

The captain waited silently, motioning for his men to keep quiet as well. They were concealed in the undergrowth to one side of a small stream. He had it on good authority that there was a dragoness that came here to drink every day. So far, they had been waiting for about seven hours, since dawn, but now it seemed the information was about to pay off. He could hear wingbeats.

The sound of wings belonged to a dark red dragoness named Salyr. Silver patterns ran down her sides and up her neck and these glinted in the sun. She glanced down at the section of the stream that wasn't covered by trees, the one place in her territory where she could easily land to drink. There didn't appear to be anyone there but she circled overhead a couple of times to be sure.

Salyr had caught the scent of humans around the edges of her territory a couple of times in the past few days and while this wasn't normally cause for concern, it had been the same group of humans around her territory. This was definitely odd behaviour so Salyr landed carefully and took a quick sniff at the air, prepared to jump skyward again if she needed to. She had no wish to fight humans today.

The captain waited with bated breath in his hiding place. If they had misjudged something, if they had left their scent upwind from the dragon, it would all be over. He waited a couple more seconds by the dragoness lowered her head and started downing gulps of water. Tapping the man to his left on the shoulder, the captain pointed at the dragoness.

Salyr had sated her thirst when she saw something glinting at the edge of her vision. Her first reaction was to look up with interest, wondering if it was a shiny stone or piece of amber she could add to her hoard but she realised a moment later that it wasn't. The light was reflecting of something metallic and there definitely shouldn't be anything like that here.

The reflective surface moved slightly, just as an arrow hissed out of the undergrowth. Salyr barely had time to move before it hit her. The arrow was expertly aimed, puncturing her scales at the precise place where her foreleg met her torso. It was one of the few places where the scales could be easily punctured and where there was almost no risk of permanently injuring her.

Salyr reached over awkwardly with her opposite paw and tugged the arrow out, hissing at the pain of the removal. Looking over towards the place where the arrow came from, the dragoness leapt upwards. She didn't know how many there were or even why they were here so the best thing to do was to flee. For now. Then she could hunt them at her leisure. She was only just above the ground when she felt sluggish, like she was moving through water. Her wings didn't want to beat fast enough to keep her airborne and she dropped again, landing awkwardly. A wave of dizziness washed over her and Salyr found herself on her side with no idea how she got there.

Her thoughts were slow and muddled but she still noticed the crowd of humans wearing dazzlingly bright armour that swarmed around her. To her distracted mind, the armour seemed like the perfect thing to add to her hoard and she tried to reach for it but she couldn't move properly. She didn't fall unconscious, not technically. It was like time went missing. One moment she was watching the men mill around, wishing that she could have the shiny metal and the next she was covered in chains. The metal links bound her wings to her back so she couldn't spread them and additional chains wound their way around all four of her paws.

Her head clearing now a bit, Salyr yanked on the chains binding her paws together but even her strength didn't so much as bend the metal. Cuffs around each of her ankles were connected with chains to the opposite cuff, as well as the ones on her hindlegs. The chains were so short that Salyr doubted she would be able to walk with any degree of ease. Lastly, brace was strapped over her tail so she couldn't bend or move it and forcing it to curl around her body.

The drug worked its way out of her system quickly and soon it was gone completely. Before she was clear-headed enough to speak though, one of the soldiers clamped a metal muzzle around her jaws, pinning them shut, then locked it in place. Now she couldn't use her fire or even speak to them. Salyr ground the muzzle against the chain on her paws but neither loosened or came off. She snarled in frustration and glared at the men around her. One of them, the one with the brightest and most ornate armour, stepped up near her head. "Sorry about this," he said courteously, like he hadn't just attacked, drugged and bound her. "My name's Captain Marc and unfortunately, our master needed a dragoness. You were the nearest one so..." His voice trailed off and he shrugged, like that explained everything.

Salyr snarled again at him. It most certainly did not explain anything! They had no right to do this to her! Marc just shrugged again and walked away, shouting an order for the men to form up. Two of them pushed over a sturdy cart and motioned for Salyr to get onto it. She growled and shook her head vigorously, planting her feet. She was a dragon! She wasn't going to just do what they asked and get onto a cart so they could kidnap her! When she refused, two more men came up behind her and prodded her haunch roughly with the tip, not quite hard enough to break through her scales but it still hurt. It didn't make her move though.

