

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Chapter I: The Tribute

In my fantasy I'm a young man of eighteen. The time is a thousand years ago and the setting is medieval northern Europe. I'm the squire of a knight named 'Sir John'. Sir John sells our services to nobles with a cause Sir John thinks just who will pay him well.

Sir John is summoned to see the Duke of a Duchy we were passing through. As his squire and servant he took me along to look to his needs and those of his warhorse, Death.

When we reach Dorek, the capital city, we were guided to the Duke keep by his men at arms. The keep is a massive walled square structure with five towers, one on each of three corners and the two largest on the fourth corner. The walls are made of large black blocks cut from basalt. There are no windows on the ground floor. Access was through a set of tall wooden gate. The gates are made of six-inch thick oak with iron reinforcing. The first windows are thirty feet up and are tall and thin opening. Sir John commented, "The Duke's Archers will have good sight lines on an attacking force in his keep's courtyard".

I agree and noted there are few outside facing windows in the keeps thirty-foot tall walls. The towers rose above the walls twenty-five feet. The keep covers an area of one acre. As we entered through the gate I saw the walls were twenty feet thick and with no ground level windows opening into the central courtyard, an area of one half acre which like the keep is square. In the courtyard starting twenty feet up there were many windows. The courtyard also houses a well, kitchens, food vendor's carts, storage buildings, an armory and the quarters for a palace guard.

Sir John was riding and I walked beside him as we entered. He leaned down and said, "Observe this keep, Robin, tonight I want you to tell me how you would capture the Duke's keep. How many men you will need and with what weapons. The best solution will be one with the fewest men and no weapons besides knives, bows and swords.

I smiled and nodded. As part of my training Sir John often assigned me exercise in tactics. It was a year since I'd left my family to follow Sir John. I had his word he would train me to be a knight and help me become a knight when I was ready and the opportunity appeared. As the younger son of a poor farmer it was a wonderful chance for self-improvement, if I lived.

I looked up appraising the inner walls. The sky was cheerless and as gray as the cold stonewalls. We had been rained on throughout our journey to Dorek. In the south it was spring, but in this northern climate winter lingered. In the courtyard I saw mounds of dirty snow piled along the walls. My clothes below my knees were coated with mud as were Death's hooves and lower legs which kicked up mud as he walked.

A guard approached us, saluted and took charge of Sir John's horse. He requested we lend him our weapons during our stay in the keep. Sir John handed him his shield, mace and lance, but kept his broadsword and dirk. In turn I surrendered my shield, pike and axe but retained the long knife in my belt and my dagger. The man chose to not notice our blades and another guard appeared and motioned us to follow. He led us to the corner with the twin towers.

Each tower had an entry of two heavy oaken doors. We went in the largest tower, which was on the right. The entry was wide enough for two men walking beside each other. A guard was posted on each side the entry. Going in we passed a guardroom with a dozen men inside, they were sleeping or playing at dice. A few steps further there were two more heavy oak doors and a long stair, again flanked by men-at-arms.

As we went up the stair, which was circular, we passed many storage rooms each before a landing. Sixty steps above the entry we came to another set of heavy oak doors and guards. The doors were open. Inside we found a welcome fire and an old man sitting on a throne raised three steps above the floor on a platform. The man on the throne was the Duke. His hair was gone and his beard white. His robes hung on him loosely, as if two sizes too big for his body. There were windows facing into the courtyard. Beside each window was a niche and hanging in each niche was a crossbow and quiver of darts. Each niche was of a good size for an archer to take cover and reload.

The Duke's voice shook with his words and he had trouble sometimes finding the words he sought as he greeted us. His voice was weak and we could not clearly understand him.

Duke Armod waved us forward. After greeting us a second time the Duke said, "Sir John, an evil dragon dwells in the mountains in the northern part of my land. The dragon's name is Iron Claw. He is wise in his understanding of men and he is powerful, even for a dragon. When he first came to this kingdom he ravaged the countryside, killing livestock and hundreds of my people.

"Many years ago my grandfather made a truce with Iron Claw. The dragon agreed to not ravage the kingdom if each fifth year the Duke sent him the fairest princess in the dukedom as a tribute. The tribute must be a virgin.

Hanging his head the Duke said, "We understand the dragon will kill and eat the princess, but he may play with her first, like a cat with a mouse. The legend says the play ends with him rapping the princess to death. Iron Claw demands the princess be a woman, but no older than your squire." The Duke motioned toward me.

"This is the fifth year since the tribute was last paid. The last tribute was my young cousin, Lady Samantha. Lady Samantha was beautiful and full of wit and life. To my daughter, Lori, now falls the task of placating the beast. Lori is my only child and is heir to my throne. I've endeavored to father another child, but the years weigh heavily on me. In vain I've sought another to be the tribute but no other highborn woman in my kingdom is the right age and unmarried. My daughter knows the tribute must be paid and she is the princess who must pay the dragon's price. She is resigned to her rape and death.

"In the past willing girls who understand why they must die have, when they see the sacrificial post before the dragon's lair, have tried to escape.

"Sir John, I give you two missions. The first is to see that Princess Lori arrives at the Dragon's den a virgin, unblemished and is bound securely to the sacrificial post before the entrance to the Dragon's lair to await the beast's pleasure. There is a chained silver collar attached to the post you will use to secure Princess Lori by her neck, if she does not secure herself.

My daughter insists she will lock the collar herself, but her terror will be great and she may need assistance. When presented to Iron Claw she must be nude. Once she is collared to the post, if she does not remove her garments, you will cut her clothing from her, being careful not to blemish her with cut or bruise. She may cry or she may be beautifully resigned to her fate, it does not matter. The tribute must be paid. At the last you will remove her chastity belt. She will have the key."

The Duke wept for a time before continuing. Sir John and I hung our heads and did not disturb his grief. When he was composed his cracking voice said, "For completing this mission you will be rewarded with one thousand gold pieces".

Duke Armod wept again. Again it was some time before he was composed. When he was he said, "Your second mission, Sir John, is based on your reputation as a great warrior".

Sir John bowed and gestured to me by his side. I bowed.

Sir John said, "My Squire, Robin, is of proven courage in battle. He is as skilled with lance, knife and axe as any soldier below the degree of knight."

"Excellent", Said Duke Armod. "Sir John, I love my daughter and it is through her I must find a successor. I want you to carefully observe the setting and Iron Claw and decide if you can slay the worm, save Princess Lori's life and rescue the land from this horrible tribute.

"If you try to slay the beast you must succeed. If you fail and merely angered Iron Claw my daughter will die for nothing and will be the first of many to suffer the Dragon's wrath. Iron Claw will prey on my people unrelentingly in revenge for a failed attempt on his life.

"Do you understand me, Sir John?"

My master and I bowed to Duke Armod, and Sir John said, "If we can slay this worm, even at the cost of our lives, we will. I will spare Princess Lori and spare your land of the need to pay the tribute if it can be done by men."

His words chilled me, for I knew my master was willing to die in any cause he takes up. As we left to prepare for the journey I knew I had as little chance of returning as Princess Lori.

That night Sir John asked for my plan to capture the keep. I told him it was to make one with the food vendors with one other Bowman and hide swords and bows under my cart. Late in the day we'd take up positions and kill the soldiers at the gates as they prepared to close the keep for the night. The men's death would be the signal for twenty archers and fifty men with swords to rush in. The archers would be first and would kill the guards at the entrances of the twin towers and who opposed. As soon as the floor of the keep was in our hands we'd rush the tower's stairs. Swordsman two at a time followed in ranks by and archers and swordsmen would lead the assault. We would fight our way up, take the throne room and capture the Duke and hold him for ransom.

Sir John smiled, and said, "A bold plan. I think it might well work, if the Duke is in his throne-room or the quarters above it. Your plan is within the limits I set, but your casualties may be high in the rush up a guarded stairway. When the action is over your men may not think well of you if too many of their fellows are killed."

I thought about how to improve my plan before sleeping, but had no idea that would assuredly reduce casualties.

Three days later Sir John, myself, a group of three wagons and three teamsters were in front of the Duke's keep awaiting Princess Lori. The sky was dark gray and drizzled a cold rain on us as we waited. I was wet and cold.

The bright spot in the dull morning was my master and I were both to go on horseback. A pleasant change, since generally I go on foot, walking and running beside my knight. In my hand was my lance, ten feet long with a long sharp tip of polished steel. Across my back hung my battle-axe, bow and wooden shield. My axe's blade is a foot long and its weight sixteen pounds and is mounted on a three foot oak cudgel. With my axe in battle I've cleaved opponents in two. From my belt hung my long knife, fighting knife with my fighting knife. The fighting knife was a ten-inch blade with a leather wrapped hilt and Bronze guard.

My knife fighting was designed for either throwing or used in hand-to-hand combat. I wore a shirt of mail and a leather helmet, but no armor.

My first day with Sir John he gave me the fighting knife with a caution, "Robin, learn to through the knife, but throw it as the last act of your defense. Once a knife is thrown you will not regain it and will have given your enemy a great advantage." His had advice served me well in battle.

Sir John was in full armor and was mounted on Death, who was also in armor. Together they were magnificent. Death was twice the size of my pony, which was named Sage.

We waited an hour for Princess Lori. She finally came out came out with a priest.

She bowed to my master and said, "Forgive my delaying, Sir Knight. It is tradition to administer the last rights to the tribute before she leaves to meet her fait. I confess the process was an agony and I cried much. I hope I've cried enough to not trouble you Sir John or slow our journey. For the sake of my people I must not be late to pay the tribute.

Princess Lori was wearing a simple blue silk full-length sheath dress, which covered the tops of her red leather shoes. Over the dress she wore a belted and hooded gray wool cape to protect her from the cold and rain. The hood was not on her fair head and the Princess's main of bright red hair glowed in the morning's dim light. We dismounted and bowed to the Princess. She calmly walked to Sir John and holding out a key dropping the key into his outstretched hand.

"Sir John, I give into your keeping the key to my chastity belt. I trust you with this key as my father trusts you with my person. While I will not survive my meeting with Iron Claw, for my people's sake I must meet him, and death, a naked virgin. During my life neither man nor boy has touched my person; not my father. Be not offended when I avoid your and your Squire's touch. It is how I'm enjoined to behave by my station and as the tribute.

"After I'm nude, but before I'm bound to the sacrificial post you're to give me this key again, without touching me, I will unlock and remove my chastity belt. Once I'm nude I will close the lock the collar that is to binding me to the post and you and your squire will withdraw while I await the dragon's pleasure. To remain untouched by man I've vowed to lock the collar of death around my throat myself. There must be no reason for the dragon to be dissatisfied with me as my father's tribute to his hunger and carnal appetite. I trust you to guard this key and my chastity from this moment until I surrender my person to the beast.

As Sir John pocketed the key I saw tears on Princess Lori's cheek. As she walked to her wagon she did not waiver and the look of resolve on her face was strong. Her back was perfectly straight. The sun emerged from the clouds and her red hair fell down her thin back to her waist on glistening red waves of the morning's light. She turned to look on us and her clear blue eyes and wide intelligent brow added to her beauty. It may have been her tragic surrender to her fait, or her natural beauty or both, but for me to see her was to love her. My resolve for the mission firmed. I expected to die, but felt to die serving and defending Princess Lori a worthy end. I took hope in remembering how bold Sir John was in battle with lance, sword and axe.

Since I'd become his squire we'd together survived five battles in which many stout men fell. I determined if I died, it would be after we'd taught the worm what courage men could show in defense of purity and beauty.

Sir John dismounted and walked to the princess's wagon. He dropped to one knee bowed to Princess saying, "My Lady, I will see you safe back to your father or die seeking to spare you and save the kingdom from this terrible tribute.

I dismounted and kneeled beside my knight I said simply, "If at a cost of my own life you can be spared I will pay the price laughing, knowing I've been of service to a brave lady.

Sir John nodded at me and smiled, I understood he approved of my declaration.

“Princess Lori, my Squire Robin and I have fought hopeless battles where death lusted for our blood. We fought, lived and found victory, although many enemies perished. Though we’re but two you will find us worth a score in your defense.

Princess Lori curtsied to Sir John and nodded her head to me, “Gentlemen, I take courage in your words and strong hearts. I go to meet my death, but you’ve granted me the boon of hope. I thank you.

Sir John and I bowed as the Princess climbed into her wagon. There were three wagons with us, each pulled by four oxen. Sir John would lead, riding Death. The first wagon was the princess’s apartment, which she shared with of her gentlewoman, a lady ten years the Princess’s senior called Lady Morgan who joined us after the Princess was in her wagon.

The second wagon carried our supplies of food and sundries for the trip. The third was quarters for the three wagon men who came with us. One of the wagon men was cooked and the other two acted as guards when we were encamped.

The city turned out to see the Princess a last time. Many cried, most people waved and the way before her wagon was strewn with fresh cut boughs from evergreen trees. I thought they should be flowers but well knew it would be months before the flowers of spring blossomed. We traveled slowly out the city, but not so slowly as a funeral procession. I felt our speed was to honor the sacrifice the Princess was prepared to make. Her courage was a beautiful thing deserving the homage of her subjects. Again, I vowed the worm would never touch Princess Lori while I breathed.

Not far from the City the paving of cobbles gave way to a track, as much mud as it was road. The wagon’s slowed and with them Sir Jon and I. We camped first a half days travel from the Duke Armod’s keep. Our camp was made in an open area next to a farmer’s field. Not far away was a stream where we could obtain clean water for our horses and oxen.

Sir John and I ate with the Princess. She chatted with Sir John of many things, but not our mission. I basked in her warmth and beauty and said nothing while worshipping Princess Lori with my eyes. When she retired the Princess lightly blew a kiss to Sir John and gifted me a warm smile.

“Good night, Sir Knight and Sir Squire, she who has nothing, thanks you for your service to one condemned. I pray you will live and prosper.

As she disappeared into her wagon she smiled a last time. We slept in the open air but under Princess Lori’s wagon with our weapons at the ready. We slept on straw matts, as always was the case when on our way to a battle. The night was bitter cold but we had wool blankets to protect us from the worst of the chill.

