

Changeling Press

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A muscular man's back and arm are shown against a dark blue background filled with white stars and glowing blue arcs. The man is wearing dark pants. The title 'Reclaimed' is in a light blue, stylized font, and 'DRAGONKIN' is in a white, stylized font. A red Celtic knot design is on the left side of the title.  
Reclaimed  
DRAGONKIN

# **Dragon Kin: Reclaimed**

## **Selena Illyria**

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## **Dragon Kin: Reclaimed**

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**Control is essential for a dragon, what with their fiery breath, knife-sharp nails, and teeth that can shred a human in moments.**

**The day Brenton loses control is the day he runs from the one woman who can complete him, his fire companion. Now he's back and he's going to reclaim Sky Lilly forever and always.**

## Chapter One

There she was on her knees, like a good little sub. Sky Lilly was blindfolded, her hands bound behind her back in the fur-lined cuffs he'd picked out. The best part of it all was that she was naked. Every inch of her milk chocolate skin was exposed to his hungry gaze. Fire blazed through his veins as his cock hardened and pressed against the butter-soft suede of his pants. He had to take a deep breath in order to keep himself from going to her and fucking her senseless. His scales rippled under his skin, and his dragon pawed the space between them, begging silently to be let out.

*Soulerrrrr*, it purred in its gruff voice. Soul mate.

*Ours*, Brenton replied. He made his way further into the room, trying to keep as much space between them as possible. His dragon was already too close to the surface for it to be safe for her. Puffs of silvery smoke floated within view as arousal built inside of him. Desire skittered up and down his spine. His balls throbbed as the need to mate increased. His bones expanded and retracted, setting off sparks of pain.

*Stop*, he commanded his dragon. *We cannot shift here. It would scare our mate.*

The dragon paused. *Claim later*, it rasped.

*Yes, later. Now go.*

The dragon retreated deep into Brenton and he felt his body settle back into its human frame. The aches and pains faded away until Brenton could breathe without blowing out smoke. He began moving around the room, keeping her in sight as he selected his implements of pleasure for tonight. Sky had made a special request, and he had agreed to give it to her.

She wanted to be ridden hard tonight and not have him hold back. He would be more than pleased to give this to her. Yes, he had broken the rules, *his* rules, but it was worth it. *She* was worth it. He chose his signature suede flogger, an anal plug, lube and

a vibrator with clit stimulator. *These should do for now.* He carried the items to a small table near her and laid them out with great care.

"Sky?"

"Yes, sir?"

"Are you ready to begin?"

"Yes, sir," she replied in a husky whisper.

A tremor ran through him at the tone of her voice. Her arousal scented the air, joining the musky perfume of incense. He tilted back his head and looked up at the ceiling. Brenton closed his eyes. His hands curled into tight fists, his nails digging into the palms as he tried to keep himself in check. *Easy, easy, she's not ready for all of me yet,* he admonished himself.

"Sir?" she softly asked.

He bit his bottom lip to hold back a groan. His hands trembled. Just the sound of her voice tested the limits of his control. He gazed at her and bit down hard, drawing blood. The metallic taste rushed over his tongue, reminding him for a second that he had to stop himself from reaching out. His gaze moved over her curves, her small high breasts and lush hips. *Goddess, I want to fuck her so badly.* His cock jumped as he imagined the feel of her tight, wet sheath contracting around him as he pounded into her hard and fast.

A groan escaped and he silently swore.

"Sir, are you okay?" she asked. Worry tinged her tone, which made him melt a little. She had only been with him for three months and already they'd formed a bond that, to him, was unbreakable. He felt as close to her as to his brothers. In his soul he knew she was his fire companion. He would have to wait to tell her though. She had just come out of being bonded to a dragon lord. Sky would want freedom first before settling down again. For now, he'd take this time with her.

"I'm fine, Sky," he lied. Brenton was hanging on by a thread. He hadn't had sex in three months, all because of her. It had shocked him when his brothers pointed out that they hadn't seen him with anyone in quite a while.

Truth was no one else had caught his eye the way Sky had. He couldn't picture himself being with anyone else. Taking another to his bed felt wrong. Brenton hadn't yet told his brothers about Sky. Not yet, this was too new. She was his, all his, and he didn't want to share her with them just yet.

They knew her already, but they didn't know what she meant to him. Part of him hated keeping something like this from them, but he'd shared everything with his siblings all his life. Sky would be only his. He took a steadying breath before proceeding with the session he'd planned especially for her.

"I'm going to start by using an anal plug. You've expressed interest in being taken there. I'm going to help you up. You are to lean over the bench and relax. This may hurt or cause you some discomfort. If you need me to stop, use your safe word." He held his breath and waited for her reply.

"Yes, sir."

"Good." He braced himself to touch her. The dragon had peeked out. Its forked tongue slithered out of its mouth, tasting the air. Brenton's scales rippled underneath his skin, threatening to overtake him. *Go away, it's not time yet.*

The dragon huffed, silver steam slipping from its long jaw. *Soon?*

*Soon.*

The dragon disappeared into the cave again. He closed his eyes and braced himself for the soft touch of her skin. With great care he helped her to her feet and guided her to the padded leather bench. Once she was positioned the way he wanted, Brenton let out a breath he hadn't known he was holding.

"Spread your legs wide." He couldn't keep the gruffness out of his voice. Need was burning him alive. Having her in his arms and the feel of her skin against his chest had almost been his undoing. He took a large step back and sent out a prayer that he wouldn't screw this up. This was a gift to her. Sky had earned it. Sky hadn't been a smartass sub who'd given a lot of mouth and resisted. She'd accepted all tasks perfectly and been a model sub. Her trust in him shocked him. He had to get this right for her. Just had to. His needs didn't matter. She was all he should be focusing on.

