

Christmas with Drogan

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Christmas with Drogan

“Merry Christmas, Captain, Sir,” Rena Morrigan said shyly. Untying the red robe she shrugged out of the heavy material and let it fall to the floor in a heap. Holding her breath, she waited for a response, anything that told her he understood what she was offering. Drogan stood there, black eyes roaming over her nude body. Rena resisted the urge to cover up. Never in her life had she done something so bold to get a man’s attention.

He began to circle her slowly. “Beautiful, simply beautiful.”

Drogan ran just his fingertip along the curve of one shoulder before moving down to trace a path along her arm. His touch sent fire skittering across her skin, goose bumps rising in the wake of the blaze. Her heart thudded against her chest and she had trouble figuring out how to breathe. Rena couldn’t think for the life of her, everything came down to feeling and what felt overwhelmed her.

He wasn’t even touching any of the good bits and yet she was already so overheated she was ready to pass out. Her sex was heavy and already slick, her stomach was up in knots, and her breasts ached for a touch, no matter how light. She would take anything from him if he would just make her come. She was ready to burst.

“Captain...” she started, not sure what she was going to say.

“You’re perfect Rena. How could I have been so blind?” He stood before her, fingertip now on her stomach, circling her navel. “Well, I can see now and I can’t wait to touch you, taste you, make you come over and over again until we both can’t move.”

His fingertip was no longer circling her navel, instead it moved down, over her mound and between her thighs. She spreading her legs farther apart, and her eyes drifted closed. Her pussy tingled with awareness. Pushing her hips forward, she asked silently for more.

“Tell me what you want Rena. Tell me what you need,” he commanded as his fingertip moved up one pussy lip and down the other before circling the entrance of her cunt.

“I want you,” she whispered.

“What? I didn’t hear you, louder.” He growled out the command making a shiver of anticipation run down her spine. Shaking slightly she swallowed and took in a deep breath.

“I want you,” she repeated, louder this time.

“That’s what I thought you said. Now extend your arms over your head.”

Licking her lips she did as she was told, something soft wrapped around her wrists and snapped into place. Looking up she saw that what held her were fur lined cuffs.

“Spread your legs farther apart.”

She followed that order without question. Another set of fur lined cuffs wrapped around her ankles and snapped shut.

“Close your eyes,” He ordered softly. She obeyed, holding her breath, waiting for his next move. Something soft and smooth slipped over her eyes. Exhaling softly she felt the material pressing tightly to her head.

“There, blindfolded, shackled and at my mercy. Perfect.”

She heard the rustle of clothing and the rasp of a zipper. Soft thuds followed before she felt the grip of hands on her thighs.

“You have such a pretty pussy and tonight it’s all mine to do with as I please.” His moist breath caressed her heated, slick flesh. Anticipation sung through her veins as she waited for his next move. She didn’t have to wait long. Something blunt and wet traced a path up one pussy lip and down the other before circling her wet entrance. The dull object sank into her hot, wet depths before retreating. Forward and back, pushing further inside of her with each thrust. She squeezed her vaginal muscles around the object trying to keep it inside of her.

Another set of hands took hold of her waist, lips planted feather soft kisses over her shoulder blades.

“Enjoy your surprise, Rena,” Drogan whispered against her ear, shocking her.

If he’s here, then who is between my legs? She didn’t want this, she wanted only Drogan to touch her.

The grip on her thighs increased, holding her still. “Don’t move unless you’re told to,” Drogan growled. He traced the shell of her ear with just the tip of his tongue. “This is my gift to you. A pleasure ‘bot to lick that beautiful pussy while I get to take this delicious ass.”

He blazed a trail of fire as he kissed his way along her spine. The cheeks of her ass parted and she felt moist breath being blown against her puckered back entrance. Rena tried to keep herself in check. The pleasure ‘bot between her legs began fucking her harder with its tongue. She felt something cold and hard on her clit, rubbing it slowly at first before picking up the pace. Behind her, something slick and cool teased her anus.

The thing pushed past the first ring of her anus sinking further into her dark passage. “Right now it’s just a finger, but soon I’ll be fucking you up the ass. Do you want that Rena? Do you want that as much as I do?”

“Yes, Captain, I do,” she responded, surprised at how husky her voice sounded. He withdrew his finger, replacing it with two, stretching the delicate walls. There was pain for a moment before she began to feel the pleasure. The pleasure ‘bot between her thighs had stopped using his tongue to fuck her. Instead she felt something thick and

long being pushed inside of her. It circled her clit before sucking the hard nubbin into its mouth. Moaning, she tried to move. The thick shaft began to pump faster and faster matching the pace of the fingers in her ass.

Her climax grew with each thrust, higher and higher she climbed only to fall back to earth when Droган extracted his fingers. Letting out a frustrated growl she tugged at her restraints. *Slap*. Droган's hand connected with the cheek of her ass. "Now you must be punished." He spanked her again on the other cheek. The sharp sting faded, mixing with the pleasure. The pleasure 'bot continued to lick her pussy, the thick shaft fucked her harder and faster.

So close, she was almost there, almost at the edge, all she needed was him. "Droган."

"Now we fuck."

Her ass cheeks parted again, she felt the tip of his cock pressing against her anus. Holding her breath, she waited for him to thrust forward. Sweat slipped down her body, her fingers wrapped around the chains of her handcuffs, holding on tight as she waited.

"Breathe, Rena, breathe," he whispered. She cried out as he thrust into her, stretching the delicate tissue of her anus. He withdrew and pushed forward. His cock sinking into her slowly, pleasure and pain clashed and mingled, heightening what she was feeling. She was drowning in pleasure.

Every time she tried to surface, Droган or the pleasure 'bot would pull her down. Each tug, each thrust caused her orgasm to twist and coil tighter. Rivulets of sweat slipped over her brow, down her chest. Her body rocked back and forth with each thrust. Rena's breath came out in harsh pants, her grip on the chains increased. The pleasure 'bot bit down on her clit and she came on a tidal wave of fire. Washed away, drowning, she was pulled down further as another wave took her under.

One of Droган's hands slipped up, taking hold her breast, rolling and pinching her nipple causing her body to jerk as a jolt of electricity went straight to her clit. The pleasure 'bot flicked and sucked her clit, the shaft between her legs continued to thrust.

The pleasure 'bot and Drogan fucked her hard, the pace fast. Her legs were shaking, toes curling. She came over and over again, aftershocks caused her to tremble. It was too much. She wasn't sure she could take the pleasure any more. Tears soaked the blindfold.

Finally the pace slowed and then Drogan withdrew. The pleasure 'bot stopped eating her. The shaft slipped from between her thighs. Small spasms caused her pussy to clench on nothing but air. Her muscles twitched and jumped. The restraints around her ankles were the first to go, then her wrists and arms fell down to her sides. Her body sagged against something hard and hot.

"Shhhh, it's okay, Rena. It's okay. You rest for now," Drogan whispered. He ran his fingers through her hair as she began to calm down. Her heart still beat a tattoo against her chest and her breath came out ragged, as if she had been running a marathon. The blindfold still remained and she didn't bother to remove it as she was carried across the room. "Rest now." Cool covers slipped over her body and she fell asleep.

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Rena awoke with a start and swore. "Another dream about Drogan." She sighed, rolled over and closed her eyes, praying for a dreamless sleep.

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