptly stops and I am pulled on top of him. I am crying now, but I still moan loudly when he pulls off down to fill my pussy with both of his cocks. He wraps his arms around my body and instantly finds a pace that is driven by pure rage. I scream into his chest as pain rips through my body. Eyrx slams into my ass and they alternate their strokes as they both keep the same violent pace.

“Those tears are real, guys,” Julianna says softly .

“She’s okay,” Drake says. He’s right, I am. I just feel so fucking bad about something I can’t help.

Eyrx groans his release before quickly moving away from us. Drake hugs me against his chest and continues to fuck the life out of me. I can’t tell if he’s angry or if he is trying to distract me from my guilt. It doesn’t stop me from coming as he pounds into me. I am growing more and more sad as time goes on. By the time he pushes deep to come, I am nearly sobbing. As soon he releases me, I jump up and run. I know they’re following me, but I don’t stop until I get to the tent. I put up a force field of sorts to keep them from entering. I am almost hysterical as I get myself dressed and pace the length of the tent. I notice there are two beds, and it drags me down into my sorrow more.



How am I supposed to be in the same tent with both of them? What am I supposed to do? I can't do this. I can't just come in and destroy their lives. I can't hurt them. I can't hurt Julianna. Not after all they have done for me. I don't have any choice but to surrender myself to Rystar. They can replace the treaty and find peace. We can avoid war, and they can go back to their lives without me. Drake won't want me after mating with another.

"Lysa, let us in," Drake says.

"No," I whimper. "Just leave me alone."

"Lysa, let us in," he repeats.

"Go away," I say loudly through broken tears. Mom comes in and the others are steps behind her. "No!"

"Lysa," Drake says gently. When he steps toward me, I use my powers to shove him back so I can slip past him, only he wraps his arms around my waist and pulls me down. I immediately start to fight him. I can feel mom about to bind my powers so I can't fight but Eyrx stops her.

"Don't! Don't bind her powers. It will trigger her," he says loudly and firmly.

"Shhhh. Relax. I've got you," Drake says softly as he hugs me against his chest as I weep.

"I'm sorry," I cry. "I'm so sorry."

"Little Flame. Every single person who has been around the two of you has known that you were secondary mates. It's not a betrayal. I knew it would click into place eventually. Okay? I promise it's okay. You've done nothing wrong. Neither of you

have,” he explains softly, lifting my chin to make me look at him.

“But Juli...”

“She knew, baby. She kept you two apart for that week because his anger was a threat to the bond that would eventually click. She didn’t know why, but when you and I became mates, she knew first. She is your second, Lysa. She knows you well by instinct alone,” he says.

“I’m so confused,” I admit tearfully.

“I’ll explain it like this,” Drake says. “Hybrids are born when a dragon and Witch mate, right?”

“Yeah,” I sniff.

“Okay, so when a hybrid is born, they will almost always develop to be a dragon shifter. It is not common for there to be a hybrid witch. That’s why not even I knew. It’s not something people understand completely,” he says. “Now with being a hybrid witch, there are things we are learning are normal for you but not necessarily for hybrid dragons. Julianna has been doing a ton of research and talking with Salvor and the other elders. Every single hybrid witch on record has two mates. The first is always a dragon and the second can be either. The secondary won’t have the urge to breed as they always have a primary as well.”

“But you said...”

“I know, and I shouldn’t have said that, Lysa. It is not fair for me to make rules that go against your instincts or his. All that is doing is setting you two up to get hurt. I won’t say that I won’t struggle to share you, but I simply couldn’t pick anyone better to share you with. Me and Juli have talked extensively about this, and she and I are in

agreement that we need to be encouraging your bond. War brings tragedy and if anything happens, we all want the reassurance that no one is alone,” he says.

“How is this supposed to work? How do you grow two bonds in war?” I ask.

“You fuck,” Julianna laughs. “There is a reason I had Eyrx join you two. Female dragons have no drive to have sex while pregnant so I would much prefer he fuck all his anger into you rather than me.”

“Will it be like that for me when I get pregnant?” I ask.

“No,” Mom says. “A hybrid witch has an extremely high sex drive once mated. Dragons do naturally, so you’ll always find a way to fill your spare time.”

“Ha. Fill,” Julianna giggles.

“Is this not weird?” I ask Mom .

“No, baby,” she smiles. “It’s just a part of life. It’s something that would have been normalized a long time ago for you if you had been with your dad and me.”

“Oh... that means I’ll end up seeing you two,” I say.

“That entirely depends on your father, honestly. Considering your trauma, we are careful to not do anything that might tri...”

“Don’t walk on eggshells because we were raised by lunatics,” I say. “I remember when we would lay there at night, you would tell me to live life for myself, no matter who it hurt. So, live your life for you and stop worrying about how it affects me. Sugarcoating everything for me is not going to help me regulate into this society.”

“She listens just about as well as you do,” Dad chuckles.

“I assume this has been a topic of conversation?” Drake asks.

“Oh yeah. She’s afraid of making Lysa feel like she is like Isolde,” Dad explains.

“The only way you could ever make me feel the way she did is if you beat me with a metal rod like she did,” I say. “Neither of you are capable of the evil that they are. I know there is not a chance in hell that Dad would ever put his hands on me as Rystar did. Ever. Don’t stop your world from turning just because I’m here now. Everyone keeps saying that I’m just like you and you are the strongest person I have ever met. If you can regulate it into the society, so can I.”

“Okay,” she smiles.

“That doesn’t mean I want to see the two of you fuck, but I still want you to because I want a sibling,” I say. “So... do your dirty things and I’ll do mine.”

“I’m going to make her sleep since she hasn’t since before you all came to the house,” Dad says. “You guys have a good....”

“Hold on,” I say. “I have a question.”

“Yes?” Mom asks.

“Dad, how old are you?” I ask.

“A year older than your mother,” he says simply.

“I thought children couldn’t mate? You were kids,” I say.

“So....” Mom says. “I was eighteen when I had you.”

“I thought you were thirteen?” I ask. “How... what?” I ask.

“I thought I was too,” she says. “I have huge gaps of time missing from my memories but the only thing I can equate that to is Rystar was more turned on by younger kids, so I was manipulated into thinking that I was younger. When I woke up months later, Salvor was the one who told me I was five years older.”

“So... am I actually twenty-three?” I ask.

“You are,” she says with a smile. “Although, your birthday is actually the day after you think it is. It was after midnight when I had you.”

“I assumed that was the case, but didn’t want to ask,” Drake laughs. “Blissful ignorance.”

“Okay. That’s all I want to know,” I say. “For now, at least. I haven’t sorted through all of your memories, so things are still jumbled.”

“You have a lot of information being thrown at you all at one time,” Dad says. “We are an open book, so ask whatever you want to know.”

“Okay,” I smile. “Night, guys.”

We watch them walk out and I get up to move away from them again. Eyrx hasn’t said a word, but I can feel the start of our mind link. “Lysa,” Drake says. “Come here.”

“Why?” I frown.

“Because I want to prove a point. Come here,” he says. I huff and roll my eyes as I walk over to him.

Drake stands me so that I’m facing Eyrx before casually undressing me. Eyrx’s eyes are scanning my body and he is incredibly tense. Julianna smiles as she does the same to him. As she starts to pull his clothes off, I can’t make myself look away. Every inch of his body is drawing me in. I thought he was handsome before but the more time that passes, the more those thoughts turn to how I see Drake.

“So, here’s the deal,” Drake says as he moves off to one side with Julianna on the other side. “You two are fighting the bond right now. I understand why, but I’m breaking you two of this shit right now. I care deeply about both of you, but you are hurting each other right now by fighting it. I want you both to stand like this until you break and let yourself go to the other.”

“You can’t force two people together,” Eyrx says simply.

“You forced me to be with him in the beginning,” I say with more of an attitude than I realize. He growls and Julianna giggles. “Oh, I’m sorry. Was I not supposed to point out that you are being a hypocrite?”

“Stop being a brat,” he snarls.

“Or what? You can’t even fucking stand to look at me,” I snap. “What kind of fucking mate bond is this? You would rather be anywhere but here, but now I’m fucking stuck standing here staring at you.”

“You know, I’d figure by now you’d have learned how to shut your fucking mouth,” he growls.

“Oh, fuck you, Eyrx,” I say with a heavy layer of sass.

“Well, that’s one way to build a bond,” Julianna laughs.

“It will make for quite an interesting show,” Drake chuckles.

“What? Was I not supposed to point out when you’re being a bitch?” he asks with a frown.

“Why are you even fucking here?!” I scream at him. “If you don’t fucking want this, then walk away. Why is it that hard?”

“Because I fucking love you, Lysa. I felt it the moment I walked into that goddamn room in Thalorin, but I resisted it. I fucking tortured myself trying to keep from bending you over and taking you every fucking time you had an attitude. Do you know how fucking close I came to taking you on that balcony? I kept resisting it and I didn’t know why. Then you mated with him. Now, I’m afraid if I act on it, he’s gonna break my fucking neck and I would deserve it. How the fuck am I supposed to be mated to a woman who is mated to my best friend while I’m mated to his sister? Seeing him fuck you like that made it literally fucking impossible to resist Juli. Now she’s pregnant, and I have to worry about her, our baby, my best friend, and you. What if he ends up getting you pregnant? Then there is another baby to be worried about, all while I’m trying to make sure that Drake doesn’t fucking kill me for touching you.”

“You already did touch me!” I yell. “I won’t be bonded to someone who doesn’t want me. Either walk away or I will.”

“Don’t you dare fucking walk away from me, Lysa,” he growls as he suddenly approaches and roughly grabs my chin. My breath catches in my throat and all my resistance melts away. “Fuck...”

“Eyrx,” I say with a small voice. I am trying so hard to fight it, but I move my hands

to rest on his chest and I instantly relax. I have no willpower and desire is quickly building inside of me.

“Is he going to mark her?” Julianna asks Drake.

“I don’t know, but we are about to find out,” Drake chuckles.

“You have to walk away,” I say. “I... Can’t... Fuck, why can’t I walk away?”

“Fuck, you get on my nerves sometimes,” Eyrx growls, trying to get himself to walk away.

“Then walk away,” I plead.

“I can’t,” he says as he cups my face.

“You have to, Eyrx. You don’t want me.”

“Oh, but I do,” he says as he backs me up. “You’re just so fucking tempting.”

