



Chapter 11: Tana

Everything was perfect. I knew from my parents that dragons feel things more deeply than other shifters or humans. Their love for each other was something of fairy tales. I knew when I fell in love with Cedric that he would be it for me, for the rest of my life. That's just how we're made. A dragon loves precious things – jewels, treasure, rare art objects and mates. Mates are the most precious of all.

Of course, I'm not a virgin. I'm an animal, after all. We aren't bound by the same standards that humans hold themselves to. And sex feels good. Or at least I thought it did. The moment Cedric entered me, I knew that I would never experience anything like this man again. He has officially wrapped himself around my heart and I will forever treasure him.

I didn't expect to feel an even stronger surge of pleasure when he sank his teeth into my neck at the juncture of my shoulder. This is how werewolves mark their mates. Dragons don't leave a mark, but if he wants me to, I will. He made me his. He claimed me in his way. It's not my way, but I will explain that to him. I know he's strong enough to claim me properly.

I'm basking in the pleasure he has sent throughout my entire body, his canines milking into my neck. It's the most exquisite pleasure and pain sensation I've ever felt. I have a moment of pure bliss before it comes crashing down around me.

"What the fuck are you?"

He gets up, staring down at me. I don't like this vulnerable position, so I stand up too.

"You lied to me!" He yells at me.

My heart is breaking at his response to our mating. I know I didn't tell him what I am, but I didn't expect him to react like this. So, my response



is probably more defensive than I would have liked it to be.

"You didn't give me a chance! You assumed I was an Alpha werewolf, I never told you I was." 1

He runs his fingers through his hair, grabbing and tugging on it as he begins pacing in front of me.

"This is a fucking mess. I MARKED you! Do you know what that means? Do you have any idea the mess you have made?" 2

Okay, now my hurt is turning to anger. "The mess I have made? Do you see my mark on your neck? NO! You did this Cedric. You made an assumption based on your arrogant Alpha bullshit and now you're angry at me because you never even gave me a chance to explain." 2

He's still pacing, mumbling to himself. "How can I make you my Luna. How can I not? You're marked. You're my Luna no matter what you are. What will the packs say?" I'm not sure he realizes that I can hear, but as a dragon, my senses are the best of any shifter. 1

When he finally stops, he turns and looks at me. The difference in his eyes from before to now is startling. What was love and adoration now looks like anger and betrayal. "I have to go."

"Go where?" I ask. We're literally in the middle of no where. 1

"Anywhere. I can't be here. With you." He throws that last words out as a parting shot before rushing out of the cave.

As soon as I realize that he's really gone, I fall to my knees. My heart is breaking. He wrapped himself around my heart, and now, it feels like he's ripped it from my chest and taken it with him.

When I said dragons feel emotions deeply, it wasn't just love that we feel. It's all emotions and right now, my complete adoration for Cedric has turned to hurt which will soon turn to anger. I need to leave before this



feeling becomes anger. Once it does, I will want to hunt him down and make him pay for hurting me like this. 1

My top is ruined, there wasn't much of it anyway, but I grab my pants before walking outside. I listen and can hear the direction he's running in. He's moving fast, faster than I would have thought a wolf could move. I walk around to the other side of the mountain before I shift, taking my pants in my mouth and flying away.

I fly until I find another mountain range where I can land and keep away from humans. My dragon's lament is loud and painful for others to hear. I don't want hunters or other shifters finding me or being able to reach me as I cry for my lost love. 3

My lament continues for five days. During that time, I don't eat or sleep. I only cry for my lost love, the one who should want me and love me unconditionally but rejected me. 2

At the end of my lament, I lay down, finally shifting back to my human form, exhausted and hungry. While my verbal lament has ended, I continue to cry tears in my human form as I fall into an exhausted sleep. 2

I awaken to the sounds of an animal scrambling toward my cave. Someone has found me. I don't wait to see who it is, I jump into the air, shifting and flying away again. This time, I make sure to eat and when I find a lake that is deep enough, I dive into it, letting the cool water soothe my aching body.

When I shift back, I make a fire and find a place to lay down. I'm still exhausted from my crying. I don't know how long I sleep, but when I wake, I don't feel any more rested and while I'm hungry, I also feel nauseous.

I try to call on my dragon form, but it won't come. What is this? Is this something caused by my broken heart? Is she hiding inside my human body to avoid the pain of our rejection?



I begin to walk, planning to find food, but instead the nausea overtakes me, and I have to stop and vomit up the bile and remnants of my last meal. Now I'm concerned. Dragons don't get sick, and we certainly don't get nauseous. I can eat anything, and my stomach will digest it, including tough hide and bones. So, what is making me sick. 2

As I continue to look for food, I'm more and more concerned that I cannot call to my dragon. This has never happened in my twenty-five years. I've never heard of this happening to any dragon. I finally catch a rabbit and rather than eating it raw, I decide to take it back to the cave and throw it on a spit on the fire. 3

As I start to head back, I hear it. It's the sound of an animal prowling quietly through the woods. The birds have stopped singing and everything around me is quiet. I'm being stalked. Since I still have no idea where I am, it could simply be an animal that doesn't have enough sense to stay away from a dragon, or more likely, it's a shifter. If it's a shifter, I will have to fight. I can't exactly shift and fly away since I can't access my dragon form right now. 4

I look around for a weapon. I don't necessarily need one, I've been killing supernaturals with my hands for over a year in the arena, but maybe I can scare this one off without killing it. I've had enough supernatural killing to last me a lifetime.

I find a couple of branches that have sharp points and pull them off the trees, quickly getting rid of extra branches and leaves. I find a place where my back is protected and make my stand.

"I can hear you. Come out where I can see you." I shout. The forest goes quiet, whatever it is, has stopped moving. Suddenly I hear thundering paws running toward me. I make my stand, holding my makeshift weapon in front of me. 5

From out of the trees comes a Bengal tiger. As soon as it sees me it stops.



I sniff the air. "Ishir?" 2

I lower my weapon as he slowly walks closer to me, coming up and putting his face in my stomach, taking a deep breath before he shifts.

"What the fuck, Tana? I leave you for a week and you get pregnant?" 2



Cooper



Author

Ishir found Tana, like he said he would. Updates Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

 123



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