They did it again, this time hard enough for the tip to dig into her flesh. She felt a little blood run down her hindleg. She really wanted to swipe at them with her tail and send them flying but with that bound as well, there wasn't anything she could do. But Salyr still didn't move. The man with the spear seemed to know that what he was doing wasn't going to do work so he called out to the captain who came back over. He and the spearman conversed in hurried whispers which Salyr couldn't make out.

Soon, Marc came back around to her head. "Get on the cart," he snapped at her. "You're too slow wearing those chains and we can't take them off you so get on or we will make you." In response, Salyr darted her head at him, her forehead slamming into his chest. The man fell to

the ground, winded and gasping. After a couple of seconds he got back up, still wheezing, pointed at the guards and mumbled something incomprehensible. Out of the corner of her eye, Salyr saw the spearman move quickly, swinging the heavy wooden pole around in a wide arc.

Salyr yelled loudly and jerked forwards as the wood snapped under her tail, causing a sharp line of pain to appear across the lips of her sex. That kind of pain was different from being stabbed and she knew immediately which one she preferred. Besides anything else, that crossed a line. The captain, now having recovered, lost all patience.

“Get on now!” he hissed, massaging his bruised chest. “We can do worse.”

At this point, she believed him. Still growling, Salyr acquiesced grudgingly. She glared at Marc as she tried to clamber onto the wagon. The chains connecting her legs together rather effectively hobbled her and the chain connecting her hind- and forelegs meant that she couldn't jump up. The first time she tried, the chain snapped taught and she fell, hitting the edge of the wagon with her nose. Some of the humans laughed and she glared at them until they stopped. Trying something different, the red dragon did an odd sort of hopping jump to get onto the cart. It felt incredibly undignified but it worked. Her claws scrabbled around her a moment before she got purchase on the wood but Salyr hauled herself up until she was standing awkwardly on the wagon.

The wood creaked and groaned dangerously under her weight, threatening to collapse altogether. The captain and his men waited anxiously for a few moments but the wagon held, although the wheels had sunk into the ground a fair way. Captain Marc climbed onto the wagon with her and directed her to lie down. She resisted for a moment but she was already bound, so there was really no point. She dropped to her side carefully and extended her legs. Marc locked all four chains to a bolt that was sunk deep into the wood. She tugged on it and felt the wooden planks strain. She could probably tear out the bolt but it would still leave her essentially hogtied and unable to move. She growled a little in annoyance but no one seemed to care.

The human jumped off the wagon and they moved off into the forest and out of Salyr's territory.

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It took three days to get to the castle. It would have taken Salyr a couple of hours flying, maybe half a day tops, but with her chained to a wagon the going was much slower. It took a long time in any case. Salyr was restless after the first day. She was only let up once a night but that far too little for her muscles. She was used to flying and jumping around every day and this enforced lying down every hour, every day was starting to get to her.

The castle was a large stone structure, three circular towers rising out of the centre. Two concentric walls surrounded them and a roughly dug, water filled moat surrounded the entire

thing. To Salyr, it was decidedly unimpressive. The towers were small and thin and the walls looked so badly made that she could knock them down. If humans were going to try and build something like a castle, the walls should be at least tall enough that she couldn't *jump* over them. That might be a slight exaggeration but it was unimpressive.

Marc shouted out when they were within hearing distance and with a rather annoying clanking sound, the drawbridge was lowered so that they could cross. Just before they did though, she caught the scent of another dragon. It was coming out of the castle itself and for a moment, she felt a thrill of hope that quickly turned to confusion. If it was coming out of the castle, then either there was a dragon working for the humans or they were a prisoner as well. The first was very unlikely and the second was very concerning.

By the scent, the other dragon was male and reasonably young, like Salyr herself, but that was all the information the wind carried her. The small convoy crossed the drawbridge and entered the courtyard beyond. It was small and there were large tufts of grass growing out from between the stones on the ground but it was clean and otherwise well kept. The smell of the other dragon was strong in Salyr's nose but he was still out of sight. There were several buildings ringing the space but only two of them had doors large enough for a dragon to pass through and both were blocked by large iron bound doors. Salyr had never understood by the humans put the iron around the wood. It still burned easily enough.

Captain Marc stopped the wagon in the middle of the yard and jumped back onto it. With a rattle, the lock fastening her to the wagon was undone. Immediately, she stood up stiffly and clambered off the cart, almost knocking Marc off as she did so. The chains almost tripped her up again but she didn't care. Salyr stretched out, ignoring the commands and prods from the humans around her. It felt nice, stretching and working all of the cramps out of her sore muscles. She was not used to laying still for so long and she most certainly never wanted to do it again.

