

Once upon a time, there was a place neither in the heaven nor on earth. It was a place that was floating in between. And of course, it was in possession of a dragon. And every dragon needs a princess. Or a pretty girl. Therefore, he took the most beautiful girl and captivated her in his place, where nobody could find her. And even if one would be able to find the place between the sky and earth, first that someone would have to be Him, a handsome and smart hero, who will reach it and fight the dragon. But she has been there long enough to be forgotten by everyone. There are other princesses and kingdoms, and not as much heroes. And if she really wanted to leave, she would have found the way. That's what people thought. But she didn't have wings to fly into the clouds. She was not strong enough to jump down into the darkness beneath her. Sad.

She was completely alone in this place, but in regular periods, around the midnight, there was a dragon coming into the city. He is half man, half a wind and a flame. She sees him in her fever nights. When he comes in their place, she has to brush his long, dark intricate hair of storms. She is cleaning it for hours from thorns and stones and space dust. She is also making his fire calm. She can't remember when she came there, but she has been having that fever for a long time. She has a dragon-fever from the pleasure with a fire. Heroes are born from dragons and he is trying to make her one. When he comes tired from doing dragon stuff around the universe, she is making his hair shiny and soft so that a fire in his chest can calm down, his eyes lose their aggressive gaze and his claws come inside. Soon after, he is breathing evenly and he falls asleep on her lap. She falls asleep too. With her fingers in his hair. Naive.

In early morning, his body starts to heat up and warmth of his head on her legs is sending shivers over her body. She is excited and afraid because she knows what is about to come. Hot stench from his mouth, which she feels between her legs, is already making her body to drop out fluids. He is awoken and he is starting to

smell her everywhere. With his long rugged tongue that splits at the top, like in a snake, he starts to lick her fluids. When she comes and he gets even more excited, he puts his claws in her back and takes her on his white chests. Laying so close to his heart, she can hear lava boiling in him. The pain in her back makes her weak to resist and smell of his animal crotch keeps her lustful. Then, she lies on a silky bed, face down on her stomach and he is licking her wounds until she feels relaxed and then he puts his life slowly into her. They are both fatty from his sweat. Sighs are turning into the roaring of an excited bull or a broken siren and his eyes are regaining a sparkle of a wild animal. She feels strong and big to handle him. She is holding him for his shiny mane and follows the rhythm of his big body. She came multiple times. In a fever and craziness, her body is filling with a power that she didn't know she could have, and she is ecstatic until the moment when he lets the flame inside of her, with a strong high scream, like a wolf in a full moon night. Inflammation.

Glowing warmness that is growing inside her starts from her stomach, coming through her gullet, to her throat, and lava gushes from of her mouth. He gets a zip and flies out into the sky like a bullet. He disappears in a form of a star. Now she is starting to feel in her bursts all pain that was mixed with passion and in its service. Her wounds are bleeding and she is in a red bed soaked with blood and sweat. She is feeling cold, shaking in a fever. Lava in her throat is getting cold and hard like her love for him. On the bed, there are three eggs that he laid when he flamed inside of her. *Fucking lizard!*- she says with a voice that is breaking from a pain. These eggs are her cure. She should eat them before little dragons come out. Like a hungry animal, she takes the slimy eggs in her mouth. Its content slowly goes through her throat and, together with breaking stoned lava, it's coming to her burned inside and healing it. She is sucking all of them, disgusted from their taste and from all the smells that are circling in that room. She is lying in bed for some hours until she is able to stand up. The room is big and full of vegetation. It's wet and warm and usually smells on tropical fruits. It's