Eyrx leans down and grabs the back of my thighs. The moment he turns and sits with me in his lap to straddle him, I grab his face and kiss him hard. I am sitting on him in a way that his cock is hard and pressed against me. I pull back to look at him and his eyes are filled with lust .

“I’m trying so hard to not hurt you,” he admits. “This has been pent up for so long....”

I wrap my hand around the base of his cock but keep eye contact with him. He grits his teeth and growls when I start to slowly stroke him. He moves his hands to wrap around my hips and I smile deviously at him. I glance down before I let saliva drip



from my mouth and continue to slowly stroke him to spread it on his cock. “I can’t resist you anymore, Eyrx. I’m not stopping,” I say softly.

“Fuck, you’re so damn sexy,” he grunts.

“Want to know something everyone seems to have missed?” I ask sweetly.

“What?” he asks skeptically.

“Whatever I feel, Drake feels,” I say as I lift myself up to position myself over his massive cock. “If we fuck, he will get just as aroused.”

“Oh.... Shit,” Drake says as he realizes.

“Which means...” Eyrx says with a grin.

“Which means, when you fuck me, he’s going to end up fucking me to remind me who my primary mate is,” I say. “So, fuck me like you’re trying to make him jealous...”

We both groan in unison as I lower myself onto his cock. “F-Fuck, that feels good,” I moan. “Everything, Eyrx. I want everything.”

“I’ll hurt you if I...”

“Then hurt me,” I growl. “Stop being so fucking gentle and fuck me like it’s a punishment...”

Eyrx abruptly stands and turns to lay me on the bed. “Oh, hell,” Juli laughs when he shifts to the point that his wings are emerging, and his cocks are bigger than I have ever even seen Drake. He folds me in half and pins me to the bed with my knees in

my face as he surges his cocks into my pussy and ass. His scales are more defined as he starts to fuck me so hard and so fast that I can't breathe. I can't scream. My eyes roll back and my whole body shakes violently as an explosive orgasm rips through me. I can feel every stroke throughout my entire body as he puts all of his pent-up stress into me. This is the level of violence that I know Drake will allow himself to give me one day, but I know they are capable of so much more.

Eyrx moves us so that I am back on top of him. I put my hands on his chest and rock my hips to keep his thrusts as he fucks me from below. I can feel a buildup of pressure and I eventually drop myself down to bury my face in his chest. Broken screams break through as I come. I see it coming long before I do it this time but when I sink my teeth into his chest, something is different. I suddenly feel ravenous and start sucking and drinking his blood as it fills my mouth. He grabs my hair and yanks my head to the side without making me unlatch. I growl against him when he bites down on my neck as he feverishly pounds into me. Everything is lulled when my arousal floods out of me as he explodes.

My memory is starting to come in flashes and I am slipping in and out of consciousness as Drake's scent overtakes my brain. "My pretty Little Flame," Drake sings.

"Mmmm," I groan when he fills me the same way as Eyrx did. I am lying on the edge of the bed and I don't know how I got here.

"Should I get Unika?" Eyrx asks quietly .

"Yes," Julianna says.

"Did you enjoy your mate, pretty girl?" Drake growls as he slams into me. I gasp and grip the blanket. His thrusts are hard, and he is mostly shifted like Eyrx was, only I can feel that he is about to rip me apart with his barbs. "I can feel your cunt

trembling, my love. Speak.”

“Yes,” I moan.

“Look at you... still wanting more,” Drake grunts when I tighten my pussy around him. “Our slutty little hybrid mate wants more, huh?”

“Please,” I choke out.

Drake tightens his grip, and my eyes flutter open just enough that I can see black and magenta scales in patches down my arms. “What the... oh, fuck! Oh Gods, Drake!” Drake starts to fuck me into the bed but after only a few seconds, he pulls my head back and wraps his hands around my throat. Once again, my eyes roll back as he fucks me. I am completely silent, and I cannot breathe as orgasms flood out of me. I quickly grow weak, and the tremors start again. Only this time, my vision starts to go dark. As a blinding orgasm takes over, my body goes limp.

“How is this possible? If she is partially shifting and not gaining any size, there is no way it would be safe for her to shift in war. Someone will smack her little ass out of the air,” Eyrx says .

“Gah! She’s going to be the cutest fucking dragon,” Julianna says happily.

“Are we sure....”

“Drake, honey,” Mom laughs. “The girl has scales. Unless she’s suddenly turning into a fish... She’s going to be able to shift one day.”

“How is this possible?” Drake asks.

“We know very little about hybrid witches,” Salvor says. “My best guess is that the

level of trauma she endured on top of mating to two dragons while about to go to war caused her powers to adapt. Or she might just be able to shift. No one knows because there aren't many out there like her. We are all learning in the moment."

"Is she healthy?" Dad asks.

"Yes. She is healthy," Salvor says. "She is rapidly strengthening, she's just really tiny."

"So how do we keep her from accidentally shifting during combat?" Drake asks.

"If sex with you two mostly shifted triggered this, I'm going to say that fully shifted will lead to her fully shifting," Salvor says. "Just like with any first shift, make sure you are indoors so that she is contained. She might be a natural with flying or she may not know how to land."

"Just catch her tiny ass with a net," Drake laughs.

"I feel like I'm being bullied right now," I mutter without opening my eyes. I am curled up on the bed and Drake kneels beside me to brush hair out of my face. When I open my eyes, he smiles. "Do I get to be a tiny dragon?"

"You do," Drake laughs.

"And I'm pink?" I ask.

"Mhmm," he says as he sits me up. Eyrx sits beside me and nudges me.

"What?" I ask.

"I fucked the dragon right out of ya," he says with a playful smile.

“Too bad it wasn’t the attitude, huh?” I ask.

“That’s next,” he winks.

“Did you hear all of that?” Salvor asks me.

“Uh. I partially shifted but stayed the same size so I’m going to be a tiny dragon. They have to fuck me shifted to trigger the full shift, so I can regulate before anything major. Oh, and indoors so no one loses me.”

“Yeah,” he laughs. “I suspect that you will remain the same size, so you mustn’t shift when in combat. Just stick to magic. Just avoid shifting altogether. You will be smaller and weaker in that state, so you won’t be able to fly long distances like the others.”

“Well, I’m too lazy to fly long distances anyhow,” I shrug.

“Then after that initial shift, avoid it unless you absolutely have to,” Salvor says.

“I can work with your armor to prevent it unless you override with a spell,” Mom tells me.

“Sorry I bit you, Eyrx,” I say.

“It’s okay,” he laughs. “I got you back.”

“Can I go back to sleep now?” I ask.

“Yeah,” Drake says with a smile. “We’ll come lay down with you. ”

“Let me know if you need anything,” mom says to me. “We love you, Lysa.”

“I love you guys too,” I smile sleepily.

Everyone leaves and I lay down as the others get into bed with me. I am facing Drake, and he has his arms wrapped around me. I am surprised when Eyrx faces me and rests his hand on my waist. I assume Julianna is behind him.

“ Are they okay?” I ask Drake through our mind link.

“ Yeah. Eyrx is just going to be drawn to you for a while. Things will level out soon enough,” Drake says through our link. “ Don’t worry about it.”

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 2:23 pm*

Lysa

I am facing away while Drake helps secure my armor. When he turns me around, he steps back and smiles. "I don't know if I should bow to my queen or bend her over," he says as he scans my body. "You look incredible."

"So do you," I say with a smile. "Too bad your armor is so bulky. I definitely would have sucked your dick before we go," I say with a grin.

"Tease," he laughs before gently kissing me.

"Ready, guys? Oh damn..." Eyrx says when he sees me.

"You look hot and scary," Juli says. "Nice combo."

"Yes, we are ready," I laugh.

"You look great," Eyrx says as he kisses me .

"I have this urge to hit you and congratulate you all at the same time," Drake says to Eyrx.

"Well, if you hit me... I'll just tie you up so I can fuck her without you being able to get to her."

"Oh, now that's just rude," Juli laughs.

“I’ll be good,” Drake laughs with her. “I am happy for you two. I really am. It’s an adjustment for me is all.”

“If you get mad, just take it out by fucking me,” I suggest.

“Deal,” Drake grins.

We walk out of the tent and go to the large crowd of nobles and soldiers waiting for us. Everyone is in gear and excited. “Ready for this?” Drake asks me.

“Absolutely,” I say as we stop in front of the crowd. Everyone instantly takes a knee to bow to us. I feel a rush of pride with the unwavering respect and support that everyone has.

“Good morning, everyone,” Drake says. “Today is a historic day... For the first time in centuries, we are going to war. A war that stands for not only peace, but justice. By making this declaration of war, we are vowing to seek justice for the innocent. We will act without mercy and push until we have nothing left to move. Giving up is not an option. Retreating is not an option... With war comes death, but in death we see sacrifice... I will never be able to thank you enough for the sacrifice you are making today by standing with us to honor not only our queen, but her parents and all of the innocent life that have been damaged at the hands of the Thalorin government. Their abusive and tyrannical methods need to be stopped, and we are the ones who will change the narrative and free the people of Thalorin. Today, we are offering safety. Tomorrow, we bring justice.”

Everyone erupts in cheer and Drake takes a moment to kiss me deeply. “Let’s do this, baby,” he says sweetly. “Ready to kick some ass?”

“Let’s do it,” I smile. He takes a few steps back and Eyrx takes a moment to kiss me before stepping back with Drake. Dad comes over and kneels in front of me to pay



his respect to me as his queen. He takes my hands into his, and everything goes silent, but he stays focused on me.

“This is for all the nights I laid in bed and prayed to the Gods that I would find you someday,” he says. “I can’t change what they did to you and your mother, but I sure as hell can make sure they pay for it. I love you to the moon and beyond, my sweet daughter. You are an amazing woman, and I am honored to be your father.”

I throw my arms around him and hug him tightly triggering a wave of cheers and claps and he picks me up into a hug as he stands. “I love you too, dad. Thank you for saving her.”

“I love you so much, Balor,” Mom says as she hugs Dad.

“I love you too, darling. “Let’s do this.”

Dad steps back with the others and Drake is the first to shift. This is the first time I have seen his Dragon so when he transforms into a massive creature that looks like it came from the depths of hell, I smile. His scales are black and dark red. His armor is perfect as well. The three most important men in my life are in one spot, and I’ve never been happier.

I go to Drake, and he lowers himself for me. I take a second to rest my hand on the side of his head before speaking softly to where only he can hear me. “Shanorak thal drak, il ne varu, ” I say. “Bound by fire, we are one.”

