

The New New Life

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If someone had told me just a few months ago that I would be the not-really-mother of six “tiny” dragons, working for a huge golden dragon who also happens to be the love of my life, I would have sent them o to the shrink. But now I’m here, in this world created by Des himself, changing it whenever he or I feel like it, adjusting it to our needs.

I didn’t only start a new life when I began working for Des, I started a *new* life just shortly after, when I found out that being fucked by all sorts of monsters is the best thing that ever happened to me. And that shapeshifting is simply amazing. After Des made my boobs bigger, I really enjoyed them and couldn’t stop playing with them.

This turned on some of the monsters and they started complaining that Des had his broodmother now, but they would have to wait until I felt like sleeping with them. And this gave me an idea that I have yet to tell Des. We are currently “eating dinner.”

Which usually consists of the baby dragons—now the size of about SUVs—running around and trying to rub against me. Because it is like this: dragons don’t need to eat, they feed on feelings. Des’s is Desire, obviously, which is why he enjoys watching me being fucked by anybody. And we haven’t named the babies yet, so their feelings aren’t determined, which means that they follow their father.

“Blue was the rst one. He should be the rst to be named,” Mehdi mentions calmly. He is usually around us, when he’s not o discussing with Lazaros or fucking Sylvan. Or messing with the other monsters.

“You only say that because he’s blue as well.” I chuckle and push away Red, who’s pretty accurately as ery as his color implies.

“Well, maybe.” Mehdi grins. “But still. He’s rather calm compared to the others, he wants to help rather than get what he wants. He should have a quiet name.”

“Which feeling ts then?” Des asks, and I sit down cross-legged, looking at Blue.

“Altruism?” I ask.

Des tilts his head. “Not sure if it’s really a feeling or not, but Ruis would be a cute name.”

“Agreed.” Mehdi looks at Des, who nods.

“Ruis it is.” His eyes glow for a moment before he touches Ruis’s forehead, making his eyes glow in return. “He is imprinted now. Altruism is his designation now.”

“Okay, Greeny.” Mehdi rubs his hands. “He always seems to be in a good mood.”

“Yes, he’s quite jovial,” Des agrees, and I grin.

“That’s a cute name. Jovi.”

Des seems surprised, but then he smiles and imprints Jovi as well.

“Reddy here is obviously Passion,” Mehdi states, and Des and I nod at the same time. “Pas? Or Sion?”

“Sion sounds nice,” I state, and Des agrees, imprinting him next.

“What about Silver here? He’s quiet, but...eager to please others. He saw the minotaurs being rough with each other, so he went over and cooled them o with water...they weren’t so pleased, but he wanted them satis ed,” Medhi explains, and I laugh.

“Well, then what about Satisfaction? Satis?” I suggest, and Des seems very pleased with how fast we are thinking today.

“Pinky-Lee can’t stop, whatever he’s doing,” Des complains, and I chuckle. “He’s a lot to take.”

“He...perseveres.” I grin, and they chuckle. “Veran?”

“You’re good at this. Where is this coming from, all of a sudden? We’ve been thinking about this for three months now,” Des reminds me, and I shrug.

“Don’t know,” I say, although I have a clue. “Blackie is...a handful.”

“Is that all you have to say about him?” Des smirks, and I feel my cheeks turn red.

He was the rst who tried to ‘mount’ me. They shouldn’t be trying to do that yet. But he did, and he didn’t want to stop until I was happy.

“He made you orgasm just by rubbing his tail between your legs, Cat,” Mehdi reminds me, and I feel my face light up even more, making him laugh.

“I don’t understand your sudden embarrassment, why do you feel ashamed now? We have seen *everything* of you.” Des looks confused.

“But... I didn’t bring you to life,” I say quietly.

“You have to forget the thought that they are your children. They are not. As there are only male dragons, they do not have mothers, they only have brood bodies,” he explains and I scoo.

“How nice, I feel really appreciated,” I say ironically, making Silver—no, Satis—come to me and rub his face against mine. “You’re such a cute one!”

“What about Lima?” Mehdi says and we look at him puzzled. “Climax. Lima.”

“Why not.” I look over to the huge sleeping baby, opening his eyes when I turn my head. “I always feel like he’s the maturest of them.”

“I know you’ve grown fond of him.” Des smiles. “Even more than the others.”

“I like them all equally!” I exclaim, but Des chuckles.

“It is normal that you like one more than the others. He will be the rst to breed you, when the time comes,” he says calmly and this is so weird.

“Do you...not mind that your own sons will sleep with me?” I ask and Des shakes his head.

“On the contrary. It is the greatest honor, to know that their blood will be carried along through the generations, with such a great subj...woman,” he corrects himself, and I smile.

“So weird, but I like it.”

Now that the babies are named, the boredom returns. It’s just...not enough. I have merely one task left, and that seems unreachable. Richard.

