

The Talk

It has only been two days, but my belly is growing bigger already. I have a feeling that supernatural beings grow so much faster than natural ones. But that's fine by me, I can't wait to be back to normal and be able to fuck in all the positions again. As for now, I'm already impaired.

"I like to see you pregnant." Des lies next to me and gently strokes my belly that's about the size of a six-month human pregnancy.

"Even if it's not your offspring?" I ask with a chuckle.

He nods. "Yes. Creating life is something only females can do, but creating life for all supernatural beings is something only *you* can do. And as you know, humans have not treated us monsters with kindness, so every life counts. And you giving your body for this purpose is the purest form of love. You cannot imagine how grateful I am."

Des gently kisses me on my forehead, and I swallow hard. He is so wonderful and I have to lie to him about his own son?

"Look, Des, there is something I should tell you," I whisper and he frowns. "I haven't been completely honest with you. I didn't want to lie to you, but I have to because..."

Before I can finish, I feel a strong vibration in my uterus, making me moan and cling to Des's arm, digging my nails into it. It rocks me so hard that I can't even keep talking and it goes on for a few minutes.

"Are you okay, Cat? This is not normal." Des looks concerned and sits up, trying to pull me to his chest, but the orgasms make it impossible. It feels so fucking hot but at the same time it keeps me from talking to my partner.

"Are you in pain?" he asks.

I shake my head, pulling down my pants.

"Oh... I see. But what could cause this? I have never heard of offspring that can..."

Irritated how he can contemplate about the reason for my instant orgasming, I grab his hand and stuff it between my legs.

"Ah, now I understand," Des chuckles. "You want me to relieve you of that sort of pain."

I nod as another wave hits me and Des opens his jeans, takes out his penis, and being a magical dragon and all that, he doesn't even have to wait. He's already erect.

I hop onto him and instantly start riding him hard, just to get some sort of relief. But it's not working; it's rather making it worse. But the harder the waves hit me, the angrier I get.

I won't let some few weeks old dragon pretend to be my master! Lima can't order me around like he has that inherent right! Des has done nothing but treating me right and kindly, taking care of me and making sure I'm well, so I'm not going to let anybody threaten this relationship.

And as if this realization does the trick, the orgasming stops—with my elongated moan accompanying it.

"That was...something," Des says, and I nod weakly, sweat dripping on my forehead. "Are you okay?"

"I really have to tell you something. But first, I need you to help me, please."

"Anything you need."

I climb on Des's lap and lie down in front of him, spreading my legs a little.

"There is something inside of me, causing this orgasming thing. And I need you to take it out," I say, and Des frowns.

"Are you sure? How did it get inside? What if it hurts you when I pull it out?"

"Des, please, just do it," I say, and he sighs before he inserts his hand into my pussy. He feels for the thing, but I'd be lying if I said I don't like him inside of me like that.

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" Des smirks when he sees my face.

"Of course. I enjoy anything and everything you do," I whisper, but just as I've finished, I feel a strange sensation in my stomach.

"I got it," Des says, but before he can pull it out, I stop him.

"I think this might really hurt," I say, and he looks worried. "But I need it out of me. Please, just make it quick."

Des is obviously fighting with himself, but eventually, he pushes down one of my legs before he pulls the thing out with one quick motion.

I scream and curl in pain, because it feels as if a part of my body had been pulled out.

"I am so sorry, this will heal quickly," Des whispers and presses his hand on my belly, saying some words in a strange language. It really does heal quickly and I am able to sit up.

"What is that?" I point to the bloody thing in his hand. It's still moving. I'm totally grossed out and could throw up.

"I...am not sure." Des rubs it clean in the grass, before he growls. "This is a part of a dragon's tail. And judging by the color, I know who's it from."

Before I can help it, Des stands up and stomps on it.

I really have to try hard to keep up, but eventually, Des seems to be so angry that he transforms into a dragon, flying on. Now I really need to run. It's not hard to follow the giant, shiny gold in the sky, so I know where he's landing but it still takes me a while to get there.

And when I arrive, my blood freezes. I see a ball of black and gold, two dragons fighting each other and it looks—and sounds—brutal.