She still had the chains on though and when the pokes and prods verged on drawing blood again, Salyr reluctantly stopped stretching and began walking in the direction Marc was indicating. The captain directed her over to one of the dragon sized double doors. They probably weren't built with her kind in mind, Salyr reasoned. For some reason, humans thought that big things were better. The hall beyond the doors was obviously built on this very same principle.

It was large, the ceiling high above even to Salyr which meant that it was massive to any human. Marks on the floor indicated there had once been other furniture in the hall but it was all removed, except from a throne at the very end. Salyr's chains made an extremely irritating clinking rattle as she walked and the hard stone walls only bounced the sound back at her. After what seemed like an absurdly long walk, Salyr was in front of the throne, which was empty.

Most of the men left, leaving only Marc and two others with Salyr. After waiting a

couple of moments, Salyr huffed through her nose and lay down on the floor. The captain looked at her disapprovingly but she ignored him. She was bored and while they may be her captors, they weren't in control. The main reason was because she was bored though. The throne was immensely uninteresting, just a wooden chair really. It would only take half a try for Salyr to set it alight and she really wanted to. It would probably burn really well.

The sound of door opening rang out through the hall, prompting Salyr to raise her head and the men around her to snap to attention. Another human walked into the room, a pompous air around him but bringing something far more interesting to Salyr with him. He had the smell of the other dragon, the male, all around him. They had obviously been in close proximity very recently. The man was wearing lavish robes instead of armour, robes that looked rich and expensive.

He sat down imperiously on the throne and looked down at Salyr. "Welcome," he said in a grand voice, "to my humble abode."

Salyr snorted at him derisively. This human had a flair for melodramatics.

"I hope my men didn't make the journey too uncomfortable for you," he continued, ignoring her. "Unfortunately, if I had asked you to come then you might have refused, and I couldn't have that. I don't have the patience to find another dragoness, so you're here."

Salyr snarled at him, threw the muzzle and shook the chains that bound her paws. Why was she here?

The man laughed and waved his hand. The cuffs that liked the chains fell off, tinkling as they hit the hard floor. It was a little bit better, although the muzzle was still on, but Salyr tensed. This man was a mage and that meant that no matter how he looked or acted, he was dangerous. She couldn't fight against a mage; some dragons had magic but Salyr wasn't one of those lucky few. Against a mage, she would be as helpless as a hatchling would be against her. It wouldn't even be a fight.

The mage stood and spread his arms wide. "I am Daris. At the moment, I have need of some specialised magic for which I need a special source of energy. I won't bore you with details that you won't understand but dragons are the most effective way of gathering what I need. By the way, you'll need..." He gestured with one hand and there was a blur to Salyr's left. Something hit the base of her neck with a fair amount of force then wrapped around it. Salyr's claws came up a moment after and she felt a cold metal circle around her throat.

A collar? She felt around the metal and tried to pry it off but the metal was far too strong for that. It was snug but not so tight as to be uncomfortable. It was more like a really unwelcome weight. Salyr growled at the mage, raising herself up and spreading her wings but he didn't appear to care. On the contrary, he laughed again. "Feisty, aren't we?" he said, sitting

down again. "That is good. I'll see you later but for now..." He waved his hand again and Salyr stiffened against her will. Her muscles moved of their own accord and she walked jerkily out from the room. Captain Marc saluted then walked quickly after her.

Salyr tried to stop herself from walking, or even turn her head, but the magic was too strong. She continued to walk in a stiff manner, down deeper into the castle. The corridor that she was in was large enough for a dragon, if only barely. Her horns scraped against the lower parts of the ceiling but even when she saw a section coming, Salyr couldn't lower her head. There were several other passages leading off the one that Salyr was on but they were too small for her to go down and in any case, the mage's spell kept her on the same path.

She could still breathe though and as she was forced deeper into the building, the other dragon's scent grew stronger. After descending what felt like a fair way underground, Salyr came to a large, dragon-sized door. The magic stopped her in front of it while Marc hurried around her to open it. When it swung open, the air was full of the other dragon's scent and as she walked in, Salyr saw him. She had been right about him before; he was quite young, only slightly older than her and he had light grey scales that reflected the light from the single torch set into the wall over his head. He was wearing a collar as well and a heavy chain led from it to the wall. He didn't have a muzzle on or any other bonds on, at least none that Salyr could see.

