

Excerpt

A Dragonling's Haunted Halloween

Dragonlings of Valdier book 1.2

By S. E. Smith

Trelon's dragon stirred deep inside of him. Its low groan echoed through him, pulling him awake. Unsure of what had woken him, he lay still with his eyes closed and let his senses take over. He was under attack.

Again, his dragon groaned, rolling over inside of him and burying its head. *You get this time.*

Coward, Trelon replied as the soft sound of a muffled giggle filled the air.

His lips twitched as he tried to act like he wasn't aware of what was about to happen. The covers of the bed tugged and moved for a brief second before it stopped. Another soft, muffled giggle escaped. At least he knew where one of his attackers was this time. Now, he needed to find out where the other one was hiding.

He rolled over onto his back and cracked his eyelids just enough to scan down the bed. The small lump under the covers moved stealthily toward him. From the giggle, it had to be Jade. Lifting the covers up so he could see her, he grinned when she froze.

"Caught you!" Trelon growled in triumph before his brow creased into a frown as he studied her. "What have you two gotten into this time? Where's your sister?"

Jade gave him a mischievous grin, causing Trelon's eyes to widen in suspicion. Alarm spread through him when she suddenly scurried up under the covers and he got a better look at her. Was that thread holding together deep cuts to her head, face and neck? And why was she turning green? Throwing the covers back, he barely had time to open his arms before she hit him in the chest with a low growl.

Symba, where are you? Jade is hurt, he called out in panic as he held her up above him so he could see the injuries better.

"Dada," Jade squealed.

"Dada!" Amber yelled.

Trelon's eyes widened even further when he saw Amber's body falling through the air above him as she suddenly shifted over the bed. He barely had time to lay Jade next to him so he could catch the falling figure of his other daughter in his arms. He grunted and winced when her foot caught him in the crotch. He swore he was going to have to start wearing protective gear as the girls got older.

A muffled curse escaped him when he saw Amber's face. Since when did she grow hair? On her face? He pulled back as she snapped her sharp teeth at him and growled fiercely. Now that, he was used to.

"Cara!" Trelon yelled as Jade, not to be out done, crawled onto his stomach and started bouncing up and down. "Cara! Help!"

A loud yelp escaped him when Jade landed lower at the same time as Amber successfully bit down on his ear. He didn't stand a chance when they doubled up on him, which was always. The beautiful laughter of his mate echoed in the room a moment before his lower extremities were rescued from further harm.

The moment Jade was safely tucked in Cara's arms, he wrapped his arms around Amber's wiggling body and rolled. The move made her squeal loudly in his ear. The thought that he didn't really need to hear out of that ear anymore swept through his mind for a brief moment before he buried his nose in her neck and nibbled.

A muffled laugh escaped him when she squealed again. Pulling back, he gazed down at her with a puzzled expression. His mouth automatically opened when she reached up to it. He nibbled absent-mindedly on her tiny fingers as her furry face stared up at him with adoring eyes.

"You look like a miniature Vox," he said with a frown. "How did that happen?"

"She's a Werewolf," Cara chuckled, sitting on the bed and releasing Jade.

"What happened to Jade?" Trelon asked in concern as she climbed up on his back and hung her green head over his shoulder.

"She's Jadenstein," Cara teased. "I'm working on costumes for them. I was able to create a program that will show them what they would look like dressed as different things. They both went nuts when they saw

the pictures of a Werewolf and Frankenstein. I'll show it to you later."

Trelon pushed up as Amber rolled and stuck her butt in his face. A moment later, both girls were crawling over his back. Fortunately for him, Cara had taken Amber's place.

His eyes darkened with desire as she wiggled her body under his. He pressed up far enough for her to straighten out. The movement drew squeals of delight from Amber and Jade. They were now kicking their heels into his sides and yelling 'horsey' at the top of their voices.

Symba, a little help would be appreciated, he called out to his symbiot. I'm under attack again.

A sigh of relief escaped him when Symba's huge, golden figure trotted into the bedroom. The girls, seeing their favorite playmate, scrambled off of his back. He grunted when he felt a knee in the center of his back.

He watched as Symba divided, catching each hyperactive toddler as they tumbled head first off the bed. Within seconds, twin golden 'ponies', complete with saddle, reins, and seat belt pranced out of the room.

"I love you," Cara whispered, watching Trelon's face soften as he watched the twins. "You are an amazing father."

Trelon's eyes turned back to his little mate. His gaze softened at the look of wonder and love in her eyes. He lowered his body, caging her under him. He pressed a tender kiss to her lips.

“You are the one who is amazing,” he replied in a husky voice. “You have given me so much.”

His eyes closed for a moment as she ran her hands up his chest and over his shoulders before burying them in his hair. A low groan escaped him when she gently caressed his lips. Pressing down, he deepened the kiss for several long seconds before he pulled back with a curse.

“I will be glad when it is safe to sleep without wearing clothing again,” he grumbled.

“After what happened the last time you didn’t, I think it might be a while,” Cara giggled as she ran her fingers over his cheeks.

“That is true,” he chuckled before burying his face in her neck as he remembered Amber and Jade’s delighted cry when they thought he had a new ‘play toy’ for them. He had fallen out of bed trying to get away from their inquisitive reach. After that, he had started wearing loose-fitting training pants to bed. “So, why are you making our daughters look like strange beasts.

Cara caressed the back of his neck and shoulders as she rubbed her cheek against his. A sigh of happiness escaped her at his quick response to her touch. Perhaps they could talk Symba into keeping the girls occupied for a few extra minutes.

“We’ll need a little longer than a few minutes,” he muttered as he pressed his swollen cock against her. “I’ll see if Abby or Ariel can watch them for a little while.”

Cara shook her head. "I'm supposed to be meeting up with them later to plan the Halloween party," she murmured in a distracted voice. "Symba is good with them. They've already eaten. They just want to play now."

"You can explain what Halloween is afterwards, then," he muttered, rolling onto his side and pushing his pants down. "You have two seconds to get your clothes off."

Cara laughed as she sat up and yanked her shirt over her head. "You're on," she said.