Brenton licked his lips and went to get the anal plug and lube, all the while telling his dragon to calm down. Once he had control he went back to her with the toys.

"I'm going to use my fingers to prepare you and then put the plug in. There will be discomfort."

He loathed hurting her in any way but this is what she wanted. He took a deep breath, got down on his knees and teased her anus with slow circles. Brenton was awed that she seemed so relaxed. She just accepted his ministrations. Slowly he sank one finger into the tight passage and paused. *Amazing*. Not even a whimper. He continued and pushed past the first ring. Her back channel contracted and relaxed against the invasion. He pulled out and pushed forward with short thrusts.

"Are you uncomfortable?"

"A little."

"Sky, don't lie to me."

"I am uncomfortable but I'm enjoying this very much," she assured. He sniffed the air. Her arousal had increased. The sweet musky scent mingled with the tang of sweat and her vanilla perfume.

"Shall I continue?" he asked softly.

"Yes, please, sir."

"All right." He pumped his finger slowly in and out of her anus until she began to respond. Sky rocked her hips back at him. Soft sounds of pleasure fell from her lips, which made him swell with pride. It always made him feel good to please her. He withdrew his finger and inserted two, increasing the pace as he watched her body for the minute changes that would indicate she was no longer comfortable.

She moved her head back. The dark brown waves of her hair flew through the air and slid down over her back and shoulders. Her moans grew louder. Her back passage tightened and relaxed around his fingers.

"Are you still comfortable?"

"Yes," she moaned, forgetting to add the sir. He didn't let that indiscretion pass. He stopped finger-fucking her to swat first one cheek and then the other.



"What is the rule, Sky?" He waited for her answer him.

She panted softly. He could hear her heart pounding against her chest. Even the hard swallow she made was audible to his sensitive hearing.

"I forgot to call you sir when you asked a question," Sky replied softly. She lowered her head.

"What do you say to make things right?"

"I'm sorry, sir."

Brenton caressed her back and resumed fucking her ass. She threw back her hips, pushing herself onto his fingers.

"That's it, Sky, enjoy yourself. Take your pleasure. You're doing beautifully. Don't be afraid to tell me if you want more." Brenton closed his eyes and gritted his teeth. Just feeling the grip of her ass around his fingers was torture. His cock had become impossibly harder. He had to resist the urge to undo his breeches, take hold of his cock and stroke himself in time with the rhythm of her hips.

*This isn't about my pleasure, but hers,* he reminded himself. This was so difficult. He wanted to be inside her when she came. Brenton gazed down at her sweat-misted back and reached out. He moved her hair to the side and watched her spine ripple. The silver and black tattoo glittered in the low golden light. He was thankful that her dragon lord had freed her. If she'd still been bonded there wouldn't have been hope for him.

From the moment he'd spotted her at a town function on the arm of her former master, Brenton had known she was for him. Now he had to convince her there was more between them than just fulfilling a need. As he watched her body move, anticipation spiked in his body. His pleasure was so attuned to hers that every thrust of her hips brought him closer to climax. The delicate walls of her rectum rippled.

"Sir, may I please come?" she requested softly.

"Not yet, Sky. Do not come until I tell you." He withdrew two fingers, slathered on more lube and thrust in three digits. She gasped and he paused.

"Does it hurt, Sky? Would you like me to stop?" He waited. His breath came out in soft pants. Every second that passed by was like an eternity. He was wound up so tight he thought he would snap once she answered.

"Please, sir, let me come," she said, louder this time.

He held back a grin. "Not yet. Just a little longer."

Brenton pulled out his fingers, grabbed the vibrator, lubed it up and slipped it between her plump folds and adjusted the clit stimulator so once the vibrator was on it would be in the right spot. She gasped. "Sir?"

"It's just a vibrator. I promise you'll enjoy this even more." He flicked the switch. Her cry of surprise made him smile. Brenton waited for a few seconds before resuming, slipping his fingers into her tight rear channel once again. He muffled a groan at the feel of the vibrations coming through the thin membrane dividing her pussy and ass.

"Are you enjoying this, Sky?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is this what you wanted?"

"Yes, sir." She increased the pace of her hips. Each contraction of her walls around his fingers was shorter and shorter. Her breathing was rough; her moans became louder and louder. Brenton reached between her legs and turned on the clit stimulator. Her body bucked as she screamed. Her anus clenched around his fingers. Brenton cried out as her pleasure rushed through him. Pleasure shot up his spine. His balls pulled closer to his body. He came hard, soaking the suede of his breeches. Brenton felt lightheaded. He swayed on his knees, nearly forgetting what he was there for. As the aftershocks subsided in both their bodies he swore. For the first time in his life he'd lost control of not only the situation, but himself. He hadn't even been inside of her!

Later he would think on what happened. For now Brenton withdrew his fingers, turned off the vibrator and slipped it out of her body. He got up and put the vibrator into a small bin. Brenton grabbed a box of wet wipes and went back to Sky. He went

about the process of cleaning her up. Silence fell between them. Brenton sensed her uneasiness. "Is there something wrong, Sky?"

"I came without permission. I apologize, sir."

Normally he'd punish a sub for disobeying him, however, in this instance he'd let it slide. "I will allow this leniency once, but next time you will obey me. Do you understand, Sky?"

"Yes, sir."

He was about to give her instructions when a knock on the door drew his attention. "Go clean up and we will resume this session in a bit." He undid the cuffs and took off the blindfold.

"Yes, sir." She rose and went to the bathroom.

"Come in," he barked out.

"You sound happy," Katrina, his club manager, sassed.

He growled. "I asked not to be interrupted."

