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Once upon a time in a land far away there lived a princess in a castle on a hill overlooking a quiet little village. In the forest beyond the village lived a great and terrible dragon. The villagers lived in fear of this dragon. They all knew the dragon would not be satisfied until he had fed on virgin flesh...

Madelyn walked the path with determination. Out of the village, through the fields and into the forest. She knew the location of the dragon's grove, everyone did. The one shepherdess who foolishly entered the grove last month stumbled into town with her clothes in shreds and terror in her eyes. She had immediately entered the abbey, dedicating herself to God saying that only divine intervention had allowed her to escape with her life. Madelyn thought the life of a nun to be almost as stultifying as the life of a princess. She knew the girl and thought that the veil would suit her well. However, it was too bad, she got away from the dragon. If he had taken her then at least her life would have served the village. As it was, Madelyn was the only one who was willing to face him.

She loved her village. The people were honest, good and hard working. They were also uninspired, provincial and boring. All her excellent education was lost in the day-to-day routines of her life. Her skills wasted, her mind dull.

She reached the edge of the Labyrinth at sunset. Black trees towered above her. Once she entered the Labyrinth there was no turning back. Her family would be furious with her and frightened for her. But Madelyn knew this was the right thing to do. She entered the Labyrinth. The path twisted and turned. This was no maze. There was no way she could get lost, no forks, no alternate paths; just one path that she walked further from her old life and towards the dragon.

By the time she got to the centre the moon was high. She could see in the middle of the clearing a massive black marble slab on a platform surrounded by four white pillars carved in the shapes of a lion, an eagle, an ox and a winged man. That foolish shepherdess had come this far "by accident"? Not by any road. She was curious and got in over her head. Madelyn took a deep breath, wiped her palms on her skirt and entered the clearing.

As soon as she stepped out of the Labyrinth, and into the moonlight, the forest went completely quiet; not an owl, not a cricket. She shivered with the power of the place. Madelyn made a conscious effort to breath as she peered into the trees hoping to get a bit of a warning as to the Dragon's approach. She heard a rustling of leaves off to the right. She whipped around to see... nothing there. She thought she saw a shadow pass between two trees, but perhaps it was only the wind moving the branches. Her fear was mounting. She thought of running, but realized that there really was no life to go back to. There! She was sure that was a sound. She spun around and there he was; right in front of her. She was frozen, hardly breathing, her eyes locked in his.

He was magnificent, gleaming, red gold with huge shimmering wings and a broad powerful chest. His eyes, an intriguing mix of green and gold, reached into her and made her feel like a butterfly caught on a pin. She was enraptured by his beauty and his power.

He licked his lips, his voice deep and full, "Hmm, what have we here?"

Madelyn struggled to find her voice. Her palms were wet and hot, her knees weak. "I've come to ransom the village."

His gaze never left her face as he stepped closer.

"Have you now? How very interesting. You came willingly?"

She tried very hard not to step back. "Yes" her voice cracked. She could feel his breath on her face, hot, slightly sweet and smoky.

"Are you not afraid?"

She clutched her skirt and held her head a little higher. "No, I'm not afraid." She lied.

The Dragon threw back his head and laughed out loud. "Good, for I believe I will accept your offer."

He came forward again. She closed her eyes and held her breath. His claws came down like lightening shredding her dress, scoring her flesh. She gasped in shock and pain. Claws in her hair brought her face close to his. Her eyes flew open in surprise as his mouth closed on hers. A kiss both gentle and passionate weakened her knees and poured heat into her belly. She had expected nothing but destruction, certainly not this! Her body responded to his power. Her hands came up and rested lightly on his chest. The kiss continued. She thought his skin felt so lovely, soft, smooth and warm.

Then his hands were on her body claws digging into her ribs and into her ass as he pulled her close to him. She could feel his cock hard and straight against her belly. He let her mouth go and again held her with his gaze.

"Do you still give yourself freely to me?" he asked.

With his eyes on hers and his hands on her flesh, her body betrayed her and her resistance vanished. "Oh yes." She breathed.

"Good." He quickly ripped off the shredded remains of her clothing and gestured to the stone slab. "Over there." He directed.

She looked at the stone and felt a stab of panic. He gave her a slap on the ass.

"Now, Madelyn."

She moved to obey, with just a fleeting thought as to how he knew her name. When she reached the stone she realized that it was just a bit higher than her hips. She contemplated how best to crawl onto it. There didn't seem to be any handholds... She felt his claws on her back pushing her down on her face, leaving her naked bottom fully exposed, her feet barely touching the ground on tiptoes. She couldn't move with his hand on her back. Her breath quickened as he ran his claws up the insides of her legs, slowly, deliberately spreading them. Claws dug into her ass as he continued to open her. Any shred of dignity evaporated as one claw slowly circled her anus and even more slowly traced around her labia. Her face burned with humiliation but her belly burned with excitement.