My heart stops for a moment when I look closely. Des is at Lima's throat while Lima is digging his claws into Des's flesh. And the other dragons are watching, way too amused, in human form.

"Why aren't you doing something?!" I shriek, breathing heavily from all that running. The other dragons turn around and look at me for a second, before returning their gaze to the fight.

"Why should we? Finally some action," Sion says, chewing on what can only be popcorn. Seriously?

"They are hurting each other!"

"So? Who knows why," Satis shrugs and I scoff.

"I know why. So either you do something now or I will," I say and now they all look back at me. Ruis and Jovi with a worried expression, Satis, Veran, and Sion with an excited one.

"What should you be able to achieve, with your tiny human form?" Veran smirks, but I squint and rush past them. "Cat! That's dangerous!"

Ignoring their calls, I keep walking toward the giant dragons clawing, biting, and hissing at each other.

"Stop this madness!" I scream as loud as I can, but they don't even hear me or so it seems. Frustrated, I look around. What am I going to do in my tiny human form?

You're not entirely human, remember?

I hear Mehdi's voice in my head, and it's not really a surprise that he's around somewhere and helping me. Thinking back on what Des once said, I close my eyes and think of a dragon that's bigger than the two of them.

When I open my eyes, I am towering over them, using my huge paws—or whatever they call that for dragons—and pull them apart.

"Enough!" I yell, and my voice echoes through the valley. Now, I've got their attention. First of all, I am a dragon, and secondly, I can still speak. I guess that's the perk of being only a shapeshifter-dragon.

I turn back to human and wonder how I can still be dressed, but maybe that's a shifter thing as well. Des and Lima both turn back to human too, and they look horrible.

"What in the heavens has gotten into you?!" I look back and forth between them, my hands on my hips. "You are family, you are not supposed to go at each other's throats."

"There is an order to this, Cat, he can't just..." Des starts, but I raise my hand, so he raises his eyebrows and stops.

"Not here."

I walk away, and it takes a moment until they both follow me.

When we are alone, their wounds have already healed, and they look a little bit better.

"Now, explain," I say, and Lima opens his mouth, but Des growls, so he stays quiet.

"As you know, I deem it necessary and important that you interact and sleep with all other inhabitants of our little world," Des starts, and I nod. "But what Lima did was not part of the deal. He has no right to claim you as his own, to control you."

"Claim me?" I frown. "What do you mean?"

"He implanted a piece of himself into you, so he could control what you do. Some dragons do that, I personally don't like that because I prefer you having your own will and mind," Des explains, and I slowly nod, turning my gaze to Lima.

"To be honest, I liked the secrecy in the beginning, but this has gone too far. I will not be kept from talking to my partner," I say, and Lima nods.

"If I may speak now?" he looks from me to Des and back, we both nod. "I know what I did was wrong. But I swear, I did it for the right reasons."

"And what might those be?" Des folds his arms. "Your own climax?"

"On the contrary." He turns his back on me a little, as if he didn't want me to hear what comes next. "Father, I know you always meant well with Cat, but you didn't teach her what might happen if she keeps up like that."

"What do you mean?" Des frowns.

"Who might take advantage of her."

"Her safety is my number one priority."

"I know. But still, you didn't have a clue what I was doing—and this was the purpose. I could have done *anything* with and to her, and you would be none the wiser. You cannot protect her from something she does not want to protect herself from," Lima goes on, and his whole demeanor has shifted. He's very gentle and warm now. "I didn't mean to upset either of you. But she needed to be pushed."

"Elaborate," Des just says, and I would chuckle if it wasn't such a tricky situation.

"Cat needed to want it to stop. She needed the realization that she has the control, not anybody else. I know you value her free will and her own mind, but what use is that if she doesn't know what that means? So I had to take it away to make her realize what it's worth."

This...kind of makes sense. I had no idea what I wanted, how I want to be treated until Lima took charge.

"Are you honest?" Des asks, and Lima nods immediately.

"Genuinely."

"Then I will let you off the hook. But I don't want you to do anything against her will anymore, do you hear me? Otherwise, I won't keep mocking you."

Lima nods, and Des looks at me, giving me a smile and walks away.

That...was mocking?