Summary

Smaug is ready for a mate, but his ONE must be of legendary status, of course!

Myrena of Arindale is on her own, a shadowy protector of innocent women. When her own innocence is put at risk, something unexpected comes to her rescue.
three m's


These were the three Ms that fueled Myrena's expedition. Her father was a horrid excuse of a man with horrible morals, unfortunate traits that he passed down to his sons. When father had asked mama's hand in marriage, he'd demanded a heavy dowery and gotten right down to business the very first night.

Myrena was conceived one month into the marriage and father was as elated as he was disappointed when she was born a girl. Her first brother was born a month before her first birthday, and he got the lion's share of nurturing. Mama loved her, though. Myrena was her first child, and the only girl in her soon to be brood. When mama was finally free of her duties to the boy child, she would spend her time with the infant Myrena, crying forgiveness for bringing a girl into a world of men.

The third child was lost in the womb, but the next two were boys. As they grew and aged, the boys were well taken care of, but Myrena was raised on the bare minimum and expected to help raise the boys as she was oldest after all. All the nurturing and the attention went to their heads and the three boys took after their father. Ungrateful, narcissistic assholes. Myrena was 9 when the last was born... an intersex. The father and the sons rejected it, but mama threatened to poison the boys if any harm came to her baby Quince.

Their story continued so for ten years more, during which mama passed before father did, leaving the family in the care of the first born son. He married the only child of their only uncle, making her the woman of the house even though she was younger than Myrena. Their cousin was tutored by her father, and she in turn controlled her husband, making him more sinister than father.

Meanwhile, Myrena taught herself the art of war, watching her brothers' lessons in secret, and she could slaughter them three should anyone give her the opportunity, but none ever came. Her only friend in the family was Quincy, who's life was endangered with mother gone. Quincy essentially became Myrena's will to live; she couldn't imagine what the boys would do to him with Myrena gone. So, with the rest of the family oblivious Neanderthals, Myrena practiced and trained and planned. She was almost one step out when the metaphoric door pushed open over her foot and uncle danced in with a suitor.

The man was a lord; old, fat, and rich. Her sister in law forbade her from coming out while her brothers merrily sold her for gold and glory. After all was settled, the lord promised a feast in honor of their engagement, the first chance Myrena would get to see her betrothed. Myrena held in her disgust as the lord's house ladies dolled and dressed her up tight in a corset she couldn't run in. Meanwhile, her own house lady threatened her into a courteous smile, least any harm come to Quincy.

At the ball, the hideous lord introduced her as his fiancée and led her into the first dance of the night. Myrena took the opportunity to whisper to him, asking him to meet her on the terrace once everyone else was distracted. She got her opportunity later in the evening, and coyly catching her fiancé's attention, walked out to the terrace.

Myrena gazed over the balcony as the lord caught up to her. He dared to touch her but she averted him by diving straight into the conversation.

"Am I to be your lady, or will you have my brothers?"
The lord snorted a laugh at her question.

"Even if I were.... your brothers pale in your shadow."

"Good. So my wedding will happen under my wishes."

This stunned the older man sober.

"I cannot go back on the trade settled between your brothers and I."

"I couldn't give a rat's ass about your trade with them. As you said, I am to be your bride. And I shall be so, only if you entertain my demands."

The man faked a smile and spread his hands in concession.

"I am all ears,"

Myrena snorted, the irony.

"Quincy, my youngest sibling. I can and most certainly will kill should any harm come to him. You'll assure he is safely placed with the monks. Not you, nor anyone, can touch him."

"Done." Silly girl.

"That's to happen before we are wed. After we are, you'll have nothing to do with my so called family."

Astonished again.

"I have already promised them wealth."

Myrena rolled her eyes.

"Give them what you will, but after the wedding, they're nobody. I disown them, you owe them nothing! You don't host them, you do not sponsor them, you do not even acknowledge them! They don't exist. Saves you money in the long run. After all, it's only me you want."

The man smiled pleased at her, but underneath, grew wary of her spirit.

"You become mine, they're as good as gone."

"Good. Get my brother safe, and I'll see you at the wedding." Myrena forced herself to kiss his cheek, drawing away his suspicions before she left.

The family was in excitement for the next while, celebrating their trade with the lord. The brothers discussed how to do manage the wealth, while the women planned the wedding. It was during these days that Myrena managed to skip out, using the guise of wedding shopping, while in reality she managed her brother's escape. She met with the local coven of monks, and convinced them of her plan. They were to set up a decoy location for the lord to meet them, then they would take Quincy away to their actual landings behind the knowledge of the lord. Because, after the consequences of her own escape, should it be successful, Myrena expected revenge from her husband.

The planned upon night came, and the lord came to collect Quincy and Myrena. The other three were shocked to find he even knew of Quincy, but the lord convinced them he would only be taking him from their hands. The others were blissfully relieved of the matter, and let Quincy and Myrena go. He took them in his carriage; Quincy was much in awe of the outside world while the lord's only
interest was bothering Myrena. She entertained him the best she could without gagging, but thank the Valar for the novelties in the carriage with which she could interrupt him.

They arrived at the chosen location, the pretend landings of the monks. The lord lead the procession, and Myrena, the lady, had to walk in his shadow. His men brought forth Quincy to give over to the monks, and the two siblings shared a solemn goodbye. Quincy thanked his sister for protecting him, and Myrena begged forgiveness that she could not be sure of what would happen in the future.

As expected, the lord in secret ordered some men to keep an eye on the monks for a while, least they be betraying him. But the coven, expecting such, spent the next days keeping up the pretense, convincing the men enough to leave. Meanwhile the wedding drew closer, and for every morning spent training to be a lady and fittings for the dress, Myrena spent each night preparing for her own escape.

Unfortunately, it couldn't come before the wedding. The day of celebration came and Myrena mourned while everyone else merrily enjoyed. As she thought extensively of her mother, it was as if she heard her cries and helped her out. Myrena suddenly remembered mama's threats to poison the food, and there were only so many plants that would do.

Myrena begged her sister in law to let her out to the forest to gather herself a bouquet. She was only allowed to do so under the supervision of one of the village ladies who'd come to help with the wedding. As fate would have it, Myrena found a patch of opium plant growing by, and snuck a flower into her pocket away from the chaperon's eyes. Myrena spent 5 minutes more gathering flowers to the woman's satisfaction and the two went back.

The bride deposited the collected flowers to some other ladies who would bind them into a bouquet while she was finally grabbed and dragged to get into the dress. Her sister in law, already dressed to the prim, supervised Myrena's decoration, making sure she looked like a doll for the old man. Dressed to their satisfaction, they left Myrena alone till the ring exchange, during which time she strapped weapons to her leg and prepared the opium powder in a pouch.

The ceremony came and Myrena feigned the best joy she could muster, and her new husband promised this to be the last night he would acknowledge the rest of her clan. Eventually, the abysmal evening gave way to the dreaded night: the consummation. By Valar, she would not give her innocence to this unruly old man. So, she came up with a plan of her escape.