so quiet, she can hear little insects crawling over plants and nasty flies buzzing over her injured body. When she is able to come up again, she leaves that room and goes to another one for regeneration. It's a clean and big space with cabins and potions to make her skin beautiful again. She starts to think how to get out of there or even how to kill the dragon and rule the place. She hates herself for being weak on him last night. She thinks she would rather die than touch him again. The only thing on her mind now is how to get out of this place, and if killing a dragon is what it takes, she will do it. She always has the same picture on her mind about this. She imagines a dragon sleeping on her lap, like always when he comes back, but this time she stays awake. And this time, when he is deeply in his dreams, a beautiful young hero comes with a spiked, heavy mace. She shows him how to strike a dragon, pointing at his life. She probably got this picture from an old fairy tale that she read when she was a child. *A hero with a mace - that's so fucking stupid!* She goes out on empty streets of their town and wanders around in rage and repentance. She rapidly walks through the narrow streets with her head up, looking to the bright blue sky. It's a sad, abandoned place. There used to be more dragons around here. They were important for people. People admired them with a fear. People stood in awe for these fallen stars and meteorites from outer space. Girls wanted to have these great lovers and they were honored to give a birth to a hero. *Fuck that shit, I want a normal comfortable life, like every princess should have!* She came to the edge of the city. Exhausted, she kneels down and looks at the abyss under her. She is thinking about where this city is in relation to the Earth. If she jumps now, she can break down on a hard ground or she can end up in the middle of the ocean. She is trying to recognize something through the dark mist down under, that is floating with the city. She stood there staring for hours, with tired eyes looking to shapes and colors, forgetting why she came there in a first place. She stands up and stays just on the edge of town and imagines to swing her body forward until it falls from edge. She closes her eyes and feels the wind on her face. A fear and

happiness is filling her body, with millions of anxious butterflies in her stomach and lungs. But then, she runs back to her building as fast as her feet can take her.

She is on a scene where the event took place, and she wildly starts to clean – first a red bed, then a room and then herself. She was cleaning until the very late at night. She was too tired to fall asleep with that tortured mind, so she took tranquilizer in a form of a pill. Her feelings were reduced and a pill provided careless state of mind. In the morning, she woke up like a newborn. She took care of the plants in her room. In another building there is a vegetable garden that she has planted shortly after she arrived there. She was cooking and eating all day long, while radio was playing. That is her only connection to the world below. After having a lot of food, she felt down again. So she made a tea that made her muscles and inhibitions relaxed and she was in a hypnotic, sedative state. She could see radio waves engulfing the room. She was dancing between them and she went to bed quite satisfied with how she spent the day. Just perfect.

It was different in the morning. She wanted to do something useful, to be productive, to work hard on something and to see the fruits of labor. There is a room for that, also. After she made a vegetable garden that grew well, she wanted to work on something more permanent. If it's her destiny to be on that place, she wants to make something that will remain after she is gone, which she can maybe send to the world like a trace of her existence. Since the dragon is a fallen star, he was bringing from his journeys all different kind of stones and materials that were spread around the city. She was collecting them to make objects and jewelery. Dragon likes them also. Dragons like precious things, especially if they are shiny. After working there for a while, she felt that her mind is still confused and it's trying to deal with all emotions that were overlapping in last days. But she really wanted to stay focused; she needed her hands to be precise and calm. She had a feeling that she was about to make the most beautiful piece ever. Also, she felt hungry but she didn't want to stop and she knew that after eating her blood pres-

sure will go down and she will not continue to work on this very important piece of art. She also knew that if she stops, she will think that it's the most stupid thing to make that stuff and she will not continue working on it. So she took a pill. Super energy boost. Incredibly focused, gloriously clear-minded, she finished her work in a hyper- productive mood. She was so happy that her life was not spent in vain, that she was there not only to give a birth to a hero; she had a purpose and a talent to make things. Materialistic things that can beat the time. Euphoria.

