

## **Pet Dragons by Dawn M Turner**

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This short story is a moment in time for Tanya Campbell and her son Duncan. It takes place between **Lethal Attraction** and **Pack of Trouble**.

**Home of Colin & Tanya Campbell**  
**Campbell Wildlife Preserve**  
**Outside Flagstaff, Arizona**  
**March 2018**

The small boy faced off against the crouching, blood-red dragon. Neither gave so much as a twitch of surrender. Warm brown eyes glared into fiery red ones, which glared right back.

A low growl rumbled, and a snarl curled each top lip. Still, neither flinched.

As quickly as a one-year-old can move, the boy lashed out with one fist, sending the dragon reeling into the wall behind it. It bounced off the hard surface and lay unmoving.

A little-boy giggle lit the living room with delight.

Chuckling, Tanya set aside the book that had been resting in her lap, rose from the couch, and crossed the room. Picking up her son, she hugged him. “The dragon is truly vanquished. Well done, sir knight.”

Duncan secure on her hip, she bent to retrieve the small stuffed dragon and offered it to her son. “That’s not the way to treat a pet, though.”

The boy cut loose with one of the adorable toddler giggles she loved so much. He grabbed the dragon, hugging it and sticking the top of its head in his mouth.

“He forgives you, I’m sure,” she said, laughing softly, “but don’t eat his head.”

The front door opened, drawing her attention.

“Da!” Duncan hollered.

Her husband, Colin, entered, closing the door quickly against the chilly evening air. He smiled when he turned and caught sight of her.

A flutter went through her, and love made her heart feel too big for her ribcage, as it so often did when she saw the love in her mate’s eyes.

“How was your day?” he asked, crossing the tiled floor to join her.

“A mighty dragon learned not to challenge the indomitable will of our son.”

Colin chuckled.

Tossing the stuffed toy on the floor, Duncan reached for his dad, who grinned and caught him up close. Once the little one was settled on his hip, Colin slipped an arm around her waist and drew her close for a kiss.

As he straightened, he grinned. “That silly old dragon should know better by now. The will of an alpha is not to be underestimated.”

Tanya lifted a brow in question. “You truly think our son’s a future alpha?”

“No doubt. Life’s going to get *really* interesting when he hits his teens.”

With a laugh, she embraced her husband and son. “I guess it’s a good thing that’s years away yet. Until then, he can continue battling his pet dragon.”

Colin laughed, drawing a toddler-giggle from their son.