Still under the control of the spell, Salyr went over to the wall opposite the grey male and stood still while Marc fastened another chain to her collar. As he did so, a tingling feeling began in her tail and her legs, a sign that Salyr hoped meant that the spell was wearing off. The tingling feeling spread slowly but she still couldn't move anything. When the chain was connected securely to her collar, Salyr bent her head down, allowing Marc to remove the metal that bound her jaws shut. When it was gone, she longed to bite at the man, or at least spit some fire at him, but she still couldn't move any part of her head.

Taking the metal ring with him, the captain left the room. The tingling feeling spread until suddenly she could move again. Salyr shook her head to get rid of the last of the feeling and the dragon across the room spoke. "Don't worry," he said, getting up from his prone position. "It goes away after a little while. I'm Delath by the way. The magic will be gone soon. Well, most of it. You can't breathe fire in here."

Salyr's attempts at speech were halting at first, her tongue still numb. She shook her head a couple of times to work it out. "My name is Salyr," she said after a couple of moments. She jerked away from the wall but the chain snapped taut. Going close to the wall, Salyr pressed up against it then pushed off, putting all of the strength in her legs into it. The chain didn't break though, choking Salyr and stopping her in her tracks. Her neck now bruised, she growled and examined the point on the wall where the chain joined it. There didn't seem to be anything special about it so it *should* have broken.

"Don't bother," said Delath from the other side of the room. "I've tried everything."

There's some kind magic reinforcing all of it so we can't break it."

Salyr tugged on it a couple more times then lay down with another growl, looking around the rest of the room. Apart from Delath in the other half, the room was basically empty. There was a long trough of water down one wall where they could both reach it but that was it. The chains around each dragon's neck was too short for them to reach each other so they were confined to their respective halves of the room. Seeing Salyr looking around, Delath spoke up. "They bring in food twice a day and they take you out if you ask to clear waste but otherwise, we're stuck in here."

"How long have you been here?" Salyr asked, getting up and going to the water trough.

"It's hard to say," Delath said. "About a week. I think I was supposed to be waiting for you. For what, I don't know."

Salyr took a large draught of water before answering him. "Then waiting is the only thing to do." The chain and collar was a constant weight on her neck, one that Salyr couldn't get used to. Every couple of moments, she tried moving both around to try and get them into a more comfortable position but she soon found that there was no such thing. Delath seemed to be taking it better than she was. At least he wasn't moving around constantly.

The jangling sound that Salyr was making did get on his nerves though. After a while of Salyr shifting around every few seconds, the dragon spoke up. "Stop that!" he snapped at her.

Salyr snarled at him in return and both stood up, glaring across the space at each other. The sound of deep growls filled the room but with the collars and chains, growls and threatening looks were the most that each could achieve. The seconds stretched on with neither dragon willing to back down. The small standoff ended abruptly when the door clanked and then opened, revealing Daris. There was another human that Salyr didn't recognise with him as well and he was carrying a large bundle of silvery material.

"A little tense, are we?" chuckled Daris, observing the situation. "Here, let me help." He waved his hand and Salyr was thrown off her feet. The magic lifted and turned her over in the air before dropping her onto her back. As she hit the stone floor, the air was knocked from her lungs. While she was busy trying to breathe, the mage pointed at her and the silvery things in the other man's arms flew at her. The strips of material wrapped around her, binding her. Salyr's forelegs were bound against themselves before being pinned to her chest. A longer strip crossed over her forelegs and chest and then stuck to the floor, keeping the dragoness in place. Her hindlegs were jerked outwards and downward and as she struggled to pull them back up, another strip wrapped tight around her jaws, far tighter and completely than the muzzle from before. Her jaws were pressed so tightly together that it almost hurt and speech was out of the question. The material left her wings alone this time but stuck on her back, Salyr couldn't do more than flap them slightly.

Her tail curled up over her belly to hide herself from the people in the room, Salyr struggled against the silvery material. Whatever it was, there was magic woven through it. It didn't even stretch against her strength. It might look like fabric but it was more than enough to stop a dragon. Salyr felt that if she could just get into the right position, get the right leverage, she could break free but the way her legs were now bound, there was no way that she could. That didn't stop the dragoness from trying though, snarling through the gag. Eventually, she had to stop.