Drake huffs and nuzzles his head against me, making me giggle. I gently kiss the side of his head before going to his back. I climb up and position myself into the saddle. “Do it. Give it to her,” Julianna says as she pushes Eyrx toward me.

“Is everything okay?” I ask.

“Yeah,” he says as he takes my hand. “I wanted to give you something. Julianna, Drake, and your parents helped me make it last night.”

I gasp when Eyrx slides a ring onto my finger on the opposite hand as the one Drake gave me. It is black obsidian with a dark purple amethyst in the center. There are flakes of Ignisium on the inside of the band as well. He hands me a similar ring and I read the inscription on the inside. “Arazen dorak, il suren,” I say.

“With every breath, I am yours,” he says. “No matter the distance, I will always be with you.... You don’t...”

I grab his hand and slide the ring into place before kissing him. “I love you, Eyrx,” I say.

“I love you too, Lysa,” he smiles.

“Let’s go kick some ass, ham hock,” I tease.

“I’ll give you a pass since I can’t get you down from there anyhow,” he laughs.

Eyrx steps back with Julianna and shifts right as Dad does. One by one, everyone shifts, and the papers are loaded. We have them in enchanted bags that allow for less to keep up with, so we are ready in a short time.

Drake and I are the first ones off the ground. As soon as he leaps, his wings take us higher and higher. I close my eyes and let my head fall back as I extend my arms out from my body. Feeling the wind rush past me and the power behind every movement that Drake makes, I feel at home. This is where I belong.

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 2:23 pm*

Lysa

The wall comes into view and right away I sense an attack. I duck down and lay my body across Drake to signal everyone behind me to prepare. I can feel the force of the spells, but Drake moves through the air unfazed as he starts to descend into the first pain city. I sit up just enough to see that we are nearing the ground. Everyone is standing around frozen as we start to sling the papers into the air to float down to the ground. We keep tossing them out along main roads and anywhere that is populated.

The more flyers that are tossed down to the citizens, the less attacks that are cast toward us. By the time we get to the capitol and the castle comes into view, I am in tears. I'm not sad, I'm angry. I'm angry that we have to do this at all. I'm angry that mom was taken from me. My entire life was stolen before I was even born. Innocent people will lose their lives in this war, and the fault lies with Rystar, Isolde, and Aldric.

"We are landing to make the official declaration of war," Drake tells me through our link before he descends toward the castle. It's a ghost town, but I can feel their presence. As soon as we land, I know they are close. I quickly slip down from Drake's back, and he immediately shifts. Eyrx and dad shift also but Julianna is sent back to be with Keril and Petra.

I am standing between Drake and Mom. Dad is on her other side and Eyrx is behind her and I. We walk toward the front steps of the castle and mom grabs my hand and squeezes as Rystar, Isolde, and Aldric step out.

"You are not allowed on our land," Rystar booms.

“The moment you broke the treaty, the land no longer belonged to Thalorin,” Drake says simply.

“You,” Isolde hisses when she notices mom and me. Rystar and Aldric turn their attention to us and anger sweeps over.

“Miss me,” mom says with a sweet smile.

“We don’t want to have to…” Aldric starts to say.

“Have to what?” I snap

“I don’t believe anyone gave you permission to talk, Lysa,” Aldric says with a smirk.

“Permission?” I laugh dry.

“Uh oh,” Eyrx says.

“You do know what that word means, right?” Aldric taunts.

I abruptly cast a spell that acts a force that slams into his chest and takes his breath away. He stumbles back and starts coughing and mom instantly finds Rystar and Isolde’s power as I hit Aldric once more as I restrain him in place with his powers bound. I get right in front of him, and he looks furious .

“As the mate of the dragon king and queen of Vulkara, I am here to make an official declaration of war. You broke the treaty by attacking the king, so therefore you will die, and we will reign over this land. You may choose to stand down now and be spared the torture you deserve or wait to die another day. You’ve committed heinous acts against the citizens of Thalorin and Vulkara. The royal family of Thalorin is being accused of incest, rape, rape of a child, child neglect, and much... much more.

Vulkara does not stand for this, so we will put an end to it and you. There will be no treaty. There will be no mercy... You three and anyone who stands to support you will die for what you did to me... to my mother. The county of Thalorin will cease to exist. You better pray to the gods to have mercy on your souls because I won't."

I take a few steps back and smile at the look of horror on their faces. Drake shifts and I climb up to sit before the others shift as well. I keep the spell in place to prevent attacks even as we take flight. Once we are high enough, I release them and lay across Drake's back to rest.

"I am so proud of you, Little Flame," Drake says through our mindlink.

I startle when a falling sensation forces me away. "Oh Gods!" I gasp but settle when Eyrx is holding me.

"You did great," he says happily as he sets me on my feet.

"Everything was okay on the way out?" I ask.

"Yeah. No attacks on the way out. Everything was smooth," he says as Drake kneads my shoulders.

"Mmm," I groan and drop my head forward. "That's nice."

"Let's get you changed," Drake says before kissing my shoulder. I nod and we go to the tent. Julianna stays to sit by the fire, and I feel less drained when it's just the three of us.

"How's mom?" I ask.

"Reliving her trauma," Eyrx says. "Your dad is making her rest."

“And Juli? I noticed she didn’t come in here.”

“She’s pretty quiet since you spoke to Aldric. She shut her mindlink down so no one can get through to her,” Drake says.

“Well, I hope I didn’t do...”

“You didn’t,” Eyrx says, kissing me to shut me up. Drake starts to take off my armor and it’s a relief. I can sense what they are going to do, and I want this experience for just the three of us. Maybe it’s wrong, but I cast a spell to keep the door secure and prevent anyone from coming in. I feel safer with it locked.

When I am naked, Drake and Eyrx stay back from me and undress. My eyes dart back and forth to look at both of them. They’re both so damn handsome. I feel truly blessed to have two amazing mates. They said my bond with Eyrx wouldn’t be as strong, but I feel no difference between them today. I couldn’t choose one over the other even if I had to. They’re both my mates.

“Go ahead,” Drake says to Eyrx.

“You sure?” Eyrx asks, raising an eyebrow at him .

“Mhmm. I am finding peace in this. Plus, I am fond of watching and feeling her pleasure first,” Drake remarks with a reassuring smile.

“Does this mean... I help get you off?” Eyrx asks with a grin.

“I suppose so,” Drake laughs. “Go on. Go fuck our girl.”

Eyrx smiles and starts to shift in front of me. “Gods, I think I might want to change my mind,” I say when he huffs and steps toward me.

“ Too late, witch ,” Eyrx says through a mind link. I gasp and smile brightly when I realize this has set in.

“I can hear you,” I reply. Instead of answering, he swipes at my feet. He pulls my legs out from under me, and I fall flat on my back. I gasp and dramatically arch off the floor with my head tipped back when he pushes his tongue into my pussy. It fills me perfectly and every movement sends jolts of pleasure through my body. He starts to fuck me with his tongue and it’s like heaven. He pins me in place and goes harder and harder until everything finally breaks and I scream as my come floods out of me.

I am hardly down from that high when I feel him press against me. I can’t move a muscle the way he has me held down so when he slowly starts to fill me with his destructively large cocks, all I can do is scream as the feeling tears through me. It feels as though he is ripping me in half, but it’s amazing. It’s absolutely incredible the way my body adapts to take him.

“Oh, Gods. Too big. Fuck, you’re too big,” I cry out as he starts to fuck me harder and deeper. My pussy and ass are stretched well past the capabilities, but it feels so fucking good. This is how I want to die. I want both my mates to be buried inside of me, fucking the last breath from my body.

Eyrx starts to push deeper, and my moans turn to screams when I realize I wasn’t taking all of him. He was warming me up. My orgasms feel like fire, and I desperately want to be destroyed by the flames. He growls and huffs as he fucks me harder and I don’t recognize any of the sounds I’m making.

“ Open your eyes, Little Flame, ” Eyrx says through our mind link. I do as he asks, and I see that I have patches on my body of black and magenta scales. My hair has turned a deep shade of pink, and I smile.

“Fuck, you’re huge,” I groan as I watch him fuck me. My eyes roll back when he

starts to go faster again. His movements become frenzied, and I can feel his approaching orgasm. Pain ripples through me when his barbs dig in deep. When he finally explodes and starts filling me with come, I can feel every drop as it enters me with enough force that I am suddenly thrust into a mind-numbing orgasm my body tightens, and my scream is silent. He was so deep in my belly that when he pulls out, there is a throbbing ache left in the void he created.

“Fuck,” I say loudly.

“What are you thinking,” Drake asks as he circles me. I can feel the massive amount of come inside of me and leaking out. I still have a full feeling lingering beyond the void and I suspect the come filling me has a lot to do with it.

“Dragons come a lot,” I say and both men chuckle. “I have pink hair. ”

“You do,” he says.

“I like partially shifting,” I say. “I’m beautiful.”

“You’re always beautiful, Lysa,” he says.

I open my eyes and watch as he shifts. I groan and roll to my belly to make myself more comfortable as I get railed again. I have my knees under me and my chest on the floor so my ass is up in the air. Drake towers over me as he approaches. His breath is hot as he huffs and smoke swirls around me. I expect him to just slam into me, but he wraps his claws around me and lifts me from the ground.

“ My pretty little fuck toy,” Drake says through our link. He has me wrapped in such a way that my arms and knees are pinned to my chest. I am still dripping with Eyrx’s come but I don’t mind. I’m about to be turned into a full-sized pocket pussy and it’s the most erotic thing I have experienced thus far. He slowly pushes me down on his



cocks and forces every brutal inch inside of me. I don't know where it goes or how fits, but I moan helplessly as he moves me up and down on his cock. I am entirely at his mercy as he moves faster stroking himself with my body.

"Fuck," I scream when he slams me down on him with so much force that he holds me tighter to keep me in his grip. He growls and snarls as he quickens his pace and forces me to take him impossibly fast. The first orgasm forces my arousal to gush out of me, but it only encourages Drake's speed. I am delirious and nearly disassociated as he violently fucks me. He keeps his claws banded around my body, rendering me nothing but his fuck toy to use abuse until he is done with me. My cunt and ass are overused, but completely satisfied. I could die right now, and heaven would feel just like this .