"I know but we've got a problem. The goblins and the gargoyles are getting into it. One of the rats touched one of the stone-faces' women, and let's just say it's not pretty. Security is handling things as best they can but it would be a good thing if you came down and put in an appearance. Sorry, boss, but we do need you." Katrina turned and left the room.

As soon as the door closed he punched a nearby wall, putting a dent in the drywall. He cursed at revealing his anger in this manner. "Fuck, fuck, fuck."

Again he'd lost his control. The perfect night he'd planned had gone down the drain. Someone was going to get hurt and it sure as hell wasn't going to be him. Brenton cleaned up quickly, putting on a new set of breeches and boots. He went down into the main club and surveyed the fighting factions, spewing threats at one another.

"That's enough!" he roared. His scales rippled and smoke poured from his nostrils and mouth. His dragon was just as pissed as he was about being interrupted.

"Goblins, haul your asses out of my club. You've got a three-month ban. If you open your pie holes to protest I will make sure you all are breathing out of your asses.

And if you're so inclined to protest to your king, I will make it so your ass will be where your head should've been. Understand?"

The goblins nodded their horned heads and slunk away. Brenton turned toward the gargoyles, who looked like they were still spoiling for a fight. "Try it and they'll be picking up pieces of you all over the place. Leave now and nothing will get started, understand?"

As one they turned to look at him, their sharp teeth bared. They growled low and he growled right back. He let down his shields and sent out a burst of power which caused everyone within ten feet to stumble back or fall. He waved his bouncers over and instructed them to follow the goblins and gargoyles before he returned to Sky. She was back on her knees with the blindfold on.

"Beautiful," he murmured before shutting the door. "Are you ready to fulfill your next desire?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you enjoy your induction into anal sex?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me what you want."

"I wish for you to fuck me, sir."

He swallowed. The dragon appeared again, clawing at the air. The yearning he felt from the beast was overwhelming. Brenton doubled over as his muscles and bones stretched and became longer. Pain shot through his hands as they formed into claws. In the distance he heard fabric tearing and knew his pants were destroyed.

*Damn it, stop. We're going to scare her.* The dragon didn't care. It wanted very badly to fuck its mate.

"Sir?"

"I'm fine, Sky." He winced at how gruff his voice sounded. It was so deep and rough that he was sure his words were garbled.

"Sir?"

When he looked up, her blindfold was off and she was looking at him in fear.

"Sky, please, don't look at me."

"Sir?"

"Damn it! Put the blindfold back on. Give me a second and we'll continue."

"You are in pain." She moved closer, causing him to growl. Sky stumbled back, horror clear on her face. "I'll go get help."

"No!"

It was too late. She rose and rushed past him. He let out a loud growl in protest. Only the sound of the door hitting the wall told him she had left. After what felt like an hour had passed, he heard Katrina's voice.

"Sky, get dressed and leave. I'll handle this."

"No!" Sky said.

"Yes, now shut up or I'll call his brothers. Never mind, I better call them anyway."

Brenton swore and fell to the floor. He curled up into a ball and cursed his luck. An hour later he found himself shivering and cold as his brothers milled around his bed. Katrina had filled them in, thankfully leaving out any details about Sky.

"We'll take it from here," his brother Egan said.

Katrina left. Before either of his brothers could ask, Brenton cut them off. "I don't want to talk about it. Just leave and I'll handle it."

"Bren --"

"No, just go, guys. I need to be alone. I'll talk about it later," he lied.

Kyden sighed. "Fine, but you better tell us about it. It's not like you to lose control like this."

Thankfully they left without another word. Brenton slid out of bed and strode to the floor-to-ceiling windows that looked out onto Utopian Bay. Somewhere out there, Sky was probably scared and alone. When they met again, if she came back to the club, he'd lay everything on the table and let her decide where they would go next. But first he'd have to do something about his dragon.

## Chapter Two

**Two months later...**

"So, we're doing well and the opening of the new dungeon is going to bring in new clientele," Katrina said.

"Uh huh," Brenton replied as he scanned the patrons of Pagan's Corner pub.

"We need new security, though."

"Sure, sure." He didn't look at her when he answered. Without looking, he reached out and picked up his ale. Brenton took a sip and put the glass back on the table.

"The sky is neon orange with yellow polka dots."

"Lovely." Finally he spotted her, moving with fluid grace among the patrons. He leaned forward, trying to get a better look. A hard smack on the back of his head forced his chin to hit his chest. He swore and looked back at Katrina. "What the hell?"

"Is Sky why we're here? You told me you were buying me drinks."

"We *are* drinking." He gestured to the glasses on the table.

Katrina rolled her eyes. "Whatever. Look, just go up and talk to her. She's been to the club a few times and feels horrible about the way she reacted. Although I'd have freaked out too if you'd shifted on me with no warning."

"I just don't know --"

"Talk to her. Her dragon lord wasn't a bad man. He didn't abuse her in any way or treat her badly like some did. Sky will understand."

"I yelled at her."

"You weren't in your right mind. As long as you truly feel sorry and you're honest with her it's all good. Go on and get laid already."

"What?"

"She wants you, dragon and all. Go get your woman."

Katrina slid off of the stool. She made her way around him and was about to leave when he called her back.

"Rina, here." He reached into his jacket and pulled out a black folder. "New bouncer, hired him today. You'll thank me later." He grinned at her and watched the emotions rush across her face.

He knew Katrina hated him doing something for the club without telling her. "I'll deal with you later. Just go get your woman before I maim you."

