

Encounter: The Flying Prince
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The Flying Prince

Flying in his husband's arms was easily the best feeling in the world. Unfortunately, his "husband" was his "wife" right now. Being married to a male-female shifter was exciting. Eventful. It was just that Queen Nubes, when she was in female form, couldn't carry him.

That being said, Nubes, male or female, was the greatest partner Andy had ever enjoyed. The fact that they were married and expecting their first child only made that truth more evident.

This night, their royal duties completed for the day, Andy and Nubes snuck out to a private balcony. Andy shut and locked the doors behind them so that no one would sneak up on their play time.

The queen's belly was round with child. She didn't hide this but wore clothing that emphasized it. Now she strode to the balcony's wrought iron railing and rested her hands on its top. "You have a certain look in your eye, my prince. What do you desire?"

"You," Andy answered simply. He began stripping.

Nubes laughed. "In truth? Even as I look now?"

"You are fully aware of how beautiful I find you, carrying my child or not." Naked, he approached. "Where would you like me to start?"

"With my wings?"

Andy delighted in her sudden shyness, so rare between them when it came to lovemaking. Or anything else, he thought with some amusement. Then he began stroking her snowy wings. He started with the tops, the muscular part, massaging deeply and firmly, enjoying the way she moaned, throaty. like an alto singer, just before orgasm.

He was fully aware that this foreplay could bring her to the edge and he continued moving his hands against her wings, tugging playfully at a feather

here and there, smiling to himself. She was shy about having her wings touched but she loved it.

Her secret place would be growing dewy by now, he decided after about ten minutes or so of purposeful massage. He left off her wings and began undressing her. Through the wrought iron railing, above it, their subjects would be able to see them except for a bit of magic one of Nubes's ancestors had traded for a royal favor. They were able to enjoy the night breeze and the starry sky without risking being exhibitionists.

He removed her sandals first and as she balanced with her left foot in the air, he rubbed a thumb up her arch. He felt her shudder and so he followed his finger's movement with his tongue.

"Oh, Andy, that's disgusting." But she sounded too pleased to be reproachful.

"Give me your other foot." He loved her secret arousal places. After he'd licked her other arch, he lifted her skirts and began kissing his way up her thighs.

"I was planning to give you pleasure tonight," she said, sounding slightly put out.

"If you really desire it, I will oblige. But for today..." He kissed her slightly swollen ankles. "You're lovely. I cannot keep my hands to myself." He suited gesture to words and began massaging her calves. When she moaned again, he redoubled his efforts, moving up, hiding his head under her skirts. In the almost total darkness, he found the juncture between her thighs and fingered his way between the folds.

"Andy..." She shuddered. "Please, don't stop."

He brought her effortlessly to her first orgasm and started on the second, determined to draw this one out more slowly. He listened to her pleasure noises and backed off time and again as they grew louder.

She spread her legs and lifted her skirts so that she could bury her long fingers in his ebony hair. "You're a merciless tease."

Her most secret opening had been causing her some trouble so he stayed away from it, except to dabble at the edges. He concentrated on her bud.

She tasted like honey. Well, not quite, but it was the closest analogy he could come up with. She was slick and wet and hot. He let out a groan of his own when the combination of her taste and the fingers tugging at his hair overwhelmed him. He felt the stiffness of his erection and grinned. Then he went back to licking her toward slow orgasm.

“I need you to... to... *Oooh!*” She had her second pleasure. “Andy, get up. I want to wrap my lips around you.”

He rose, letting her skirts drop gently. “If my queen insists, I must obey.”

His wife swatted the side of his head. Not too hard, but not too gently either. Then she went to her knees. She didn’t swallow him whole, although he knew she could. Instead, she began massaging his buttocks.

He loved that.

When his ass had been massaged to her satisfaction and he’d spread his legs a little in anticipation, she wetted a finger and slipped it deep inside him. That single digit was so long and, thanks to its owner, so talented, that she touched off a flare of pleasure almost at once. It was Andy’s turn to voice his enjoyment.

Now she licked the end of his cock. He shivered and begged, “Please.”

His queen, his wife, his beloved, took him almost all the way in. And she worked her throat so that he was squeezed and released, squeezed and released. His pleasure spiraled up and up.

He grasped the tops of her wings and began stroking them. Sometimes he pulled on a fistful of feathers.

She whimpered and sucked him harder.

He found his bliss in her mouth and cried to the listening sky. “Oh, Nubes, Nubes, *mi amor...*”

She chuckled as she sat back, wiping her chin. "I love it when you speak my Spanish."

"Your Spanish, is it?" he teased.

"Absolutely. I'm queen here after all."

"Of the Sylphs, not the humans," he pointed out.

She laughed. "Sylphs invented Spanish. I win." She climbed to her feet. "Now, if you'll assume the position, I want your face between my legs again."

It would go on like this for hours. Nights were Andy's favorite time. There was no doubt about it. When he was pleasing her and being pleased in return, even though she couldn't carry him through the sky, he felt like he was flying.

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