Before her old husband came, Myrena set a romantic setting to seduce him. Fur pelts on the floor to sit on, illuminated by candle light. When the lord finally came to the room, he was amused to see the sight before him.

"Eager, are we?" He asked smirking as he took off his thick coat.

"Not so much to forgo some foreplay. Come, have some wine, my king." Myrena patted the space beside her, keeping the vomit inside.

"There is but one goblet." He pointed as he sat.

"Would you and I ever need two?" Myrena seductively laughed as she offered him the cup. He pushed it away with a finger. "You first."

"Of course," she said as she drank, never taking eyes off him.

Convinced of its innocence, the lord grabbed the cup and sipped from it, looking at her over the rim.
They swapped twice more before Myrena pretended drunk, and poured some wine in the cup of her palm.

"Drink from me." She seductively breathed, and the lord grabbed her hand gently and drank from her.

"It tastes sweeter." He said, in truth it was.

Myrena had covered her hand in opium powder and the lord drank from it. With enough of it in him, he began to become groggy and quickly fell unconscious. Myrena thanked the heavens in relief and pushed the disgusting creature off her.

Her first order of business was to break the window, and then got a cloth tied rope out of her bunk and tossed it over. Next, with a big breath, she dug a blade in her thigh, causing a pool of blood to spill. With enough to her satisfaction, she closed herself up and wrapped a gauge around it, then proceeded to cry for help.

A guard came running in, and stunned by his master's condition and the spilled blood, immediately looked out the window. As he did so, Myrena hit him hard on the head, making him pass out as well. She tied the unconscious guard up and stole his weapons, tossing them into her makeshift bag and finally climbed down the window.

She had gotten close to the lord's castle gates before the sirens screamed. Any guard that recognized her to be running away, Myrena slaughtered easily with a sway of her sword. Stealing a horse from one of the dead guards, the lady finally escaped.

She was free.
And that was how the legend of the ghost bride came to be. Myrena was no longer tied to any man; she was free. But freedom always comes at cost. She had no money, no roof over her head. Just her, the sky, and the horse she'd named Shadow. Money soon wasn't as big of a problem, she found. There were many opportunities to come across it on the main road. Myrena would catch scoundrels and vagabonds, successfully battling them and leaving them tied up for authorities as she took off with her gratuity.

She mostly came upon men who'd dragged away girls from the nearby villages with ill intentions. Myrena hated them more than anything. She'd pry the beast off the maiden and brutally fight him off, stripping him of any riches he might've carried. Often times, it were the sons of lords and masters who found themselves above the law, only to come in the clutches of the ghost bride. She'd often make sure to check up on the girl when she was allowed the minute, and maybe even slip her a coin or two for her troubles.

Three years into her tirade and the ghost bride had become a sort of saint for young women about town. Sometimes, Myrena would walk the girl home, and the family would reward her with dinner at least, or a night's stay at most. It wasn't often when she accepted the offer, but not once did she stay till morning. She'd sneak only a little food (if there remained sufficient for her hosts) for her journey, and slip out into the night, finishing her rest in any forest she could find.

One night, sleeping high up in a tree, Myrena woke from a nightmare with a start, catching herself as she fell down to the ground. Her landing would have been softer had her horse been there, but Shadow was not where she had left him. Perfect, Myrena thought as she got out her dagger and began searching for her midnight horse in the middle of the dark. It took her a long minute to find him, lapping up water from a lake.

"THERE you are, Shadow! I thought someone took you from me, or worse. You'd left!" Myrena
cooed as she stroked the horse's mane. The beast allowed her to pet only for so long before he whipped around and reared, warding off a possible threat. Myrena grabbed his reigns to steady him, and held out her blade.

"Who's there?" Myrena asked the apparent nothingness.

"Your beast, he's protective of you." A deep voice came and she snapped around to find a man step out from behind a tree.

"I've heard of you, the ghost bride. I only came to see if the legends were true." The curly haired man coolly spoke as he leaned against the tree, cool as a cat.

He was an odd man, Myrena thought, as he only wore an open red coat above his leather pants, held up by two belts.

"You've heard of me, but you don't cross my memory. Have we fought before?"

The question merely amused the man and he laughed a deep laugh, which she felt in her spine.

"Oh no, I don't believe we've met. I cannot reveal my name, but I will admit: I'm sort of a legend around these parts."

"Are you now, master legend? Pray tell, why have our paths crossed this unfortunate night?"

The man in red dared step closer, and Myrena jutted her dagger out in warning. He laughed and put up his hands,

"Oh I don't dare risk the ire of the ghost bride. I come as a friend; a forewarning."

"Speak your will and leave. I am not fond of company."

"A kindred fire, you and I, but as you wish. Do not travel further tonight, my bride. You'll only find trouble you can't hope to fend."

"It is not for you to discern my capabilities, but thank you for your suggestion. Good night, master legend."

The man only smiled at her noncooperation and left her be, receding into the darkness from whence he came.

"Strange fellow, that one. Don't you think, Shadow?" Myrena asked as she mounted her steed, ignoring the "legend"s advice.

Regret was second thought when she heard an arrow whizz by before hitting the horse's ankle, making it rear in fright and topple over, trapping Myrena below.

"Oh gods! I'm so sorry, Shadow." Myrena cooed, knowing he could no longer go on.

"Sorry for the horse?" Came a man's taunt. "What of what'll happen to you?"

"You know not who you deal with!" Warned the ghost bride, pinned under the writhing horse.

"It matters not; so long as you're you, and we're men!"
Myrena picked up on their intentions and frantically struggled under Shadow's weight.

"Help the lady out, lads." One said before another arrow whooshed by, taking her only companion away from her.

Quick to overcome her mourning, Myrena pried herself from the dead horse and came to her feet, only to land in the arms of a man. He wasted no time getting to know her, much to her dismay. Myrena wasn't shy about her feelings though, and stomped on his foot and elbowed him in the gut, making him retract. This seemed to anger his friends, and she swiftly borrowed a sword from her captor, ready to defend herself.

Myrena put up a good fight, with her fancy sword skills and fisticuff, but they were more. And they were bigger, and they were armored. They wounded her more than she did them, and after a long fight, Myrena found herself defeated and losing consciousness. She felt them drag her off the main road as one undid his belt in front of her, taunting her.

She heard their muffled jeers and laughter, and then she heard the wings beating clear as day. The men shouted at each other and quieted, wondering what had come by. And then the creature flew overhead, its glowing underbelly as recognizable as the moon.

"D-dragon!" One whispered as the men stood back to back, weapons ready.

Myrena felt the dragon land, with enough force that the world shook. The men shrieked in fear but still ran out to slay the dragon. Myrena, still in a daze, crawled after them, hiding behind her horse's body.

The serpent was ginormous, covered in dark maroon scales. Any weapon the men used against it only bounced off against its armored body. The dragon found it amusing to let the men try, Myrena noticed, and then he got bored. One wing jabbed in front, stabbing through some men like a fork. He tossed them up in the air and down into his mouth they went. The ones running away were struck by his tail, and they died of extreme shock. The remaining he trapped between his talons, roasting them with his fire breath before he bit their heads off.