"Satisfied?" Daris asked, holding one more strand of silver in his hands. "You can't get out. I've never actually done it but one of those should be able to hold up a small mountain. There's no way that you're getting out of them before I let you."

His last few words were underscored by a growl from Delath. "Let her go," the dragon said, raising his wings into a threatening position and baring his teeth at the mage.

The human was unimpressed. "Or what? You can't reach me and your fire doesn't work in here. Besides, you'll probably enjoy what's coming soon. As I told the dragoness before, I need some energy of a very specific type and she, with your help, is going to give it to me." He threw the last strip of cloth into the air where it twisted and writhed before shooting at Salyr. The silver wrapped itself around the tip of her tail and pulled with irresistible force, tugging the limb out until it lay flat against the floor.

Now exposed to the entire room, Salyr struggled even harder but the result was the same as it had been before. "One last thing..." the mage said, leaning down to tap the tip of her tail. Salyr flinched as a sharp shock travelled up her spine from where the man's finger had touched her. She waited tensely for a few moments but nothing happened immediately. "All right then," Daris said, leading the other man out of the room. "I'll be back in a couple of hours to see how you're going."

As the door shut, there was a loud clang and both Delath and Salyr were surprised to see the former's collar laying on the ground, chain still connected. Now that his collar was off, he tried gouging the wood with his claws. As soon as the rents appeared in the wood, the material healed itself. The dragon tried slamming his weight against the door but that failed as well. Realising that there was no point in continuing the pointless exercise, Delath came over and started examining Salyr's silver bindings. Reaching up with a claw, he tried to cut through the one around her left foreleg but the material wasn't even scratched. He tried biting it, breaking it and half a dozen other things but nothing worked and he sat back on his haunches. "This isn't working," he admitted to her.

Salyr grunted in agreement, still trying to twitch her tail free. She didn't like that she was essentially presenting to him, especially when she'd only just met the dragon. Her tail still wouldn't move though and she growled as she saw Delath's eye flick down her belly. Just because she was bound this way did not mean that he could take advantage of the situation.

She growled more loudly and forcefully when the dragon's gaze didn't shift for a couple of seconds. Delath shook his head slightly and looked back at the bindings. "I can't get them off," he said, backing away slightly. "There's nothing I can do." He went to the door instead.

She grunted again in acknowledgement then wriggled around to try and get comfortable. It didn't really work. She didn't normally sleep, or even lie, on her back but now she didn't really have a choice in the matter. Her wings were a little uncomfortable but there wasn't enough weight on them for it to hurt. It was probably because of all of the parts of her that were uncomfortable that she didn't notice the feeling for a while.

Her tail was buzzing where Daris had touched it, the nerves tingling. Her muscles twitched as the tingling spread up the limb until her entire tail was buzzing with sensation. It was a strange feeling but strangely pleasurable. It felt nice but Salyr knew that it was magic. Whatever Daris had done to her, it was still spreading. When the magic reached her vent, Salyr snorted loudly in shock and surprise.

The tingly feeling intensified and turned into something else. It *burnt*, the magic sinking deep inside her. The magic ran down the nerves there, stimulating them, making Salyr pant and she bent her head forwards to see what was happening to her. Her vent, usually a thin line under her tail, was now far more visible, the lips drawn back to expose the soft flesh. Her sex was soon covered in a slight sheen of moisture, the dragoness's arousal immediately evident. Forced to breathe through her nose as she was, every breath that she took was laden with her own hot scent which quickly filled the room. If Delath hadn't noticed what was happening before, her scent made it all too obvious.

Twisting around in place as much as she could, Salyr howled through the muzzle as the lust coursing through her suddenly increased tenfold. Her struggling was now caused not by a desire to escape, but to get a limb, any limb, free to slake the heat in her sex but she couldn't. Every moment was torture to her now and a small part of Salyr's mind was wondering why this had been forced on her, why the mage wanted this but this was quickly extinguished under a surge of need.

Beneath her own overwhelming scent, Salyr caught the scent of someone else and remembered that she wasn't alone. She looked over at Delath and whined as loudly as she could, motioning down her body with her head. The other dragon was already fully aroused, caused by the pheromones and smell of Salyr. His cock bobbed slightly with his heart but Salyr couldn't take her eyes off it. She needed something!