It was a ten-day journey to the final camp. We made poor time, as we often were forced to use our twelve oxen to move each of our wagons through the muddiest sections of road. The rain continued but abated in late afternoon and we were drier than we’d been in the mornings when we made camp the second time.

The next day the drizzle continued. Princess Lori encouraged the drivers to speed on, fearing a mischance might make her miss her date with Iron Claw and unleash terror and death on her people.

Our trip was up hill and the forth day the rain was replaced by snow. It felt lightly, but the next day

the snow was heavier and the ground beside the road was snow covered. The nights grew colder. Taking pity on us The Princess sent us each another blanket. During the day Lady Morgan wove us additional sleeping-matts to help shield us as we slept on the cold ground. She'd woven them from strips of cloth she cut from clothing she and The Princess had with them. Sir John objected but Lady Morgan assured us they had saved the warmest and richest garments for their use. Princess Lori said, wistfully, "I will have no further need for my clothing I brought at the end of our journey."

The next night, as usual, Sir John and I prepared our sleeping-matts under the Princesses wagon. I was surprised when Lady Morgan came to Sir John, and bowing to him said, "Sir Knight, the Princess offer you the warmth of my body this night in thanks for your service. We offer my body as proxy for her embrace."

She dropped her wrap and stood in a sheer white cotton chemise and smiled. In the firelight her form was displayed in fine detail through the thin fabric. That look was my first site of a woman undressed. Seeing her breast and sex filled me with fire. Sir John thanked her and taking her hand pulled her down to couch with him. I turned away to give them privacy, but the sounds were unrelenting and my shaft was painfully hard when Lady Morgan left Sir John to rejoin the Princess.

The next day I observed the Princess whispered to Lady Morgan several times and each time the older woman blushed. During the day Lady Morgan often winked at Sir John.

As the fire burned low the next night Lady Morgan again came to Sir John. She said, "Sir John, last night I was here as proxy for My Princess. Tonight I'm her for myself, Sir John, will you accept me as your bed fellow?" He did and I spent another night trying not to listen and failed.

The next afternoon the sky was sunny, for a change, although the snow was high beside the road and the road was a mass of mud. We stopped in later afternoon to make camp by a stream of clear water in a clearing. As we finished a shadow darkened the sky. We all looked up, including Princess Lori.

The Princess gasped, "Iron Claw!"

I knew it was true as I watched a dragon circle our camp. I'd never seen a Dragon but the shape was unmistakable. The monster was huge, thirty feet long and its leathery reptile wings extended out with a span of seventy feet. The Dragon's dark green neck was long. When it turned I saw its jaw was lined with many pointed red teeth. The image of those rows of knife like teeth biting into the Princess softness filled my mind and my resolve to save her or die in her defense became a rock.

I looked at the Princess and she was staring at the circling dragon. Her mouth open and tears were on her cheek. The Dragon tipped its wing as if saluting, flapped its monstrous green wings and was gone.

Princess Lori looked up for a few seconds and said, "It's good the dragon's seen me. He knows the tribute is on its way and will not attack my people." Her strength abandoned her and the Princess fell to the ground weeping.

Lady Morgan ran to her and hugged Princess Lori. I wanted to do something as I saw streams of tears on Princess Lori's face, but knew not what I could do. Lady Morgan helped Princess Lori up and into her wagon. We did not see the Princess again until the morn when we continued our journey.

The next day we made little progress for the mud in the road was deep. If possible the following day travel became more difficult. The next morning we came to a place where the road divided into three. To the left and right the track continued away from the hills we were climbing. Ahead of us



the road was no more than a wide space in the snow covered forest.

Sir John said, "The track is used but once in five years when there is tribute to pay Iron Claw. Other travelers at this point turn away from the Dragon's mountain."

Our progressed slowed and Princess Lori fretted, fearing our slow speed would anger the Dragon and the beast would attack her people. I felt my own anger, believing her people should take up arms and help us attack and slay the retched beast.

Morgan did not return to us at night. Sir John did not seem to expect her. I swallowed my curiosity as Lady Morgan was not a topic to be talked of. I slept better and hoped Lady Morgan's visits to Sir John were over. It never occurred to me she'd visit my bed.

The weather improved with snow ending in the morning and the road became less muddy. The track became free of snow and we found the ground appeared to have had the moisture baked out of it.

Sir John observed, "The Dragon is using his fire to ease out way".

Princess Lori who overheard the comment said, "He is eager to make use of my flesh", Her tone was bitter and after she'd spoken her cheeks were covered with tears and she withdrew into her wagon.

Each afternoon when we made camp the Dragon would appear far above us and circle the camp thrice. Each morning we found the snow melted and the dirt track firm before us.

On her third siting of the beast Princess Lori waived to the dragon. Over our meal she commented, "He does seems eager. I hope he is, and will kill me in an instant and spare me the torment of a lingering death."

After her comment it was not possible for Sir John or I to speak.

Lady Morgan asked the Princess why she waved, and she said, "I want Iron Claw to know I come as the tribute and will not run from the use he will make of me. I will make the payment required for the dragon to not attack my people. The Dragon must understand the bargain will be kept. Perhaps by being accepting of my fait I can buy an easy death. I may not, and I know I may suffer greatly before finding oblivion, but a quick death is all I may hope for, so I hope. At night I wept in my bed as I prayed we'd find the means to save The Princess.

Our last day of the journey, as we made a final camp before going to the Dragon's cave. I was surprised when Lady Morgan appeared by my bedding. She said, "Sir Squire, my Lady Princess sends me as proxy for her to offer myself to your bed and my body to your use. On the morrow she, Sir John and you will face death. She hopes if there is death, it will be her death alone. She's prayed and has prepared herself hopping the Dragon will be swift, while resigned to his perhaps lingering over her rape and death.

"On this, perhaps your last night of life, My Lady would offer you the softness of a woman's body."

I was surprised and for a moment couldn't speak.

Morgan smiled and said, "I do not find the task disagreeable and await your answer. I'm ready to freely give you the pleasures men desire."

After a moment I found my tongue. Grasping her hand I kissed her palm and said, "Fair Lady Morgan, I thank you. What you offer is sweet beyond my dreams of heaven. But I must decline. As



Princess Lori's has vowed to go to the Dagon for rape and death a virgin. I find I too must face the dragon and death tomorrow with her, a fellow virgin. We will live or die and I hope our purity gives us strength in our ordeal.

Morgan leaned over and kissed each of my cheeks and forehead.

She said, "Squire Robin, you've a great heart and I hope you do not die. If you live, and my Princess lives, I will come to you again and for myself beg you to kindle a child in my womb. You're as noble as a knight and your sons will surly be manly and your daughters beautiful."

She kissed me again and returned to The Princess's wagon.

After she was gone Sir John turned to me and smiling said, "Was well said, Robin. If we live I will find a way to get you your knights spurs. You earned them in the past with valor and skill at arms. On this journey you've earned them with heart."

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## **Chapter II: The Dragon's Lair**

Armed and fortified with resolve Sir John and I were ready when Princess Lori and Lady Morgan emerged from their wagon. The sky was clear, but had been a snowless night and the air was bitter cold. We were early, but Sir John said, "It is for us to be ready when the Princess decides to proceed to the Dragon's lair. We will stand ready and leave when she gives the word.

"Robin, I think Princess Lori's life is worth more than Duke Armod's domain. The tribute is an evil bargain that shouldn't have been made. The Duke should have sent an army instead of his daughter. We could have led them. Two knights leading an army would at least convince the dragon to leave this land. If we failed we would have fought well enough to be remembered in a song.

I nodded, my joy at the prospect of knighthood was tempered by my I expected I'd not see another dawn. The sun was barely up when we began our wait. Three hours later Princess Lori emerged from her wagon. She wore a white shift and straw sandals and nothing else. Her hair was tied back behind her head by a rough bit of rope. In her hand she held a string.

As she walked toward us her steps were strong, but there was terror in her eyes. We dismounted and moved to meet her and bowed low. She asked, "Sir Knight and Sir Squire, are you prepared to escort me to where I will offer myself to the beast?"

Sir John bowed again, "Yes, My Princess. And to slay the Dragon and save you from the evil fate woven about you."

Princess Lori smiled but said, "I know Sir Knight and Squire Robin, you mean to slay the Dragon or die trying".

We bowed to the Princess.

"If you fail I will be dead, you will be dead and hundreds if not thousands of my people will be killed, women and children as well as men. Promise me you will not attempt to slay the Dragon unless you're certain you can end the worm's life. If you can't succeed you must leave me to face death. I hope Iron Claw is swift, but it matters not if he is agonizingly slow or fast in dispatching me; my people must be protected. I'm their shield against the dragon wrath."

I saw she was shivering in her thin garment and could not stop myself from saying, "Fair, Princess Lori, you're cold. Allow me to fetch such warm garments as may be in your wagon."

She smiled and shook her head, "Squire Robin, I thank you but no. I'm cold and will become colder. To soon I will be more than warm in the Dragon's fire. I hope being cold will numb my skin enough to reduce the pain from his fire and the bite of his teeth.

"Gentlemen, promise me you will not attack Iron Claw unless you know in your hearts you can slay him. Not merely want to kill him, but know you can", she chided, although her words were softly spoken.

We swore we would do as she instructed, but I knew neither of us would prefer death and seek it from the Dragon before the beast touched our fair and noble a Princess.

The Princess said, "I was told it's not far and the weather is fair, I wear this simple shift and sandals that I may strip quickly when we arrive at the sacrificial post. I want the beast to begin and be done as quickly as I may be raped and killed

I bowed and said, "Though they way is but a few hours journey I would you rode my horse, Sage, and save your energy for the ordeal at the end of our road. I've prepared a sidesaddle for you."

"Thank you my kind Squire Robin. I accept.

"Lady Morgan carries my letter to my father, giving him my love and assuring I pay the tribute willingly to save our people. I have told him with what kindness and courage you have guided, protected and counseled me with your wisdom. I have asked my father to reward you, Sir John, and elevate Squire Robin to the knighthood in thanks for your care and protection of my person."

She curtsied. When she arose she said, "Gentlemen, our business awaits. I wish to meet and be finish with this business, and life, as soon as may be done with honor."

Lady Morgan helped the Princess mount Sage. The padded sidesaddle I'd contrived was made from my bedding. I knew I would not need my bedding again and wished the travel to be as easy as possible for our brave Princess.

Mounted she turned to Sir John and said, "Sir Knight, I would have you place the key to my chastity belt on this string and give it me to hold for our journey. When we reach our destination I will undress myself and remove the belt. In this way my body offered to the beast will be untouched by man."

Sir John, a tear on his cheek took her the key and put it onto the string, tied the string and dropped the key into Princess Lori's open palm, being careful not to touch her.

We didn't go in haste and the journey took four hours. The sun was high in the sky when we reached the rocky stage of our final act. The way had been steep and Sir John had stopped every hour to rest the mounts and I, being afoot. The trail was cleared of snow and brush as if a great fire had swept down the trail. We saw charred wood and brush along our route. The smell of a fire was in the air and snow was mounded as high Sir John's saddle on either side of the track. The end of the trail was over a final rise and from which we saw a flat stony area of four acres. It was cleared of snow. In the middle, on a mound of stepped rock, was a thick wooden pole. The pole was black with age. Five feet up the pole was a short chain bolted to the pole. From the chain hung a wide silver collar, open. Beyond the pole was a massive wall of basalt rock rising into a great mountain. Atop the mountain was the Dragon, watching us.

I heard the Princess groan and turned to her. She had dismounted and removed her straw sandals. Her naked feet rested on the ice-cold basalt stone paving of the place. The stone's color was dark gray to black. The color matched my mood. I hefted my pike feeling its weight. Today is was a good day to die.

Princess Lori looked at the ground and said, "Sir Squire, the sound was my body reacting to the coldness of this place. Do not concern yourself, for I will be more than warm soon enough.

"Squire Robin I thank you for the use of your mount and the saddle you kindly made for me. Your kindness to one who goes to her death is a great gift, and I wish you a long and happy life."

At the base of the basalt wall beyond the sacrificial pole was the opening of a large cavern one hundred yards from the post. The caverns entrance was flat and sixty-feet wide. The arched sides and top stood fifty-feet above the top of the sacrificial pole.

I proceeded to the pole escorting the Princess afoot while Sir John astride Death came with us. Sir John was watchful, with a hand on his lance and another on the hilt of broadsword. He held Death's reins in his mouth. I'd seen him thus as he join battle. He looked cautiously about and held Death steady. His warhorse knew his business and I'd seen Death respond to Sir John in battle as if they were one being.

As we approached the evil pole I saw the stones at its base formed seven tiers of wide and tall steps leading to a platform of sixteen square feet centered on the pole with its chain and silver collar. The chain was held to the pole with two black bolts extending completely through the pole and riveted to the far side. The sun emerged from the clouds again and I saw the collar was bright and wondered how the dragon had managed to polish the foul thing, or if the collar was magically and never tarnished. Once she was on the first step the princess slowly removed her shift. She turned and smiled allowing us to see her lovely shape. She blushed from her forehead to her ankles. She was strait and strong as a sapling in spring. To see her was to love Princess Lori and to love her was to want her safe. I was ready to fight.

Taking the string from around her neck she unlocked her chastity belt and tossed it to the ground.

She laughed, "It is worth death to be rid of this harsh and humiliating thing. Being forced to wear it was insulting. My father had no reason to think I couldn't be trusted to protect my honor."

As she mounted the steps I decided if I lived a thousand years I would never set eyes on a lovelier woman. Her shape was thin as the willow except for her pert breasts. I felt the gift of seeing her nude was recompense enough for my death. As Princess Lori reached the top step I felt death thundering toward me. I was ready.

Her skin was clear and the color of cream, her lips rubies, her hair a dazzling copper in the sunlight and her eyes the color of dark emeralds. I saw fear on her face but she smiled as she ascended the steps and her eyes sparkled. On the platform at the top she reached out and took the silver collar in her hands and began to raise it to her neck.