When he starts to come, the force behind it is like an explosion detonating in my belly. Drake roars as he pushes as deep as possible and comes. A mixture of Drake and Eyrx's come drips out from around his cock and the world starts to darken. I am limp in his arms still as he shifts back and cradles me against his chest.

I am hardly conscious, and my attention is fading, but I'm aware that I did not fully shift. I can feel them cleaning me before I am dressed and laid to curl up in Drake's lap. I can feel the cool air on my face, and I know we are outside.

"She didn't shift?" Julianna asks quietly.

"No," Drake says. "Her hair was a bright magenta color. She had scales on most of her body, but she never shifted."

"I was talking with one of the elders, Sinzar, and he said when he was a little boy, there was a woman who was a hybrid witch. She wasn't able to fully shift either," Salvor says. "That woman was the last known hybrid witch too. That was nearly half of a century ago."

“Five hundred years ago, the treaty was placed,” Eyrx says. “Does that have anything to do with it?”

“Honestly... it might. Sinzar says that hybrid witches are thought to be born in times of crisis. They’re stronger and adapt better. It sounds like it’s nature’s way of trying to restore peace,” Salvor says. “The last one brought the peace treaty. She was mated to the dragon king also. The ones before her line of with catastrophic events and they were mated to a leader.”

“That does make sense,” Drake says. “Mom was a hybrid, but she could shift. Hybrids are not rare, but uncommon because of the separation in species. Now that everyone will come together, they will become more common.”

“What purpose do I serve partially shifted?” I mumble.

“I would be willing to bet that your spells are much stronger that way,” Salvor says.

“Did you feel any pain at all?” Drake asks. “Even if it was enjoyable pain?”

“No. Just felt really fucking good,” I answer and sit up in his lap.

“I think she might be resistant to attacks in that state,” Drake says. “We were not gentle, and both used barbs, but it never fazed her.”

“Stand up,” mom says.

“Alright,” I shrug and stand up.

“Try to shift,” she says.

“How?” I ask Drake.

“Just picture yourself that way. It will come naturally,” he says. I close my eyes and imagine myself as they described, and I can feel the shift in my body. I smile and open my eyes to see that I am covered in scales and my hair has shifted too.

“Okay,” Mom says with a smile. “I’m going to do a few things. Tell me what you feel.”

“Okay,” I say simply.

When she casts the first spell, I feel nothing. She does another and I feel a little more. “It’s just like wind,” I say.

“That’s it?” she asks, and I nod. She does it again and the wind is a little strong. She keeps doing it over and over, but all I feel is the same level of wind.

“I’m getting bored,” I say .

“Lysa, the spell I did should have knocked you clear across this field,” she says. “What about this...”

The next spell she casts feels like a slight pin prick to my shin. When I don’t react, I feel it on my palm, and then my chest. “Feels like I’m getting poked with a needle, but slightly.”

“That should have mimicked being stabbed, Lysa,” she says.

“Why the fuck did you stab me in the shin?” I ask, laughing.

“Better question. Why can’t you feel it?” she asks.

“Do something stronger,” Salvor says.

“I’d prefer to not kill my daughter, Salvor,” she says.

“She’s resistant to magical attacks,” Salvor says. “Trust me and do something stronger. She needs to know the feeling.”

“Go ahead. Kill me, Mom,” I say with a grin. She sighs heavily before closing her eyes to focus. This time, she mutters something under her breath and opens her eyes. I feel a flush of heat in my chest, but it disappears quickly.

“Just heat in my chest. Went away fast,” I say.

“What was it?” Dad asks.

“The spell should have essentially cremated her from the inside out,” Mom says quietly.

“So?” Drake asks Salvor.

“She’s resistant to magical attacks when shifted. This is her fully shifted,” Salvor says with a smile. “Let me see your hand, dear.”

I extend my hand, and he takes it into his. Drake and Eyrx growl when he produces a knife. “Salvor,” Drake says with a warning.

Salvor winks at me before slicing into my hand. Dad steps in front of them before they can lunge at him, but I am distracted by the blood flooding out of my hand. It doesn’t hurt. “It’s like prickles,” I tell him as we watch the cut in my hand seal up and disappear. He wipes my hand with a cloth and grins.

“Not even a scar,” he says. Drake frowns deeply at him before grabbing my hand to see for himself.

“That’s insane,” he says quietly.

“We need to know what something more severe will do,” Salvor says.

“No,” Eyrx booms.

“Relax,” Salvor laughs. “Unika can help so if it gets hairy, we can stop the bleeding before it does anything too bad.”

“Go on then,” I say.

“I’ll open a main artery to see how you handle mass blood loss,” he says.

“What the fuck, Salvor,” Drake sighs.

“Should I lay down?” I ask him.

“That would be good,” he smiles. I lay in the grass, and he kneels beside me with the knife in hand. “Close your eyes and take a deep breath.”

I do as he says, and I feel slightly more pressure as he cuts into the side of my neck. My eyes fly open, and I start to panic. He lays his hand on my forehead, and Mom is beside me now.

“She’s not healing. Stop it now,” Drake demands. Salvor ignores him and keeps focused on me.

“Help her, Salvor,” Eyrx shouts at him.

“She’s okay,” Mom says softly .

I start to feel the prickles and I relax. My breathing evens out and the feeling of my blood escaping stops. “That felt weird,” I say. “No pain. Just pressure.”

“You are a bit slower with healing fatal wounds, but it reduces the severity right away,” he says.

“So, avoid the severe physical attacks?” I ask.

“Yes. You’ll heal but you probably cannot take multiple fatal wounds in a row,” he says as he helps me stand. He goes to say something else, but I snap my head in the direction of the wide-open and pitch-black dark field that leads to the Thalorin wall.

“What?” Drake asks.

“Someone is coming,” I say.

“Are you...”

“Someone is coming,” I repeat. I can sense their presence getting closer. I can sense everyone around us, but there’s someone new.

Mom and I cast a spell to send beams of light from our hand so when we raise it, we can see a small group walking toward us. Everyone is instantly on high alert as they stage to protect the wall. Julianna moves back and disappears while I stay between Drake and Eyrx. Mom and Dad are also with us. We have two shifted soldiers with us and the group comes into view so we can shut the lights off. I stay shifted because I feel safer this way.

“We mean peace,” a woman calls out. “We won’t attack.”

“Name,” Drake demands .

“Iliam Jakar,” she says. “I was voted as the representative to come and speak with the king and queen.” When she gets to us, she and the two others go to their knees to bow.

“You can stand,” I say simply. When they do, I step close and shake her hand. I instantly trust her but I don’t know why.

“What is it?” Eyrx asks.

“She’s trustworthy,” I say. “I can sense that she wants peace.”

“What do you want?” Drake asks.

“The citizens of Thalorin are deeply appreciative of the offer for Vulkara to take us in. We have come together since the royal family has disappeared. We voted to send all of the elderly and children to safety, with the rest of us choosing to stay.”

“Why?” Drake asks.

“To put it simply, we want justice,” she says. “For hundreds of years, we have been kept in absolute poverty while the royal family has invested all of their time and resources into making themselves more powerful in an attempt to not be dependent on the citizens to produce and provide for them. The laws are made to allow anyone to be punished for any reason, up to and including death. We are tired of watching innocent people die at the hands of the military and starvation. We are kept in a state where our powers are weak due to malnutrition, so we have no way to fight back. The papers that were dumped in our streets made us realize that we should be fighting until the very end. If we die, at least we will be fighting for a better life. The cruelty that Queen Lysa and her biological mother endured at the hands of the royal family should be punishable by death. ”

“What is your plan?” I ask.

“We rise against the royal family and help capture them,” she says.

“What resources do you need?” Drake asks bluntly.

“Nothing,” she says. “Opening your country to provide us with a safe place is resource enough. We will handle our farming.”

“No,” Drake says. “What do you need.”

“We... have nothing, Your Highness,” she says quietly. “Over the course of the day, we have lost our crops, and the livestock is starting to die off. Everyone is afraid to drink the water in fear of it being tainted.”

“Lysa?” Drake asks me, wanting my opinion.

“Evacuate everyone to the neutral zone immediately,” I say. “We can have resources here and we can take time to allow them to gain strength and get to know our soldiers. If they’re going to fight side-by-side, they should know that they can trust one another, and then everyone is fighting for the same peace. We make our presence in the neutral zone loud and well-known. We make our intentions clear and unmistakable so that they are deterred from attacking. They’ll stay held up for a little while but as soon as we can, we move.”

“Keril, get resources here to support for an extended period of time,” Drake says. “I want it here by first light, so flying will be faster.”

“Yes sir,” Keril says.

“Iliam, evacuate your people immediately. Children and elderly first,” Drake says. “I



will send a group with you so that they can be flown back.”

“Thank you so much, Your Highness,” she says, bowing to only Drake.

“Just call me Drake,” he says with a softer tone. “Understand that with you representing them, that means you are a noble. I will look to you first, so I would advise you to get a handful of trusted people to act as your group leaders. When in combat, you don’t want to be tied to one place. You need for everyone to be able to act independently and simply report back to you.”

“Yes sir,” she smiles sweetly. “We appreciate you so much.”

“It’s not me you should thank,” he says firmly. “Lysa is your queen, and she stands as my equal and my only mate. She is the one who is gracious enough to provide you with the support that you need. I didn’t make that decision.”

“Of course,” she says turning and bowing to me. “Thank you, my queen.”

“Do what needs to be done. Get me a final number of refugees as well as the remaining number staying to fight when you return,” I say.

“Yes ma’am,” she says. “Will you or the king be joining us?”

“No,” Drake says. “The queen will be resting, and her second mate and I will be with her. You are dismissed, Ilium.”

I turn to Drake, and he smirks at me. “I know she didn’t just flirt with the king right in front of me,” I say flatly.

“Jealous, Little Flame?” he asks sweetly.

“Do I need to be?” I retort hatefully .

Drake narrows his eyes and grabs my face so I cannot look away. “Are you doubting my loyalty, Lysa? Do I need to remind you exactly who the fuck you belong to?”

“I know who I belong to. Who do you belong to?” I ask simply.

“You, my love,” he says softly.

“Good. I’d hate to have to remind you,” I say as I shift back.

“Oh?” he asks.

“Mhmm,” I smile. “Let’s go to bed.”

“Okay,” he chuckles.

“Where is Julianna?” I ask.

“I think she went to bed,” Mom says. “She put up another tent a few minutes ago.”

“What?” I ask. “Why?”

