
JORD

Dragon Kings Book Three

S. CINDERS



Published by Eclipse Press
An Imprint of
ABCD Graphics and Design, Inc.
A Virginia Corporation
977 Seminole Trail #233
Charlottesville, VA 22901

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EBook ISBN: 978-1-948140-54-6
v2

Cover Art by ABCD Graphics & Design
This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only.
Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's
advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

Chapter 1

Quin's wings unfurled and he sailed along the mountain ridges of the Rockies, thankful for the cover of night. He had been on Earth for a total of seven hours and, already, he was missing his home in the West Seas.

Quin, Dragon King of the West Sea and formally named 黃龍 *Huánglóng*, spent many hours within the depths of the seas. As a water deity, Quin controlled all the creatures in the sea. He also had some talent manipulating the weather, but not as much as his twin brother, Cane.

Quin was known as the amiable twin, or as Quin liked to think, the one without the giant stick up his ass. As he soared through the skies, Quin wondered if perhaps there was something in the water on Pavo. He couldn't possibly understand what had caused his brothers to behave in such a manner. First, Cane made a complete idiot of himself when he fell for Zoe. Then, Titus did the same damn thing with the half breed, Ava.

Quin didn't get it. He had no idea what would cause his brothers to take mates. He liked to fuck as well as the next dragon, but that didn't mean he was willing to tie himself down. Speaking of fucking, that reminded Quin that he needed to find a woman to slake his lust. The thought of bedding a human

female was one he didn't quite relish. They often couldn't handle the rigors of lovemaking that he enjoyed.

Maybe it was better that he forget his lusty needs and stick to his assignment to locate Titus and Ava. He also needed to find the Valkyrie woman, Gemma. The problem was that the Earth was a pretty big place, so in order for Quin to search, he really needed to fly. Now, humans weren't used to fire breathing dragons, and that could cause some issues with the locals. There were spells and enchantments to keep the human eye from seeing a dragon, but nothing was foolproof.

A twinge of unease rippled through him. Was somebody watching him? He pushed the thought away. Quin had never loved coming to the Human Realm, not that he had been there in a thousand years or more. Humans were greedy, hateful beings—much like dragons now that he thought about it.

A wide smile broke upon his massive dragon face, razor-sharp teeth glinting in the moonlight and fire flaming as he laughed at his thoughts. Most dragons were greedy, hateful, and took everything they could for their own. Maybe dragons and humans had more in common than he previously thought.

The truth was that dragons didn't like humans because they felt the humans were inferior. Perhaps that's why this mission chafed so much. Gemma might be a famed warrior in one of the greatest armies in history. But she started out as a human. In Quin's book, that just didn't cut it. It was almost insulting that someone such as himself, a dragon king, should be reduced to chasing after her.

He had important things he could be doing—namely the mermaids on Trimble Bay.

The sun began to peek its head over the mountaintop, and Quin huffed, knowing that it was time to find some shelter and get some rest. Titus' mate, Ava, had an apartment somewhere in the United States Midwest. He needed to find this location as soon as possible.

A whizzing sound sliced through the air just before a searing

pain ripped into in his left wing. Quin began to spiral toward the ground. He flapped furiously with the right, but the damage sustained was too much for the one wing to compensate for. Earth was hurtling toward him at a rapid rate.

When he crashed, the sound reverberated through his skull. He knew that despite his protective covering, he had been gravely injured. A dragon's wings were one of their most vulnerable spots. Consciousness swam around him and he tried desperately to stay coherent. His body felt far heavier than it should have.

"You are bigger than I thought you would be," a woman commented from somewhere near his head. Sadly, Quin didn't have the energy to see who it was.

Quin barked a laugh and rumbled, "That's what she said." However, in dragon form, it was difficult to decipher.

"Who are you?" the woman demanded. "I am looking for the dragon king named Quin."

Nobody demanded anything of him, Quin thought wryly. With extreme effort, he opened his eyes. A small woman with large, almond-shaped eyes and creamy skin appeared in his line of vision. Her hair was either a dark blonde or light brown and was surprisingly curly.