She wanted to share this with someone, she wanted to celebrate, she wanted to dance and talk to people. But it's deserted place, damn! Fortunately, there is a dragonfly pill that she took in the simulation room that is in the highest building in a city. She could see people in a room with a smooth light and they were happy and they were all looking at her. She was talking and discussing and she knew everything, she could speak about everything like she experienced the entire world. Then a music beat changed, and she was moving with it for hours. She was flying over the room in a rhythm of music. She probably felt like the dragon feels all the time. But even better, because she was a dragon and a princess at a same time. She thinks that now when she has wings, she can fly away from there. She opened a window and looked up to the early morning sky. Moon was still there. She closed her eyes and concentrated on a breeze on her face and in her hair. And suddenly, power of gravity released her and she went up. She was looking how a town under her feet was getting smaller and smaller until it disappeared from the view. She was endlessly happy. Then she realized that she was still going up. She wanted to control it and levitate in a space but she couldn't. Like there was another force bringing her up. And then very fast down. She could see the city again. She was scared and she started to pray that the force does not stop abruptly and sends her in free fall. She was scared more than ever before. While she was again very close to city, she saw a shadow moving inside. The dragon came back? Then a shadow came closer to a window. It was not a dragon. It was smaller. It was

a human. Somebody remembered her from the world down under and came to save her? Wrong timing.

While a force was playing yo-yo with her in space, she tried just to follow the shadow through the room. For a very brief moment she saw a face of a shadow, as it went out on a terrace. It was her. She saw herself with eyes closed and face turned in direction to the moon. Crazy shit. Like a shot, she lost consciousness up there in the universe.

Smell of wet asphalt and cold that came inside her bones woke her up. She was in a middle of a town. Tottering, she went to her warm and clean room and she fell asleep in a bed, with only one thought on her mind. Only one wish and that is to be close to dragon. *Please, come back and stay* - she said through her teeth in a half-dream. After few days, she wakes up. Hungry and thirsty, she takes whatever is the first that she can find in her room. Sweet citrus fruits. A coconut milk and some sort of special power-nuts. Her body and her mind are ready to meet the dragon. She starts to feel his smell all around in every room and she again desires that warmth inside of her.

Memories on last clash with him, with multiple orgasms she had are coming clear. A hatred and a bitterness that came after are successfully suppressed. Her healthy body is leading her mind. She is no more a prisoner in captivity; she is the chosen to be the one pleased by a great lover and with a purpose to give a hero to the world. She is looking to a starry sky waiting for a shooting star that leaves a bright trace in the sky that she can recognize as her dragon. And here he is, a meteor crashing down in the center of our city. Everything is shaking with a quake.

She sits reclined on a divan with nails sheathed in leather restraints. Her legs are slightly spread out. She is too wrecked to listen for his heavy footsteps approaching her. Her love is immense. Furious and tired, he enters through the door of the terrace. He goes right to her, still spitting little flames in a heavy breathing. He falls to the floor. She puts his head on her lap and cuddles him like a wounded animal. She puts her cheek against his, and kisses him as a

woman kisses beloved man. Her long fingers are in his mane and she unravels intricate tresses. With equal attention and precision like when she is making her jewelry, she is taking care of each part of his body. Tired but peaceful when she finishes, she falls asleep next to him. They breath together with a city, they float between the earth and the sky and this night, the city is the only place they want to be. This is splendid moment of this story. Happy end.

I might ended up here the narration if this is not a story that should enable continuous repetition, in accordance with the levitating city model.

Let's go back to a moment when she wakes up feeling watched. She lays aside and warmth waves are reaching her back. He is awake and he is observing the line of her neck. She turns around and comes very close to his face. They look each other straight into eyes without blinking. With his tongue he goes in one lick, from her hard nipples around her neck to her ear. He is repeating it while she moves her hips and rides his arm. Already there, after few minutes, she came. He is getting warm and wild, but he is putting his life slowly in her. She is enjoying the pain it brings to her body. She is alive; she has never been more alive. *Please, kill me, burn me, brake me* - she begs in tears. *I can't kill you, I need you* - he says with his harsh voice. She likes his voice, it makes her horny like a wild horse. Now they are fast and furious. Her body is twitching in spasms and she sees behind the sky and the stars, she is in a place of purple mist. A rocket is fired into her and she squirts all over the room to turn the fire down. And it's done. A dragon flew away at light speed, and she is left in a wet bed to fight the city in a fever.

*Very happy End*