Katrina disappeared into the crowd and Brenton turned back to trying to find Sky. He saw her at the bar taking off her apron. *Break time.* Brenton grinned, downed his drink and made his way toward her. *This time I won't let you get away from me.*

\* \* \*

Sky stepped out of the pub and into the back alley. The scent of the bakery nearby mingled with the scents of the flower shop next door to the pub. She took a deep breath to steady herself. This was the fourth time this week Brenton Lisander had been into the bar but hadn't said anything to her. He'd come in with his brothers, his club manager and alone, but during none of those times did he wave her down to talk about what happened two months ago. She'd been to the club several times and he'd avoided her. For weeks she'd tried leaving messages to apologize for her reaction. She'd been around dragons for most of her life. Brenton changing shouldn't have scared her so much, but the pain on his face had been too much for her to bear.

She'd hated the way he had looked and gotten help. Now he hated her, she was sure of it.

"Sky?"

She turned around to find the bartender Hunter looking at her oddly. He twisted a towel in his hands. His large blue eyes were filled with apprehension.

"What's up?"

"I was wondering... If you weren't busy later... I mean to say that I would like to --" he stammered, only to be cut off by Brenton behind him.

"She's busy later."

Sky narrowed her eyes. All fear of having offending him melted at his rudeness to Hunter. "You don't know what I'll be doing later. Now, Hunter, I'd love to go out with you, but I have plans with my friends tonight. Maybe some other time?"

The gargoyle smiled and nodded. "I'd like that."

Her heart melted as she watched him walk away only to realize that whatever he felt for her she couldn't return. Sky wanted someone else. Currently that someone was glaring at her.

"Why did you get his hopes up like that?" He strode toward her. She didn't back up one inch. Despite the fire blazing in his eyes she doubted he'd do anything. He didn't want her.

"I didn't get his hopes up. I really do want to go out with him. He's kind and sweet and --"

"He's a freakin puppy!"

She growled at him. "Don't call him that. He's a nice guy."

"Nice guys get trampled on," Brenton retorted.

"Why are you such an asshole?"

"Why are you denying what you feel for me?" He stepped closer until their bodies were a breath apart. Despite her body tightening and heating and every nerve ending coming alive and yearning for his touch, she didn't step away.

"Oh, I don't know. You don't take my calls when I try to apologize. You avoid me at the club and in the bar. So what am I supposed to think, oh distant one? I want answers. I'm only a sub in the dungeon, not out here. Explain why you're avoiding me." It was a tight fit but she managed to cross her arms over her chest and glare at him.

"You're supposed to think that I feel awful for scaring you that night."

She raised an eyebrow in question. "Oh really? And where the hell was I supposed to get that from? You weren't speaking to me, and I was too scared to talk to you in person for fear that you'd freak out on me."



He sighed and ran a hand through his hair. For a second she was mesmerized by the way the moonlight caught the silver and gray coloring and made it glisten. Her breath stalled in her throat and she was reminded of his masculine beauty from his strong jaw and chiseled cheekbones to silver eyes so pale they were almost white. He was a mountain of man compared to her five foot three. Even in heels she barely reached his broad shoulders, which were, for the moment, hidden beneath a wool coat.

Sky wanted him the way she saw him at the club, relaxed and uninhibited. She wanted to see the hard planes of his pectorals tipped with dark brown nipples. Her mind traveled down to his trim waist and the high defined ridges of his abdomen. Her mouth watered at the mental image. She wanted to trace every inch of him with her tongue and savor the salty flavor of him. Her mental assessment dropped lower, past the belt buckle to his groin. He'd always kept her blindfolded so she'd never gotten a look at his cock. She couldn't help but wonder what his cock would look like.

The sound of him clearing his throat brought her out of her daydreams. She glanced up at him to find his eyes had become black and he was exhaling puffs of silver. His dragon had awakened.

"You want to fuck me."

She snorted. "No, I don't."

"Liar." Brenton grabbed her arms in a firm grip and backed her into the side of the flower shop. "You want me. I can smell it. Just like you wanted me at the club before the disaster happened."

"So? I can get aroused, can't I? This is a free island and you're attractive."

"You weren't turned on by Hunter."

"What do you want me to say?" she shouted. "I want you. There, I said it. I want to fuck your brains out. Happy now?"

"Not even close." He bent his head down and took a hard, biting, passionate kiss. His mouth swallowed up Sky's whimpers. She reached up, grabbed onto his coat and hung on. The passionate onslaught was overloading her system; nerve endings misfired as sparks of pleasure went off. Her pussy clenched as desire dampened her

panties. Her breasts became heavy, nipples tightened into aching buds that yearned for his touch.

When he tore his mouth from hers she cried out in protest as her knees threatened to give out on her. Sky had a death grip on his coat as she tried to steady herself. When he pulled up her skirt and ripped her panties she was too aroused to protest. She wanted his hands on her *now*.

"Bren --" Her thoughts scattered at the first touch of his fingers on her labia. He stroked his callused fingertips up and down her thick damp folds, drawing moans and gasps from her. The rough sensations combined with the cool air set off delicious tremors through her. "More," she begged, wanting his fingers in her pussy.

"Say it, *soulerrrr*," he purred. "Tell me what you want. Don't be afraid to be specific. I want to hear it."

"I want your fingers in my pussy. Fuck me with your fingers." One of her hands unclenched from his coat and she grabbed his wrists and moved his fingers toward her cunt. He ran one digit around her slick entrance.

"Fucking hell, already wet for me. Let's see if I can't make you drip that delicious honey of yours."

Sky leaned against the brick wall for support and tilted her hips toward him. She rested her head against the wall and let him play her like a violin. His fingers rimmed her entrance, teasing her with short dips into her tight channel before going back to stroke and pinch her pussy lips. He delved between the folds of her labia to circle her clit. Her body bucked at the contact as her cunt tightened and relaxed. She felt her juices trickle down her thigh.

"Play with your nipples for me. Show me how you like it," he ordered.

When she faltered, Brenton pinched her clit, causing her to cry out as her belly spasmed and pleasure coiled tighter inside of her. "Do you want me to stop?"