Her eyes narrowed as she moved to see the damage to his wing, "Someone tried to kill you. We aren't safe out in the open. Can you shift to move?"

Quin tried to concentrate on shifting, but the pain and loss of blood were starting to take its toll.

There was a distant sound of men's voices alerting him that he needed to listen to the woman. And then gentle hands cupped his dragon's face. She didn't seem to care about the razor-sharp teeth or the heated breath. She looked him right in the eye, and Quin felt something tighten inside of him—the human side.

"Dragon Warrior, I am sworn to help those who are less fortunate—and at the moment, that is you. But if you do not help yourself, I cannot move you."

The moment was lost. First of all, he was a king, not a

warrior. And second, where did she get off calling him less fortunate? He was nothing of the sort. Quin's indignation was enough to force him to concentrate and he shifted into his human form.

The woman's eyes widened. "Well, you are a big boy."

Quin's smirk quickly turned into a grimace as he said his joke for the second time, "That's what she said."

Gemma rolled her eyes. "Listen, we need to move; they are getting closer."

Gemma wrapped an arm around his waist. It was rather comical, considering he was so much bigger than she was. But Quin appreciated the help. Movement was difficult with his injuries. His dragon's body would heal just as easily in his human form. But it didn't mean that he would be saved from the pain.

"I don't suppose you would be the Valkyrie, Gemma?" Quin rasped.

Gemma cocked a hip, her brow rising. "Seems to me that I asked who you were first."

"Quin, Dragon King of the West Sea."

Gemma scoffed, "That wasn't so hard, was it? Now, do you think you can run, or do I need to drag you?"

It was Quin's turn to scoff as he rose to his full height—bare ass naked.

Gemma wasn't a very large woman, although she was muscled and had a distinct air of aggressiveness to her. As the dragon in human form presented himself, Gemma felt a stirring low in her belly. She had never found the form of a naked man to be so arousing. Her eyes kept darting to the massive cock that lay flaccidly against his thigh.

At his full height, his cock was right near her fingertips. She was tempted to touch it. Another snap of a twig, and she grabbed his arm instead. "Run!"

They raced through the forest, Quin following in Gemma's

footsteps. She led him over a stream and around an abandoned mine. It seemed like they were running for hours, or perhaps that was just because he was so exhausted from the wound.

When at last they settled in a dark cave, Quin slumped against the wall. His body, that had been drenched from sweat after the run, began to shake with chills.

"You will catch your death," Gemma muttered. "Don't you have enough sense to light a fire? You are a dragon, aren't you? We need to get some food into you."

Quin shook his head. "It's too late for that?"

Gemma scowled despite the worry that now began to creep inside. "What do you mean? You aren't dead yet."

Quin coughed, a hollow rattling sound. "My fire, it's having a hard time heating me. I need to build up some reserve."

Gemma blinked, saying, "I don't know much about dragons. But go ahead and do what you need to do."

Quin laughed again, but this time, he was shaking so badly that Gemma's face betrayed her worry.

When he was able to, Quin informed Gemma of the truth about dragons. "We need sex for fire. So, unless you are volunteering to take the duty on, I am in bad shape."

Gemma gasped loudly, but Quin was starting to feel dizzy and couldn't focus on her.

"Yes," Gemma said softly.

"Yes, what, cupcake?"

Gemma shook her head. "You really are stupid."

Quin smiled, but his eyes were turning glassy.

Gemma marched up to his naked body and yanked it hard against her own. In seconds, Quin was as hard as a rock.

"Rule one, you aren't the boss," Gemma said, licking his neck and then biting down gently in his ear. "Rule two, this is only to save your life. I have no intention of being a dinosaur baby mama."

Quin coughed. "Dragon, we are dragons."

"Whatever."

Quin rolled his eyes.

"When we are through, nobody speaks of this day ever again.
Are we agreed?"

Quin took one look at her deliciously curvy body and said the first thing that came into his head.

"Fuck yeah!"