“I’m going to go talk to her and I’ll join you two in a bit,” Eyrx says before kissing me.

“Okay,” I sigh.

Eyrx

I watch as Drake and Lysa walk into the tent, and I want to follow them. I'd much rather go lie next to Lysa, but I need to talk to Juli. I am holding our ring in my hand because it is now too loose to stay on. She's clearly alive, so why is our bond severed? Is that why she's been avoiding me since we returned? She was dead silent the entire way back from dumping the papers.

I find the tent she put up, and barge in. I am instantly pissed off when I find her laid out in the bed moaning. She is fucking herself with her fingers and rubbing her clit. "What the fuck are you doing?" I demand.

"Get out," she snaps at me.

"Get up," I say, but she doesn't move. "Get the fuck out of the bed, Julianna. Now."

"What do you want? I am here alone for a fucking reason," she says coldly .

"Where is your ring?" I ask grabbing her hand. "Why in the fuck is our bond severed?"

"Because you chose her," she says, yanking her hand back. "You chose her over and over and over."

"It's been one day," I yell at her. "You knew and fucking encouraged this but now suddenly it's a betrayal? I don't buy it. What do we do about the baby?"

“What baby?” she asks with a smile that sends a chill down my spine.

“What in the fuck did you do?” I growl, and she laughs. “What did you do, Julianna?”

“Severed bond means I owe you nothing,” she sneers. “There is no more baby. Go breed the queen. She is your primary mate now.”

“You... Juli,” I say as emotion stabs through me. “You killed the baby?”

“Yes, and burned the fucking thing to ash,” she says with no emotion. “Remains are in that bag beside the door. Go grieve someplace else.”

“Who are you?” I ask.

“It was a girl, by the way,” she says. “Get your bag of trash and get out. ”

“What am I supposed to tell Drake?” I ask, trying so hard to not cry. How could she do this? She wanted that baby before we left. She wanted me to give that ring to Lysa. What happened? How did I make such a mess without even knowing it?

“You tell him that your betrayal led to the sever and the loss of the baby,” she says. “Tell him the truth and I’ll tell him you forced yourself on me and I lost the baby that way. Wanna guess who he will believe?”

“You are a vile cunt,” I say, my voice shaking with anger.

“Get out, Eyrx. Go be with your mate,” she says as she waves me off.

I shake my head at her before turning and walking to the door. I make sure to grab the remains as I go but I turn towards the woods to be alone for a while.

Once I am far enough away, I dump the remains on the stone and back up to shift. Pain rips through me as I let my fire blast into the remains to form a stone. When dragon remains are heated, they form into a stone. Julianna was further along than we told anyone. My daughter was viable. She didn't have to kill her. I am not ignorant. I know that she was alive when she had her. She killed my baby girl, and I don't have the strength to find out how. If I knew how she did it, I wouldn't be able to stop myself from hurting her. If I do that, I will lose not only Drake but Lysa also.

Poor Lysa... She is going to blame herself. She is so kindhearted; she will take on all the faults. I can't tell them the truth, because Julianna will just make them think I raped her. I don't know if they would believe it, but I don't want to find out. I will take on all of this and grieve in silence.

When I shift back, I pick up the small pinkish-purple stone and tears fall down my cheeks. I take my necklace off and let the small green stone out of the center. Julianna's dragon is green, so I did that for her. I toss the small emerald into the woods before carefully fitting the new stone into place. I wanted to name the baby Erin no matter if they were a girl or boy. So, that's her name.

"I'm sorry I couldn't protect you, baby girl," I whisper to the stone. "Daddy loves you so much."

I gently kiss the stone before wiping my face and going to be with my mate. When I get there, the lights are off and Lysa is curled up next to Drake.

"Hey," Drake says. He switches a light on and immediately stands when he sees my face. "What happened? What's wrong?"

"I uh... our bond severed," I say, trying to keep calm. I don't give a fuck about Julianna, but it's Erin's loss that hurts like hell. "The stress of the break made her... the baby is gone."

“Oh, Eyrx,” he says as he hugs me. Something about his comfort brings tears out of me again. “I’m so sorry, man. Are you okay?”

“Losing Julianna isn’t what hurts,” I say. “Maybe that is bad but... I wanted that little girl so badly.”

“You’re hiding something from me,” he says skeptically.

“She was pretty far along. She hid the pregnancy for months to surprise you,” I say. “She didn’t tell me she lost her. She just gave me her remains.”

“She just gave them to you?” Drake asks. “That’s a bit cold.”

“Yeah. I guess my bond with Lysa was stronger... I’m sorry, Drake.”

“Did you do it intentionally?” he asks.

“No. Never.”

“Then we are good,” he shrugs. “Shit happens. I’m more upset she lost the baby and didn’t say anything before cremating her. What did you do with the remains?”

I take my necklace off and hand it to him. He sighs and closes his eyes when he sees the new stone. “Erin,” I say. “That is her name.”

“Erin,” he says quietly. “Me, you, and Lysa can make an offering to the Gods to welcome her to the afterlife, okay?”

“Really?” I sniff.

“Of course,” he says, hugging me again. “Lysa has two primary mates now. Don’t try

to force yourself into breeding just because she and I are ready. We can wait as long as you want. ”

“No, I want to. It’s not replacing Erin, and I know Lysa will agree,” I say.

“So, we both breed her and raise the child together,” he says. “Let’s go lay down before she wakes.”

“You don’t want to talk to Julianna?” I ask.

“Why would I?” he asks seriously.

It dawns on me that Julianna is betraying more than just me. The connection she had with her brother is gone and he doesn’t realize or care. That must be why Lysa is so much more relaxed tonight when she wasn’t around her.

I undress and lay behind Lysa. Drake gets into bed also and she rolls to face me. She takes my pendant and gently kisses the small stone made of my daughter's remains before snuggling into my chest. I sniff back tears, and she wraps her arms around me the best she can.

“I’m so sorry, Eyrx,” Lysa whispers.

“Thank you,” I say tearfully as I hug her to my chest.

“I love you to the moon and beyond,” she says. “Erin too.”

“We are here for you, man,” Drake says as he moves in closer to Lysa and kisses her shoulder before resting his hand on her waist.

“Are you okay?” I ask him. “She was your niece. ”

“We have each other,” he says. “The three of us are bonded for life, so we will heal together.”

“Is it my fault?” Lysa asks with a small voice. I lift her chin and wipe away a stray tear.

“No, my love. It isn’t your fault, or mine,” I say. “Sleep now. Tomorrow is a new day.”

She nods and snuggles into my chest again. Sleep won’t come easily for me, but laying with my mate in my arms, the pain is manageable, and rest is possible.



## Page 16

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 2:23 pm*

Lysa

One Week Later

Pressure fills me suddenly and a hand covers my mouth to muffle a moan. My ass is up in the air and Eyrx is slowly fucking me. He is deep in my pussy, and it feels so amazing. He has put all his emotion the last week into me and much of it has been anger. I can't even begin to imagine what he is feeling after losing his daughter. Especially when Julianna is walking around without a care in the world. Neither Drake nor Eyrx speak to her or even pay her any attention. I'm just happy she's not around much. She makes me feel uneasy now.

Eyrx realizes that I am awake now and quickens his pace so it is unrelenting. He is fucking me so hard that he ends up pushing me flat to pound me into the bed. "Fuuuuck," I moan. "Gods, yes!"

My orgasm explodes out of me and Eyrx groans as he pushes deep to come. It took me a lot longer to wake up than past mornings. My pussy is literally throbbing, so he was definitely fucking me for a while. He brings himself down and lays his head in my back with a sigh.

"Ready for today?" I ask.

"Ready to take my anger out on some deserving prick supporting the fuckers that hurt my mate? Yes," he says. I giggle when he bites my ass cheek before kissing the same spot and getting up.

“That’s what I said,” Drake chuckles. When I roll over, he grabs my ankles and pulls me to the end of the bed. I wiggle my ass when he pushes my knees to my chest and smirks. I scream out when he suddenly slams into my still dripping pussy.

“Fuck, you feel so good,” he growls and pushes deeper.

“Oh my Gods,” I moan.

“We are running low on time, Little Flame,” he says humorously.

“Don’t you dare fucking stop,” I snap.

“Oh, never,” he says.

“Then what... oh fuck!” I scream when he leans in and starts fucking me hard and fast. He partially shifts when he flips me to bend over the bed. When he slaws back into me, he fills my ass, and I instantly come when the hit prickles of pain fill my belly. I push back to meet his thrusts, and my body tightens around his cocks, making him moan deeply .

I am groaning and growling as he fucks me into a stupor. When he finally comes, it triggers yet another release. I am panting and gasping for air by the time he pulls out of me. Instead of letting me rest, one of them cleans me and I am stood up.

“I need a nap now,” I complain as they hug me.

“Killing now, nap later,” Eyrx says, kissing me.

“Can I ask you something?” I ask Eyrx before we step out.

“You can,” he says.

“Can I trust Julianna to not get anyone hurt?” I ask. “I don’t get a good vibe from her. Drake is essentially ignoring her. So are you. My mom doesn’t get a good feeling either. I need honesty.”

Eyrx looks at me for a moment before he cups my cheek. “Honestly... Don’t be alone with her and don’t rely on her for support. Okay?”

“Okay,” I say before turning my face to kiss his palm. “When we have time, I want you to explain what you are lying to us about. I won’t push you, but you are lying to us.”

“I am,” he admits. “I just have a lot to sort out in my head. Just know that I’m not being deceptive. I haven’t done anything different than what I’ve said I have. It just hurts too badly to admit to you two.”

“We love you, Eyrx,” Drake says, hugging him. “No matter what, I will stand with you and Lysa. Even if you are wrong. Even if the world is falling apart. It’s us three until the end. Yeah?”

“Yeah,” Eyrx smiles.

“Now let’s go kick some ass,” I smile.

We walk out of the tent, and everyone is waiting for us. Daylight is just beginning to peek over the horizon and warm rays of sunshine are cast across the wide-open field. This journey is admittedly daunting, but each step we take carries us closer to our goal.

We get to the front of the massive group and Julianna steps up like she is going to stand with us. “Go stand with Keril’s team,” Drake says simply.

“What?” she asks. “I am a part of this...”

“You are a part of nothing,” Drake says harshly as he steps close to speak. No one else can hear besides Eyrx and I.

“You don’t mean that,” she says tearfully.

