

6-Fast Talker

“Put me down you oversized drag queen lumberjack,” I shouted, as I kicked and tried to wiggle free.

He didn’t say a word, just kept walking. Nice view of his tight ass but otherwise not the ideal way to spend ten minutes. When he slowed a bit I began to fight him harder, trying to get down.

SLAP

“Ow, what the hell,” I yelled, when he smacked my butt.

“That will teach you to defy me and also to learn some manners,” the man said, as if he were put out.

“Well look here buddy, I am the one who is put out! I am the one being held hostage and-”

“Gregor, really,” I heard, from a female’s voice.

The sounds of heavy feet running filled the air as the lumberjack flipped me over and then I was airborne and trying to scream. Nothing came out but some weird noises that made no sense. Strong arms caught me midair before I could hit the ground. I was a panting mess, trying to catch my breath. I squealed when I realized that somewhere along the way I lost the sheet and quickly tried to cover myself.

“I can get you a shirt or dress,” I heard, just as I looked up into those damn purple eyes.

His face was mere inches from mine, his plump pink lips, his shaggy hair that looked messy and wet...

“The Omega didn’t die, did she? No. She’s just fine. But she needs to be cleaned up with proper attire so she can be presented to Barrett,” the brute said, puffing out his chest.

I pressed my lips together and shook my head.

“Get bent! Barrett is a pig,” I huffed, moving myself upright as I tried to straighten myself out.

“He’s a bear. There are no pigs on the island,” the brute added.

I squinted at him, is he fucking with me? He surely can’t be that daft. He looked pretty serious though.

“Cute crown, get that out of a box of Crackerjacks,” I asked, cocking my head to the side.

I didn’t know who he was, and didn’t particularly care. If he was someone important around here, that meant nothing to me.

“I am King Gregor and you will address me as such, human,” he spat, glaring down at me.

He had a good foot on me and I didn’t like that, but then again they were all tall bastards. Except Barrett, he was a roly poly probably 5’ 8 or so only a bit taller than me.

“Fine. King Gregor. Seeing as you’re not happy to see me and ditto... How can I get out of here and leave you all to get back to...”

I glanced around and finally took in the woman. She had very tanned skin but still managed rosy red cheeks. She had long light brown hair in a side braid and some sort of weird blue silk robe that barely covered her and slippers. Slippers, outside in the forest. Did I wake up on Hugh Hefner’s island? No ... she’d be box bleach blonde if that were the case.

She had a crown too.

My jaw fell as I turned and saw a massive glass structure. A house? It was breathtaking and looked completely out of sorts in the middle of the woods. Off to the side there was a cute pond and picnic area. Their house?

“This is our home, we call it ‘The Sky Brite’ since during the day it’s always full of the sun,” I heard, and turned to see the one who said he was Christian. Non-purple eyes. Hot as sin. He had his arms crossed and ohhh those guns were on display.

“If this ever doesn’t work out for you, Chippendale’s would snatch you up in a heartbeat,” I said, nodding.

Not that I’d ever seen them, or even been to a stripclub. That should probably go on my bucket list.

“What have I missed,” I heard, and turned even more.

I narrowed my eyes at the tall male who was definitely the third of the triplets trio. Muscular, a mix between the other two for sure. Not too tan, not too pale. Jet black hair though. I sniffed the air a bit and made a face.

“Is something burning,” I asked, before anyone else could speak.

We’re in the woods, it seems like a valid concern. The tall guy stepped toward me as smoke billowed out of his nose and ears. Honest to god smoke. Real ... smoke. Like a campfire. Without a second thought I reached out and twirled my finger in it. He grinned, though it was a real shit eating smirk of satisfaction. I instantly felt like punching him and I was hardly a violent person. These people were close to getting me there.

Needless to say the events of my life over the last little bit have definitely changed me and maybe not for the best. I stepped back from him and into a solid wall of another triplet.