I heard a rush of air and felt a great presence nearby and looked up. I raised my Pike when I saw the Dragon, standing ten feet before Princess Lori. His head was ten feet above hers though she stood on the top step and he sat on the stone pavement.

The Dragon spoke, but uttered no words. I heard its thoughts in my head and looking at Princess Lori and Sir John I saw they heard its thoughts as I did.

In my head I heard the Dragon say, "I'm called Black Stone, by my kind, who you call Iron Claw.

"Princess Lori, I have watched and listened as you come with strength and honor to pay the tribute. If your will is sufficient to hold you to our business you need not wear the collar.

The Princess was holding the collar and dropped her hands and the collar to cover her sex. Her arms covered her breasts. Hesitantly she said, "Sir Dragon, my will has been strong enough to bring me to this pole without coercion. I come knowing being the tribute means rape and death. I know not if my will can hold me in place when you mean to make male use my woman's body and later eat me alive, should I live though your rape."

The dragon laughed. I heard his laughter in my head as well as my ears. His laughter didn't sound sinister.

Next I heard his thoughts, "My Tribute, we will parley a while about how the tribute is to be paid. Past tributes have died of fear, untouched when I was before them. Others have rejected an alternative to death I offered and asked for the rape and death they expected."

The sound of Sir John's warhorse running on the basalt pavement ended the Dragon's speech. Sir John's raised his lance and aimed at the Dragon's chest as he charged the worm at a full gallop.

The dragon turned its head and Sir John and Death were enveloped in flame. For a moment they were frozen in the flame, a motionless and darkening shadow. I heard the screams of man and horse and the darkness turned to the red and yellow fire. The screams ended. The fire dissipated in a moment leaving behind a mound of ashes. Sir John's armor and weapons and Death's armor were melted onto the stone paving.

The Dragon turned to me. I'd raised my lance and aimed at its chest.

"Sir Squire, I would parley with you as well our fair and virginal Princess. You can attack and end as this fool knight did, or wait and perhaps I can show you a way to live for your Princess instead of dying for her."

Princess Lori held up her hand, "Robin, hold! I don't want the last thing my eyes see to be your death in fire. Enough honor and nobility has been turned to ashes this day. Sir John's vow to not attack the Dragon is broken. I accept death and rape to protect my people from a death such as the one visited on Sir John. Robin, on your honor I charge you, put down your weapons.

Knowing she was resolved and Sir John's honor had been overtaken by his wrath I set my spear, battle axe, bow, long knife and dagger on the black stones at my feet.

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### **Chapter III: The Parley**

The Dragons thoughts came to Princess Lori and I; "I love not the taste of meat from human females, although women taste better than men and virgins taste better than other women. I eat more often than one in five years. I'd starve to death if I had to wait five years for my next meal. Mostly I eat deer and elk and prefer them to virgin girls.

"Princess, your impression I will rape you is a legend and not a fact. My maleness is such that you'll not survive my shafts full entry."

The dragon gestured to its groin and I saw he possessed a double penis; a long and a short shaft, as do some reptiles. One shaft was big standing two feet high and four inches thick along its length, but wider at the root and pointed at its tip. The second shaft was relatively short; ten-inches long and two inches thick. I knew reptiles with two penises use the smaller one inserted into the anus to hold the female in place while the longer one inseminated her.

Iron claw continued, "After refusing my offer of life, more than one prince asked me to kill her with my shaft that she not die a virgin. I've granted such request although I take no pleasure in needlessly killing girls.

"Princess and Sir Squire, I lust not for Princess Lori's virginity or meat. I offer you a bargain. Consider my proposal carefully for your lives are forfeit if you reject it.

"A long time ago there were many Dragons. We're long lived. I'm more than a thousand years old. Dragons grow stronger the longer we live and seldom die from any cause other than fighting and despair. We breed infrequently and only the oldest of us can breed. I am one such.

"Dragons have existed longer than people have walked in the world and much longer in this land. When your kind appeared we took little notice of you until you began to compete with us for deer, elk and bear meat. Slowly we learned to understand human thoughts and gained the power to see into men's minds. We learned your kind fears us and wishes us dead. We underestimated human cunning for we're strong and mighty and choose to do nothing about human's.

"I'm the last of the dragon of Europa. The adult other males died of loneliness. The last female of what you call the dragons was my mate. Your Duke Armod's great-grandfather killed her. He was part of a large hunting party and it wasn't he alone who ended her life. The cruelty of many men with many lances and swords was needed.

"As your kind became afraid of us they began to hunt us and gave praise to those who killed a dragon. Male dragons do not have fire until they're two hundred years old. Those who fancied themselves dragon killers sought out the youngest males and the easier to kill and smaller females. Our females never have fire to breath as a weapon and are smaller than our young males. Your kind sought the fame and status you granted those known as a 'Dragon Killer'. They slaughtered the females and young males wherever they could be found. Without the company of the females we grow depressed and angry. Many attacks on your towns were from mature males lonely and angry at the human world for killing their mates, daughters and son's. Others ended their lives drowning themselves in the sea or diving into a volcano.

"My Mate's name was Sunset Yellow. To me she was wonderfully beautiful. Adult female Dragons are half my size and are more concerned with raising their young than fighting. I cherished Sunset and loved to sleep with her in my arms.

"I found Sunset Yellow dead with her head cut off in a clearing she loved to rest in. In her sides were three long lances. She'd been killed while watching our young at play. As well as killing Sunset Yellow the hunting party killed my son and two daughter. They were too young to offer any defense. Sunset Yellow and my little ones were terribly butchered and partly eaten, their heads taken as trophies.

"My rage was terrible and I set out to find the men who'd killed my family with the plan of killing them and their male kin. I killed hundreds of men, but no women or children. I didn't kill their women and children because it was men who killed my sweet Sunset Yellow and our pretty chicks.

"I sought long and came to believe Sunset Yellow was the last of the female dragons of my breed.

But there is another race of dragons found in distant Cathay, far to the east. After Sunset's murder and when my rage subsided, I visited the dragons of Cathay hoping to find a young female to be my companion. But alas, I found my kind unable to breed with the Dragon's of Cathay.

"While in Cathay I learned of how the smaller dragons live. They lived at peace with the people of the east, revered for their strength and wisdom. When I returned to the west I questioned my plan to kill the men of the land. I limited hunting to their oxen and other herd animals and those only when I could find no deer, bear or elk. I do kill men who come seeking my life. Many have tried to kill me and died. As men ate Sunset Yellow and our young I eat the flesh of those who seek my death, although their meat is not to my taste.

"While in Cathay I'd learned much ancient wisdom of dragon kind, many things undreamed of by men. After returning I pondered the wisdom I'd learned in Cathay. I'd it's possible, with the cooperation of a human, to teach a human body to kindle a dragon child from my seed and bring it to term without killing the human.

"The one who made the bargain which brings you Princess Lori here as tribute, came to me seeking to make a peace between us. He offered his life as payment for the death of Sunset Yellow and our young. My lust for death had abated. I promised him I would avoid killing his people, their herds and settlements if he would send a virgin every five years who's agreement I'd seek to be mother to more dragons and restore my lost family.

"By the time the first frightened Princess arrived no one remembered my desire was for her help in restoring my family. The first tribute's name was Mary and no matter how softly and kindly I explained that I didn't desire her death she remained convinced it was her destiny to be raped and eaten. I'd begged her help in regaining my family and promised to return her to her home and family after breeding her, alive and with my horde of gold and jewels to enrich her as thanks for her help.

"Gold and jewels are of little importance to me. I enjoy the pretty colors of the jewels and the sparkle of gold to amuse me when I rest. But I've learned how much men lust for the trinkets I find merely pretty.

"All Princess Mary did was cry and beg to be raped and killed quickly. She would not listen and after two days of her pleading to get 'it over with', I granted her request. Her death was fast but messy. I took but little pleasure in her body and later in her meat. I ate her because rape and being eaten was what she'd expected, although I'd have preferred to dine on a deer.

Princess Lori looked at the dragon and said, "Knowing of the war you'd fought with men why would any woman help make more of your kinds who'd grow to terrorize the county?"

"I understand your concern Princess Lori. Princess Mary never said anything but, 'please kill me quickly'; I like you.

"It was twenty years before a princess, Princess Rachel, was willing to hear me out. She was tempted but was sure her vow required her rape and death and she would not break her vow. I argued with her for two weeks, but she finally said she would do nothing to help make more Dragons. She said she was sorry, and made love to my shaft until it was full size and slowly impaled herself. For a brief time being inside of her felt wonderful, but when half my maleness was within her she began to bleed from her sex and quickly died. I mourned Princess Rachel as I watched her die, for she was smart and full of life. Our talks were stimulating and rich with ideas; a thing of value to one as much alone as I. She was a friend and I cremated her body rather than eating her.

Princess Lori said, "Dragon, is that what you want of me. To create a baby dragon with you rather

than debauch and eat me?"

"Yes!" Came the answer.

The Princess said, "After I've given you a baby dragon, or two, what will you and your family do? Will your young growing to adult hood not ravage the kingdom as you once did? How may I be sure I will not help you make a great menace to my people?"

To our minds came the Dragon answer, "I will leave this land with my young when they're big enough to fly a distance. My young will be able to fly well enough when they're nine years old.

"Far to the west and south and across a sea wider than you can image, so wide should one of your ships cross it many months would be required to reach the far land. The far land is a vast forest. There are few people living there and those there live as part of the land and do not try to subdue the world to their will. We will go there and seek to live in peace with the people who abide in the green forests.

Princess Lori looked thoughtful. "Dragon, I do not seek death, but my honor is dear. I've come to you mentally prepared to be raped and eaten, but if I'm not to die I must seek to preserve my virginity until I can give it to my husband in our marriage bed. If I live I'm to take my fathers throne when he dies, for he is without issue other than me, and his manhood no longer finds a woman's body exciting. If I live I'm to be Duchess and to take the crown I must be a virgin or married to a noble consort.

"Dragon, may I send you a girl to be my proxy to help you make more of your kind? I would undo the harm done you and bid you and your young good luck and farewell.

The dragon responded, "A fair proposal, Princess Lori. But she must be a virgin and how will you find a virgin who will accept what will be done with her. Will who ever you send not be like the many princesses who've refuse me? The last, Princess Samantha, would not listen but threw her body upon me and died on my shaft in moments. Who ever would help must be committed to a long process of transformation. Once it's done she will never be able to conceive a child."

Princess Lori thought for a time and nodded, "Such a young woman will be difficult to find. Once found when she appears before you she may go mad and demand death, as you said many Princesses have. Including my poor cousin, Samantha.

The Dragon looked at her, "This is a new discussion. I like you better Princess Lori. You're smart and haven't let fear eat your sense. Is the objection overcome if you can help me in a way which preserves your virginity?"

"Largely", Princess Lori, "Is helping you rebuild your family possible without the joining of our bodies?"

The dragon thought, "It is, if Sir Squire here will help, as you suggest a young woman might, he can proxy his body for yours in our mating".

A looked with open mouth at the Dragon shaking with joy and terror. Princess Lori might live on with her honor, but at what cost.

"How might this be?" Princess Lori asked.

The dragon told us in detail what would be required. What the Dragon wanted was darker than all



the black magic I'd heard of or imagined. I sweat in terror as the horrifying plan was laid out. When the change was complete Robin would be no more, I might live but as what?

When she understood what the dragon proposed Princess Lori turned to me and said, "Squire Robin, you came to this place today to fight and die to save my life and honor. Robin, are you as willing to live and be changed as Iron Claw described, to save my life and honor? Or must I tell the Dragon to get on with my rape and death?"

I hesitated.

The princess said, "Dragon if I refuse and die here, what will you do to Robin?"

The dragon told us, "I must kill him, for I can see into his heart. He loves you Princess Lori, chastely, but if I kill you at your request he will never rest until I kill him or he kills me. He is smart and brave. Not like his shallow knight who tried to kill me in a burst of violence. He might someday succeed and I can't allow him to live if I kill you.

"You humans are strange, willing to fight and die for those who are not their mate and who they don't aspire to mate with. It's beautiful, but foolish."

Princess Lori turned to and said, "Squire Robin. I want to live but can't command you to undertake this terrible transformation. If you did I fear it would drive you mad, being unprepared for your new role, but if you do I will stay here and help you through the changes. When you've given the dragon the young he seeks I will take you with me you to my Father's keep to be my friend and confidant as I seek to find a consort fit to father the next monarch of my land.

After sitting, frozen with fear and trying to think, reason returned. I'd come with Princess Lori expecting to die trying save her. I'd already lived longer than I'd expected. I'd save her, live and see the dragon gone from the land. There was no honor in choosing death when by living I might save the Princess and end the tribute.

Slowly I bowing to Princess Lori and Iron Claw, shaking with the import of what I did and I said, "Yes, I will do this thing and try to remain sane as I'm changed".

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## **Chapter IV: The Dragon, Princess and the Squire**

We talked about what would happen to me for hours, or rather the Princess and the Dragon shared ideas in their minds. I said nothing and shared nothing. I felt trapped, although I'd volunteered and wouldn't go back on the commitment I'd made. What I was going to do would save Princess Lori's life and honor. I'd been willing to die to save her and what I'd agreed to would save her. I wished my reality as simple as death. Being dead was preferable to what was going to happen to me.

After a time Princess Lori sent me on Sage back to our camp with instructions to return with her wagon. As I rode down the trail to the camp the sky was gray and threatened snow. I was lonely and missed Sir John's good-natured companionship. He'd been a good friend, never treating me as a servant, taught me something new every day to help me survive a battle.

When I reached the camp it was twilight and clouds dimming the darkening sky. Lady Morgan rushed to meet me and asked, "Squire, what has become my Lady, Princess Lori and Sir John".

She was wearing a red dress with a gold belt and a shawl of black wool. She was lovely. I longed to

know physical love with a woman, but knew my future would deny me the solace of Lady Morgan's love.