“I absolutely mean that,” he snips. “You denied a father the right to mourn his daughter because you decided to be a bitter cunt. I don’t know what you did to get Eyrx to lie to me, but I stand with him no matter what his lie is. Every single fucking night, Lysa and I listen to him cry himself to sleep holding her over the loss of his daughter. I don’t know what you did, but you will fucking pay for breaking him.”

“I am your sister,” she argues.

“You are no sister of mine,” he says with venom in his tone. “Don’t you worry, Julianna. His mate and I will pick those pieces up and repair whatever it is that you did to him. Now get the fuck out of my face and go to the back of the fucking group.”

Lysa glares at me before turning and walking back to where Drake told her to go. What I don’t get about her is that unmated female dragons frequently and openly have sex for pleasure. If their bond was severed, why isn’t she? Eyrx no longer has their ring on and has just our ring on, so who is she mated to? Unmated males don’t even blink in her direction. I want to ask, but then again, I don’t want to know the answer. I will just do what Eyrx said and not be alone with her.

“There isn’t much to be said that hasn’t already been said over the last week. We all know the plan, so stick to it. If something goes wrong, you protect the wall into Vulkara... We do have a bit of a surprise that we have hidden from everyone for the last week though,” Drake says as he smiles at me when I shift. “We have learned a lot about Lysa and as it turns out, Hybrid witches are capable of shifting into something

that is a cross between a witch and a dragon. This is her full form and although we will not be going into detail as to what we have learned about her over the last week, know that she is our key to peace. “

“Can I?” I ask softly, and he nods .

“I know this is scary for some and I know that most of you will never admit your fears. Know that we are doing this to build a better tomorrow for future generations. We are building a world where we can live as one without fear of a tyrannical force holding onto society... Move forward today with the understanding that negativity begets negativity. We are here to restore peace, not add to the chaos. We are not savages, so do not act like one,” I say.

When Drake and Eyrx shift, I go to Eyrx. We have made it known that I have two primary mates, which makes Eyrx have a status that is much like mine and Drake's. He is Drake's second, but he holds just as much power to the throne as Drake and I do. My armor has been altered to have accents of red that fade into pink and into purple to represent the three of us. Drake and Eyrx have similar accent colors. Julianna was stripped of the honor of wearing our colors, leaving her with just green. Our pendants now hold four stones to represent the three of us as well as Erin. Drake thought of the idea, but I was wary because I am only a stepmother to Erin. Eyrx insisted that I had every right to mourn her loss, and I have. It is absolutely heartbreaking that she is gone, but something is off about the story Eyrx told us. I cannot put my finger on it, but I sense her cause of death is his lie.

I climb up into Eyrx's back and I gain a nasty glare from Julianna. Bitch. Drake and Eyrx leap into the air and we soar through the sky as everyone else follows suit .

The plan is simple. We burn from the outside in and drive them into one area. Drake, Eyrx, and I will be the ones to land first. Next will be Mom, Dad, Keril, Petra, and Iliam. Mom has two other witches with her as well. After that, the dragons will move

to a partial shift while I will stay as I am. We know that Aldric won't be caught for a while. Dad likely sent him to the caves, but we will make our way there soon. We have no intention of going back to camp, so we have a group moving camp into the city. We will be on high alert and have a post set up, but I know we can manage it.

As we pass over the wall, they all blast fire at the buildings just inside Thalorin. Their flames persist as we get to the first city, and everyone falls into formation to sweep across the land. I can feel the attacks hit my force field of sorts that I have put up to protect us. The soldiers on the ground eventually stop and retreat when they realize that the force field is simply reflecting their attacks back at them before they can reach us.

We have quickly pushed everyone toward the castle but none of them have a chance to disappear inside before Dad sets it on fire. It all goes up into flames so fast, but it forces everyone outside. Out of nowhere, Julianna breaks the formation and goes to land before everyone.

I could shift my force field to protect her, but I don't. My instincts immediately tell me that she is not worthy of my protection. Before I can override that and shift my focus to her; a bolt of light shoots out from the gathering of witches. It is so blinding that Eyrx and Drake change directions to avoid any sort of trap. When we circle back, she's gone.

"Oh no..." I say a loud. Drake and Eyrx are unfazed as we swoop down to make a landing. I jump off his back and everyone starts to shift.

The group of witches includes Rystar and Isolde, but they are behind the rest. Rystar shouts and they all charge at us. I step in front of everyone and everyone running at us suddenly stops.

"Go!" Rystar screams at them. "Attack!"

The soldiers' eyes go wide as they stand frozen. Not only is their magic bound, but they are essentially a statue. I'm slowly heating them up from the inside out, and I have every intention of turning them to ash. Rystar and Isolde turn to run but are blocked in by a group of dragons that wrap around to keep them from escaping.

"Kill them," I say to Keril simply. His team, minus, Julianna, steps up. Keril grabs hold of the first man's head and violently twists it, letting his body drop to the ground. The others follow suit, and they all take down the others. Rystar and Isolde join hands and mutter something before a slight stabbing pain prickles across my chest. I smile deviously and take my mom's hand as we talk toward them.

We found that anyone I am touching gets the same resistance to pain and magic that I have. Petra is protecting the others, but the focus is on us. "You think you can defeat us?" Rystar laughs .

"I don't think I can, I know I can," I say simply.

"Anyone who cries while they get fucked is no match for me," Rystar growls as he steps toward us. His gaze clips from me to my mom and then back to me.

"What? Got used to calling me Unika and now you don't know who is who?" I ask.

"Why don't you get on your knees and suck me like the useless whore you are," he smirks. "You look far better under me, Lysa."

"Okay," I smile, making Drake and Eyrx chuckle. Rystar doesn't move and Mom laughs.

"What the fuck are you laughing at? You should be dead," Isolde says hatefully.

"I don't know what's worse... the fact that your son would rather rape me than fuck

you or that your own husband preferred his daughter and granddaughter over his wife and mate,” I say before looking back at Rystar with a dramatic pouting face. “What's wrong, Daddy? I thought you wanted me to suck you?”

“What the fuck has gotten into you?” he frowns.

“The dragon king,” I smile. “And his best friend.”

“Either surrender or get the fuck out of my country,” he says, changing topics .

“Mmmmm. No,” I say. “Want to know your first mistake?”

“What?” he sighs.

“Keeping a dragon in your castle,” I laugh. “You know... Mom got pregnant with me while you were down in the dungeon too? Since you clearly lack education, let me teach you something... You see, when a dragon meets their mate, they both are instantly filled with lust. They can't help but fuck. It's in their nature to breed, so he did. Over... and over... and over. All while you thought you were the only one to take her.”

“Shut up,” he seethes.

“What? Can't handle hearing about your daughter being in love? What about me, Daddy ? You sacrificed me thinking that they would kill me in response to your lame attempt at taking the king down,” I laugh. “You know what happened instead?”

“Shut up,” he shouts. Rystar lunges at me, ready to wrap his hands around my throat, but I let Mom take over and an invisible vice tightens around his throat. He instantly starts to panic as he collapses to the ground and claws at his throat.



“While he was locked away in that paralytic state, I took the dragon king,” I boast. “I broke the curse. I mated to the king, Rystar. I mated to his second in command. I have taken them separately, together, and even shifted. Don’t you see now? You spent my entire life calling me a useless and powerless witch. You had no idea who I was or what I am capable of. Had you known that I was a hybrid witch, you would’ve killed me ages ago to prevent the fate that you are about to receive.”

“Aw. Look at him struggle,” Mom laughs.

“Want to know what that makes me, Rystar?” I say as Mom and I kneel to either side of him with our hands joined. Isolde is frozen in place. I’m not sure if it’s out of fear or if Petra has bound her powers. Either way, she is unmoving. “I am the queen of ash and magic, Rystar. And you? You are nothing. Useless. Forgettable. No one will miss you. No one will mourn you. You will lay here while your body rots away and you burn in hell for what you did to us.”

“This is for me, Dad,” Mom says softly as the vice tightens and his face turns a deep shade of purple. “But this... This is for Lysa.”

Together, we tighten and twist until his head starts to turn around. After one loud crack, his body goes limp, but his head keeps turning. Once it makes one full rotation and his skin starts to split, Mom grabs Rystar by the hair and pulls his head from his body. I can’t help but laugh when she tosses it to Isolde, and she screams in fear before instantly throwing up.

“Her powers are bound,” Drake says as he gently touches my shoulder. I turn and hug him before hugging Eyrx.

“Nothing better than a bit of poetic justice,” Dad says as he hands Mom and me a metal rod .

“Wait. Wait. Wait. Girl. Please. Please, wait,” Isolde begs as she moves to her knees to beg.

“Do you remember what I told you right before Dad raped me that last time?” Mom asks.

“Unika, please,” Isolde begs.

“I put myself in harm’s way and you said that I was ignorant for sacrificing myself,” Mom says. “I told you a mother would do anything to protect her child. I told you that if anyone laid a finger on my little girl, I would kill the both of you. Didn’t I?”

“Yes,” she cries. “Lysa, I’m sorry. Please don’t m...”

“Just shut up,” I say. “Die with a little dignity, hmm?”

“Lysa, please,” she screams. Isolde cowers and tries to protect her head when I raise the metal bar. I smile at Mom and wait. It takes her a second but when she finally moves her arms thinking that I will have mercy on her, I slam the rod down on the top of her shoulder. She let out a shrill scream as she falls back. Mom and I instantly start to wail on her. We beat her the way she beat me so many times. She screams until her voice breaks, but we don’t stop. When she tries to crawl away, we move with her. There is blood everywhere and her body is limp, but I don’t stop. Only when my mom wraps her arms around my body and the rod is taken from me do I realize I am sobbing .

She brings us down to the ground before holding me against her chest. Sobs rack from my body, ripping through the years of pain. Countless pleas for mercy play through my head as I cry in my mother's arms. She rocks us gently and sings a familiar song while stroking my hair. Eventually, I am reduced to whimpers and sniffles. She lifts my face and gently wipes away my tears.

“I love you to the moon and beyond, Lysa,” she says softly. “I’m so proud of you. We are all so proud of you.”

“They’re gone,” I whisper.

“Yes, baby. They’re gone,” she smiles. “Stand for your people, Lysa.”

I nod before turning to let Drake help me up. As soon as I face all of our people, they erupt in cheers and claps to celebrate. Drake and Eyrx hug me tightly before Dad does the same.

