

Bitten Excerpt

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**This excerpt is from a series of novels. For context, the point of view character, Ruya, is a witch who was previously very sheltered, and is learning about herself and embracing her newfound freedom (and sexuality). Robin is a dragon shapeshifter. If you are familiar with A/B/O stories, Ruya is an omega and Robin is an alpha. This is part of a reverse harem/poly story.*

I smiled, leaning in to kiss her, my breasts pressing against soft lace. I pulled back enough to move my hands upward, cupping her through her bra, rubbing my hands over the hard nipples that I could feel beneath the thin lace. Ruya moaned against my lips and wrapped her arms around my neck, leaning into me.

“Can I take this off,” I asked at one point, running the tip of my finger questioningly under the bottom of her bra. “I’d like to touch all of you. If that’s okay?”

Robin slid one hand from around my neck, down my chest to cup my breast, her thumb teasing over the pebbled nipple. “Yes, please. I’ll tell you if you get close to something I don’t like, so just do whatever feels natural to you, okay?”

I nodded, pulling back to unfasten her bra and pull it off over her arms. Tossing the garment aside, I moved closer again, loving the feel of all that warm skin pressed to mine. I slid one hand into the hair at the base of her neck, cradling her head and kissing her deeply as I trailed the other hand downward to play with her breast, delighted when I discovered that toying with her nipples made her shudder in my arms.

Robin was so *sensual*, so responsive, like a living spark in my arms. I kissed along the slender column of her throat, pressing a light kiss to the bump of her Adam’s apple, then to the hollow between her collar bones, exploring every perfect inch of her. She fell back onto the bed at my urging, her hands coming to thread through my hair and hold me close as I flicked my tongue over her nipples, alternating sides, and pressed sucking kisses to her chest.

“You’re so beautiful,” I murmured, hoping she understood. I couldn’t see her, but I could *feel* her, and taste her, and glory in her fiery aura against my own, and she was the most beautiful person I’d ever met.

My legs tangled with hers as I partially hovered over her, my knee pressed between her thighs, one of her smooth, willowy thighs pressed between my own with pressure and a delicious hint of friction that made me want more.

Robin combed her fingers through my hair. “Not nearly as beautiful as you,” she purred. “Ruya, you’re stunning. Tell me what you want, my gorgeous witch. How should we make you come?”

I shivered at the lusty hunger in her rich voice. It was so hard for me to make demands, to speak up and say what I wanted in these situations. But I was learning. And the thought that flashed in my brain nearly made me moan out loud. She gripped my hips while she waited for me to reply, pressing me down, slowly

grinding my aching pussy against her soft skin. “Your tongue,” I gasped out, knowing I was probably blushing furiously.

She chuckled, low and husky, and I swore I smelled a whiff of smoke in the air. “Hmm...what was that? I’m afraid you’ll have to be more specific, Ruya.”

I groaned. “Oh, goddess...*Robin*.”

She just laughed and writhed under me, sending another jolt of pleasure through me at the friction that was amazing, but still not *enough*. “I want to feel your tongue on me,” I bit out. “I need...I want you to...eat me out,” I mumbled, dying of embarrassment.

She laughed, surging upward to kiss me breathless. “See? Was that so hard?” Then she rolled us, using her shifter strength to flip me over like it was nothing. It was always disconcerting, how easy it was to think of Robin as slender and delicate. To mistake female for soft and weak.

She leaned in close, the entire length of her body pressed to mine as she lay atop me. Her strange, wonderful dragon tongue flicked out, tickling my ear before she whispered. “Don’t be shy. They all love the tongue.”

I laughed, but the amusement fizzing through me immediately shifted to something dizzying and breathless as Robin slid down my body, pausing to flick that wicked tongue over my nipples, making me giggle when she dipped it into my bellybutton. I writhed beneath her but couldn’t escape the torture, thanks to her grip on my hips.

Then she was moving lower, settling between my thighs, and laughter was once again overtaken by want. I touched her head, the silky strands rumpled and messy, and half coming out of her braid. Then I lost the ability to feel anything else as Robin slowly licked the length of my pussy, pausing at the top to flick the tips of her forked tongue over my swollen clit.

“Goddess!” I gasped, squirming as I tried to both get away from the stimulation *and* press myself closer to her face.

Robin chuckled against my sensitive flesh. “Oh, just Princess will do. For now. We’ll save Goddess for once I’ve taken over the world, shall we?”

I groaned and thrashed my head on the pillow. “Don’t stop to *talk*,” I whined.

She chuckled, then leaned in again. I nearly screamed when all she did was lick the inside of my thigh. “Robin!”

She smoothed her hands up my legs in a slow, sensual caress that sent magic dancing along my skin, humming through my nerve endings. “Hmm?”

“Fine, I’ll do it myself, then.” I reached down to rub my own clit, desperate for release.

She batted my hand away. “You most certainly will *not*. I’m having far too much fun right now.”

I put an arm over my eyes in despair when she kissed the inside of the other thigh. “I’d add a finger or two,” she said conversationally as she gently stroked a fingertip over my wet labia, making me quiver. “But I’m having a *tad* bit of difficulty keeping the claws in. You’re making my dragon side crazy, Ruya.”

