

Encounter: Dreaming of Sky

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Dreaming of Sky

Brenton sat at the bar, watching Sky Lilly, his sub, talking and laughing with her friends, Mireya and Selena, at the other end of the bar. He sighed and took a pull on his beer. His body was a cauldron of heat and desire. His cock was so hard it could pound nails and his balls ached for release. It had taken everything in him during his session with Sky not to sink into her wet heat and satisfy his hunger for her right then and there, but he was her Dom and this was not a sexual relationship. There were rules, boundaries, things he just couldn't do, and sex was one of them.

"Go up to her," Katrina, the club manager, urged.

"No," Brenton replied curtly.

"That's 'cause he's chicken." A hand clamped on his shoulder and gave it a hard squeeze. Brenton looked up to see his brother Egan grinning down at him.

"I'm not chicken. It's just not the right time."

"Then when is?" Egan asked before taking a sip of his beer.

"When pigs fly?" Katrina offered.

"Don't you have invoices to check?" Brenton grumbled.

"Did that, bored now." Katrina grinned at him and sipped her gin and tonic.

"Well go find something else to do and stop bothering me."

“Well, aren’t we a grouchy dragon? You need to get laid. If not, then use your hand. It would make us all happy. Excuse me.” Katrina left the table.

Brenton felt like pointing out that she hadn’t had sex in quite a while, either, but didn’t. Instead, he sipped his beer.

“Look bro, just go talk to her,” Egan urged.

“Drop it,” Brenton said before laying a few bills on the counter and standing up, his beer only half done. “I’m going. Tell Kyden I’ll see him later.”

He left before his brother could say anything to dissuade him from leaving. Nothing Egan could say would convince him staying was in his best interest. Pressure was building in his body and his dragon wanted out, so it could fuck what it recognized as his mate. Brenton refused to lose control, especially around Sky. She needed time to get comfortable around him. Their relationship was still in the beginning stages and trust was tenuous at best. He wasn’t going to screw things up by letting his dragon control his dick because he wanted to get laid.

Instead of going home he headed to his office where he could be alone. Once the door was shut and locked he stripped out of his clothing and strode to the bedroom where he climbed onto the bed and rested against a large pile of pillows. During his sessions with Sky he’d always fantasized about taking her here and taking care of her before making love to her.

Today had been one of those days. She’d been cuffed into place, bent over a leather spanking bench, her ass elevated, legs spread wide, torturing him with the sight of her plump, damp folds. He’d wanted to drop down to his hands and knees and feast on her puffy cunt lips, lapping up her cream as she came all over his mouth. Instead, he’d continued to give her the paddling she’d asked for while holding himself in check.

Now, he could let loose.

Brenton leaned over and grabbed the bottle of lube he’d kept on his side table for cases such as this and squirted the cool gel into his hand before taking hold of his cock and giving himself a stroke. He held his shaft as he pushed down the top of the lube

and let it fall to the mattress as he relaxed against the pillows and allowed his mind to play out what he'd truly wanted to do.

His eyelids dropped down until his worldview was seen through dark lashes. His breath came out in pants as his hand began to move. With slow, smooth strokes up and down, pausing only to smear the pre-cum and add to the lubrication.

* * *

Sparks of electricity were set off as the heat began to build, taking him from a soft simmer to a bonfire. He spread his legs and slipped his free hand under his balls, rolling and tugging the delicate orbs gently as he watched Sky Lilly's rounded ass quiver. Her soft cries filled the air along with the soft slap of the paddle.

"Please, Brenton, fuck me," she moaned, her body quaking as her hands gripped her restraints tighter.

Unable to resist, he let the paddle fall to the floor, barely noticing the large thud. He dropped to his knees and positioned himself behind her, his cockhead already flushed a deep red, a small bead of pre-cum dotted the crest. Brenton took his cock in hand and positioned himself at her dripping entrance. He could feel her moist heat against his cock as if she was really there with him. With a groan he pushed his hips forward, sinking into her tight, wet heat. Her sheath was slick and hot. He felt lightheaded as overwhelming pleasure lit up his nerve endings.

Sweat beaded his forehead and upper lip as he held still. His whole body was on sensory overload. Her musky scent of arousal whirled around him, the heat and grip of her pussy was almost too much for him to experience. It felt too good. His dragon demanded he fuck her, hard. That's not what Brenton wanted. This would be just as good for her as it would be for him. He reached out and took her hips, pulling back and shoving forward, sinking further into her tight cunt.

Brenton could feel her walls contract and relax. Sky's soft cries and moans filled his ears as he rocked in and out of her, slowly building up the pleasure. He ignored the burning heat at the base of his spine and the pressure building inside of him as his hips flexed and pulled back.

Sweat slipped down his face to cut a path over his chest and abdomen. The room was now an inferno, the sheets damp with moisture. The slick sounds of sex filled his ears. The noise in his mind was the music of his love making with Sky, their hips pushing forward and back.

“Sky,” he moaned as he increased the pace, fucking Sky harder, the hard slaps of wet flesh now echoed around the room. He grunted as the pressure built within him to fever pitch. His stomach tightened as his hips moved faster. His cock began to burn as the lubricant wore away and he swore, not wanting to stop. The pressure and desire built, the inferno circling around his gut. The burning turned to a tingling as his balls drew up closer to his body. The bed squeaked as his movement increased. Sweat slipped over his body as he strained to hold himself back.

Sky had yet to come. He could see her face, milk chocolate skin bathed in sweat, her breasts jiggling with each movement, her body trying to move with him. Instead she was bound to the bench as he took her. He reached around her hip, slipping his fingers between her folds and strummed her pussy. Brenton felt her cunt ripple and contract around his cock. He came as Sky cried out her climax. He froze as the pressure burst like a balloon and fire washed through him. Pleasure so intense rushed over him setting his nerve endings alight. He let out a loud roar as jets of come shot through the air.

His lungs couldn't take in oxygen. He'd forgotten how to breathe. He felt lightheaded as his heart pounded against his ribcage.

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As he drifted down from his climax, Brenton groaned and rested his head against the pillow, his hand continuing to pump out the last of his seed before letting his now flaccid cock slip out of his grip. As the world became awash with colors and sounds that were no longer fantasy, Brenton groaned. His body, though satisfied, wanted the real thing. The problem was, the real Sky wasn't ready for him yet.

“But she will be,” he vowed, sliding off the bed and heading for the shower. “Soon.”

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