“Don’t touch the Omega, Vance. I’m warning you. All of you. Whatever you’re thinking, don’t. I’ve already summoned guards to take her back to Barrett,” the King said.

King. He’s a king. These kids are his kids. That woman with a crown is their mother? They’re ... royals?

I’m slow, I know. But I’m getting there. First thing’s first! He’s not going to push me around. I’ve been pushed and pulled in a hundred ways my whole life. Always told what to do whether it was by stupid adults or asshole bosses. I’VE HAD IT!

“Hello? I’m right here, you don’t need to make my life plans without consulting me. That’s pretty rude. No one is taking me anywhere, I’m not staying. I’m not some little female that will just shut up and know my place. I was told I had a choice and damn it I’m not staying here to be some breeding machine and I’m sure as fuck not letting that hairy old shitting his pants freak near me,” I shouted, balling my fists and getting in the King’s face.

“I’ll challenge him for her father,” the wall behind me said. Vance, I think.

“I will too,” Christian said, just to my left.

Hmm, that’s hot. Yeah, fight over me! Wait ... no. No no. But damn they’re nice to look at. The hot guys at the gym who judge you for being chubby at the gym but then snicker about how you need to lose weight. They’re probably just mean girls in disguise.

The King turned his scowl away from me and toward Vance.

“Your status means nothing, Barrett is of our blood as well. Even if he’s tenth in line for the crown, it matters not. If he got to the Omega first, she is his. He’ll never just roll over and give her up. He’s been waiting for a mate a hell of a lot longer than you,” the King said, matter of fact.

My stomach flipped and not in a good way. I felt sick though I didn’t have anything more in my gut to give. I shifted my weight and remembered the cut on my foot. It was gone and there was only a tender pain but tolerable. How on earth?

The air was tense, it had notably shifted and it was making me uncomfortable. Maybe standing here in my underwear was, but either way.

“This is stupid, I’m out,” I fussed, as I threw up my hands, and began walking.

Yeah, that’s it. When you have a problem and you don’t know what to do, you leave. Sounds good!

I held my head high and stormed off though I had zero clue to where. No matter what, I have to hold my head high, I have to show them that I’m not afraid. Even if I’m scared shitless. Even if I desperately want to go home when I have no home to go to. Suddenly sleeping on a grate in New York City doesn’t sound as bad as being stuck with a hairy tub of lard. Yeah, I’ll take my chances with the subway rats. How bad they could be?

I knew that sleeping with a shifter was a highly sought after thing. Women were always bragging at work about it. But none of them ever had serious relationships, it was just a boasting rights thing. Like sleeping with the most douchey frat boy. Everyone secretly wants to do it, they feel shame afterwards but would probably do it again.

Not that I’d ever done that. Would ever do that. Clearly sex to them is far more which is hilarious because most guys you casually date will do anything to not be saddled with a baby.

“Not staying here,” I fussed, stopping in the middle of nothing. Talking to nothing.

Trees for days. I turned in another direction and kept on. There was a beach when we flew overhead, a beautiful one. Where’s that place? Can I find a nice tree to live under near the water?

After what seemed like an hour but was maybe half, I broke through a tree line and in the distance, sure enough was the ocean. I had a new found sense of urgency, a fire lit right under my ass. Hell, I was already dressed for swimming even though I’d rarely done it, only knew the basics.

When the ground changed to a mixture of dirt and sand I felt beyond excited. A real ocean, real sand real--

“Whooooaaaaa shiiiiit,” I shouted, as suddenly the earth ... was gone.

I kicked my legs for all I had but there was nothing there anymore. Something was around me, something hard, solid, unmoving and...

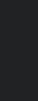
“What the-”

I started to ask, as I craned my neck up to see a massive creature holding me. Massive didn’t begin to cover it. Black, hints of purple. Scales. A huge head and mouth.

A dragon, a dragon has me.

Saree

well hold on girl!

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