Myrena was growing weaker and tired, and she cowered away from the gory scene by burying herself into the horse's neck. The dragon felt her presence, and snaked his head around close to her. Myrena could swear she heard him laugh.

"Silly girl! I did warn you, did I not?" she heard the man's voice, the man in the red coat.

Suddenly there came a windstorm as the dragon beat his wings, ready to fly. Myrena was just on the edge of consciousness, pressing herself into the dead horse to keep warm. She felt the dragon lift off the ground and sighed in relief, but then his claws clased around her and Shadow, and he flew them to his lair as Myrena finally gave in.

After some time, Myrena woke with an insatiable urge to scratch her skin off. As she furiously ran her nails down her arms—making sure to really dig in there—she looked about to find herself sitting on boar fur.

*Just great! Allergies! through all the crap she suffered, it was allergies now!* Nope, scratch that. There was something much more worse than hives lurking around. There was a dragon!

Suddenly remembering the events before her passing, Myrena frantically searched her body for injuries, only to find a new dress hiding her bandages.

"Oh good, you're awake. I was starting to get bored." A dismembered voice sounded, and she
remembered it belonging to the man in red. Master legend.

Looking around, she finally acknowledged her surroundings: an ocean of gold and stones and jewels. She heard a landslide behind a pillar, and walked around to find the man walking down a hill of coins. He walked with sure confidence, knowing exactly where his next step would be.

"You don't listen well, do you? I tried to warn you." Mr. Legend said, approaching her level.

Just as Myrena remembered the dragon, there was a giant movement higher up the gold mountain and the ghost bride quickly grabbed the man's hand and led him behind the pillar, rescuing them from the avalanche.

"What are we hiding from?" the man asked from behind her as she peaked around the column.

"Shh! There's a dragon!"

Master Legend laughed loudly, his echo bouncing off the high ceiling of the castle.

"Are you quite mad?! You'll draw attention! We have to get out!"

"Worry not, my ghost bride. He won't bother us. I'm certain if he'd wished, you'd be dead already. The dragon sleeps tonight, having had big dinner and all," The man in red told her, walking around as if he owned the place.

Suddenly, it struck to her that he actually might.

"You... You're a dragon rider?" Myrena asked him, as he spoke of the beast as if it were merely a horse.

"Dragon rider?" Mr. Legend stopped and turned his torso to her, amused by her accusation.

"My dear, if anything, the dragon rides me!" The man enforced his claim with an exhibit, his eyes changed from mere human orbs to blazing serpent pupils.

Myrena let out a startled gasp as she took a step back, only to jut forward brandishing a sword.

The shifter only oohed mutely as he fingered the blade aside, impressed by her wavering courage.

"Shiny!" He simply commented as he stepped closer.

"W...what are you?" The ghost bride dared ask, stepping backwards still.

For a second, the shifter only chuckled at the floor. And in the next he snapped back up, glaring at her with his petrifying orbs. He easily overpowered her and pushed her against the column, trapping her within his arms.

He smirked with his face a breath away from hers, then growled:

"I. Am. sMAUG!"
Who Are You?

Myrena’s jaw dropped in fear and shock, but not aware of the legend of Smaug. Regaining her senses, she pushed him off and scurried away from him. The shifter still leaned against the pillar, not impressed.

"I just saved your life." He spoke without facing her. "I wouldn't suppose running away is a good sign of gratitude."

With a clearing breath, he fixed his collar and turned to her. As confident as, well, an indestructible dragon.

"Not that you would get very far." His facial expressions accompanied his amuse. "You see, everything in the mountain, is my keep. As now, are you."

That didn't sit well with the ghost bride, and she was ready to fight for her freedom.

"I'd return to dragon if I were you," she threatened him with the dagger again. "I've killed many a man who's tried to make me a keep."

Her threat sounded like a mere joke in his ears.

"You seem fooled by my current appearance, I am no man. Still very much a dragon, still impenetrable. But you can try if you like." Smaug conceded, exposing himself to her attack.

She took his offer, slashing her weapon at him this way and that. It was only a miracle that the blade didn't bend, while his skin remained scratch-less.

"If you're quite finished...?" The shifter asked annoyed and Myrena gave up reluctantly.

"Now, you must be hungry. Come, I'll take you to your room."

Myrena only stared as his hips swayed with each step, not moving a muscle herself.

"NOW." He roared and she didn't need to be told twice.

Smaug smirked as he acknowledged her behind him.

He took her to a room big enough to fill her town in. It had everything necessary; a bed, a tub, and a hearth. Somewhere in the room was a pile of dead animals; recent.

"You'll find here everything you may need. Food, shelter, the like."

Myrena stood confused staring at the dead animals.

"Well go on, then. Eat up."

Myrena looked at him like he was born yesterday.

"Humans don't eat raw." She informed him.

"Oh? That seems like a hassle. Dragons eat things as they are, straight down the throat it goes. That's where your horse is, I'm afraid. Tiring, this rescuing business."
"You ate the men too, if I remember well." She scoffed.

"You become a dragon, you'll realize how much food you need a day."

His claim went over her head, thinking it nothing more than a simple analogy. Ignoring him, Myrena picked a chicken from the pile and started cleaning it of its skin. With a cup of water from the tub, she washed it off its blood and fixed it on the spit, basking in the warmth of the fire as she sat spinning it.

"I don't suppose your creator named you ghost bride."

"No, they didn't." She stated without going further.

Behind her, the dragon started becoming agitated, questioning his need to keep her alive. So far, she'd been terrible company.

"Myrena." Her voice came through his ears, drawing his attention back to her.

But then again, there weren't many he'd even considered as a potential mate.

"Myrena," he repeated, "of the sea."

"Are there others?"

"Others?"

"Dragons. I've heard they live in prides."

"They did, when there were many. I'm the last of my kind."

"Your kind is what, exactly? Skin changer type?"

"No," he chuckled, "a fire drake. Crossed a wizard once, nasty business they are. Cursed me feel the misery of my prey. That was a while ago. Now I can use to my will and benefit."

Myrena made an amused hum and returned to spinning the chicken.

"You don't look so dead to me."

"Pardon?"

"Ghosts. They're supposed to be spirits. After life, that sort of thing."

"Well, I'm more spirit like. No one's ever seen me for much long of a time."

"Why 'bride'?"

"I ran away on my wedding night."

Smaug burned with the thought of there being someone else who had a claim to her.

"My brothers. They sold me to an old ugly lord in exchange for gold. Gods I hate them. Men and money."

Smaug laughed lightly with a smirk.

"I don't suppose you'd mind if I pillaged and pilfered them."
"Be my guest. I'm tired out."

"The boar skin, it didn't suit you?"

"I'm allergic."

Smaug stared blankly at her

"That means my skin burns and reacts when I touch it long. Long exposure and well, that's the end of me."