“We have not won the war,” I say to everyone, and they go silent. “We have not won the war because we have one battle left to fight. Aldric Morgana still needs to be found and brought to justice. Let’s take the night to rest before we end this once and for all.”

More cheers erupt and I let my mates take my hands and pull me toward the center. Each of them kisses me passionately before they step back to shift. I climb up to sit with Drake and I can feel all the adrenaline seeping out of me. I’m exhausted from how many spells I’ve done today. Within a few minutes of being in the air, I shift back and lay forward to fall asleep.

## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 2:23 pm*

Lysa

I wake to the sounds of someone muttering. I open my eyes and see that Drake is fast asleep, so it must be Eyrx. I roll and see him pacing the tent holding his pendant. He is crying so I nudge Drake before I sit up. “Eyrx,” I say softly.

“I did this,” he says tearfully. “I got my little girl killed. Now she won’t even pay for what she did to her.”

“You didn’t, Eyrx,” I say as I step in front of him.

“She did it because of me. Because I loved you more,” he says, almost whimpering. It breaks my heart to see him in so much pain like this. I would give anything to take away his pain. “It had been one day. She was fine before we left. I don’t understand. Why did she do it? Why didn’t she just talk to me? I would have taken her. I would have cared for her and loved her. She didn’t have to do it.”

“Do what, Eyrx?” I ask softly.

“No,” he says as he shakes his head and steps back. “No, she’s a liar. She’ll lie. I didn’t do anything wrong. I swear to the Gods, I wouldn’t...”

“She’s gone, Eyrx,” I say. “No matter what happened, we stand with you. We know your heart. We know she was wanted and loved long before she passed. What happened, Eyrx?”

“I didn’t even get to meet her,” Eyrx says as his legs give out and he drops to his

knees as emotion slams down harder. “She’s gone. I couldn’t save her. I would have saved her. Why did she have to take her from me?!”

“Shh. I’ve got you,” I say as I kneel beside him and pull his head to my chest. He wraps his arms around my waist as he sinks down. His sobs drag tears to the surface and roll down my cheeks. Drake kneels with us and rests his hand on my back and Eyrx’s shoulder. His cries and pleas for his baby girl cut deep, and soon we are all in tears as he relives this loss all over again. We knew that eventually, he would reach a point where he couldn’t keep it in any longer and he would break. We knew it would be hard. I tried to prepare myself to see this wound reopened for him his heartbreaking.

We stay together until Eyrx calms enough that he can sit up. “I’m sorry,” he says quietly.

“You’ve done nothing wrong,” I say .

“I lied...”

“You protected your heart,” Drake says. “You didn’t want to face the reality of the situation. You did what you thought was best and we will always support you. You are under no obligation to explain anything to us, but we are here. We will always be here, Eyrx.”

“I want to say it,” he admits, dropping his head. I lift his face to meet mine before wiping away his tears.

“Then say it, my love,” I say. “With every breath, I am yours... I will always choose my mates. Always.”

“She killed her,” Eyrx says tearfully. “She said the bond was severed because I kept

choosing you so... she killed her. Erin was viable. She would have been born healthy. She was healthy. She induced labor and murdered my baby girl. Why did she have to do that? She could have just given her to me and walked away. She didn't have to hurt her."

Rage is radiating from Drake, and it's not directed toward Eyrx. "How did she get you to lie?" Drake asks in a tone that is far calmer than how he looks.

"She said she would say that I raped her and that it caused her to lose the baby," he sniffs. "I didn't know if she would be believed, and I was scared. I'm sorry I doubted you guys."

"I understand," Drake says, hugging Eyrx. "I'm so sorry she did that."

"I just don't understand," Eyrx sighs.

"So... Julianna should have been unmated if the bond was severed, right?" I ask.

"Yeah," Drake says before snapping his head to me. "Yes."

"So why wasn't every unmated dragon in this group trying to fuck her brains out?" I ask. Eyrx looks at me and it clicks.

"She had a new mate," Eyrx says.

"When did she flip?" Drake says.

"When we went to dump the papers," he says.

"Oh.... No," I say.

“What?” Drake asks.

“Will a witch know if they mate?” I ask.

“As long as they know what it is, absolutely. You only missed it because you didn’t know what mates were,” he says. “Oh... shit.”

“What?” Eyrx asks.

“She... If she mated to Aldric... He would absolutely use magic to strengthen their bond. He is a control freak and there’s a very simple love spell that is a lot like a mate bond,” I say.

“Let’s find your mom,” Drake says as he stands. Eyrx follows us as we walk out of the tent and walk down to their tent .

When we walk in, I slap my hand over my eyes when I hear moans and skin slapping against skin. “Fuck,” I hear dad growl. They’re completely oblivious to us and Drake laughs as he covers my ears. I don’t care about societal norms, that is an image I will never get out of my head.

I don’t move a muscle until my hand is pulled off my face and Drake drops his hands. “You have terrible timing,” Dad says with a smirk. “What’s wrong?”

“I think Julianna mated to Aldric,” I say.

“Oh shit,” he says.

“Julianna was further along in her pregnancy than she told anyone. She told Eyrx that their bond was severed because he kept choosing me, but it had only been a day. She was fine until we went to handle the flyers. When we got back, she induced labor and

then murdered Erin,” I continue. “I don’t think she died today. That spell... it looked like a fatal one but... they could have simply just done a light spell so that she could disappear... I think she’s with Aldric.”

“Oh Eyrx,” Mom says tearfully as she hugs him. “I’m so sorry. That wretched cunt.”

“If she’s alive...” Eyrx says when he eventually pulls away from her hug .

“If she’s alive, she won’t be for long,” Drake says matter-of-factly. “Either you kill the bitch, or I will.”

“I will,” Eyrx says calmly.

“This changes everything,” Drake says.

“No,” I say. “It doesn’t. We tell everyone the truth. We let them be as angry as we are. Someone we all trusted murdered a newborn baby. Mate bond and magic considered, no one forced her to do that. There is no spell to make you do that. That was calculated and evil. That evil was already there, and he just built off it.”

“Are you sure they...”

“Even the most despicable people wouldn’t support that,” Mom says. “Fuck, I doubt Rystar and Isolde would.”

“Aldric is so much worse than Rystar, so he probably praised her for it,” I say.

“Let’s tell everyone then,” Eyrx says simply.

“Are you okay?” I ask. “I know that’s a dumb question but...”



“I’m okay,” he says. “Thank you, Lysa. Truly.”

“Always,” I say as I go up to my tiptoes to kiss him.

“Sorry you heard your dad power fucking your mom,” he says with a grin .

“Hey, on a positive note. They’re definitely trying to give you a sibling,” Drake says.

“Yep. Knotted and everything,” Eyrx says.

“Alright, ham hock. I don’t need the visuals,” I say, but squeal when he abruptly grabs the backs of my legs and picks me up. I wrap my legs around him

“I love you, brat,” he says before kissing me.

“He’s definitely going to destroy you,” Drake chuckles.

“Eh. He can try,” I say, winking at Eyrx

“Well, she’s just like her mom, and Unika sure did just take a lot,” Drake says but laughs when I frown at him. Eyrx laughs and sets me down.

“Us girls are resilient,” Mom teases.

“All of you are annoying,” I laugh. “let’s go do this.”

We go out and let a few know to gather. Within a few minutes, everyone is gathered. “Evening, everyone. I know we are all tired, but we have a development that needs to be addressed immediately...” he says. “I am going to give it to you bluntly because otherwise I’ll get wrapped in my own emotions.”

“Take your time,” I encourage. He nods and takes a second to just breathe .

“My sister Julianna was thought to have died today, being the only casualty... That is no longer thought to be the case,” Drake says as he tears up. He takes a second again, a tear rolls down his cheek. “When Eyrx and Lysa became mates, Julianna was the most supportive of everyone. She encouraged Eyrx to focus on their bond. The next day, we all handed out the flyers. Upon return returning, she went off on her own. That is when she decided to induce labor. She was further along than she had stated in an attempt to surprise me.... So the baby was viable... Julianna then murdered her child before cremating her. Those remains were given to Eyrx, and he was forced into silence by a threat of making him look guilty of his daughter’s death. In no way is Eyrx at fault and I know in my heart that you all will feel the same way... It is our belief that when Julianna and Aldric came face-to-face, for the first time, they became mates. We suspect that Aldric used his powers to sever her bond with Eyrx. Her response to this was to murder her child. Although she is a victim of his influence, she is still a murderer... Given this information, we believe that the light we saw was simply a distraction and not fatal. This means that Julianna is alive and with Aldric.”

Rage and sadness flood the group, and Drake waits for them to settle. “The plan is very simple,” Drake tells them. “Lysa, Eyrx, and I will go in alone. There are a few powers that Lysa has that only the three of us know about for this very reason. Trust in us and I promise, baby Erin will get justice. When we return, we will hold offering to the Gods in memory of her. ”

“We will be in our tent for the remainder of the evening,” I say. “If anything should arise, go to either of my parents and they will let us know.”

“Go in before you get trapped,” Mom says, kissing my cheek. “I love you.”

“I love you too,” I say before Dad hugs us. “Love you, Dad.”

“We love you too, sweetheart. Go on,” he encourages.

I take my mates by the hand, and we walk back to our tent. When we get in, I put a spell up to keep anyone from coming in. When I turn back, Eyrx has a feral look in his eye. He has so much built-up anger and no place to put it. He is holding himself back though.

“What’s going on in your head?” I ask as I slowly step toward him. Drake simply smirks and goes to sit in the armchair by the bed.

“I don’t want to hurt you,” he says.

“I want you to hurt me,” I say with a sweet smile as I lay my hands on his chest.

“Lysa,” he sighs.

“What’s wrong, ham hock?” I ask. “Going soft on me?”

“I know what you are doing,” he says, grabbing my chin and forcing me to look up at him .

“If you’d rather, you can just sit with Drake and watch me get myself off,” I say. Eyrx growls and wraps his hand around my throat. “Aww. Don’t like that idea, ham hock?”

“Stop calling me that,” he snarls.

“Or what?” I ask. “Are you getting mad, ham hock?”

“Stop it,” he snaps.

“Mmmm. Make me,” I say, and Drake laughs.

“I swear to the Gods, Lysa,” he growls again as he backs me up to the bed.

“Aww. Poor Ham hock. All bark,” I say before patting his cheek. “No bite.”