I replied, "Lady Morgan, Princess Lori has convinced the dragon to treat with her. Iron Claw is considering giving up the tribute. They talked for hours and Princess Lori thinks they may talk for days. I'm to bring her wagon to the place of sacrifice. Her parley with the Iron Claw will stay her until she's raped and eaten, or the dragon agrees to let her live a virgin and abandon the tribute.

"The princess was magnificent. Standing before the Dragon, naked in the cold air and parleying with him, not for her life, but for the end of the tribute."

Morgan asked, "What of Sir John?"

I hung my head in shame. "Against the orders of the Duke and Princess Lori Sir John charged the dragon with his lance aimed at the beast's heart as soon as he saw the worm. The dragon consumed him and his warhorse Death in a burst of fire. The flame melted his armor and weapons and Sir John and Death to ashes. His actions brook the treaty and Princess Lori tries to avoid the dragon taking revenge on her people for Sir John's rash attack.

"The dragon likes talking with the Princess. I think in time she may convince him to abandon the tribute, let Princess Lori go free and untouched and live to one-day rule her kingdom.

Lady Morgan looked at me and said, "What of you Squire, when you return with the Princesses wagon?"

I answered, "My fate is tied to Princess Lori's. If she does not convince the dragon to spare her, I die. If she succeeds I may live. I return to the worm's lair to serve her and do what small things I can to aid her. If things go badly I will stand between her and the Dragon and seek to delay and distract him with my death long enough for Princess Lori to escape. "

Lady Morgan said, "Returning is brave of you Squire Robin, but it would be more fitting if I returned to attend Princess Lori".

Princess Lori schooled me in how to answer for she knew Lady Morgan well and guessed what she'd propose.

I said, as I'd been taught, "Iron Claw will not let you approach him or his lair nor any human who is not a virgin. Lady Morgan were you to go in my stead, or with me, he would be enraged and surely eat you and perhaps me and the Princess. Princess Lori's best hope of being spared lies in my returning alone.

"My Lady, remember last night I choose to die a virgin with the Princess if death should be her fate. Sir John's skill and valor were of no use against Iron Claw.

"Only Princess Lori's words have stayed the dragon. My vow is to die if she dies, a virgin as she is.

Lady Morgan said, "I pray you and the Princess may live, for she is wise. For you Squire, I long to feel your child kick in my womb as it grows to the world."

I bowed and told her, "Princess Lori asks you stay camped here two days. She will write to her father what she's about with the Dragon and send me to you with her letter. If I come not in two days you're to return to the Duke and tell him the princess paid the kingdom's tribute to Iron Claw and Sir John and I have perished.

"Lady Morgan, I thank you for your offer, if life gives us the chance I'll make the child you speak of with you. Making a child with you would be the greatest joy of my life. I desire it greatly, but know in my bones I'll never live to father a child."

Morgan cried for a moment and said, "You're brave and good, Squire Robin. All shall be as Princess Lori commands."

Lady Morgan raised the camp and the Princesses' wagon was prepared with adding foodstuffs and every other thing Lady Morgan could think of to give comfort to Princess Lori before she allowed me to leave. I'd driven a team of oxen and wagon before and although the trail was downhill it wasn't steep. Lady Morgan watched us move up the trail until we were lost in the darkness. I guided the oxen by star and moonlight. Sage was tied to the back of the wagon, for if we lived another day I was to return with Princess Lori's letter to her father.

It was full night when I stopped the wagon at the sacrificial pole. Princess Lori was there and ran to the wagon to don clothing against the cold. Iron Claw watched and when the Princess returned told me to drive the wagon into his lair, turn it and lead the oxen out and release them and Sage. After seeing to Sage and checking on our oxen I joined Princess Lori and Iron Claw in the cave. There was wood the dragon gathered in the cave and he'd used his breath to turn into a roaring fire. The princess ate sparingly of the provisions Lady Morgan sent. At the entrance to the lair was a clear pool fed by water seeping from the wall. The pool became a narrow stream leaving the cave at the entrance to Iron Claw's lair. I drank my fill for I ate nothing nor would I. The Dragon's magic demanded I not eat for three days.

By the orange light of the fire Princess Lori wrote long into the night. I sat worshipfully watching her. For a while the dragon left us and returned having taken and consumed a deer. I smell the blood on his breath.

When the letter was written Princess Lori asked me to join her in the warmth of her bed saying, "Robin you've the virtue of a saint. I trust you in my bed with my body and would not have you spend the night on the cold rock floor of this place."

I bowed and declined, "It wouldn't be fitting, Princess Lori. Perhaps after I'm no longer myself we may take warmth from each other, if Iron Claw permits."

She kissed her palm and blew her kiss to my cheek. Going into the wagon she returned with a blanket for me to shelter from the cold. Iron Claw watched, but sent no words to us.

I awoke the next morning, stiff and sore. After I drank my fill of water Princess Lori approached me with the letter she'd prepared. She said, "Robin, are you resolved to take on you the change the Dragon desires?"

I dropped to me knee and said, "I swore I'd protect you with my life. If I refuse we both die. If I accept we live and you can someday return to your home to become a Duchess. I will not be as I am, but I will have saved you and kept my vow. You're wise and good and will make a good ruler of your people. I live to serve you, from this moment on."

She passed me the letter and said, "If we succeed when I later seek a consort to make a future monarch with I will desire your council as to his nature and will keep you with me as my friend and trusted advisor, always. You've more honor and wisdom than any other I've met.

"Go and return with haste, Robin. The hard task put off grows more difficult with delay and I would not test your resolve. What we do here is about more than our lives. It is about ending the tribute."

I bowed and mounted Sage. He was bareback but without the weight of a saddle or my arms Sage was sprightly. I was at the camp in two hour. I delivered the letter to Lady Morgan who promised to place it in the Duke's hands.

Before I departed she asked, "What may I tell the Duke of the Princess return?

"I know not. What I can say is if there is anything I can do to assure the Princess Lori safe return home I'll do it. I do not expect to live to see her at home again, but I hope to live long enough to help her as she strives with the work of creating a peace with Iron Claw. The dragon is cunning with plans within his plans. The Princess must understand Iron Claw's plans before a new treaty can be made."

The morning was bright and I enjoyed the ride up the hill trying to escape thoughts of what I'd agreed to. It was early afternoon and the sky was darkening with black clouds when I reached the Dragon's lair I dismounted, unbridled Sage and released him to forage as he might with the oxen. I hoped someday to see him again, but doubted it would be my fortune. I expected to die and I hoped when I did it would be as proxy for Princess Lori who would live by my sacrifice.

Stepping inside the lair I saw the Princess. She was unaware of me, as thin as a willow and beautiful as the flowers of spring she was nude and washing herself in the cool water of the pool. Her beauty took my breath and the perfect shape of her breasts brought a sigh from my lips. I stepped toward her and she looked up blushing but smiled.

"I've begun. We both must be as clean as we can make ourselves for Iron Claws magic to work. Robin, I'm committed to what we must do. In deed, your burden is by far the greatest, but the task will require me to do things I've never imagined. I will need your strength if I'm not to falter. As we engage in activities we abhor remember what we do, we're ending the tribute and saving countless young women from future rape and death. Remind me of our purpose if my resolve weakens."

"I will do whatever I may, My Princess," I said.

We washed five more times before my three fasting days were completed. I was filled with only the water of the pool, which the Dragon said contained herbs to help along the changes he planned to take hold of me. The water did nothing to relive my growing hunger. To avoid distressing me Princess Lori ate in her wagon. She did it quickly and discreetly, but I could smell her meal in her breath and the scent gnawed at my insides. As we waited with the Dragon and Princess talked of many things with the dragon. They talked of Cathay and the wonders there, of the wise race of dragons in the east. They also talked of the unknown world to the west where Iron Claw planned to take his young if our mad plan succeeded.

I'm educated as a soldier and understood little beyond letters and numbers, but the Princess wrote down much of what Iron Claw said. She told me she hoped to return with the information to her kingdom where, with the knowledge of Catha, she would heal the sick and raise the poor out of poverty.

I cautioned her, "You must be subtle in how you work. What I've agreed to will be poorly recompensed if in the end you're burnt as a witch."

She laughed and promised to use discretion and reminded me, "As Duchess I may do much others dare not".

On the third day after we'd again bathed the dragon called us to him and motioned to his sex, which wasn't fully alive. The dragon kept the cave warm and on his instructions we were to be nude. The

princess squeezed my hand and went to the dragon and knelt before Iron Claws maleness. She began caressing and licking his shafts. I stayed back as she ministered with her hands, lips and tongue. The sight was horrifying and stimulating. My fear of what was to come was all that saved me the embarrassment of an erection.

Iron Claw told us he found me, or any male undesirable. To do what we set out to do he must be roused to climax by Princess Lori's beauty and softness. As she pleased his shaft Princess Lori grew involved in the process and laughing rubbed the shaft between her white breasts and against the crimson fur on her mons. She went so far as to engulf the base of the shaft in her vulva and massaged it with her sex. More than once I saw her quiver, lost in her own pleasure. This was Princess's task, to rouse the dragon. I rejoiced in her being able to find pleasure in it. I had no hope of pleasure for myself.

When the Dragon threw back his head and groaned his pleasure I rushed forward to drink the torrent of seed exploding from his shaft. The herbs I was taking in the water, coupled with incantations he and the princes made as I drank fired the dragon seed I drank to fill my body with change. At first I found the taste repulsive, but as I swallowed the taste changed. The seed shooting from the Dragon's maleness seemed to continue forever. As I drank it tasted better and later it tasted good. By the time the fount ended my hunger drove me to lick up every drop. The last taste was ambrosia.

When I'd cleaned the Dragon's shaft with my lips and tongue I wanted to vomit up what I'd drunk, but my stomach held onto the stuff. I felt a glow of warmth in my core and staggered to the pool where I drank deeply and tried to wash away the sin of what I'd done. I failed for the warmth in my insides grew and spread. Later I slept and awoke the next morning wrapped in three blankets with the princess sitting beside me. Looking up I saw Iron Claw watching. He was grinning.

I asked him in my mind, "I'm committed?"

He answered, "Not fully. When you're ready you must bath. You will see you're changed, but the changes will go no farther if you do not again drink."

"How many times must I drink to achieve the end you seek?"

"Many, but I promise in time you will become eager for the final changes, for your flesh will learn to love its new form. "

Princess Lori asked, smiling, "When do we please you again, my Lord Dragon".

I was shocked by her words for I heard in them desire for the feel of his shaft against her flesh. After a moment's thought I set my shock aside realizing we must do this thing and if either of us found pleasure in what we were forced to do it was a blessing.

I heard the dragon's answer to Princess Lori's question in my head, "When Robin hungers".

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## **Chapter V: Becoming a Lady**

After we bathed the next morning Princess Lori told of me the additional changes to my body. "Robin, your skin is as fine as mine, or any woman's, your shape is more rounded and your waist is higher on your body. You're smaller, not just shorter, but your bones are finer and your fingers, arms and legs have become girlishly slender."

I saw concern on her face and asked, "You see more?"

She nodded.

I said, "Speak, fear not my resolve. I'm committed to this path and will not turn away. I know where the path will take me. I fear the change, but will not dishonor myself by breaking my vow to you and Iron Claw.

She nodded saying, "Robin, your male part is smaller."

Looked down I saw my shaft was shorter and thinner. My sex was hair free and the hair above my remaining maleness covered a smaller area, was a lighter shade of blonde and was as fine as the fur on Princess Lori's mons.

I bowed to the Dragon and said, "My Lord Iron Claw, my body rushes to keep the promise I made to you. Will you keep the promise you made in return?"

In my mind I heard Iron Claw laughing, followed by his words, "You shall live long, the Princess Lori shall live long. Her youth and beauty will linger many years beyond what is normal for human kind, as will yours. You will be wise and clever with your mind enough to see within the actions of others and learn their plans, intentions and loyalties. When I know all is well with Princess Lori and with you, Lady Robin, I will leave this land with our young and never return.

"You have the word of Iron Claw, last King of the Great Dragons of the West."

At night I continued to refuse to share the Princess Lori's bed. Although my manhood was smaller, when I looked on her naked form in the firelight as she danced for the Dragon my shaft firmed.

During the night I awoke and found Iron Claw adjusting the fire to keep me warm in my bed on the stone floor. He was concerned for my wellbeing and I took his care as an assurance he meant to keep his promises.

Our days were much alike. I kept track of the days by the changes in my body. After two more weeks my manhood was gone. I was an inch shorter than the Princess Lori, although I'd been a foot taller when I'd first seen her. To make water I had to stoop, as the Princess or any woman does, and my groin became an increasingly sensitive crease.

The Princess Lori told me my groin looked like a woman's, but touching myself I was somewhat relieved to find I lacked a birth canal. My chest was developing small breasts, but my nipples and areolas in my view were huge; nearly as large as The Princess's. While her nipples were pale pink mine were strawberry colored. The hard muscled on my body were replaced with a softness of a woman's flesh. My abdominals, which once had been as well cut as those on a sculpture of a roman warrior, was soft and rounded. My waste was shrunk and distinct and had moved up to below my ribs while my hips became impossibly wide and fleshy. I learned to move slowly to control the movement of by my breasts and bottom.

My hair fell to the middle of my back and was a mess until the Princess Lori lent me her combs and taught me how to groom my unruly locks. The color of my hair changed and became a golden blonde with a lightning streak of fire red on each side of my head.

After another week I surrendered to my desire to drink from the Dragon's seed and went eagerly to the task each evening. Once my male shaft was gone Iron Claw told me to take part with The Princess in the evening dance to raise his passion. Each time I drank his seed I felt warmth within

my abdomen and knew the changes continued.

Although I lacked anything of a man I refused to share Princess Lori's bed. I was trying to hold onto the shred of masculinity reveling to me in my feeling of desire for her. Desire filled me whenever I saw her bath or danced naked. I longed to touch and caress her and mingle our bodies together with an embrace that included kisses and more, but I knew not what. I wished to worship her vulva with the passion she did Iron Claws shaft; my desire was much like the lust I'd grown to feel for his seed.