"I don't think you'll find any on the bed. It's mostly feather or something of the like. Rest, we'll talk in the morrow." Smaug sat off, flexing his cowl as he made to leave.

He was half way to the door when a smile slipped across his face when her little thank you crossed his ears.
Myrena was expecting an earth shattering roar to wake her, buried under the collapsed mountain. She was happily surprised to find herself awoken in bed by the sound of birds. She stared up into the abyss, listening to their twitters and tapping beaks. Myrena had no way to tell what time of day it was from deep within a mountain. After a while, she forced herself out of bed and dragged her feet to the giant basin of water. The water was unforgivingly cold on her face, but she needed that to wake up. Myrena left the room after washing up, ready to start her day. This round, she took her time to look around her surroundings. They were underground; the ceiling probably reaching beyond the skies if she had to guess. It was perhaps a kingdom of some race back in its day. A hundred chambers lined this way and that; ruins of stairs going all the way up and all the way down. This place was a shadow of its former glory, she'd guess. Of course, with a dragon living in it now, nothing else could. Speaking of, Myrena wondered where her host had gone to.

She picked a random room of choice, and to her joy found a great big window. Myrena ran to it and stepped out on the terrace. Oh was the morning breeze a blessing! Having closed her eyes to enjoy the cool, she opened them again to look out. In front of her was a clearing, beyond which began the forest. To its left was a lake. Myrena felt as if she were a child again. Gathering her inner strength in a deep breath, she ran and leapt to the terrace next door. Her landing was successful, but her wounds from yesterday punished her. Ignoring the stings, Myrna continued running and leaping till the lake was front and center. She closed her eyes again, feeling the wind blow the water gently in her face. Suddenly, the air froze and her eyes snapped open, danger looming. Myrena leaned over the railing, watching the water rumble. Then without warning, a red flash leapt out of the lake, showering her with lake water. It would have been more fun if fish weren't part of that experience.

"You're awake!" She was sure the voice boomed across the world.

"What are you doing?" she screamed up at Smaug.

"Going. For. A dip." He answered as he twirled higher up, showering her more.

Myrena laughed and waved him off, going back in to change her clothes.

There was a pile of clothes in another part of her room. Myrena didn't dare think where the dragon could have picked them up from. As she began to take off her soaking dress, the cloth weighed heavy on her shoulders, causing her body to ache. She grunted as she used her strength to push the sleeve down her shoulder, the wound on her oblique stinging painfully.

"Need a hand?"
Myrena yelped as she turned to face Smaug standing in the doorway, hands clasped behind his back, wearing his red coat and black leather pants again. The only sign that he’d been in the water was the curly hair on his head, sticking to his forehead.

"Um, I know this is your home, but can't a girl have some privacy?" Myrena was half serious as she covered her chest.

Smaug laughed a throaty laugh that went up the caverns of the room.

"And who, may I ask, bound you in the first place?" He curiously pointed at her with a knuckle.

Myrena looked down herself. Her wounds had been patched and wrapped, and the dress on her shoulders was not her own. Her cheeks stung with shame.

"You've... seen me. Naked."

"Ah, only to necessity. You seem to forget I am not man, your human hesitations do not apply to me."

"Right. Well then, Mr. Dragon. I've soaked through my dress and bandages thanks to you. So if you wouldn't mind?"

She teased him and stood up to stand toe to toe with him, suggesting he undo the strings on her torso. Smaug smirked and grabbed the top of her dress, and in one go, ripped it straight down the middle. She instinctively moved her arms to cover her chest and groin, but found it silly. Her breast wrappings from days ago was still bound tightly around her chest, and her underwear was also still on, though both were threatening to fall from the weight of the water. For a dragon, Smaug was pretty chivalrous.

"I need to take them off." Myrena simply told him and turned away, back towards the bed.

The end of the wrap was tucked into the binding just below her left armpit. But her right shoulder killed her as she reached to the other side to peel it off. It took the breath out of her just the first unwrapping, and she rested after it.
"Need a hand?" Smaug asked again as he came behind her.

"No! Don't rip it! I don't assume you've got more under wraps?"

"Never needed them."

Myrena laughed.

"Great. I'll just..." she reached for it again, now hanging below her right arm, straining as she did. Smaug huffed and grabbed it instead, unwrapping it all the way.


"I've done it before," Smaug offered.

"Thank you. But I had my wrap on then. Now I don't..." she squealed before she could finish. Smaug had grown tired and, turning her around, lifted her in his arms and placed her on the bed.

"For the last time, and you remember it well, now. I am a dragon. I don't care for your human trivialities. Either you can shut up and let me do you, which isn't something I do for anyone else, or you can suffer in your pain and help yourself!" Smaug told her all in one breath, and Myrena watched him, too stunned to speak.

"I'll take your silence for your consent. Now, I'll warn you. It may sting a little."

That was his only warning as he began to redo her bandages. She hissed when he dabbed the healing potions on her wounds, but never complained.

"Thank you," Myrena said when he was almost done.

Smaug half smiled. "I was beginning to think you were the ungrateful kind. It takes you a minute to
appreciate." He stepped back when his work was done.

Myrena stood up to put on the dress, thankful that this one didn't have strings. It did have buttons on the back of the collar, which she could no doubt ask Smaug to do for her. Smaug's kindness had reached its cap and he let her get the dress on herself. It took her longer than usual, but eventually she got it on. As she was dressing, Myrena noticed Smaug play with a bird. The little thing flittered around his head then came to sit on his offered finger.

"You don't eat birds?"

"Eat birds?" He turned her way. "Why would I eat birds? Do you think a bird would satisfy me?"

Myrena suddenly remembered the night she'd seen his dragon form. He'd eaten all her assailants, and her horse too.

"You'd have to eat a whole forest."

"Eh, I wouldn't. Birds clean my teeth for me, eating the stuff stuck in between. Kind of a co dependent relationship."

"Interesting. Speaking of eating..." she looked guiltily at him.

"Right. Any interest in fish?" He lead her out of the room.

Myrena laughed, realizing he meant the ones that he'd 'given' her in the morning.

"As long as it's cooked." She followed him into the terrace room.

The terrace was still wet, with a heap of fish lying about. The room had a furnace as well, on which she could cook her breakfast. Myrena collected the better looking fish and brought them into the room. She cut off their heads with the blade she'd brought with her, and fixed them on to the spit.

"Can you, light the fire?" She curiously asked him, wondering if he'd have to turn into his full form.
Thankfully, he didn't. Smaug went up to the furnace and crouched next to it. Then he took in a big breath and blew, hot streams of fire coming up from his throat and lighting the coal. Myrena sat opposite him, turning the spit.

"Does that not burn you? In your human form?"

"Not really. It feels like it always does. A tickle in the back of the throat."

As he went on describing it, Myrena got up and brought more fish from the terrace, replacing the cooked ones with some of the raw.

"You said I'm the only one you've ever helped."

"Hmm?"

"Back in the room, you said I was the only person you were ever going to help. What makes me so special?"