She whined again, even more loudly and that seemed to jolt Delath out of whatever thoughts had been occupying him. He hesitated for a moment more then relented, walking around to the foot of her tail. "Are you sure?" he asked her. "You just met me." Salyr whined again and nodded before he even finished the question. He was male and he was here. At the moment, she didn't really care about anything else. Held down by her tail, Salyr's hips couldn't

do more than rock slightly back and forth. She did it anyway because it was better than just lying there.

Delath sat near the base of her tail, watching the dragoness in front of him before lowering his head to her sex. The powerful scent was overwhelming this close to the source and he felt his cock grow even harder. Salyr was still making those short jerking rolls with her hips and he put one paw on her belly to hold her still. She whined in protest but the whine turned into a moan when Delath ran his tongue along her sex. She pressed as hard as she could into the tongue, finally getting pleasure to offset the overwhelming lust. Delath's tongue ran across her clit and she jerked, moaning again. It still wasn't enough though. More, she needed more.

Salyr's taste filling his mouth, Delath ran his tongue along her lips a couple more times before stepping back again. His own arousal was beginning to get to him now and he wanted some pleasure of his own. And there was a needy dragoness right here... Salyr panted in anticipation as she saw Delath step backwards, her eyes once again drawn to the his length. Her sex clenched around the emptiness inside her as Delath came back and she whined at him imploringly.

She didn't have to wait long. It wasn't the normal mating position but that didn't really matter to either of them. In one smooth movement, Delath thrust deep into the dragoness below him, making them both moan, Salyr more muffled. She clenched down hard on his shaft, every slight movement making it rub against her heated walls. This was what she needed, what the magic had forced her to need. Delath didn't thrust for a bit, allowing them both to revel in the feeling but before long, Salyr started to whine again. Just a little bit more, she needed just a bit more.

Delath obliged her wordless plea and began to thrust. He took Salyr's neck between his jaws, instinct now taking over for both of them. A feeling of submissiveness came over Salyr, the bondage, pleasure and hold on her neck awaking an instinctual desire to submit to the male who was taking her. She moaned softly but didn't fight the feeling, the pleasure her sex washing away any resistance before it could form. Whenever Delath thrust all of the way into her, his body would grind right against her clit, sending wonderful sensations up her spine and making her vent spasm around him.

From how worked up and sensitive she had been when this had started, it didn't take long for Salyr to get close to her orgasm. The pleasure was slowly building and both she and Delath were so focused on it that neither of them noticed the symbols lighting up along Salyr's silvery bindings. The feelings from her vent built and built until, finally, they peaked.

Salyr roared as her walls clenched down on Delath, making him stiffen on top of her. He roared as well and Salyr felt him release his seed deep inside her but there was something wrong. The dragoness felt her climax but it was all wrong. Any pleasure, any relief from the arousal that was making her vent burn, was gone before it even really came. She thrashed

around, not noticing that the magical symbols had shone brightest at her orgasm then died down again.

Delath pulled out of her, his own orgasm having exhausted him. His cock was already retreating back into his slit, coated with a mixture of his own and Salyr's arousal. The dragoness before him whined and began to hump at the air again, unable to help herself. It was even worse than before, the strange denial only making her more aroused, making her need stronger. Except now, Delath couldn't mate with her and wouldn't be able to until he recovered. Until then, Salyr didn't have any options but to wait.

After a couple of moments of Salyr whining, Delath seemed to realise that she hadn't been sated and came back over. Again, he began to use his tongue on her vent, making her cry out through the muzzle. It didn't take long for her to orgasm for the second time only for it to be like before. There was no relief, no pleasure, any feeling gone before it was truly felt. She howled through the muzzle, mind being overrun with the need coming from her vent.

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Up in one of the towers, the mage Daris sat back into a chair with a sigh. It was a lot of work to keep two powerful dragons bound and under control but he was adept enough to do it. If he wasn't he, and everyone else in the castle, would probably be dead or running for their lives right now. It had taken a lot of energy to use the magic that had been required but Daris hoped it would be worth it. The power that he would get would far outweigh that which he had expended to get it.

He looked across the small tower room to where a large, mostly clear crystal sat in a gold cradle. The crystal was filled with glowing light that flickered and changed colours as he watched. Every couple of minutes, the light in the gem would flair and grow bright, before fading slightly although getting more luminous every time.

Although hard to get, there was very little that gave off as much power as a dragon's orgasm. The problem was finding a dragon who would choose to provide this energy. Good thing Daris had taken choice out of it.