Holding onto any sense of my lost maleness became difficult when Iron Claw and Princess Lori began addressing me as 'Lady Robin'.

After eighteen more days of change I recognized there was nothing left of the man I'd been, but had not made peace with my heart with what I was becoming. My disbelief ended the day Princess Lori informed Iron Claw, "Sir Dragon, although I rationed my stores sparingly I'm without food. If I do not have food I'll perish from hunger. I've fasted now for two days. I've been tempted to join Lady Robin in drinking your seed."

In my mind I heard the Dragon, "Do not if you'd retain your ability to have a human child. My seed in you will make your womb cold to any man's.

"Look to Lady Robin's breasts for your food. I can smell Lady Robin's milk and her breasts are ready to feed you. You will enjoy drinking her milk for to you it will be filling and nourishing. My Lady Robin's milk will provide all your body needs to flourish and extend life, youth and beauty."

She blushed and said, "Perhaps I should return home."

Iron claw said, "I will not permit you to depart! Lady Robin faces many more changes and will need you to help her live through them with health and sanity. I owe attentive care to Lady Robin for what she does for me and you owe her your support for saving your life and honor and freeing your kingdom from the tribute.

"I've spoken."

Princess Lori smiled at me and taking my hand led me into her wagon. She disrobed and pulled me onto her bed beside her. I was thrilled to be touching her, but amazed and didn't believe the soft mounds developing on my chest would have milk for her.

I was silent, lost in the wonder by her naked presence touching me, for while I'd seen her bath and dance nude daily I never dared touch her or approach her person nearer than my arm's length. Her skin against mine became a fire of need I knew not how to quench.

She caressed my cheek, kissed my lips and softly said, "I have longed to touch you, my sweet, Robin, friend and protector. Since the day I saw you were no longer able to take my virginity I've wanted to play the games with you girls play to please each other."

She kissed me and moved me to where my back and neck were supported on cushions. She cuddled into my arms taking my right nipple into her mouth began to suck. Without thought I embraced her and held her head to my breast. As she continued to softly suck, wonder of wonders, I felt her drawing something through my nipples into her mouth. The feeling of her soft skin against me filled me with the heat of desire for her. As she nursed at my breasts I felt her nipples extend and kiss my body. As she drank her nipples became warmer and their heat fired my passion, but I knew nothing of how to satisfy the desire I felt.



Princess Lori was hungry and took her time to empty my breasts. As she drank a sense of contentment and happiness filled me. The feeling added to rather than abated my desire to meld my body with hers. When she changed to my left pap I hardly noticed. When my breasts were empty she stayed cuddled in my arms and her hands caressed my breasts. After a time she moved her hand across my skin to rest on my vulva. I felt something in my groin; a wetness rather than the familiar hardness I'd learned to expect with arousal.

I looked at her in wonder as she gently caressed the outer and inner lips and sides of my vulva. Her hand began to wander exploring the slight depression where a vagina was to form.

She laughed and giggled and kissed my lips as our bodies moved together. What her fingers did was magic. I'd thought sexual pleasure was lost to me, but was happy when a climax exploded in my groin. Unlike the male explosion I'd experience my climax began softly and built to a plateau and continued as Princess Lori continued caressing me.

When I was composed she spread herself out onto the bed and whispered, "Kiss my sex sweet Robin, my Lady of Bravery. Use your tongue to explore my secrets. Your hand and fingers threaten my maidenhead, but your lips and tongue are welcome. My hunger for your milk is over, but my body longs for release.

Unsure of what to do I kissed my way down her lean body, pausing to kiss and caresses her pert breasts in the manner she'd recently taught me was pleasing. When I felt her nipples grow hot and extended between my lips I moved down to the soft golden fur on her mons. Mindful of her virginity I kept my hands on her breasts, caressing them as I tasted her sex and caressed each delicate crease with my tongue and kissed the top of each fold of her vulva.

I was without skill but giggling Princess Lori told me when I did something that pleased her and suggested other things I might try. I joyfully spent an hour learning what gave her pleasure and next granting her the pleasure of climax.

When she said, "Enough!" she pulled my lips to hers and we kissed. Her kiss on my lips fired my passion as much as her fingers in my vulva had pleased me. She giggled, "Sweet friend, I like the taste of my sex on your lips".

Slowly she calmed me and we rested hugging each other as our bliss dissipated into sleep. I awoke sometime later and felt the hunger in me demand I seek the sweet elixir of Iron Claw's seed.

Princess Lori took my hand and said, "My sweet and brave, Lady Robin, I shall treasure you and wish you always close to me. When I became aware of the desires in my woman's body Lady Morgan taught me the ways of girls pleasuring each other, thus putting off the need my body felt for the hands of a man. She's skilled and I have longed for Lady Morgan's company until this day. When we return, and I trust our host we will set us free when our task is done, I will have Lady Morgan teach you what she knows of pleasing a lady. She's as enthusiastic with girls as she is with men.

Nude we went hand and hand and bathed. I saw Iron Claw watching us with interest and I sensed his desire would be less difficult to rouse. I was right, and when Princess Lori and I did the dance of lust before him we teasing his maleness into lusty erection with little effort. When she stepped away Princess Lori looked disappointed.

As soon after my lips kissed the tip of the Dragons maleness my mouth was filled with his seed. While he had been quick to climax his release was long and his seed flowed more than before. I consumed his seed and tenderly licked and kissed his twin shafts clean. As I put away the fear I'd felt of what was to come when my vagina was formed knowing the plan of the Dragon required I

survive his love.

We spent evenings chatting with the Dragon. We asked many questions and he told us of the story of mankind in this land, when people came and from where. He told us of Rome and how it conquered the land and how the Roman's tried to make the people Roman. Of how the Romans failed in many ways but succeeded in some. He thought ill of the Christians who followed the Romans and their transcendental religion. He didn't understand how a sentient being would trade their life for a future of what they hoped would happen after they were dead. Iron Claw was sure after death there was only, "Never ending darkness without awareness".

Later, when she was hungry, Princess Lori took my hand and led me to her wagon and couch. After the joy of her supping on my milk we pleased each other until we were too weary to continue.

The days followed the pattern we'd set. My Princess and I bathing together, Princess Lori feeding at my breasts, our dance to excite the dragon's maleness my feeding at the Dragon's shaft and later Princess Lori and I pleasing each other.

Within the Dragon's lair we eased wearing garments. The cave was kept warm by fire and nudity became natural after daily bathing and dancing nude before the dragon and each other and the time Princess Lori and spent on the couch in her wagon.

As the days passed we began to wear garments again going outside Iron Claws Lair. I wore Princess Lori's gowns since my clothing no longer fit. We were much the same size except for my shorter stature and smaller breasts. Outside the dragon's lair we'd spent time with the oxen and my horse, Sage. Although I was much changed Sage cheered me by recognizing me as his old friend. The beasts had plenty of feed in the grassy hills around the Dragon's lair. Iron Claw protected them from the wolves, bears and lions in the area, preserving their lives for our future use. We wanted the beasts gentled to us for the day we were able to leave Iron Claw's lair and caressed and played with our beasts as well as tending to their needs.

[Note: The European lion has been extinct for about 1,000 years. In the last few decades the North African Black Mained Lion and the Indian Lion have become extinct.]

At night, after she'd nursed, Princess Lori took joy in treating my sex to her lips and tongue and kept me informed with her tongue as well as words of the changes to my body.

Two more weeks passed and the depression in my vulva was a vagina. When Princess Lori explored my sex with her tongue and fingers her touch felt wonderful. She discovered I had a hymen. After talking the matter over with Iron Claw she decided she should break my hymen rather than wait for the dragon to deflower me when I was bred. I was not consulted.

"My fingers will hurt you less and you will recover faster Princess Lori said to calm me. Two days later, after she'd nursed her fill, she made love to me and as I climaxed she pressed two fingers through my hymen. The tearing within me hurt and I screamed; to me a shockingly and shrill sound. There was blood. Iron Claw heard my scream and insisted he be allowed to lick up my virgin's blood. He was gentle, considering his tongue was six inches wide and a foot long. His hot breath felt good on my torn flesh and his tongue kissed away some of the pain. Three days later the pain was gone.

Once I was calm and free of pain I asked, "When will we you do more, My Lord Dragon?"

He reply was, "Not yet. The passage is ready, but your insides aren't mature. At this time my penetration would feel wonderful to me, hurt you and accomplish nothing. There will be pain when I breed you and when I give you pain I want our mating to be a step toward our completing our plan

and the Princess and you returning to home.

Smiling I said, "Thank you, My Gentle Dragon."

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## **Chapter VI: The Dragon's Egg**

Three more weeks passed before Iron Claw told me my body was ready to receive his seed. I was resigned and frightened. I cried for a day in Princess Lori's arms as she comforted me. When the tears stopped I was surprised how much the woman I'd become. Of course the best comfort was when Princess Lori drank my milk. It was a wonder for the more she nursed the more I loved her and the more contented I was to be her woman.

I told her so and smiling she said, "Lady Robin, its true for me too. With each drop of your milk I drink my love for you grows."

Iron Claw was tolerant as he waited for me to be ready to accept his assault. I couldn't imagine how his great shafts could be thrust fully into me without killing me. Iron Claw explained many times he'd not spent months preparing me to kill me. I knew his purpose and I knew it was true, but each time I drank from his shaft my heart's fear of the shaft's length and girth grew. More than the size I feared the double penetration.

I admitted to myself I was the owner of vagina and I knew the use a penis makes of a vagina. Iron Claw's second shaft looked much too large to fit into my bottom without tearing me apart. Like the rest of me, my anus was smaller in my woman's body. What the dragon wanted to use it in a way it wasn't intended for, I pointed out to Iron Claw, "I might be able to be bred by a dragon, having become a female but I'm not a female dragon. The second shaft is going to a place still of human size, it's bigger than anything that ever came out of me."

Iron Claw laughed, "My Lady Robin, I promise my twin shafts will not damage you, although you will feel filled. You will find the second shaft a source of pleasure when we mate."

I shrugged my shoulders, making my breasts bounce which disconcerted me, and said, "I will accept what you do to me. But if I'm die I can make no baby dragons and you must let Princess Lori go free and return to her father a virgin, for my death buys her freedom."

Iron claw nodded.

After two more days, in the evening after drinking his seed, I promised Iron Claw, the next morning I'd be his to mate, even if his passion were my death.

Princess Lori looked worried and taking my hand and led me into her wagon. We were nude and she pulled me to the couch and was nursing as soon as we entered her wagon. Feeling her drawing the milk from my breasts was relaxing. She drank deeply, not stopping until my breasts were empty. Giggling she began kissing my lips and caress me. She took my hands and put them on her breast. We touched and kissed until we'd each peaked and were too tired to continue. We fell asleep in each other's arms, our legs and breasts woven together. It was how we awoke in the morning.

We held hands when I went out to meet Iron Claw and my fait. We were the close to the same height and from looking in the pool I knew we were much alike in face. We were only different in the contrast of Princess Lori's scarlet hair with my blonde hair with its two red streak. My hair grew quickly as I changed and as I walked I felt it caressing the swell of my bottom. Princess Lori's hair

was also grown longer while we were with Iron Claw and it fell from the top of her head down to her lovely waist. We spent much time each day combing and brushing each others' hair.

We found Iron Claw amid a great mound of soft carpets from his horde on the rocky floor. He smiled as I approached. His voice in our minds said, "Princess Lori, My Lady and I will be occupied this day and for several days to come. Lady Robin will find time to nurse you, but little else.

He gestured to his horde of gold and jewels. "Perhaps you would spend the time selecting what part of this treasure you will take in your wagon when you depart. You may take every coin and gem, but your wagon can carry only a small part of my horde. When I leave this place I will close the cave. You my return as you desire and take the rest, or leave it for others to find.

Princess Lori said, "But why give this wealth to me?"

"My treasure is for you and My Lady Robin. I foresee she will choose to stay with you. You will be a great Duchess with much wealth. With the wealth from my horde My Lady can go with you and not be unknown penniless stranger in your world. I've observed the ways of men and wealth is a great equalizer between royal and common."

The Princess took a step toward the horde but turned back saying, "I know not how to choose".

Iron Claw laughed and said, "The gold weighs a great deal. Take too much gold and your oxen will not be able to pull the wagon. As reckoned by men the jewels are more valuable and less bulky. Take those you find pretty and place them on your wagon. When you leave this place I will watch over you and the wagon until you're safe home with the treasure you take."

Princess Lori turned toward the horde but turned back, "My Lord Dragon, the treasure is yours. Will you not need your wealth?"

Iron Claw shook his head. "I gathered my horde because it is pretty and I enjoy watching it sparkle in firelight during the long winter. I've lived here to long alone. Although the gray days of the year are brightened for me by the sparkle of my horde I'm ready to leave it behind. When I leave this place, as I plan to, I can't take my horde with me. I'll have another and more precious burden.

Princess Lori smiled and went to the horde and began examining the mountain of gold and gems. I looked longingly after her. Dragon read my mind and said, "I've given her a task to occupy her. I want you to be able to experience what we do without thinking about our Princess watching. If you wish her to watch I'll her back?"

I knew I was going to do the thing and it would be easier if I wasn't thinking about what Princess Lori might be feeling as she saw me used as a woman. I nodded to the Dragon, "I'm content. What would you have me do?"

The Dragon thought for a moment, "My Lady, for that you are. I want to give you a new name as you become my mate."

I looked down at my breast with their long and thick nipples and farther to the curve of my abdomen disappearing between my legs. "Sir Dragon, I'm not who I was. Say what you'll call me and I'm content."

The dragon said, "I will call you Lady Anna. It's a noble name after a young woman I almost convinced to mate with me rather than be raped and eaten. After weeks of discussion between us she asked to be rapped and eaten saying, 'If I live without my honor I will destroy myself. I came

prepared to die. Please proceed while my courage holds. I was quick, allowing her die on my shaft as I filled her body with my seed. I did eat her, but only because she'd wished it. Since the Death of Lady Anna I've thought much about how I might convince a young woman to surrender and willingly be my mate instead of a toy I ultimately eat. It was my conversations with Princess Anna, which led me to the realization I should seduce one of a tributes escort to sacrifice themselves to save their Princess's life.