"No, sir." Sky fell back into the times when she was his sub. Her hands shook as she brought them to her chest. First she massaged her breasts before settling on her

nipples. She pinched and rolled the hardened tips through the fabric of her shirt. His growl of frustration caused her to pause and look at him.

"This won't do. I want to see you naked." Brenton's fingers left her pussy, which made her whimper until he brought the slick digits to his mouth and lapped up her juices. Her arousal flared as she watched his tongue lick up and down his fingers.

"Delicious. I can't wait to feast on your pussy later. Now for that shirt." He reached and grabbed handfuls of her uniform and ripped.

She gasped. "That's my uniform!"

"I'll buy you another one," he mumbled before taking another kiss and slipping his fingers back between her thighs. She groaned when he strummed her clit with his thumb while sinking two fingers into her tight, wet channel. Sky tightened her vaginal muscles around his fingers, trying to draw him further into her body.

"Is this what you want, *souler*? Or perhaps my cock would do much better?" He nibbled his way along her jaw and down her throat, setting off tiny fires in his wake. "Tell me what you yearn for, Sky, and I'll give it to you."

"I want you to fuck me within an inch of my life, sir," she moaned. Sky moved her body with the rhythm of his thrusting fingers. She cried out when he took a nipple between his teeth and tugged gently before sucking the nub into his mouth. Shards of lightning shot straight to her core. It rippled around his fingers as he drew pleasure out of her with each pull of his lips, pass of his thumb on her clit and thrust of his fingers.

He released her nipple with a soft pop. "With my fingers or cock? I have to tell you that I'm so hard I could drill a hole into the side of the building, and I want very badly to be inside of you."

He pressed down on her clit and then released. Desire flowed through her and for a moment she was unable to answer. He gently bit her nipple. "Answer me, Sky. How do you want me to fuck you?"

"Fuck me with your cock, sir. Please, fuck me," she begged.

"As you wish." He withdrew his fingers, causing her to whimper at their loss. Brenton kissed her hard, sending her senses spinning. Before she knew it he was teasing

the slick lips of her pussy with the thick head of his cock before positioning himself at her entrance. Sky stood on tiptoe and threw her leg over his hip.

"Please, sir, fuck me."

"Brenton, call me Brenton."

"Brenton," she said softly, smiling to herself. The grin was replaced by a moan when he thrust upward.

"Wrap both your legs around me." He lifted her up and pressed her against the wall. Brenton held her bottom with one hand while cushioning her head with the other.

"Show off," she growled, breaking the rules.

He threw back his head and laughed. "For that you'll be punished. For now, I need to fuck you."

He withdrew and pushed forward. She angled her hips toward him and wrapped her arms around his neck. Sky didn't bother asking for permission. She kissed him hard, pouring all of her emotions into it. They moved together, rocking against each other while caught up in a passionate, possessive kiss. He tore his head away. "Mine, no one else. All mine."

"Yours," she groaned. She gripped his shoulders as she gyrated her hips and squeezed her inner muscles around his cock. She reached between them and stroked her clit, pinching and rubbing the aching bundle of nerves. Her climax coiled in her belly. She was driven closer and closer with each thrust of his cock and pass of her finger.

"Come for me, *souler*. I want to hear you scream." He pounded into her pussy and sucked her nipple into his mouth. Sky came hard. Her belly tightened. Her cunt rippled around his cock and clenched as fire burned through her body. She shook in his arms and screamed until she was hoarse. After three more thrusts he met her, spurting his seed deep inside of her.

Her vision blurred and she felt light-headed. Sky rested her head on his shoulder as aftershocks went off in her body. She felt like Jell-O. Any second she thought she was going to slide down to the ground.

"Oh my God," someone gasped.

"Shit," Brenton groaned.

Sky looked up in time to see a woman standing at the opening of the alleyway, her mouth hanging open. "Crap." She tried to get up the energy to scramble off him only to have him tighten his hold on her.

"No." The sound of fabric tearing rang out into the night and large black wings with silver veins burst forth from his back. He grimaced in pain and took off. Sky cried out and clung to him.

"Brenton, put me down. Oh my God, Brenton."

He kissed her hard. "Trust me." He gazed into her eyes and she was reminded of why she felt safe. Not once when he was her Dom had he gone beyond her limits or been cruel.

"Fine, but when we're back on the ground I get to beat your ass for scaring me."

He just chuckled and kept flying. She buried her head against his shoulder and curled her body around his. The cold air beat against her back and she was reminded that her panties were ripped every time the coolness brushed against her thigh. One thing that did surprise her was to find him still hard and pulsing within her.

As if reading her mind he said, "I'm always hard around you. And once we land, we'll be going a few more rounds. I plan on making up for lost time."

He placed a kiss on the top of her head and she sighed. Just like always, he knew her so well. Almost.

## Chapter Three

Brenton flew them to his penthouse. He could have gone to the beach house he shared with his brothers, but he wanted privacy and he doubted he'd get it there. He held onto her tightly, savoring her body against his. As he flew through the air he felt the freedom of revealing a part of himself that he had longed to share with her.

"How are you doing, *souler*?" he yelled above the noise of the air rushing past them.

"Fine. Are we going to land soon? I don't think I can hold on for much longer," she shouted back.

"Almost there, *souler*." With a laugh he changed course and started to dive, causing her to cling tighter to him. Her nails dug into his shoulder as she screamed at the sudden change. He pulled out of the dive and gently landed on the rooftop garden of his penthouse. She slid off his cock and out of his arms to the ground, her body shaking.

Worry that he'd gone too far made him start apologizing. She looked up at him, fear in her eyes, and his heart sank. On shaking limbs she rose, pulled back her arm and hit him in the shoulder. "You asshole. Next time warn me you're going to do that. Just for that, I'm making you wait for sex."