He lifted her by the hips and tossed her face down on the slab. She realized the stone wasn't as flat as it had first seemed. There were minor irregularities in the surface. Her breasts rested in shallow hollows with a very rough patch at the bottom that brought her nipples out to hard points. There was a slight rise under her hips and her legs fell naturally open on either sides of a gentle swell. Just under her public bone there was a sharp rough spot. It made her pussy irritated and itchy. She tried to move away, but the claws came down on her back and her ass.

"Don't move, Madelyn"

She gasped as she felt his mouth on her ass licking, kissing, nibbling until he reached her sex. He licked her cunt slowly, leisurely, like he was enjoying ice cream. All the time his claws holding her ass open and pressing down on her hips, keeping her still. She groaned with pleasure. A low laugh

came from the dragon as he added little bites to his licks. Small sharp pains punctuated the waves of pleasure in an exquisite mixture that threatened to overwhelm her. His tongue and teeth played her like a fine instrument. Each lick sent a wave of heat into her, probing, demanding, bestowing. Her first orgasm took her. She pressed her hips up into his claws as she cried out. He took a few final licks then sat back and watched the spasms continue to wrack her body in the aftershocks of her climax.

She finally took a long shuddering breath and lay still. The dragon laughed again.

"Very good, Madelyn, very good."

He flipped her over on her back as he continued to caress her. She felt his hands, and claws, on her throat, her shoulders, her breasts. Delicious pain seared through her as his claws closed on her nipples. She arched her back and cried out. He lifted one of her legs and kissed the inside of her ankle. Little kisses and nibbles slowly up the inside of her leg. It tickled and shuddered. She giggled and tried to pull away. When he finally put her leg down he was between her legs he leaned over her and kissed her on the mouth while his cock pushed against her pussy. Her eyes flew open. Resistance flared and her body stiffened. He saw the fear in her eyes and stopped. He held her face gently and looked into her eyes.

"Don't worry. I'll take care of you, but I will have you." He waited for her surrender. Madelyn looked into his eyes and saw her doom and her salvation. She nodded and relaxed her legs.

"Good girl." He whispered into her ear as his cock pressed against her pussy again. She was wet, very wet and very ready. Endless dreary days of stultifying routines had left her yearning to be awoken. He was definitely waking her!

She gasped at the first penetration. Just the tip, but the sensation reached through her body. Inch by inch he worked his way in. She felt like she was being split apart. Surely her body couldn't take anymore. Yet more and more kept coming. He was taking his time and giving her hers. Finally, he reached her barrier. She lay under him impaled and open.

"You are mine now" he breathed and thrust the whole of his length into her. She arched her back with the exquisite agony of it. Waves of pleasure washed over her and through her. As it passed she realized he wasn't moving. She opened her eyes and saw him watching her face. He laughed.

"Like that, did you?" He pulled back and thrust again. Again she cried out as the passion exploded within her. She rode the crest of the wave until it passed. She took a shuddering breath. As soon as she looked at him, he smiled and thrust again.

Over and over he fed her the length of his cock in single thrusts and then waited until she recovered herself. Each thrust sent her higher and each time she recovered less of herself. Gradually his thrusts became faster and harder. Her orgasm building higher and higher. She lost all grip on herself. Her world was reduced to the fire in her belly and the thrusts of the Dragon.

After an eternity, he relented and let her catch her breath. He rolled over onto his back pulled her with him until she was straddling him, still impaled on his cock. She looked at him carefully. The dragon features seemed less pronounced. His eyes were still a swirling mix of green and gold, but what had looked like scales was really luscious thick hair. She thought his lips looked so soft she must taste them. She gently took his face in her hands and kissed him. She felt him freeze under her, his hands carefully supporting her ribs. She kissed him tenderly, slowly, all the while squeezing his cock with her vagina. She was pretty new at this but catching on quickly.

Finally he lifted her slightly and looked her in the eye. She felt the passion flare again as he whispered, "I had no idea...Kiss me again."

So she did. Another long kiss as she explored his mouth, his face, his throat. All the while punctuating her kisses with squeezes on his cock. She knew how big and powerful he was, so she squeezed as hard as she could, trying to give back some of what she had received.

Suddenly he lifted up until they were both upright sitting astride each other. His wings, spread out behind him for balance, shimmered in the moonlight. His hands on her hips as he lifted her off his cock and slammed her back down again. The fire in her belly grew again lifting her higher. She felt like she was on a geyser. Her arms lifted up, hands in her hair as she rode him faster and harder. Her clit hitting hard against his pelvic bone with each downward thrust. Her passion climbing with his. His claws digging into her ribs painfully, but she didn't care. Her climax reaching its peak just as he arched his back and screamed his release. She met him at the height of their passion, the two became one as his wings exploded. They collapsed together onto the stone. Unconsciousness claiming them as the moon slowly sets.

END