Smaug mused. "I've been stalking your legend, ghost bride. The night you first saw me was not the first time I'd seen you."

"And you decided I was helpless?" She playfully suggested while popping a piece of fish in her mouth.

Smaug laughed. "No, you're quite the opposite really. I decided..." he paused for effect, "that you would be my mate."

Her eyes grew ten fold. "I... Because I look like a dragon?"

"Metaphorically. You've got dragon traits; the solitude, the strength, the determination." Smaug had golfed down his second raw fish.
"When you say mate. I assume, would include... the act... of mating." Myrena blushed.

"Yes." Smaug stated matter of factly.

"In your human form of course?" There was no possible other way.

"Initially." He stated.

"Initially?!" She choked. "You think you'd fit?" Her legs reflexively closed.

"Hah! Mortal, I have talons longer than your arms."

The red of her cheeks reached the tip of her ears.

"Oh! We can't be possible! I'm afraid just thinking about it!"

"Lovely! You're just worried about the length. The barbs would be no trouble for you, yes?"

"B-barbs? There are... barbs?! They'll cut!"

"They serve their purpose. When we mate for the first time, the barbs will surely cut you, but that'll allow my seed to get into your blood." He ate. "As my mate, you'll need to be changed, my chemicals would have to bind with yours, change your chemistry. Make you turn."

His mouth made a clicking sound, releasing his fangs which startled Myrena.

"My fangs will release a venom in your blood..."

"But venom kills."
"Yes. But with my seed running in your blood as well, the two will work to match your chemistry to mine."

"What if I object?"

"You don't have the choice. It'll be easier for you to accept your fate."

"So what?" Myrena stormed up, and Smaug followed suit. "You'll force me to marry you? Subject me to you? Like, like him?"

Smaug growled and roughly pinned her next to the fireplace.

"Igh am not like other men! You have no master except Smaug!" He bellowed, but calmed for the next part of his dialogue, though the anger was still there. "I will only force you to be my mate, and the sire bond that will be between us. But beyond that, you'll go about as you always have: with your free will."

Angry as he was, no one had ever offered her the ways this dragon currently was. It may have been his mating instinct talking, but she'd trade her whole town for this dragon.

"What if, I don't know?" She meekly asked.

"Don't know what?"

"How to... how to mate."

Smaug laughed a deep laugh.

"You don't know how to mate?"

"Well I get the basic sense of it, but I don't know all the rituals."
"We dragons just, get it in, let it out and done." He finally let go and walked back to his seat.

Myrena laughed. "Well that's very banal! I hope that's not how humans do it."

"Your mother never taught you?"

Myrena stalled in her step, then took her seat before answering.

"My mother died before I was of age."

"I'm... sorry." Smaug said mutely. "Something I picked up from the mortals." He said when she gave him a puzzled look. "Who else is in your pride?"

"My family? Well, I'm the oldest of three. There's Beorn after me, then Eomer. The both of them took after our father, greedy and evil and insults to our race! But then there was Quince. Oh, little Quincy! He was born... different. The other two didn't accept him, neither did our father. But mother and I loved him. He was all I had after mother died. I took him to the monks before my wedding."

"Wedding." Smaug stated the word, but his heart burned with the thought. "You married?" He got off his seat, heading for the door.

Myrena suddenly remembered back two minutes ago when he'd proclaimed her as his mate. She felt bad for him, for the two of them, and followed after.

"Only the ceremony. We never consummated."

"I suppose you need more of your clothes." Smaug changed the topic. "There's a town by the foot of the mountain on the other side. You're welcome to visit it if you like." He told her and turned away towards his treasury.

"I will. Thanks for letting me know." Myrena called after him, letting him go in peace.
Myrena took Smaug's advice and planned to visit the town next to the mountain. After dressing more appropriately, she dared to sneak plentiful of coins from the dragon's horde into her pocket. When the mountain didn't collapse and she knew there would be no punishment, Myrena left the mountain.

The Watchman took off his hat in curtsy and welcomed her into Bellemore. The main street was filled with stalls and people; a market. First, Myrena strolled to the end of the street, greeting people in her way and eyeing what the stalls had to offer. Her first stop was at the vegetable stand, and she asked the vendor for whatever would be good till the end of the week. She went to the fruit stall the same, but got plenty of good spices that would last a while. She even went to the butcher's.

"Never seen you before, milady." The butcher acknowledged the same as everyone else had.

"I haven't been here before. I just moved to the castle in the mountain. Name's Myrena."

"Callum, at your service. I'd be careful up there in the mountain, miss. A dragon nests there."

Myrena found herself feeling offended somehow.

"If he were a threat, I'm sure this town would not be here," she argued.

Callum thought over her words. "That's certainly true." He finished wrapping up Myrena's meats.

"Anything more I can get for you, m'lady?"

"Is there any way I could get horses around here. A mare, and a stallion."

"I suppose. Best be asking Gordon at the dairy stall, he's got a farm"

"I will see him next. Thank you for your help, Mr. Callum. Have a good day, sir."

"Day, miss." The butcher tipped his head.

Myrena left the butcher's and ran into the baker, being convinced to buy some cakes before she finally went to see the dairyman.

Gordon also offered her a warm welcome and asked how he could help. Myrena told him what she wanted and what she preferences she had. Gordon attend her a lowered price but Myrena refused, paying full price and a little extra. He offered to take her to the barn, but they were stalled by an old man in blue robes.

"Lady Myrena, I would rather wish you'd wait inside my shoppe. We have some things to discuss." The old man waved Gordon on his way and lead Myrena to his Shoppe. His knowledge of her name convinced her to follow.

"How do you know my name?!"

"I know a lot about you, ghost bride."

He kindly smiled at her shock.

"Please, come in." He ushered her in at the door. "My name is Morinehtar, and I am the blue wizard."
Myrena looked around in awe as she stepped in. The place wasn't too eccentric; more like a chaotic library. There were roof high stacks of books, and candles here and there, with bottles and scrolls and artifacts scattered about. Morinehtar took a seat at a clean table and motioned for her to sit across.

The ghost bride had never been less sure as she was when sitting across from this wizard. These past few days had been life changing for her.

"You have questions, my dear." He stated, reading her mind.

"You have the answers."

"Indeed I do, but I am not at liberty to tell until you ask. What do you wish to seek?"

Myrena twiddled her fingers.

"I have been proposed to... by.... by a dragon."

"Smaug, yes. He has been cursed to be human, long ago."

"Long ago... I was married to a landlord." Myrena spoke to he desk.

Morinehtar pitied her.

"Yes. But it was not consummated. And, I'm not so sure a dragon conforms to human traditions."

Myrena jolted her head up, looking at the wizard.

"We can be mates, without breaking any laws."

"Well, not that anyone here cares for."

The ghost bride thought over the wizard's statement.

"Anything else I can answer for you, my dear?" The look on his face expected her to ask her most private question yet.

"I don't know how to do it." The ghost bride shyly said.