With a toss of her hair over her shoulder, Sky walked off toward the sliding doors. He began to laugh and shook his head. He was relieved she wasn't too pissed with him. Smiling, he went to her, unlocking the doors. Before he let her inside, he bent down and took a kiss. "You're not too mad at me?"

She rolled her eyes. "I've been flying with a dragon before. Not like this, but I do know what it feels like. My old dragon lord told me when he was going to do something while in flight. A little warning would be nice when you change direction

and do a dive. Now are we going in or am I going to have to freeze my ass off?" She crossed her arms over her chest and looked up at him. For a second, he became absorbed in the sight of her cleavage, a nipple peeking out seductively from the torn remnants of her uniform top.

"Stop staring and open the door before I catch a cold. Unlike you, I'm human and won't recover so quickly if I get sick."

Brenton continued to stare. He wanted to take her again, this time against the doors until they shattered. A sudden pain in his shin brought him back to the present. "Ow! Sky, what was that for?" He glared at her.

She pulled his hand away from the handle and slid the doors back. "Men are so easily distracted. Geez." She moved past him into the darkened room, her hips swaying seductively until she was swallowed by the darkness. He went after her, shutting the doors behind him.

"Lights," he called out. A soft golden glow filled the room and Brenton smiled. He was thankful he'd had his designer install an advanced voice-activated system connected to the utilities of the house.

"Fireplace." Brenton moved past her and headed for his bedroom. "Give me a few minutes to draw a bath for you, okay?"

"Okay, I'll just poke around."

"Make yourself at home. *Mi casa es su casa.*" He meant that. His home was now hers, forever. He'd make sure of that. Brenton drew the bath and grabbed a robe for her. As much as he didn't want her to cover up, he had to dispose of her torn panties, get her a new blouse and get her skirt cleaned up. When he came back to the living room, his breath caught when he saw her curled up in his favorite chair near the hearth. She looked so small, swallowed up by the oversized piece of furniture, and yet so perfect, like she belonged there.

Sky looked up at him. Her wide brown eyes gazed back at him with questions and desire. He wasn't sure which he wanted to respond to first. His cock was still hard. His balls ached for release again. Arousal swirled in his system, reminding him of his

insatiable need to join with his fire companion. He was about to suggest another round before a bath but she scattered his thoughts with her first question to him.

*"Souler. So you think I'm your soul mate, huh?"*

"What?" Brenton wondered just how much she knew about dragons. From what he knew, dragon lords didn't usually share a lot of information with their bound humans. The fact that she knew what *souler* meant and had been flying with a dragon before told him a lot about her past relationship with her former master. Had he been the one to initiate her into being a submissive? Jealousy tightened his gut, pushing away the arousal.

She unfolded her frame and stood up. Her hips swayed as she came toward him. His arousal came roaring back. In that second he didn't care who had introduced her to the ways between a master and sub. She was his now and always. Sky plucked the robe from his hands and began to strip. His mouth filled with saliva as he watched each inch of skin become revealed to his hungry gaze. His dragon stretched and came forward, panting. Its arousal mingled with his, and the intensity of the desire for her increased until it threatened to shred his control.

He growled when she slipped into his robe. Brenton wanted her naked again. He wanted to fuck her until she screamed like she had in the alley. "Take it off," he ordered roughly.

She shook her head, dark brown waves tossed everywhere with the movement. "Not until you explain things to me." Sky turned and resumed her seat.

Her expression said it all. She wanted answers and wouldn't budge until she got them. Their relationship had shifted in that moment. He was no longer in control. She held all the cards. With a sigh, he went and sat down on the sofa near her. "I... I love you," he whispered softly.

*"Okay, and?"*

"That's it? Okay?" She gave him a look which made Brenton continue. "And I want to be with you always. I believe, we believe, my dragon and I, that you are our *souler*, our soul mate, fire companion, our everything. We want to be with you always



and hope you'll accept us." Never in his life had he felt so vulnerable. He was putting himself out on a limb and giving her his heart. She could easily take it and stomp on it. His insides twisted as he waited for her answer.

"And the reason you brushed me off all those weeks was?"

He sighed. "I was stupid and humiliated that I'd lost control and scared you. That is not the way I wanted you to learn that I am a dragon."

"I've been around other dragons, you know."

"Yes, I know. You were a bound human."

"And I'm not blind."

"Huh?"

She shook her head and looked at him as if he'd suddenly become dense. "Your tattoo, the two half sleeves of scales, your silver dragon fang necklace. Hell, your area in the club was all dragon-oriented as well as hot as hell. I never complained but geez, you do know what air conditioning is, right?"

"Watch your tongue or I'll paddle your ass."

"I'm not done yet, scaly hide."

He raised an eyebrow. "Scaly hide?"

"I'm not the one who went dragon PMS-tastic on me, now was I? So shut your mouth and listen up."

He grumbled but went silent. Brenton knew he deserved this. He'd screwed up and now he had to take his medicine.

"Now, where was I? Most dragons have those indicators that tell a person who knows what they are. Now why were you afraid to tell me what you were? Did you think I was too sensitive or scared? Did you think I'd just break and run?"

He took a moment to gather his thoughts. "I was afraid that you were too raw from your experience with your Dragon Lord to deal with another dragon. I've seen a lot of bound humans who've had horrible experiences with their masters. I've helped Egan with Bound for Freedom. I know how bad things can get. You and Katrina seem to be the few exceptions. I just didn't want to scare you."

