

Encounter-- Her Dragon Lords: Soothing Worries

Cynthia Sax

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"Recht worries." Guinevere gazed out at the moonlight-bathed courtyard, her tall, broad-shouldered lord husband standing next to one of his men. The Ubel attacks on kingdoms to the far south had placed the cautious Zwillings soldiers on high alert.

"He always worries." Linke, her other lord husband, wrapped his arms around her, drawing her back into their bedchamber, his chest bare against her gown, his hard cock pressing against her spine. "He needs his sleep, and I need this." He tugged down the bodice of her dress, exposing her generous breasts, the cool night air puckering her nipples. His coarse palms covered her bare skin, cupping and squeezing.

Guinevere groaned. "He will not be pleased."

Linke laughed, constantly in good spirits. "Me thinks he will be very pleased." He lifted her easily, and laid her upon their large bed.

She wiggled her gown off her hips, the fabric falling to the floor with a whisper of silk, and Linke tugged his breeches down, his cock springing free with a flattering eagerness. How could she deny such need? She could not. Guinevere reached for Linke, pulling his warm body on top of hers.

He kissed her deeply, tasting of man and meat and fire, as he fondled her breasts, caressing and pinching her into a fervor of feeling. Sweet mother. She writhed underneath him. "I need your cock inside me," she demanded. She didn't care where.

Linke chuckled once more, his green eyes sparkling like precious emeralds. "Grant me your sweet mouth this eve, lady wife." He rolled her until she lay upon his chest. "I will have those beautiful lips around my cock."

"As you wish, my lord husband." Guinevere gave him a cheeky smile, as she slid down his body, marveling in his muscular form and appreciating his sense of fun. She knew Linke's game. He wished to torment Recht, his overly controlled other half, as they shared passions. She, in turn, would torment him.

With the most fragile of touches, she stroked his broad cockhead, spreading the glistening precum over his skin. She teased him with tenderness, exploring under his rim, and down his shaft, her caresses light and insubstantial, her long hair drifting over his thighs, her breasts rubbing against his skin.

Linke groaned, his cock bobbing. "Your mouth, Guinevere," he repeated.

"It is yours, Linke." She swiped her tongue over his tip, and he jumped, cursing softly.

"Sweet mother, the two of you will drive me mad." Recht's deep voice rocked the quiet chamber, wood cracking as he slammed the door. "I protect our castle to keep you safe, lady wife."

"And this is your reward, lord husband." Guinevere raised her ass, her legs straddling Linke's. She continued to lave Linke's shaft with short, brief licks, playing with him as she waited for Recht to join them.

She didn't need to wait long. Callused hands grasped her hips, his cockhead brushing against her wet pussy lips. She gasped around Linke's cock, as Recht pushed into her, stretching her, filling her.

"By the sword, you are tight, lady wife." Recht kissed her bare shoulder, covering her with his finely toned body. Guinevere, in turn, sank down on Linke's cock,

taking him fully into her mouth, burying her face in his groin, his pubic hair tickling her chin, the angle pushing her ass against Recht's hips.

Both men rumbled with passion. "She is tight and hot, her mouth and pussy perfect sheaths for our cocks," Linke babbled, his lips free to flow with the words he cherished. "Sweet mother, Recht. I am close. Pump that lazy ass of yours, so our mate may reach paradise too."

Recht grunted as he pulled away, Guinevere feeling every inch of his thick shaft, and thrust back into her, rocking her body into Linke's. They found a rhythm. As Recht thrust, Guinevere sucked, and Linke did what he did best. He talked, flooding the bedchamber with a steady stream of erotic nonsense.

"Angle more toward the floor," Linke coached Recht. Recht's cock pressed against her clit, and Guinevere moaned, the need building to unbearable levels within her. "That's it," Linke crowed with satisfaction.

She would meet their assault with one of her own. Guinevere increased her suction on Linke's cock, her cheeks indenting with her efforts, and the men's hips jerked, but no cum spilled, Recht grasping the base of his cock in an iron grip, his hand wedged between her pussy and his body.

"Can't last." Linke huffed, squeezing Guinevere's shoulders with his fingers. "Can't..."

Recht slammed into Guinevere, her body swaying, her clit rubbed with every thrust. She couldn't last either, her passion swirling madly around her.

"Recht! Linke!" She screamed, the sound muffled by Linke's cock. Linke pushed up into her open mouth, filling it with cum, while Recht drove deep into her pussy, finding his release, his roar rattling the bed frame.

Guinevere, dazed and sated, licked Linke's cock clean, savoring his taste. Recht nuzzled his nose into her hair, his arms around her waist, holding her tightly.

"Guinevere thought you would not be pleased, Recht." Linke stretched out in the big bed, a dreamy look of wonder on his handsome face. "Me thinks she was wrong."

Recht, her silent warrior, grunted, toppling onto the space beside Linke, taking Guinevere with him. She didn't need his words. She felt his satisfaction, layering over their emotions like a warm blanket.

She turned to Recht, her head on his shoulder, her palm over his heart. Linke spooned behind her, his chest to her back, his hips cradling her ass. Guinevere closed her eyes. She was warm and safe in the grasp of her two dragon lords.

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