I laugh when he shoves me backward onto the bed and rips my clothing off. He has unintentionally partially shifted and I know he’s close to breaking. “You are pushing me,” he says. “I am not responsible for what I do when you do this shit.”

I grin at him before spreading my legs, dragging his attention down to my pussy. “I think I can handle two minutes; don’t you think, ham hock?” I ask sweetly, knowing this will push him over the edge. He tears his clothes off and forces his way between my legs.

“You want me to break so badly, fine,” he says harshly. “You want all of my rage and pain and sadness? Fine. Don’t say I didn’t fucking warn you. ”

Eyrx leans back to grab hold of my waist before he surges into me with so much force that I arch my back dramatically and scream. His pace is instantly unrelenting. He is fucking me with the intent to cause pain, so I decide to make it harder for him and shift mid-stroke. “Fuck!” Eyrx groans and quickens his pace. I can feel his barbs dig into me but instead of pain, I come. The more pain he tries to cause me, the harder I come. Soon, I am almost speaking in tongues. He has fucked me into a lulled state and this carries on for so long that I am nearly unconscious by the time I feel him swell inside of me.

“I want our baby in your belly,” he growls in my ear.

“Please,” I moan. He buries his face in my neck and moans deeply as his knot and barbs lock him inside of me. He still keeps moving and instead of pain from the

barbs, I come again and again. What should be causing me pain is triggering explosive orgasms. When he starts to come, he kisses me hard. He doesn't let up and I bring my hands to his face as I whimper through my pleasure.

When he finally pulls out, I groan and relax into the bed. "I didn't even mean to do that," Eyrx says. "I don't know why... Oh hell..."

"Aww. Little flame's first fertility window," Drake says as he lays down and pulls me on top of him. He wraps his arms around me, and I am pinned to his chest with my arms between us.

"Fuck, please knot in me. Please," I beg .

I gasp and almost scream when he abruptly starts fucking me hard and fast. It startles me and I unintentionally shift back, making the pain of his barbs rip through me. "Fuck," I scream. My brain is killed still so I can't focus enough to shift back, allowing the pain to take over. When his knot swells inside of me, he's still fucking me just as fast. I instinctively claw at him, trying to relieve the pain. I don't want him to stop because I am on the brink of heaven.

Drake grabs a tight hold of my throat, cutting off my air and my screams as he continues to thrust deep while his knot is ripping through me. My eyes roll back and when he comes, something hellacious breaks free and I am temporarily transported to a different dimension. I can feel everything, but I can't see, hear, or speak. As I am stuck in this state, I feel something take root in my body. It's both subtle and obvious at the same time. It isn't a physical feeling but more so spiritual.

I suddenly gasp and sit up, but I am pulled back down to the bed. "Fuck. I'm sorry," I sigh.

"For what? We put you in the coma," Drake laughs.

“She deserved it,” Eyrx teases.

“I’m pregnant,” I say bluntly. They go silent and I sit up. “I don’t know how I know, but I know. I’m pregnant and I can’t shift. If I can’t shift, the plan is ruined. I won’t be able to offer you two invisibility.”

“Hey,” Eyrx says, cupping my cheek. “It’s okay. ”

“It’s not okay,” I say.

“We have another plan,” Drake says with a smile. “But you need to trust us.”

“Oh Gods...” I sigh.

## Page 18

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 2:23 pm*

### Prisoner of War

I have my arms bound behind my back and a hood over my head. I trust everyone to stick to the plan. I have confidence in Drake and Eyrx and get me back safely. I am still so worried though. Anything could happen. All I need to do is keep my mouth shut and go where I am lead.

“Remember the plan,” Drake says.

“I know,” I reply simply.

“Almost there,” he says. He grabs my arm as if I am actually a prisoner. He is believable, because he is practically dragging me now.

“Well. Well. Well,” Aldric chuckles. “Here to surrender?”

“Trade,” Drake says.

“Trade? ”

“My mate for yours,” he says. “I want my sister back.”

“Why?”

“Because she is my sister,” Drake says.

“And she is your mate,” Drake says.

“Do you want her or not?” Drake asks harshly.

“I could just take her,” Aldric says. “But...”

“You’re not seriously going to...”

“What did I tell you about speak when no one gave you permission?” Aldric shouts as he slaps Julianna. She goes silent and I smile under my hood. My face drops when Aldric pulls off the hood. I hold my breath and wait, but then he smile wickedly.

“So?” Drake asks.

“Take her,” Aldric says, waving him off and staying focused on me. Julianna starts to cry. When I glance at her, she has her hand on her chest, and she looks heartbroken.

“You’d think you’d know who it was you raped repeatedly,” I say simply as I let the body modification spell drop. Lysa and I look so similar that it didn’t take much to get it to stick. She wasn’t happy that she couldn’t be here to watch him die, but none of us want to risk her losing this pregnancy. It would break her heart and probably destroy Eyrx altogether. She will get to see what happens to Julianna though.

Drake simply pulls the ties on my wrists and the restraint falls away. We both step back. Aldric casts a spell to attempt to bind my magic, but I immediately put up a protective shield. The timing was perfect, and it bounces back, and he binds himself. Realizing his mistake, he backs away from Julianna as she shifts.

Aldric doesn’t get a chance to plead before Julianna bites down on his hand and shakes her head, violently jerking his body. His hand stays in her mouth, but his body detaches and continues through the air before smacking against a wall and tumbling to the ground.



“That’s one way to get rid of a problem,” Drake says nonchalantly. “On to the next one.”

“Drake,” Julianna says tearfully as she rushes to him.

“Stop,” he says flatly and points for her to leave the cave. She nods and drops her head. I think she understands what is about to happen. She looks defeated.

“Well, that was fun,” I say.

“Oh... just wait,” Drake smiles at me. “Thank you for your help, Unika.”

“Of course. Anything for Lysa and her mates,” I say with a smile.

## Page 19

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 2:23 pm*

Lysa

We watch as Julianna walks out first and Eyrx tenses up. Drake and my mom walk out after and Drake smiles at me. “He’s dead?” I ask.

“Yep. He lost his head, actually,” Drake laughs.

Mom and Petra stand on either side of me as Drake goes to Eyrx. We join hands and cast a spell to keep Julianna from shifting, rendering her helpless when Eyrx gets his revenge for Erin. Drake hugs Eyrx and talks to him for a second before coming over to stand behind me.

“Eyrx, please,” Julianna says tearfully. “Please forgive me. I’m so...”

“You are not worthy of forgiveness,” Eyrx says as his voice shakes with both rage and sadness. Everyone is silent as we watch him fight to hold himself together. “Did you think for a second to just give her to me? ”

“No, I... Eyrx, please. I’m begging you. I am your mate,” she cries.

“ You are nothing!” Eyrx screams as he grabs her by the throat. “Lysa is my mate. She is carrying our baby, and she is already ten times the mother you ever would have been.”

“Eyrx,” she repeats, her voice quivering.

“How,” he shouts. “How did you kill my little girl, Julianna?”

“Eyrx, you’re hurting me,” Julianna chokes out.

“Tell me,” Eyrx growls. “How did you murder my daughter?”

“I... put a knife through her heart,” she says quietly. When she drops her head, Eyrx laughs dryly and stumbles back a few steps. Tears are streaming down my face. I can’t imagine hurting my baby like that. I truly don’t understand how someone could grow a life just to take it so cruelly.

“Did she suffer?” Eyrx asks after a beat of silence.

“No. It was instant,” Julianna says quietly, no longer meeting his eyes.

Drake steps away from me and goes to Eyrx. He doesn’t even glance at his sister as he lays a ceremonial knife meant for when there is a sacrifice to be made to the Gods. It is meant to symbolize rebirth. We know that nothing will ever replace Erin, but by sacrificing Julianna to give Erin justice, we are praying to the Gods to pass Erin’s energy into our unborn baby however the Gods deem appropriate. It’s not commonly done, but it requires complete support and an unwavering agreement that this sacrifice is deserving.

Drake returns to us as Eyrx steps back up to Julianna. “We gather in prayer today to bring the Gods a sacrifice,” Eyrx says to everyone with his voice shaking and tears rolling down his cheeks. He looks at me and Drake and I go to his side. “We bring this sacrifice to seek justice for the lives broken. We ask that baby Erin’s energy find a home in our unborn child and her memory to be carried on... Our sacrifice will be one with the earth and to never be offered peace.”

“Eyrx,” Julianna whimpers when Eyrx looks back to her.

“My baby’s death might have been instant, but yours won’t be,” Eyrx says as he gently lifts her chin. She is sniveling and hiccupping, understanding her fate. She

stopped fighting the hold minutes ago, but we keep the spell in place.

“May the Gods be merciful,” Eyrx says.

“May the Gods be merciful,” we all repeat.

“May you never find peace, Julianna,” Eyrx says as he slowly pushes the knife into her abdomen and twists. Her eyes are wide, and she is frozen as he stumbles back a few steps and drops to her knees. Julianna coughs when she tries to speak, and blood run down her chin as he leaks out of her mouth. Eyrx leans down and pulls the knife out and she falls back. He simply squats down and gently touches her forehead and closes his eyes. I know he isn’t praying for her; he is taking this moment to say goodbye to his daughter as all our people watch. Her breaths are coming on short bursts as she tries to gasp for air. Her hand is covering the wound but as the light leaves her eyes, her body goes limp and her hand falls to her side.

Eyrx stands and walks over to me. He kisses me before going to his knees. I smile down at him as he gently grabs my hips and lifts my shirt to gently kiss my belly. When he stands, he cups my face and smiles.

“Let’s go home,” he says softly.

“Uh,” Keril speak up. “Are we... do you want us to cremate her remains?”

“No,” Eyrx says. “Let the bitch rot.”

Drake hugs Eyrx before kissing me. “Let’s go home and spoil our mate,” Drake says. “We have a baby to prepare for.”

“I thought of a name,” I say with a smile.

“Oh?” Eyrx asks.

“Mhmm. Ham hock junior,” I grin.

“Mhmm. I’ll let that pass because you are cute,” he smiles.

Everyone shifts and Mom smiles at me before going with Dad. I climb up onto Eyrx’s back and he takes us up into the clouds. I rest my hands on my belly and smile. I spent my life imprisoned in my thoughts, praying to the Gods for light to break through the clouds and brighten my world. In the dark, I learned that the light I craved was inside of me all along. I was always the queen of ash and magic, I just needed to find my way to my kings.