“And yet almost turning during our session was a good thing? I’m not a china doll. We, ex-bound humans, would prefer things be up front after having been kept in the dark for the most part. I was lucky. My former Dragon Lord was kind and informative. He made sure I understood everything to avoid punishment from another Dragon Lord. As you know, some dragons wouldn’t hesitate to correct a *faux pas* with the back of their hand and the end of a whip. You not telling me made me think perhaps you had no faith in me. Yes, I freaked out and I tried to apologize, but you wouldn’t give me the chance.”

Brenton hung his head. “I know, and I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry. We both made mistakes and now it’s time to fix things.” Sky stood up and walked through the bedroom to the bathroom.

He followed, his head swirling with what she’d said. Brenton joined her in the bathroom. He sucked in a breath as he watched her sink into the massive tub and settle down. She was a goddess. She was being very understanding.

Sky glanced at him. “Are you going to join me or am I going to bathe alone?”

Her gaze wandered over his body. The heat in her eyes set off sparks along his nerve endings. He didn’t waste any time undressing and sinking down across from her. His palms itched to caress her but he didn’t go to her. They had to talk. It was important in order to move forward.

“I should tell you that in the past I’ve usually just pushed women away and avoided commitment. What I want from you is a relationship, and I’m afraid I’ll hurt you.”

“Do you fear getting hurt yourself?” She settled against the back of the tub and watched him through narrowed eyes. The back of his neck prickled with awareness. It almost felt as if she’d become the predator stalking her prey: she wanted answers from him.

He swallowed. “Yes, I do. If you decide not to be with me, I’m not sure where I’ll go from here.”

"I've heard of you and your brothers' reputations with women. I had an idea of what I was getting into. Being your submissive allowed me to see you in a light I doubt you showed to other women. I watched you in the room and in the club. To me you are considerate and sweet. To others, you dismiss them unless they are useful. There were the exceptions, like Katrina or your brothers. You're putting up barriers. You have to let others in or miss out on opportunities."

He laughed. "You trying to change me?"

"No, I'm showing you what you're like with others. I know you're a good person. You have to let others see that. As far as other women, I'm not them. I won't let you get away with just dismissing me. Being submissive stays in the bedroom, understand?"

He nodded.

"No, say it," she ordered.

"I understand."

"No matter how attracted I am to you or how much I trust you, I'm not going to just jump into a relationship with you. We need to get these things worked out now before I agree to anything. We have to be clear."

"Okay. This is all new to me."

"I know," she said gently. "We'll help each other." Sky moved toward him and caressed his cheek.

"Does this mean that you want to be with me? Be my fire companion?"

"Depends. Think you can handle me?" She wrapped her arms around his neck and pressed her body against his. He groaned as he felt the press of her hardened nipples against his chest. Heat burst on his skin at the contact, sending shivers along his nerve endings straight to his shaft. Brenton took hold of her hips and rolled his, sliding his cock against her stomach. She moaned and pressed herself closer.

"Let's get cleaned up and then go to bed," he whispered gruffly.

They rushed through the bath, dried off and climbed into his king-sized bed. Brenton pulled her body against his. He stroked her skin, in awe of the softness. He

watched his hand move over her hip and down her thigh. The contrast in their tones held him captive. "Beautiful."

Sky turned in his arms to face him. She reached up and traced her fingers over his cheek. "You're beautiful."

He grinned. "Handsome, love."

She rolled her eyes. "Handsome. Now shut up and kiss me."

He pressed her onto her back and took her lips while his hands caressed her body. Brenton filled his palms with her breasts. He squeezed the mounds gently and pinched her nipples. She groaned and arched her back. He kissed his way down her neck and between her breasts.

"Brenton," she moaned. Her body writhed against his. She threw one leg over his waist and ground her pussy against his groin. Her juices coated his cock. He moaned and thrust his hips. His shaft jumped as the urge to sink into her cunt and fuck her took hold. His dragon clawed from the inside. It wanted out to be with its mate.

"Show me," Sky urged. "Half shift."

Brenton buried his head between her breasts and gritted his teeth. He didn't want to do it. Fear was threatening to douse the desire.

"I'm your mate, your fire companion. Show me who you are," she growled out. "Fuck me like the dragon you are."

The gauntlet was thrown. He lifted his head and let out a roar. Scales rippled along his skin. He panted, sending silver puffs of air drifting between them. He hadn't fully shifted. The room was too small for him to become a full dragon. She waved away the smoke and stared up at him.

"Like what you see?" he asked, his voice deeper and gruffer. He needed to hear her say it. Part of him was still scared she would turn and run. Brenton wanted to hear her say that she loved all aspects of him, even the dragon part.

Her expression softened. "Yes, I adore what I see. Now claim me, make me your fire companion."

"Gladly." Brenton lowered his head and flicked her nipple before curling his tongue around the tightened peak. He teased first one tip and then the other before trailing nips and kisses down her body. The taste of her was an elixir that drove him to the brink of madness. One swipe was not enough. He needed more of her essence. He licked his way down her body, pausing to swirl his tongue in her navel. She buried her hands in his hair, urging him down to where she needed him most.

He lifted his head and looked at her. "What do you want, Sky? What do you need of me?"

"Eat me, make me come on your mouth," she urged.

Brenton complied. He kissed, licked and nipped his way over her mound to between her thighs. She parted her legs, exposing the puffy lips of her sex. He blew softly before inhaling the musky scent of her arousal. Sky moaned and writhed. The strength of her hold on his hair increased. She pushed him toward her damp sex. Brenton was more than happy to comply with her silent request. He lapped up one side of her slit and down the other, using just the tip of his now forked tongue. Up, down, increasing the pressure with each pass. She ground her pussy against his mouth, trying to find that sweet friction that he knew she craved. He refused to give it to her. Instead, Brenton used his thumbs to expose her clit to his gaze. He circled the nub slowly, pausing to tickle the head with his tongue.