"My Lady Anna, you're the first likely companion to a princess to come my way, for a virgin is required for the transformation. In her honor may I call you Lady Anna?"

I nodded and said, "My lord Dragon, I'm content to be your Lady Anna. I'm ready, even if your shaft is to kill me for you to try to make your young from my body."

He extended his front feet and gently picked me up. I was frightened for I knew how sharp his claws were and they touched the skin around my waist. A slight squeeze of Iron Claws paws and I'd be cut in two. But he did not squeeze. He lifted me to his head and began licking me. He licked everywhere. When I relaxed a little his tongue inflamed my breasts. When I felt moisture in my sex he licked there extending his tongue into my vagina and anus.

I felt heat well up in my body and found myself moving to facilitate his exploration. His tongue was hot and my breasts were warm. I blushed bright red as he ministered to my vulva and thighs. My passion rose as I climaxed in his paws while he rhythmically pumped my sex with his tongue. I felt at peace and open and whispered, "My Lord Dragon, I can't be readier".

He lowered my body until I felt the tip of his great shaft kiss the entrance to my sex. I was wet and hot. I stretched my legs wide and felt the larger of Iron Claw's shaft enter. He pushed me down lightly and more was inside. I felt stretched and full, but knew not more of than three inches of his length was within me.

I heard his voice in my head, "My Lady Anna, it is for you to take the rest in. It will happen naturally and with little pain if you but relax. He moved his claws, no longer holding me but leaving them against my waist to balance and support my weight. I looked into his eyes and saw how beautiful they were. Their color was deep amber and sparkled in the firelight. I felt calm and to my wonder I felt my sex opening. Slowly the shaft sank into me. When I'd tense up the penetration hurt. I soon learned to relax and let the dragon's shaft fill me. I sank lower and felt the shaft press into a deeper part of my insides.

I sank down farther and felt the second shaft enter my anus. I was amazed I could hold so much of the Dragon inside and not burst. I felt his heart beating inside my body and stretched out my legs to rest on his massive thighs and began to raise and lower myself writhing and dancing on his shafts, deeply impaled myself and feeling him going deeper. I felt his shaft was caressing my heart, which came to beat in time with his.

Happiness and joy filled me and I laughed and cried together. As I did all that was male left in my mind and body was burnt away. I moved and wiggled, reveling in feeling one with Iron Claw. I rose toward a climax and when it came my passion continued to build. I felt Iron Claw's seed flowing in and it was a delight. Somehow my body absorbed all his seed as it did when I drank. I felt the seed igniting a great comforting heat in my abdomen and chest. As the seed filled me my breast became engorged with milk. I laughed again welcoming the seed, reveling in the feeling of being one with the dragon and hoping we were creating life.

I know not how long our coupling lasted. In truth I passed out. When I came around I was beside

Iron Claw on the couch of carpets he'd made and my Princess was beside me drinking from my overfull breasts. I was filled with joy and happiness and caressed her head as I pressed her mouth to my breast saying, "Drink deep, sweet one. I'm filled with joy and want to share."

She smiled at and said, "Yes my fair, Lady Anna".

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## **Chapter VII: Sharing Joy**

The days passed quickly while Iron Claw and I were mating. The dragon was determined to breed from my body the dragon's spawn he's lost so many years before to Princess Lori's ancestor. After the second day my body adjusted to his frequent use. As Iron Claw filled me with his twin shafts became the focus of my life while Princess Lori's nursing became insistent. Each time she was drawing the milk from my body her eyes betrayed a growing wonder. I watched and cuddled with her until my breasts were empty, but she wouldn't willingly leave my breasts for a long time after I'd no more milk. She continued to suck, kiss and lick my breasts in delightful ways for hours. I learned the underside of my breasts was nearly as sensitive as my new clitoris, as was my bottom.

Many times Princess Lori brought me to climax pleasuring my breasts, more often than she did as she ministered to my vulva. I learned from the loving care she gave my breasts, bottom and lips. When she allowed I treated her to the same bliss she gifted me. I was rewarded amply for the pleasure feeling as our joined bodies made us one flesh. There was great pleasure in Iron Claws breeding me, but I felt sheltered from his lust by my contact with Princess Lori as it reminded me I was human. Being able to climax from her kisses alone took away the sting of my lost masculinity.

In bed with my Princess after we'd peaked she'd pull away from my breasts and move her lips to my mouth. We kissed and hugged and our mouths couldn't get enough of each other until more bliss rained upon us. For many days my life was divided between joining with Iron Claw and feeding, and sex play with Princess Lori. My body became a clamoring bell, pealing in orgasm as Iron Claw and Princess Lori pulled the bell cords in turns filled me with pleasure. For his part I knew Iron Claw was pleased for my body overflowed with his seed when his pleasure peaked. For my Princess the soft smile on her lips when shed' exhausted and slip into sleep beside me assured me her pleasure met my own.

The more we kissed the more I tasted longing in Princess Lori. I tried to share with her what I'd felt during my union with Iron Claw as I was loved. On the third day of breeding with Iron Claw, Princess Lori was watching as I was filled with Iron Claws seed. When he withdrew and set me down to rest on the carpet, Princess Lori's eyes flew open and she tried to move her lips to my sex where Iron Claws seed was dripping from my stretched vagina.

Iron Claw said, "No, Princess Lori, to drink dragon's seed from her sex will close your womb to the seed of men. She moved her head to my breasts and cried. After a while she asked, "Sir Dragon, I greatly desire to share with Lady Anna the bliss she finds as you breed her. Will what a man someday does with my virginity grant me such ecstasy?"

Dragon Claw said, "I do not know. Passion is so between dragons and those human females who grow to us. Of men and women I know nothing. I find the softness of Lady Anna's companionship, body and heart reminds me of my lost mate who was ever gentle."

Princess Lori sighed but kept at my breasts until there was milk for her. Each time after I coupled with the dragons when our mating dance was done my breasts were engorged with milk and my full breasts called to Princess Lori to nurse. I felt relief as Princess Lori emptied my breasts, which she

did with enthusiasm.

When I felt her return to nursing after we'd each climaxed I struggled to my feet and taking her hand led her to the wagon where we caressed, touched and kissed until our passion was satiated and we could sleep.

Each time I entered the wagon with Princess Lori I sent my thoughts to Iron Claw saying, "I'm eager for you having learned the wonder of our joining".

Back from his mind I heard his response, "I too long for the joining of our flesh. Our mating is a thing of great beauty and pleasure. A feeling I've missed since the death of my mate. Lady Anna, I'm in your debt and will remember I must requite the love and joy you've shared with me.

As we couched together I told Princess Lori what I'd learned of the Lady Anna I was renamed for.

Princess Lori was surprised it was a princess who was a tribute who taught Iron Claw to seek to seduce a companion of a tribute Princess? It was with her name the dragon re-christened you."

"Yes, Princess."

Princess Lori kissed my nipples, "As you've done much for me, my father and my people in giving yourself to save my life and honor, I love you as you are, 'Fair Lady Anna', but I think the world poorer for lacking the man Robin".

I felt her smile comfort my heart although in the dimming light I couldn't see her clearly. The next morning when we awoke Princess Lori nursed. As she drank we discovered we'd learned from Iron Claw how to hear each other's thoughts.

Later, after we'd bathed and Princess fed, I went to Iron Claw and offered myself to his use. He accepted and once more I was wrapped in bliss. When I neared the peak I felt Princess Lori's mind within me and knew she was sharing the rapture of the Dragon breeding me. Later she told me, "In sharing pleasure with me, Lady Anna, you shared more than rapture, you also shared the experienced the sensations of your body being filled by the Dragon's twin shafts and seed."

Our days flowed together filled with kissing and nursing Princess Lori and Iron Claw's mating me. I know not for how long, but there came a morning when I knew I was pregnant. A week later a morning came when I went to Iron Claw and he wouldn't mate with me saying, "Lady Anne, my shaft seeking release, but pumping inside you might hurt the new life we'd kindled".

As the reality of being pregnant sank into my mind I became terrified. Princess Lori guessed what was troubling me comforted me and promised she'd stay with me and help me to bear the strangeness of pregnancy and later the greater strangeness of the birthing. That night I returned to drinking Iron Claw's seed to sustain me and to be able to continue to feed Princess Lori, who'd no other food.

Princess Lori and I no longer talked, but knew each others' minds. Princess Lori, Iron Claw and I sharing our thoughts as we choose, for we learned from Iron Claw the way to sending those thoughts we wished to make known. The trick was in learning a mental focus for sending thoughts and using the focus when I desired to share. I didn't share with Iron Claw the thoughts of love and passion when Princess Lori and I were together. The sharing of our thoughts increased Princess Lori's hunger, but we considered her eagerness for my milk might be her trying to join with my body as well as my mind. When I was pregnant my breasts didn't become as engorged with milk as when Iron Claw was mating me, but I was able to let Princess Lori drink her fill when she hungered.



I grew serene as my belly expanded and Princess Lori nursed. For nourishment I returned to drinking Iron Claws seed, but feared what would happen to the Princess Lori when there were young dragons to nurse, for my milk was what she desired to sustain her. I asked Princess Lori if she'd like me to roast a part of Iron Claws kill for her, but she declined saying. "My Lady's milk is more nourishing and tastier than any meat could be". My breasts made enough to allow Princess Lori to drink as much as she desired, but I worried about the future. For my part, I feasted on Iron Claws seed. When I did I longed to join with him and feel his maleness become a part of my body and his heart beat with me. I took comfort in my ever-expanding tummy.

The Princess showed me the great store of riches she'd collected from the dragon's horde as Iron Claw bred me. I told her what she'd gathered was enough to buy a kingdom. She laughed and said, "We shall buy you a kingdom and we will be two queens as well as friends and lovers".

I asked Iron Claw how I was to feed Princess Lori and our young. He said, "Dragon young do not nurse. Newborn dragons eat meat. If you offered them your breasts they'll eat you. Lady Anna, you must not see them hatch. For a time your eggs will need your warmth to help them grow, but after you lay your eggs, are recover and they're ready to hatch you must leave this place with Princess Lori. I will tell you when. From a great distance you will hear my thoughts and I yours. As our young grow I will tell them of your bravery, your love for your princess and your goodness to an old dragon. Perhaps when we leave this land you may briefly see them, for our young will come to know you as their mother and will learn to control their hunger before they are strong enough for the great journey."

"I'll lay eggs?" I said, surprised. Princess Lori looked at me with what I took to be wonder in her eyes.

Iron Claw answered, "Yes, Fair Lady Anna, you will lay eggs and our young will hatch from them. Unlike bird eggs yours will grow as we keep them warm until they're ready to hatch. Our Dragon young will hunger for meat the moment they leaving their eggs."

I cried and Princess Lori cried with me for in sharing my mind and knew my feelings as I knew hers. I longed to see the young Iron Claw and I created. To take joy in their life and watch them grow.

Princess Lori knew my pain and cuddled me. After nursing she whispered, "No matter what happens, Lady Anna, you're a human and my life partner. We shall be together always, and my children shall be yours no matter whose sperm I use to create a future Duke or Duchess for my father's throne."

Three days later Iron Claw told Princess Lori and I to bring him a large ruby from his horde. We were to know the ruby because it was uncut and smooth with the color of fresh blood. The stone was egg shaped, roughly four inches across and eight inches long and perfectly smooth.

When we brought the ruby to Iron Claw he held it to his sex for an hour and gave the gem back to Princess Lori.

"If you, Princess Lori, desire to a child with Lady Anna you may have the child with the help of this Ruby."

We were interested, and I asked eagerly, "How is it possible, since I may no longer play a male's part?"

Iron Claw told our minds, "Lady Anna, during the time you're pregnant with young dragons you've much magic about you and within you. This magic will is yours until you lay our eggs. If you place

this stone in your vagina today, and hold the ruby inside until you lay our eggs the stone will gain the power to fertilize Princess Lori, or any woman's, egg and create a child."

Princess Lori looked at the stone suspiciously. "Dragon, how does Lady Anna's essence reach my womb to do this magic?"

The Dragon replied, "Princess if you'd be pregnant with a child who is yours and Lady Anna's on the last day of your menstrual cycle you must place this ruby into your vagina and carry it within you until the first day of your next menstruation. When you next ovulate you will become pregnant with a child who is yours and Lady Anna's. The stone will be potent and you may use the ruby four times to kindling a new life.

Princess Lori smiled, but said, "The stone seems big and my entrance is small?"

Iron Claw laughed, "The ruby is smaller than a child being born to a woman, the ruby is smaller than the eggs Lady Anna will lay".

"But what of my maidenhead?" The Princess asked.

"If you inserted the Ruby today your maidenhead would be torn. I know the way of human royalty and their desire to closely guard the rights of succession. If you take a male consort avoid sex with him any time but the five days after you period and you will not be impregnated. In the early part of the month you've no egg in your womb to be fertilized. I've learned the ways of your cycle from the changes in your sent over the months you've tarried with me here in my lair. "

"The stone's power will weaken with time. This ruby will be potent for no more than ten years. The child, or children, you create with the stone will be a female. There is nothing of a man left in Lady Anna to contribute to a male child."

Princess Lori smiled and turning and kissed my lips and said, "Lady Anna, stay with me and I pledge myself to make the next Duchess of my kingdom from your essence incased in this stone".

Later, in Princess Lori's wagon, Princess Lori first warmed the stone between her breasts and guided the great ruby into my vagina. Her touch was gentle, but the stone hurt me going in, for my sex had recovered from the great stretching created by my mating with Iron Claw. The ruby felt heavy and awkward inside me. I found I could keep the ruby in without effort, and in time the fullness within my vagina felt natural and no longer needed to think about holding the ruby.

My pregnant belly gained bulk quickly and in weeks was of enough bulk to keep me from moving quickly or walking distances. As the days passed the task of seeing to our oxen and Sage became overtiring and Princess Lori took care of the breasts alone but watched over and protected by Iron Claw.