The blue wizard softly laughed.

"You will know all you need to know by the day's end."

"Oh? Well, okay then. If that's that." She picked up her grocery bags. "I should be getting back."

Myrena stood up first and the wizard followed.

"It was a pleasure to meet you, dear."

Myrena curtseyed. "The honor was mine, sir wizard."

She was half way to the door before Morinehtar stopped her.

"Here," he offered her a bottle of cream. "You'll know when you need it."

The wizard grabbed Myrena's head and kissed her forehead for a long minute before he let her go.

"Don't be a stranger now." He smiled at her and finally she took her leave.
Myrena smiled at the old man and left his shoppe, finding two horses tied at the post. The ghost bride gave a relaxed smile. This town, living in the shadows of a dragon, was much kinder than her home town, where dragons and wizards were the stuff of legends. She got on the black mare, and took the reigns of the chestnut horse, finally trotting on home.

At the castle, Myrena took the horse to the old stable. Of course, the dragon hadn't kept it in shape, but it would have to do for tonight. She tied them in one spacious stall with all the hay she could gather, and fed on an apple and the other a carrot before she finally went up into the castle.

"Smaug! Are you there?" Myrena called out into the castle, letting him know she was back. He had been in a sour mood before she left, Myrena hoped he was alright by now. She took the groceries to a room she decided would be the kitchen and placed her bags on the counters. Gosh, she was tired from all the walking and the riding. And her wounds needed new bandages.

"I'm back!" Myrena called out again as she left the room for the main area. "Are you there, Sma..." She was fainted in his arms before she could finish calling out his name.

Smaug growled. He could sense the touch on her forehead; it reminded him of his own past with a-

"Wizards. Pesky little things. Let's get you to bed."

He carried her to her room and redid her bandages before leaving her in the room to sleep. Smaug had retired in his own chamber, one where he kept his nest out on the balcony should he choose to rest there. He was so far away from his mate, yet her heat reached him through all the walls between them. Smaug's eyes turned serpentine and his skin itched; he had to touch her, feel her under him. He wanted to take her; claim her; but he could never win her as his mate if she didn't trust him. In his frustration, he blew out a current of fire, scorching everything in the vicinity. It wasn't the first time his room had felt his wrath.

Myrena was sweating in her room, the heat of her visions burning her skin. Her skin tingled with every touch the woman felt, her breath stopped where hers did. She bit her lip to bind her cries. Her legs crossed when she felt a torrent in her stomach. The woman called out some other name, but Myrena called out her own mate's.

Myrena woke up with a snap, breathless. Surely the wizard didn't lie; everything she needed to know, she knew now. She regained her senses, drawing a hand over her new bandages. Suddenly, her mind wandered to the cream Morinehtar had given her and she fetched it from the pocket of her old dress. She took the cream over to the mirror in her room and took off her dress. Bravely, she undid her bandages, letting them discard on the floor. Taking a breath to believe in the wizard, Myrena tentatively applied the cream on a bruise. It felt cool against her skin as she rubbed it in circles but when the lotion dissolved, the bruise and the ache were gone. Excitedly, she applied the ointment to all her injuries, watching in amusement as her pains went away. Smiling, she put on her dress again just so it loosely covered her frame, and took a solidifying breath to prepare herself for what would happen next.

"Smaug," Myrena called out, her voice an inviting tone. She knew he could hear her.

Minutes passed and nothing happened, but just as she was about to call again, she noticed him standing the doorway. Myrena snapped to turn toward him and walked forward, meeting him in front of the bed. She noticed his flushed cheeks and heaving breath, and any other night she would have credited it to his nature. But not tonight, she knew.

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Not tonight.

“You can sense... how I feel?” She whispered, walking even closer to his body

“I can smell your scent.” He corrected her in a low, but confident voice.

“And what do I smell like?” Myrena breathed against his collarbone.

“Like an invitation. You desire. You want.”

“I want... to see you.” She snapped as she leaned back just a bit.

Smaug let out a chuckle as his hand went to the front of his coat, pulling it aside to show even more of his naked torso.

“Have I ever hidden from you.”

Myrena seductively shook her head.

“You've seen me. I want... to see you.” She trailed her finger down his center, circling his waist. “All of you.”

Smaug smirked and slowly undid his belts, shrugging off his coat and let his pants fall.

Her eyes scanned him head to... head. Her hand trembled forward, nervously touching her knuckle to the joint on his waist. Smaug hissed. Myrena drew her knuckle down his length, circled over the head and under. Her finger turned as all her fingers splayed around his shaft, and pressed him to his belly as she got closer. She reached up on her toes, her nose pressing against his.

“What now?” he breathed, holding back.

“I want to kiss you.”

He inched his mouth closer, his top lip wavering between her two. She nervously kissed it. The sensation made him pull back for only a second before he came back, head tilted to the other side. Her hands slid up his chest, holding him in place. She kissed him again, and this time Smaug attempted to copy her. Every thing happening in the past minute was all new to Smaug, but the dragon in him wanted to be dominant, even if he had no idea how to do it. His mouth reached and failed to get her upper lip, and her hands on his face guided him back to her lower lip. He resigned to his fate but held her face in his hands, strongly kissing her mouth again and again, proud to show her
that he'd got the hang of it. But then she brought in her tongue. She'd stuck it out a bit, and the tip of her tongue came in his mouth when he kissed. Smaug groaned at the sensation and repeated her action again, battling her tongue for access into her mouth. After a while, she pulled back drawing in a long breath.

“You taste smoky.”

“I literally have fire running in my lungs.” He grinned.

Myrena laughed.

“Talk about a hot romance!”

She pulled his head down for another kiss, this time extending her whole tongue past his lips. His tongue felt warm and rough under her own as she explored his mouth, running her tongue over the roof and behind his teeth. Smaug gave her little time to enjoy before he fought her tongue for dominance, pushing it back into her own mouth. His tongue was far longer than hers, quickly reaching the back of her mouth before he curled it back against the roof of her mouth. His tongue tickled her and she pulled her mouth from his, kissing along his jaw to his chin. Smaug sighed as he let his lover pleasure him, kissing and sucking down his long throat. She circled the dip in his sternum, resting her hands on his breasts to keep up right. His hands went into her hair behind her ears as she kissed further down his torso, leaving openmouthed kisses on his pectorals. Myrena was on her knees now, her hands on his waist as her mouth was level with his belly. She looked up at him curiously, and he didn't dare discourage her. Myrena followed the trail her finger had made, placing a kiss where his groin began. His grip tightened in her hair. She kissed down his shaft to the head. She held it in his hand, staring at it eye to eye. And then she kissed him, openmouthed, on the tip. Smaug let out a pleased groan, making her smirk. She continued kissing it, tilting her head left and right. Smaug felt hot and pulled her to her feet.

"Acquainted?" He asked her, his voice deeper.

Myrena felt breathless herself and nodded, pressing her head against his.