I watch him playing with the baby dragons, as they only seem to be really that—babies—when he is around. There is completely nothing sexual about their interaction, which is normally the case. Des does not want to share any information about him, and Richard himself is typically close-lipped.

But this is not enough to keep me satis ed. I want...more.

“You seem untypically...melancholy.”

Lazaros sits down next to me, and I still have to get used to him sitting, which is more like a horse laying down, quite obviously. But it’s still weird.

“It’s nothing,” I say, but he chuckles.

“Did you know that the stories are true? Centaurs come from the Greek mythology. We used to live among gods and goddesses—and believe me, *they* knew how to have fun,” he tells me, and I smile. “And I have learned to sni out a lie when I hear one.”

“I don’t want Des to think that I am...greedy or unhappy,” I whisper, but Lazaros shakes his head.

“He is a dragon, Cat. He does not live with human morals, he does not care for the same things or feel the same emotions. He understands a lot more than you would think.”

“What are you saying?”

“Tell him your thoughts, your wishes. You will be surprised, quite...pleasantly. I’m sure.” Lazaros winks and I have to smirk, although I don’t want to.

“But...am I too greedy? I mean...I have literally four giant dicks at my disposal whenever I would want them, some more if I found the other monsters around here, and soon there will be six more. But still...I feel like something is missing.”

“And do you want to nd out what it is?” Lazaros asks.

I look at him curiously, nodding.

“Then you should ask the boss.”

“He’s not really your boss anymore. Or mine.” I laugh, but Lazaros shakes his head.

“He saved us from certain death, but it was *you* who released us into this paradise. And he knows that. He will do what you want, if you tell him how you feel. He’s not human, he doesn’t know. Talk to him, you will be surprised, I promise.”

When the sun goes down, I dare to ask. It’s just Des and me now, as he likes to sleep alone with me next to him, usually in his dragon form.

But before he turns today, I take his hand.

“I want to tell you that I love you, and I appreciate everything you are doing for us,” I say, and he tilts his head.

“Us?” he smiles. “Are you considering yourself one of the monsters now?”

“Well... I’m a shapeshifter and also I don’t like to see myself as not one of them,” I admit and he nods.

“And I love you with all my heart, you know that. But I know enough of humans to know that this is nothing normal to tell me randomly. What is bothering you?”

“I...was wondering. Is this...it? Is this all? Am I to keep popping out dragon eggs until I die?”

“Oh love, you will never die.” Des laughs and I am utterly shocked.

“What?!”

“You are a shapeshifter now. This means that your organs and all of your body will...reset themselves whenever you change. And you know *when* you change.” He chuckles.

“So...are you saying...the more I fuck, the longer it will take for me to die?!” I shriek and Des laughs out, nodding.

“You could say that. Your body does not age anymore and whatever it is you do not like, you can change.” He caresses my face. “But if it was me to decide, there is nothing I would change, for you are wholesome and perfect since the day you stepped into my o ce.”

“You’re a smooth talker.” I giggle. “But I really wouldn’t mind getting bigger, so I can take all of your dragon dick.”

“Love, you are a shapeshifter now, with the birth of the eggs, you have turned. You do not need to grow bigger now. Whatever it is that you want, it will happen. Try it. Imagine something.”

“Hmm...” I chuckle and close my eyes.

I imagine myself with great abs, broad hips and a juicy, rm yet bulky butt, something that is usually only possible with surgery or photoshop. And when I open my eyes, I look down and... nd exactly what I imagined.

“What the fuck,” I whisper and he laughs, tracing my butt with his hand.

“There are no limits. You could even turn into a dragon yourself.”

“But... I thought there are no female dragons.”

“And there aren’t. It would only be a...copy of sorts. You wouldn’t be a real dragon. But love...tell me what it is you desire now.” He smiles, taking a strand of my hair into his st.

“Are there more monsters out there?” I whisper, and Des’s eyes grow a little wider. “There can’t be only these, can there?”

“There are a lot more, indeed.”

“Let’s save them,” I say under my breath, and Des tilts his head. “I want to give them a new life in safety, protecting them and ensuring their species will survive.”

“Do you...want to breed all of them?” Des asks hesitantly, and I slowly nod.

“I can see how lonely some of them are. Mehdi would love to meet another djinn. The werewolf is so lonely, he barely fucks me anymore, he just wants attention and cuddles. And imagine all the monsters who look like Sylvan or even worse? Humans would kill them on sight, but we could save them!”

“Do you know what you are asking, Cat?”

“I’m...not sure.”

“There are those monsters. And most of them are found in one place. But it is very dangerous, and we would have to leave our home for a while.”

“We?” I smile and take his hand. “You would come with me?”

“I will never leave your side again, my heart. But we will need the help of somebody else.”

“Who?”

“Somebody, who knows the place where we will go. Who...owned it once.”

“Who is that?”

“Richard.”