I feared the experience of birthing the great eggs growing within my womb, and at the same time longed for my pregnancy to be over.

Knowing I'd lay eggs from my vagina brought home to my mind how much of my humanity was lost. Each day Princess Lori told me of the joy she felt being with me. Her kind thoughts helped me rise above my fear and look forward to they day when we'd leave the Dragon's lair and my task behind us.

My Princess's mind was open and I knew, while taking pleasure in our time together, she longed to return home and see to the care of her father and her people. She feared age would weaken her

father's strength and will and opportunists in the land might seek to kill him and take the Dukedom for themselves. Her fear for her father and people increased each day. I 'd lived in the world enough to know her fears were warranted. Many men I'd known while Sir John's Squire were always looking for a chance to advance themselves over others they thought weak.

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## **Chapter VIII: My Eggs**

Each day my body changed and my pregnant tummy became larger. After a month Princess Lori and I were forced to find a new position for her to nurse. We ended with me above her on hands and knees or me on my back and her nursing on her hands and knees, but for her nursing was easier when my breasts were above Princess Lori's mouth.

My expanding middle was a problem when I danced before Iron Claw to raise his passion. I needed his seed to nourish my body, and Princess Lori's. The Dragon informed us the sight of the Princess and I nude was not alone enough to raise his passion to a climax. He needed us to dance as wonton woman caressing and kissing his twin shafts. Iron claw said, "With a female dragon what is needed is her scent, but the human female form isn't exciting without movement and contact". What we learned brought his passion to its peak fastest was to engulf his great shaft between our breasts as he caressed and kissed the shaft.

I missed the Dragon having his way with me and didn't relish returning to drinking his seed. Taking his seed into my body was more elegant when it was deposited in my womb. But my pregnancy prevented penetration of my sex by Iron Claw's great shafts. I suggested to the Princess Lori I should dance alone, but she smiled and said, "Lady Anna, I enjoyed dancing and caressing Iron Claws. If you must do this thing to feed my hunger in honor I must participate. You already move with difficulty and I'm deep in your dept. If it were not for my need to preserve my womb for baby making I'd drink too. In our time here the smell of the Dragon's seed has become divine to my nose and I'm sure the taste would be delicious".

When my pregnancy advanced to where I couldn't comfortably dance before the dragon Princess Lori took over the task of arousing the Dragon until he was ready to feed me his seed. It was always I who drink his gift of life. I noticed, as I drank, Princess Lori watched us with a look I thought was envy. Seeing Princess Lori, dance nude before the beast raised my passion as well. My princess addressed my frustration after she nursed, applying her fingers and tongue to my sex. After I achieved relief she'd straddle by head between her knees and lower her vulva to my lips until I brought her relief.

So we lived, our lives and my growing belly nourished from the Dragon's loins. For his part Iron Claw hunted each day and always returned with his hunger satisfied. His presence discouraged men from hunting in the vicinity of his lair. The deer, elk and bear he enjoyed eating were plentiful. Three times a day I feed Princess Lori my milk.

Five months since the day I'd first taken Dragon Claws shaft into my body a new and strange feeling developed within my abdomen. My middle felt bloated and overfull and standing upright hurt my back and walking hurt it more.

Noting my distress Dragon Claw said, "The time has come for you to make the nest where you will lay the eggs of our dragon young".

Following his directions we used a dozen carpets from his horde to create a circle of softness on top of a sea of gold coins. The coins moved and were softer than the basalt floor. My nest was soft

enough to be comfortable. The sound of the gold coins moving beneath us was a soft clinking I enjoyed. Princess Lori and I laughed at having made a bed cushioned with a king's ransom in gold.

When my body began contracting to push the eggs out the first thing to emerge was the great ruby. Princess Lori took the ruby up, carefully cleaned it and carried the stone to her wagon. It felt wonderful to have the thing out of me, but as soon as it was out my womb started the contractions to move my eggs into the world.

When she returned Princess Lori as she washed my sweat covered brow with a cool cloth she said, "The stone is locked in a drawer in the wagon. Padded by pillows and cushions to assure the ruby is not harmed as we travel. Sweet Lady Anna, I'd use the stone today but to arrive home pregnant would be a disaster. If my father lives he'd have me beheaded and if he's died whoever ever took my father's throne would seek my head. Not for the disgrace to my father, but to avoid any challenge from me for my father's throne".

I kissed her and said, "I understand. It's not necessary for you ever to use the stone. If you do find the time is right, and choose to use the ruby's magic the act will be a gift I'm not worthy of."

Princess Lori laughed, "I find you worthy, Lady Anna, and will never find another more worthy to make a child from my flesh with. Who else but you who saved me from rape, death and dishonored by sacrificing your manhood for my safety could be more worthy. You've committing your body to strange congress with a Dragon and lost what was male about you. You've accepting the pain and the natural fear of pregnancy; a surrender difficult for one who was once a man to contemplate, let alone accept".

She kissed and said, "You've given your body to assuring my life and happiness. Your gift is to my people in ending the horror of the tribute. The lives and honor of fair young women needing never again be paid to Iron Claw. In return I pledge to you, I will use what means I can to reward you, my friend and dear lover. To do less would make me unworthy to be Duchess over my people".

As we talked the urge to push came more strongly to me. Having pushed the ruby out of my sex I knew what to do. My eggs being in my womb rather than my vagina made the process more painful and difficult, but by the next dawn it was over. Covered by blankets from the wagon I laid down holding three large eggs to my thighs, stomach and breasts to keep them warm.

My eggs were a dark green, nearly black and the shells appeared like a living form of a rough leather when touch. Each egg was a foot long and six inches across. Looking at the three objects I was amazed three such large eggs come out of my body. I found I wanted to be touching them all the time and caressed my eggs whenever I could.

Princess Lori brought more blankets and pillows from her wagon and made a bed for us among my three eggs. We slept with my eggs between us allowing the Princess and I to share her warmth with them as I did. Each day my eggs were bigger. When I touched them I felt a life growing in each. I was filled with pleasure and amazement to know the baby dragons in my eggs were alive and growing. In time the dark leather color of the eggs changed and became the color of the new grass of spring. The change cheered me since it was a color of new life.

The evening after the last egg was in my nest Princess Lori danced for iron Claw. I was able to move to his shaft in time to drink his seed. My human body knew it had given birth and moved my breasts to create more milk for the Princess. A week after I laid my eggs I could manage the walk to the pool to drink and bath. In two more weeks I could walk to the nearby meadow where our oxen and Sage were pastured. I caressed them but could not move quickly to play. Riding sage was out of the

question.

Always I was eager to return to my nest to share my body's warmth with my eggs. The Princess returned too and continued to share her warmth with my eggs as well as her love with me. We talked of many things as we nuzzled to my eggs. Most of all we talked of her plans for the use of the dragon's wealth to first secure me in her court and second to improve the lives of her people. Princess Lori determined as Duchess she'd invite scholars from distant Catha to her court to help teach her people.

I felt my eggs were filling with vigor and growing life. Iron claw confirmed my insight for he felt the life in them. He was content with the prospects for his new family. Princess Lori was constantly smiling and fussing over and seeing to my comfort.

I exercised daily and continued drinking Iron Claws seed for nourishment and Princess Lori continued to nurse at my breasts seeming to draw the baby fat out of my body. In four more weeks my female body was whole and I saw in the waters of the spring my form was lithe and youthful. A difference existed in my shape was in my breasts, which were grown. No longer the delicately shaped small pears of My Princess's, but mature with the proportions of Lady Morgan's. While I'd not nurse the young dragons I was a mother and over the many months of nursing Princess Lori my breasts grew to maturity.

The Dragon told us it was almost time for us to leave his lair and aided Princess Lori in sending a dream to Lady Morgan. The dream told her Princess Lori lived and was unharmed. The Dragon took another captive, a Lady Anna, who'd come to his lair seeking death. She saved the Princess by offered to be the Princess Lori's Proxy for the Dragon's rape and in recompense Princess Lori had made it her charge to help the lady recover from the Dragons assault on her sex and the despair that ha brought her to the dragon seeking death. The dream told Lady Morgan the girl Anna had been raised as a boy and trained in arms by her father who longed for a son. After her fathers death she'd Anna had found no lord would accept her into his guard and no man was interested in her as a bride.

The dream informed Lady Morgan Sir John's disastrous attempt to kill the Dragon had led to Squire Robin volunteered to let the dragon eat him alive in place of Princess Lori. In the dream Lady Morgan saw Robin die bravely although in terrible pain as he was consumed.

The dream commanded Lady Morgan to bring wagons and supplies to the place she'd been encamped at the beginning of the trail to the Dragon's lair. Lady Morgan was to tell the Duke his daughter was returning alive and an unharmed virgin. In the dream was the knowledge of Iron Claw's promise he'd no longer require a tribute of flesh and wouldn't again attack or molest the countryside and city and towns as long as Princess Lori, or one of her decedents, ruled.

Two weeks later Iron Claw informed us a caravan of six wagons was at the foot of the trail to his lair. We were well versed in the ability to read thoughts and with this power we listened to those in the camp. Lady Morgan was there, directing all. Included in the caravan's number was the Duke's soothsayer, there to determine if Princess Lori's virginity was intact.

Before we left I visited my eggs, which had continued to grow and glowed with a green luminous light illuminating the cave. I said, "Lord Iron Claw, our eggs flourish from the warmth of my body and the Princess's as we laid with them in my nest. Will our young thrive in our absence?"

Iron Claw said, "Lady Anna, the time for you to leave is come, although I know you long to stay with our three eggs".

He touched my cheek and said, "I've given you a magic which will allow our young to talk to your

mind as I do when they're old enough. You may share their thoughts with you from a great distance. I will tell them of your, and your Princess's bravery and love for them. It will be many years before they're old enough to understand, but our young will speak to your mind before your beauty is dimmed by time.

"You've consumed dragon's seed in abundance and my seed will add years of youth to your life. Dragons live for thousands of years as you reckon time. You've become enough one of us to live many lifetimes of man in youth and without loss of vitality. Princess Lori having lived long on your milk has gained in beauty, youth and life with you and will as long as she drinks your milk. Wean her and she will fade slowly back into the human pattern but she will age at a rate humans will not be able to see.

"Our young will not forget the brave human who sacrificed much to give them life. Before we leave our young will make their voices known to you.

"You must leave today for our eggs will hatch this night. Young dragons eat whatever meat they can find, living or dead. They will eat their fair mother if you're with them. A female dragon would possess the size and power to govern her dragon young.

"I will kill a deer and give it to them every day until they're able to hunt for themselves in five years. Before they hunt our young dragons will learn of the peace I've made with Princess Lori and know to leave her people and their flocks alone.

The Princess heard Iron Claw's words. She hugged me and whispered, "Dear friend, I will keep you with me to feed my youth forever".

Princess Lori and I prepared our wagon for departure. I collected our oxen and harnessed them and Sage I tied to the rear of the wagon. We'd no sidesaddle, the one I'd contrived for Lady Lori many months before was recut and used for many tasks. We rode in the wagon and Sage traveled with us unburdened. The year was into late winter and I saw the first flowers of the year forcing their way through the snow and blossoming along the train as we traveled down from Iron Claw's lair. I reckoned we'd spent a year keeping company with the dragon.

When we prepared to leave Iron Claw took us back to his hoard and pointed out three score of rich stones he urged us add to those we were taking with us saying, "These are of great value as figured by men. Keep the gems hidden for they inspire avarice. Sell or trade them one at a time. Do not let a rumor of your great wealth begin for rumors of wealth will bring cutthroats to your door".

"Lady Anna, you've lost all that was male in your person, but nothing of your valor. Your skills with sword, bow, lance and axe remain yours and have grown with your courage. Your strength of limb is multiplied greatly, for you have the power in your body of a dragon, though the shape of a damsel. If you must take up weapons to protect your Princess or yourself be confident of your prowess, for there are no twenty men who together could face you and not fail.

"Lady Anna, use this power with caution for men often destroy what is different and strong. You and your Princess must be vigilant for you are both stronger and quicker of mind than other human's."

Princess Lori giggled, "Sweet Lady Anna, I will teach you the ways a lady can guide a warrior to be her servant. Ladies have great power over men although no weapons of metal and little strength of limb is required."

We bowed to Iron Claw who bowed to us and said, "Use the gift of hearing others' thoughts. Looking into the minds of those about you will keep you safe.

"If you're killed those who end your lives will suffer my wrath and die in flames!"

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## **Chapter IX: A New Life**

Princess Lori and I mounted the wagon and I guided the oxen out of the dragon's lair. The reins felt huge in my hands. A year before as I drove the oxen up the trail to the Dragon's lair the reins felt normal. I was puzzled until I remembering I'd been Robin the last time I'd held the reins. As Robin I'd been much taller than I was as Anna and I'd been bigger boned. Sadness came over me as I realized that Robin was no more. Glancing at Princess Lori I smiled again. Becoming Lady Anna was well worth the cost since it had saved My Princess.

When we reached the stone paved yard in front of the cave the pole of sacrifice was gone and replaced with a round garden of wildflowers. Iron Claw's thoughts came to use, "The garden is a symbol of the peace I've made with Princess Lori. I've sent the Duke, a foolish man who thinks himself wise, and Lady Morgan dreams showing them I hold you dear and will take vengeance on the land if of you're treated ill. For you two are sacred to me.

"Our young, two females and a strong male, will know your circumstances and take vengeance, should I be dead. Any who harm you will die in fire and pain. A dragon's wrath is no slight thing.

I sent thoughts of thanks to Iron Claw for telling the sexes of our young and I looked forward to knowing them as they grew.

The snow and scrub covered trail was burnt clear for us by Iron Claw allowing us to easily travel. We smelled the snow and burn wood and brush along the trail where Iron Claws fire cleared our way. The oxen hadn't been a team in a year and I feared they'd be unruly, but found I could guide team with my thoughts more readily than with the whip and reins.