Smirking, the dragon shifter slid the dress off her shoulder, matching her state to his. He reached out to touch her, especially paying attention to where scars had previously been. At least wizards were good for something. Smaug took a step forward, causing her to step back in reaction and they walked to the bed. Myrena wrapped a hand around his neck, holding the back of his head as he laid her down on the bed, his body on top of hers. His shaft pressed against her abdomen and he lifted his waist to reposition himself, but as his head pressed against her slit, she squealed.

“Wait!”

“What?” Smaug snapped impatiently.

“That's too much at once. And I'm not ready.”

“Not... ready?” The dragon had no knowledge of human mating needs.

“If my groin is dry, it'll hurt more. You have to stimulate it, make it wet. Use something else first.”

“Something else?” He repeated. “Like what?”

“Umm, your fingers?” Myrena suggested, before quickly adding “START WITH ONE!”

Smaug let out a dry laugh. “Alright, but it's your last request, woman. Wet or not, I will have you
tonight.”

Moving himself to his original position, he lowered his right hand instead. Smaug lined up his index finger to where his member had been earlier, and pushed in. Myrena moaned at the intrusion. He pulled it back and then slid in again, causing her the same reaction. He carelessly rested his thumb at the top of her slit and Myrena's hips lifted off the bed as she moaned in pleasure. Smaug became aware.

“Touch that again!” She begged and Smaug intentionally pressed his thumb down again.

Her tip swelled, and Smaug circled his thumb around it, driving her insane. She didn't complain much when he inserted his middle finger. Smaug split his fingers and her walls reflexively tightened, making him groan. He crossed his fingers, then split them again, adding a third finger as he did. Myrena fisted her hair and threw her head back, biting her lip.

Smaug reached up with his other hand and released her lip with his thumb.

“No. Let me hear you.”

Myrena rewarded him with a loud moan as he hadn't forgotten the attention on her nerve button. He alternatively curled back his fingers, hitting a spot every finger and she keened. Her walls tightened around his three fingers and she felt a coil snap in her abdomen.

"I... I'm coming! Oh, Smaug!" Myrena threw her head back again, exposing her neck to his mouth.

Smaug sucked at her hammering pulse, using all his strength to hold back his fangs. Suddenly, he felt a gush of fluid pour over his fingers, her walls relaxing and expanding.

Smaug pulled his fingers out and brought them to his face. Her pheromones alone were painfully drawing him in, the smell of her on his fingers made him wild. Staring back at her, Smaug put his fingers into his mouth, shocking her with the demonstration. He laved his tongue all around them, wiping off every bit of her nectar, only pulling out once he was satisfied.

"I'd say you're wet now, yes?"

Myrena could only nod.

Smaug smirked and knelt down, prying her lips open with his own as he kissed her. Myrena shook her head trying to escape from tasting herself, but he grasped her jaw tight, holding her in place as he delved his tongue into her mouth. Soon the kisses placated her and distracted her enough for him to line himself against her, and he pushed in. Myrena threw her head back, her hips lifting off the bed, pressing up into him as she let out an Ah!

Smaug pulled back, then pushed in going further this time. The next time he did it, he hit a wall of tight skin and Myrena instantly closed her legs, groaning in fear. Smaug chided her and kissed her neck. He cupped her left thigh just above the knee and lifted her leg up around his waist, opening her wider. He thrust in again, rubbing against the starry spot and she couldn't hold in her moan. He pushed further, head pressing against the barrier. Myrena whimpered in pain and fear, but Smaug brought his other hand to the back of her neck, pulling her up for a deep kiss. He battled her tongue, keeping her engaged so she wouldn't notice too much as he snapped his hips, tearing past her wall.

She noticed.

Myrena cried, digging her nails in his back, pulling him close and holding him still.
"Stop! St... please, stop." She cried.

Smaug let her have her moment and nuzzled her neck instead. As he grew impatient, he bit her neck, without his fangs, then laved his tongue over it. The pain had suddenly diverted to her neck, and Myrena noticed how he caressed after he hurt her. Understanding, Myrena brought her other leg over his waist as well, locking her ankles over his hips. She fist his hair and pulled him to face her, his eyes serpent-like from having smelt her blood. Smaug locked eyes with her and watched her give him a slow smile.

"Be gentle the first time, or you'll never have me again." She set her conditions and Smaug was all the happy to finally get started.

He was amused by her useless threat but adhered nonetheless. He started with a regular pace, but went deeper and faster the more she cried his name. Myrena was in too much bliss to care how hard he went.

Or how long, for that matter. Smaug’s dragon nature was equipped with a long lasting vigor, and he went as long as he could go. Myrena lost count of how many times she’d gushed around him. In all that time, he hadn’t forgotten about her pleasure, teasing her with passionate kisses and encouraging her with deep moans when she dug her nails into his back. He paid attention to her whole body, pulling on her back or adjusting her thighs to keep her up to pace with him. And Myrena certainly was not a passive lover. It was a long while since they’d begun than she noticed his thrusts getting tighter and slower, and he roughly kissed her mouth as his own fluids spilled within her, taking their time to empty out.

Smaug’s strength left him and he slowly lowered himself on his mate that lay under him. Myrena slipped her hands down to his chest and smiled as she kissed him, then pushed him over to the side. Smaug didn’t resist much. She lifted the leg from across his waist, releasing his shaft from her own groin, but only low enough to tangle her leg between his. She didn’t care much for the sweat and musk that covered them both, and instead happily snuggled under his arm and fell asleep.

The dragon’s bride.
Lord Smaug

In the morning, Myrena woke up first, but things had changed over the night. Smaug was sleeping beside her on his stomach, hand under the pillow, no longer tangled underneath her. Myrena was laying straight on her back, head turned to watch her mate sleeping. Mate! Gods she couldn't believe it! After her first marriage, Myrena had lost all interest in the concept. How dare they treat her like an object! Yet here she was sleeping next to a dragon shifter. It was in his nature to collect objects, own the best things on Earth. She expected him to treat her like property, but the freedom and protection he granted her was something else entirely.

Smaug had opened his eyes while she was musing, and the spreading smile on her face had an echo effect on him.

"What are you smiling for?" Smaug startled her.

"Oh! Good morning!" Myrena said and went in to kiss him.

"Good morning indeed," he replied.

Myrena held his neck and kissed him again, pushing him onto his back as she lay herself on him. Smaug indeed was enjoying his morning, roaming his hands over his mate's body as she took him in with a moan.

"And what's your plan today?" Smaug managed to ask.

"Well, since I'm going to be living here,"

Smaug loved the thought of that. He pushed himself to sit up and Myrena squealed at the delightful shift of his member inside her.

"Hm...?" Smaug hummed as he kissed her collarbone, urging her to finish her statement.

"I thought we could make the place a bit more homey."

"Wonderful. When do we get started?"

"When I'm done with you!" Myrena moved her hips to tease him.

Smaug shot forward, causing her to lie on her back with him on top. He grabbed her thigh, holding it tight by his own as he snapped his waist against hers.

"You've grown daring." Smaug raised a brow at her.