That wicked forked tongue flickered over the crease of my thigh, a teasing butterfly touch. Then she finally took mercy on me. Wrapping one arm around my thigh, she used the other to press me open,

exposing my clit to the cool air. She breathed a puff of overly hot air over my exposed flesh, and I gasped, gripping the silky bedsheets in both hands to keep from coming unglued from the bed. Then she licked me, long and slow, pausing to flick the tip of her tongue over my clit before doing it all over again. I panted, feeling like my heart might actually explode. My body responded to her every touch like I was kindling, just waiting for her spark to ignite the pleasure inside me like a wildfire. My senses were in overdrive, and I felt like I was drowning in sensation. Robin's touch, the way her braid slid over my thigh, the caress of the buttery soft sheets against my skin, the contrast between my lover's body heat and the cool air around us. It was all just too much.

When she pressed the flat of her tongue against my clit and started *undulating* it, I saw stars, shouting her name as my hips bucked, convulsing with the force of my orgasm. Robin didn't stop when I came. She just gently stroked me through it with her tongue and fingers, rubbing slow circles until I caught my breath, before she once more picked up the pace and sent me rushing right over the cliff again.

After the second orgasm, I reached desperately for her, urging her up to me while I tried in vain to catch my breath. Robin slid up my body, her smooth skin even hotter against mine than it had been before. I cupped her face and dragged her down into a messy kiss, loving the way she melted into me. When I pressed her back, she went willingly, so much more pliant in my arms than I had ever expected.

I caressed her long, lean body, reveling in the velvet softness of her skin, and in the heat between us, and the way my magic twined with hers like they were made to be one. I kissed her again, our tongues tangling as I slid my hand lower, finding and cupping the mound between her legs, at the apex of her pelvic area. Robin moaned and arched up into my touch, pressing into my palm. But she wasn't built like me. She wasn't even built like a *human*. I pulled back, pressing a few kisses along her jaw.

"Tell me how to make you feel good," I whispered in her ear, feeling silly but determined. "I'm a little lost, Robin."

She touched my face, then took my questing hand and moved it up and down the slightly bulged area I had touched before, showing me how to press with my palm. "I know you've never encountered dragon anatomy before. It's okay to have questions. Or to explore. I don't mind," she said on a breathless whisper. "This feels nice." Then she took my hand and drew my fingertips along what I belatedly realized was a smooth slit that bisected the length of the mound beneath my hand. "Or...here."

I gasped when she took my fingers and dipped them into the slit, guiding me through her dampness to the hard flesh within. She curled her fingers over mine, so that we both grasped her cock as she pulled it out of the pouch where it had been nestled away. She sucked in a breath as I stroked her length, my fingers exploring the rigid, slick length, pausing to run a finger around the tip, then back downward over the bumps and ridges that rose along her length. There was a strange bulge near the base of her shaft, and I squeezed it curiously, earning a gasp and shudder from Robin.

"Egg," she murmured, grasping my hand again and moving it away from the bulge. "Honestly, this is okay sometimes, depending on the mood. But I usually prefer to keep my cock in the pouch. I just wanted you to know what was what."

She guided her cock back into its pouch, and I pressed my lips together, trying to think of all the implications of what she had just shared. Robin leaned up to nuzzle against my jaw. "Ruya? Are you okay? Freaked out? Repulsed? Ecstatically happy over your first encounter with dragon genitals?" She touched my face. "Darling, I can't read your face and it's a bit worrying."

I shook my head. "I'm sorry. Of course I'm not *repulsed*. What kind of question is that? No...I just wondered, if you don't really like...that...um, how do I...?"

She took pity on me. "Well," she said, running her hand over my hip, pausing to press soft little kisses to my throat. "Just what you were doing before is nice," she said, her voice dropping into a husky whisper as she took my hand and pressed my palm flat against her pouch again. "The pressure feels good."

I followed her lead and she sighed with pleasure, slowly undulating her hips up into my hand. "Is that enough pressure?" I asked shyly. "Too much?"

"It's perfect," she purred, wrapping her arms around my neck and pulling me closer as I leaned over her. "But what I'd really like is if you would slip your fingers inside?"

I did as she asked, marveling at the strange, yet vaguely familiar feel, almost like slipping a finger inside myself, but yet...completely different. I slowly trailed my fingertips up the slick, hard length of her cock, then back down again. Robin growled and held me tighter, and I smelled smoke again. "Is that okay?" I asked, massively turned on and desperate to know I was able to give her some tiny scrap of the pleasure she had given me.

"Yesss," she hissed, the word a bit more sibilant than usual. Long nails scraped lightly over my back as she moved her arms to cling to me. "Think of it," she breathed, "like rubbing your clit."

I bent and kissed her, capturing her lower lip between my teeth as I moved a bit more confidently, rubbing and pressing until she was trembling in my arms. "Robin," I breathed, lust and need overtaking any embarrassment I might usually feel. "That's it, princess," I coaxed softly as I moved my fingers along the wet, tight lip of her slit, then along the slick, throbbing hardness inside her pouch. "Come for me, Robin."

She gasped, arching up off the bed, her claws digging into my shoulders as she came. Her pouch flooded with release so hot it was just shy of burning my fingers. I gently kept touching her, holding her while the tension left her body and the last shivers of pleasure subsided. Then I kissed her forehead, and gently removed my thoroughly sticky hand.

Robin grasped my wrist and twisted away from me, and a moment later she was wiping my hand with a small towel. She pressed a light kiss to the back of my hand, then slid away. "Give me a second to clean up," she said softly. "Don't go anywhere."

I flopped back onto the bed. "Ha. As if I'd even try. You're going to have to kick me out, if you want me to leave, princess."

She came back to press a short, hard kiss to my lips. "Never." Then her voice grew flippant as she moved away again. "You look too pretty all sprawled in my bed like that, treasure. And the human tales about dragons are true in one respect—I do like to hoard pretty things."