As we traveled down the trail the air cleared of the smell of smoke and became crisp. The amount of snow diminished and disappeared entirely by the time we saw the encamped wagons awaiting us. We enjoyed the ride but traveled in silence. Our thoughts were a mix of missing Iron Claw and concern over what we'd face when we met those awaiting us at the end of the trail.

We heard the thoughts among those awaiting Princess Lori's return. While lady Morgan was eager for Princess Lori's return there were others who were unsure the princess should be welcomed back. Among those waiting were those not pleased Princess was alive and at least one eager to say she was an imposter created by the Dragon who'd eaten the true Princess Lori. Our trip required three hours before we approached the encampment of wagons sent of those meet us. I saw eight wagons, Lady Morgan, many servants and a dozen armed warriors. I reached out with my mind and found, while some of the servants were happy about the return of the Princess Lori, others and the soldiers would have been pleased if she'd never returned from a sure death in the jaws of the a dragon.

Princess Lori and I sat at the front of the wagon. I glanced at her and frowning she nodded. In my mind I heard her, "I feared this. Those who hoped to take the throne after my father's death are not content to see me."

I responded, "May I slay them?"

"Yes, but not right away. Those who are here are the henchmen of others who dwell in luxury in the capital. These minions are not the threat and will cease to trouble us when those they serve are no more. Let us see what they dare try here. But, Lady Anna, find weapons and keep them about you. If

challenged slay enough to create fear in the hearts of the other villains who seek to end my life, but remember want those who oppose me to live long enough for their thoughts to betray their masters."

As we pulled up to the waiting wagons Lady Morgan ran to the Princess Lori crying and calling out, "She's safe, thank God she's safe and is safely returned to us alive and pure".

A man stood out and blocked Lady Morgan said, "How do we know this woman is Princess Lori and not an imposter the dragon sends to beguile us as he pillages the countryside."

A shadow passed over the camp. Those in the camp looked up and saw Iron Claw circling the camp. He was high in the sky but spread his wings to block the sun over the speaker who challenged us. As those awaiting Princess Lori looked Iron Claw who sent a stream of fire across the sky above our heads. I sensed fear in them, except he who spoke. In his mind I knew he reckoned killing two women to be an easy task and he considered himself able to best Iron Claw if the Dragon attacked.

Princess Lori stood and raised her hand. "Iron Claw is above us. I've treated with him and he agreed to end the tribute and in time leave the county and travel far away to a land unknown to us. He can pillage the countryside and cities at will. He needs nothing subtle or hidden. Sir John attacked him from close by and on his great warhorse with lance and axe ready. In an instant he and his warhorse were ashes and his armor and weapons were puddles of melted metal."

The man stepped back and glanced up the circling dragon. For effect Iron Claw breathed another stream of fire across the sky filling the shadows created by the Dragon's swings with blood-red light.

Lady Morgan broke free and ran to the Princess. Climbed into the wagon she hugged the Princess and wept. She turned to the men and cried out, "Without question this is our fair Princess who returns to us with great tidings. Sir George, she will be Duchess someday. Do her the honor due one who found the means to end the tribute."

The man pointed to the sky and cried out, "The Dragon is not dead and has not left. How do we know he will not destroy us".

Princess Lori sat and said softly, but her voice was clear. "I faced rape death and returned with my honor intact and a great gift for my people. I've treated with Iron Claw and found him faithful in his bargaining. He is stayed in our land for a while as he prepares to depart. In time he will leave forever though it will be some years before he departs".

"Iron Claw agreed to treat after Sir John broke faith and attacked the dragon. At the time I stood before the sacrificial pole naked and about to lock the collar of death around my neck. But Iron Claw wanted to discuss my death. And we talked long. I sent Robin for my wagon since I was making progress with the Dragon on negotiating the end of the tribute of flesh. At the time I expected my virginity and life to be part the Dragon's price for ending the tribute.

"After nine days of discussion the Dragon agreed to not destroy the county-side and our villages and towns. He accepted the life of Sir Johns squire, Robin, as payment for Sir John's rash attack. Iron Claw ate the brave young man alive before my eyes.

"Squire Robin died well and his honor in death was in part why the dragon was willing to treat to end the tribute. Iron Claw left my honor intact when this gentle woman, Lady Anna, offered to be proxy for me in his carnal use. I longed to return earlier but was honor bound to care for her until she recovered from the ordeal of union with the Dragon.



"Lady Anna come to the Dragon to treat for the end of tribute from the Barony of Duke Leo; the tribute was to bring her sister to the Dragon's lair to be rape and eaten as I'd been brought to the post of sacrifice. Lady Anna's act of self-sacrifice impressed Iron Claw. He asked her if she was truly willing to stand proxy in his planned rape of my person to show her sincerity. He promised Lady Anna her home shall never again be required to pay a tribute of flesh to him. She allowed his rape and nearly died. I adopted Lady Anna as my sister and will keep her, protect her and desire her to with me always.

"To mark the end of the tribute the dragon removed the sacrificial post and planted a garden of wildflowers celebrating our agreement where the post stood. A post saw scores of young women raped and eaten alive."

Hearing the thoughts of those listening we knew there were uncertainties as to what to do. Many feared the knight who'd doubted the Princess. We climbed down from the wagon with Lady Morgan and moved around the camp. Giving each man a chance to see the Princess. She hugged the women and warmly greeted those men she knew. When we'd greeted the company we were left facing the man who'd held Lady Morgan from the Princess. He was large and wore mail and carried a broadsword at his side and battle-axe on his back. On his chest was the image of mounted knight's lance passing through a dragon's breast. The dragon depicted was small, a juvenile or a female.

Facing him the Princess said, "I know you not, and you say you don't know me. Why do you doubt who I am, saying you know not Princess Lori while others recognize their monarch?"

The man straightened his spin, laughed and said, "I'm Sir George, a slayer of dragon's. I will contest your identity and virtue with my sword".

The Princess saw into his mind, and I into hers. We knew whom his masters were and his mission was to kill Princess Lori.

I turned to Lady Morgan and whispered, "Bring me a sword, as like this fool's as you can find."

Understanding my purpose Princess Lori said, "You claim you're a knight but threaten an unarmed virgin with death. It's not an act of valor."

Her tone was even and her voice cheerful and the camp laughed at Sir George.

Princess Lori continued, "Will you test my honesty with trial of combat, Sir George, I may find a champion here who will defend my honor and life?"

He laughed and said, "I disbelief your virginity but let any ten of these attending you here come against me and I will slay them and see you tied to a rough post and burnt alive for the witch you doubtless are". He pulled his leather glove from his hand and tossed it to the ground before Princess Lori.

Princess Lori smiled, "Which ten men among you will rid me of this troublesome knight?"

No one moved, although they looked to each other. I heard their thoughts. The armed soldiers wouldn't fight to defend Princess Lori, but four among them hoping someone would take up the gauntlet.

Lady Morgan brought me a fine broadsword. She could barely carry its weight in her two arms. Taking the sword I raised it to Princess Lori in one hand, as easily as if were a dagger. I said, "Since there are no men here, I will trust God to deliver me and grant the power to best this surely fellow."

I stepped away from My Princess and Lady Morgan, picked up sir George's gantlet, stuffed it into my belt and moved my blade to the guard position with my hands on the hilt.

Sir George laughed and stepped toward me.

I raised the sword easily in one hand and saluted him as befitted a knight entering trial by combat. As I'd seen Sir John do. Rather than return my salute Sir George attacked his blade raised to cleave me in two. I took the handle of my sword in both her hands, stepped to the side parried the knight's blade turned and brought my own blade down on Sir George's shoulder, cutting through his mail and gashing deep into his arm.

He screamed his rage and turned and charged me like a maddened bull. I stepped aside and parried his blade a second time. The force of his charge carried him by me and as he passed I brought the great sword in my hands around and cut deep into his spin until the forward edge of my sword cut to his groin. Screaming in pain he fell forward and landed in two parts. His head was turned and his eyes watching me with what I took to be fear as death claimed him.

Those present looked with wonder and watched the last of Sir George's life's blood seep out of his severed body onto the grass of spring. I raised the sword above my head letting the soldiers see the blood on the blade.

Turning slowly allowing the others to see and said, "Trial of combat proved this lady is the truly Princess Lori. She returns to her father and people, her honor intact. She's ended the tribute." I held the sword lightly in my hand ready for action. I was filled with the sense of my skill and power surpassing any I'd know as Squire Robin. I felt I could slay a hundred knights with little effort.

"Know in this victory is shown the gods appointed and skilled me to overcome any who'd oppose princess Lori's rightful place in this land. I stand ready to test the courage and metal of any who oppose Princess Lori."

The surrounding men and Lady Morgan cheered.

We returned to the city in triumph and left the body of Sir George naked where he'd fallen. His arms and horse were forfeit. Equipped with Sir George's sword, battle-axe, lance, shield and dagger I was able to ride into the city in armor on a war horse and carrying a banner Lady Morgan embroidered with a knight riding a dragon into battle. The same device was on my shield and was painted by Princess Lori there and on and the jerkin of leather I wore over the mail, after I'd adjusted the armor to fit over my woman's body.

Repairing Sir John's chainmail was one of my tasks as his squire. I was good at the job and there was slight difficulty in adjusting the shape to protect, rather than torment my breasts.

As we moved out of sight of the body Sir George Iron Claw spoke to my mind saying he'd feed the knight's body to our young. I smiled and saw Princess Lori was pleased too.

News of Sir George's death and the Princess's return proceeded us. A great throng greeted Princess Lori and her entourage when we came through the gates of Dorek. The way was strewn with flowers and Duke Armod greeted us at the entrance to his keep. He was greatly aged and surrounded by retainers. Looking into the minds of the King's men we found a dozen who'd paid Sir George to assassinate Princess Lori.

The King's soothsayer Judith and his truth finder Erma, a woman of four score years, was seen in a dream we'd sent Princess Lori's virginity was intact and believed Erma examined her and conformed

her virginity. We could have let her make the examination, but I couldn't bear for my Princess to go through the degrading an experience.

Princess Lori found her father much aged and from that day on guided his actions. She changed her quarters in the palace to the set of twin tower at the corner of the keep. The smaller tower was built with an entrance large enough to drive our wagon into. The doors were locked securely protecting the treasure the Iron Claw gave us. Princess Lori's quarters were above the throne room. I was quartered in the other tower, but a door connected my quarters with the Princess's.

There was feasting a rejoicing for weeks after at the Princess's return. I was treated as royalty for having protected her honor and life. Princess Lori ate sparingly during the day, but at night I came to her chamber and fed her my milk before and after her sleep. Our love-play become sublime, but after lady Morgan instructed me in the ways of pleasing a lady loving became an addiction.

In the next year there were three more plots on Princess Lori's life. I never went about unarmed and the twelve assassins who came to kill the Princess died by my blades. We knew who sent them and when brought before the power of the Princess's Lori mind they confessed and begged her forgiveness, which she granted. I'd become a power in the palace and I required a penance. We identified twenty-six who paid assassins to kill the Princess. To gain my forgiveness they were compelled to choose between facing me with blade, and hurling themselves from the battlements onto a pole if impalement set at foot of the wall of the Duke's keep fifty feet below. I beheaded the first six in less than a minute of combat. The rest chose to fall onto the poll and died more slowly rather than face the death at the hands of a woman.

Once Princess was secure she turned her attention to the kingdom and created schools, a university, patronized the arts and brought many men and women of wisdom to enrich the dukedom. At her request and after a long journey a group of six men and six women arrived from distant Catha. Others came from as far away as Rome and Egypt. The wealth of those who sought her death was used to pay for the education of her people and support them in trade. Iron Claw communed with us using thought and told of us many things done in Catha the twelve visitors were able to teach Princess Lori's people.

Three years after her return Princess Lori's father died in his bed, his daughter by his side. With his death the people clamored for the Duchess Lori to take a consort and provide the kingdom with a successor. Lady Morgan and I selected the young Duke Brandon from a nearby duchy who was brave and valiant, but of a mind easy to control. After the wedding night he awoke remembering the pleasure he'd taken in ending Duchess Lori's virginity. The blood on the bedding conformed his story.

The truth was he slept the night away and Duchess Lori ended her virginity by pressing the great ruby Iron Claw gave us into her sex. He often dreamed of his pleasure in having Princess Lori's body. The next month Princess Lori conceived our daughter, who was later known as Princess Robin. She loved arms and I taught what I knew of their use. In her strength of limb and the quickness of her hands and eyes I saw a hint of dragon in her. Princess Robin became warrior princess and an army of men was eager to follow her into battle.

Duke Brandon longed to go on the crusades and after the ruby gave the kingdom three more princesses, Anna, Morgan and Lori, Duchess Lori assented to his request and he took one and twenty Knights and fifty men afoot to the crusades to drive the Islamists from the holly land. Few returned and none of name.

Twenty years after the birth of young Lori I went alone to a wasteland at the edge of the kingdom

and met with Iron Claw and my three young. My young dragons grew to be strong and powerful and with Iron Claw teachings were wise. I communed with them enough to teach them of the weaknesses and strength of men.

My son, Amazon, was magnificent as his father and was already grown to a great size. My daughters Starlight and Spring were calmly, strong and wise. Of course I looked on them with a mothers eyes. I embraced them and enjoyed the feel of their great wings hugging me with their warmth. We spent a week in the wild together talked and learning from each other before they left for the new world.

After my dragons were gone each spring I took a large wagon with eight oxen to Iron Claws cave and returned with the wagon heaped full with gems and gold.

I returned to Duchess Lori and we loved and lived together and spent the great wealth Iron Claw gifted us in making the land a place of wealth and education. Where teachers were held in high esteem but where the warriors were proud of their land and deftly protected their Duchess and her people.

In later years we established caches of wealth in many places in Europe and Britannia.

Forty years after returning from Iron Claws lair Duchess Lori abdicated her throne in favor of her daughter, Robin. For many years she and I use makeup to appear older than we were. We built a strong keep in the south and towards the sea with a cellar filled with much of our treasure.

Our four daughters nursed at my breasts and gained the strength of young dragons.

The End