"Did you just notice? I am the Ghost Bride, darling."

Smaug choked her and punished her with a rough thrust.

"Dragon bride." He growled.

Myrena fisted his hair and pulled him to face her.

"Dragon bride," she corrected herself and pulled him in roughly for a kiss.

After their morning sex, Myrena helped herself to the bathroom and showered. She made Smaug
take one as well, refusing to anything else until he did. She made breakfast from the ingredients she'd bought yesterday, then introduced Smaug to their horses after. The dragon swore not to eat them, and helped her name the beasts. She named his horse Quincey, and he named hers Ember. They spent a better part of the morning grooming the horses and fixing the stable. They also went on a ride, where Smaug showed Myrena his favorite places.

Once they were back, Myrena got right into redesigning the castle. She made Smaug fix the stairs and the walls that he'd broken, and even made him make more rooms as she needed. She made the first floor all the behind the scene rooms: the kitchen, the pantry, access to the stables, the laundry, etc etc. The second floor was practically a king's court, meant for entertaining the public. A grand double stairway lead to the private quarters. The whole reconstruction took no more than three days with Smaug's strength. The remake also apparently included him.

"Have you never worn clothes?" Myrena chided him.

Smaug lifted the collar of his long coat, "What do you call this? Anyway, I'm a dragon. What need have I for clothes?"

Myrena condescendingly smiled at him and sat closer, drawing a finger down his long, exposed torso.

"This is fine... When you're with me. When we go to town, I'd like you to be a little more covered up. I don't want to share this sight."

Smaug smiled and kissed her. "As you wish."

The couple went to Smaug's collection of human clothes, and Myrena spent an afternoon washing them first. Then she made him sit through torturous fittings till he had something appropriate to wear. It was just a fitted white shirt under his usual ensemble of red coat and black leather pants. With his hair done back, he looked like a proper lord. The presentation didn't last long as Sir Lord Smaug had quite the seductive effect on his wife, and off the clothes went again.

"Now what?" Smaug asked Myrena as she lay on top of him.

"Right now, I think I'd like to stay in bed. But tomorrow morning, we're going into town. We've run out of rations I'll have you know. Then I'll really be a ghost bride."

"It amuses me to think I'd let you die."

Her dragon husband had a way with words, even if he didn't know what his words meant to her.

"That's exactly why we'll go to town. You can even meet the people. They're all so very nice. Nice and happy, but poor."

"Well that's because they live in the shadows of a dragon." Smaug prided himself.

"Did you steal from them?"

"What ever could I take from them when they have nothing? And anyhow, they live too close to the mountain. Can't risk an uprising."

Myrena lifted up to look at him, elbows pressing in his sternum.

"Smaug the terrible, scared of a little mutiny?" She teased.
"Oh they can try."

"Well you shan't give them a reason to. You'll be a benevolent lord, and they'll grovel at your feet."

"I'm usually malevolent." Smaug quirked a brow.

"My mal-bene-violent husband." Myrena teasingly smiled and stole a kiss.

In the morning they rode Quincey and Ember side by side down the mountain towards Bellemore. Myrena told Smaug about her last visit; the stalls she went to and the people she'd met. This time, the town gatekeeper met her as a familiar and welcomed her in with a gentlemanly greeting. Smaug felt possessive and almost growled at the man even as the mortal welcomed him with a swing of his hat. They tied their horses by the trough before walking into town.

"Now remember, Smaug, they're just being polite. It's nice to say hello and ask how they're doing. You're not the only one who honestly doesn't care, but still, it's the gesture that counts."

"It's fake."

"It's a conversation starter. Now come on, let's go buy our things." Myrena stepped towards the market but Smaug pulled her back sharply.

"Buy?" He inquired.

"Yes, buy." Myrena snapped back as she freed her arm. "It's called trade, Smaug. You give them something, and they will give you something of equal value."

"I will not part with a single coin." Smaug hissed.

"Fine. Let's go back. I'll starve and die looking disgusting in these bloody old clothes. And you can die alone as the last dragon on middle earth."

Myrena began walking back to her horse when to her surprise, Smaug sighed and stopped her. The dragon bride grinned victoriously and lead the way to the market.

The townspeople greeted her warmly and Myrena introduced Smaug as her husband. The people curtsied and bowed to the Lord, egging his pride. Smaug followed and learned the ways of the trade and got the hang of it by the seventh or eighth stall. Suddenly, his blood burned a second before the gate crashed in, revealing three men on horses.

Myrena's attention snapped to the intruders and she went to be by Smaug's side. No one cried or shrieked, as if they weren't surprised. The three men went about the market like they owned the place, ransacking and stealing from stalls as they pleased. One woman finally broke and ran out to defend her stall, but one man wrestled her and threw her to the ground.

"You, STOP!" Smaug called out and Myrena smiled.

The three men regrouped and turned their attention to the new couple.

"It's not your father's town that you invade so recklessly. Leave." Smaug threatened, his top lip quivering with fury.

The middle man smile amused as he bit the fruit in his hand, then spit and tossed it aside. The three walked up to him, looking up to lock eyes.
"I don't think you know my father, your highness." The man did a fake curtesy. "This here town is my playground; to do as I please. Take what I please."

He turned his attention to Myrena, and bit his lip devilishly as he reached out to touch her. Smaug caught the man's wrist instantly, and flung him far back into the street.

The other two pulled out their swords and swung at Smaug, but were blocked by Myrena's blade. She pushed them off and they stumbled, giving Smaug the chance to bring out his own.

The men, joined by the first, were aggressive and sloppy, but Myrena and Smaug had skill and strength on their side. It wasn't long till Smaug's patience ran out and he broke the men's swords and roared time to a standstill.

"ENOUGH!" he yelled at the fallen men, appearing taller with each step he took towards them.

"This town is mine!" Smaug growled possessively. "You will leave now and never return." He grabbed the leader by his collar and pulled him up face to face. "And if I should ever see you or any one of you here again..." his eyes showed his fury, his serpentine orbs reflecting fire, and he tossed the man back.

The mortal yelled in fear, stumbling backwards as he was paralyzed in fear. His cronies picked him up and ran out of town with their tails tucked between their legs. Smaug looked for his mate and found Myrena standing by a stall, watching him proudly. He half smiles to himself and walked towards her, meeting her halfway and she grabbed his shoulders and pulled him in for a kiss in the middle of the street.

"My king," Myrena whispered to him before she turned him around, showing him all the townspeople of Bellemore on their knees.

"That'll be fine," Smaug called out, "return to your daily lives."

The people got up and there was a round of cheers before everyone went back to work.

"You did well, husband." Myrena complimented when they were riding back home. "Too well, I think. Perhaps deserving of a reward?"

Smaug looked at her with a sly smirk, eyebrow raised in intrigue.

"I'm not complaining."

"Hah! I meant, how would you like to punish an entire town, my dragon?"

Smaug's eyes swapped to serpentine and smoke bellowed from his smirk.

"Oh I don't think you'll have to ask twice!"

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