"Brenton, please, eat me," she gasped. He answered her by circling her dripping entrance then nibbling and licking up one side of her sex and down the other, pausing to tickle her anus. Her cries and gasps egged him on. He went faster and faster, adding something new with each pass, dipping his tongue into her grasping cunt here, tickling her anus there, alternating the rhythm to keep her guessing. Her nectar coated his lips as she grew wetter and wetter.

Brenton wanted to drive her mad with desire. He scraped the tip of one fang very carefully over the head of her clit. Her gasp was his reward. He sucked the aching bundle of nerves into his mouth, flicking and sucking on the nub. His whole being was

tuned to her pleasure. Wanting to turn things up a notch, he slipped first one finger and then two into her pussy, fucking her slowly with the digits.

He closed his eyes for a moment, concentrating with all he had, listening to the sounds of her moans and beyond that her heartbeat. The steam of her body heat pressed against him. In the air he scented the soap they had used in the bath and the thick perfume of her arousal. He felt her slickened inner thighs rubbing against his shoulders.

“Brenton, harder, fuck me harder,” she moaned.

He gazed up to see her head thrashing on the pillow while she undulated. Her face glistened with sweat. Her bottom lip was flushed a dark red color, almost as if it had been bruised. Her breasts bounced gently with each movement of her body. He moved one hand up to cup and fondle one mound and pinch her nipple at the same time that he bit her clit.

Brenton released each sensitive bud at the same time and repeated the action while thrusting his fingers faster into her grasping cunt. Her juices coated his hand. He was in heaven. This was all he could ask for. For a brief moment he closed his eyes and gave himself over to savoring the scent, feel, music and taste of her. The walls of her vagina quivered around his fingers as he pushed her closer to climax. Wanting to push her over, he bit down on her clit and pinched her nipple again and then let go. A soft cry fell from her lips when she came. Her cunt grasped his fingers, holding them tight before releasing them. More of her feminine honey slipped over his hand. As the quakes died away he released her clit and slipped his drenched digits from her sopping cunt. He paused to lick them, savoring the taste of her before moving up her body.

His heart expanded when he took in the afterglow on her face.

“It’s not over yet,” he whispered, taking her lips. He positioned himself at her entrance. One thrust and he was beyond heaven and straight into a world where words couldn’t describe his pleasure. Her tight sheath clenched around his cock, squeezing pleasure out of him. It was incredible to him that something so simple as sex with his mate could make him feel so good. Pleasure ran up and down his spine as fire worked its way over his nerve endings.

"Goddess," he gritted out, trying in vain not to give in to the desire riding him hard. His balls ached to release his seed into her clenching womb. Every instinct in him was screaming for him to move, thrust, fuck, claim. Instead he paused and savored this moment. Her inner walls rippled around his cock so sweetly he almost cried.

The kiss he took from her turned savage. His body shaking with effort, he tried not to thrust. Every limb quivered with power held back. Within him his dragon watched, its barbed tail swaying lazily. The animal tilted his head as if asking him why the hell he wasn't doing what they both wanted.

*Want to savor this,* he told the dragon.

The dragon's answer was to nod. The need ebbed away, and Brenton knew it was only a matter of time before the tidal wave came in to slam him into action. With reluctance he pulled his head away and gazed down at Sky. Passion, need and love shone back at him and he was in awe.

"I love you," he whispered before pulling back and pushing forward, starting a rhythm that was as old as time itself. They moved together. He felt the slick slide of their skin. The scrape of her nipples against his chest burned him with their touch, marking him as hers. She wrapped her legs around his waist and her arms around his neck, pulling him down to her.

Sky's eyes glistened with held back emotion. "Fuck me."

Those two words spurred him into action. The tidal wave crashed within him, dragging him under with burning need, and his dragon stopped blocking both of their desires. Heat sizzled along his skin as his body became one living flame. The fire was stoked higher and higher with each thrust of his hips. He sank into her tight wet heat over and over again, branding her pussy as his. He fucked her hard.

The word "mine" fell from his lips in a litany, sometimes coming out as a prayer, sometimes as a curse and sometimes in a growled vow. Brenton was drowning in the inferno of his need and in her body. He took her lips roughly. The kiss was biting, possessive and bordering on violence. It was a clash of teeth, lips and tongues. She took it all and gave it back to him. Wildfire broke free and swallowed him whole as the

pressure burst and pleasure rushed up and down his spine. As he climaxed so did she. He tore his mouth from her lips and let out a guttural cry as he emptied himself into her grasping core. He didn't stop pumping his hips until he was empty.

Brenton breathed hard as he took a soft kiss. He held tightly to her body and rolled them over so that she was on top. Their combined juices slipped over his balls, reminding him that they hadn't used protection. She snuggled down on his chest, her heart pounding against his.



## Chapter Four

Sky yawned and stretched, easing aches from the night before. Brenton's heat pressed against her back. His erection slipped along the crease of her ass. She smiled softly, remembering her night with him. His arms tightened their grip around her waist, drawing her closer to a hard warm body. She sighed. Things were so perfect in that moment.

"Morning." He buried his face in the crook of her neck and rolled his hips, making her very aware of his erection.

She giggled. "Again?"

"I can't get enough of you," he murmured as he kissed his way down her spine. "I want to have you again and again, *souler*."

"Yeah, well, as wonderful as that sounds I have work to go to and a boss to apologize to." She tried to move his arms but he refused to budge.

"Not yet, Sky. One more round, please." He nipped her ass and she cried out and tried in vain to bat at him. It was difficult to hit him but she tried.

He laughed. "Come on, one more round of sex and I promise to let you go."

She shook her head. "I can't. I really need to see Mason."

Brenton groaned and let her go.

"But you can help me clean up." She scrambled out of bed and rushed to the bathroom with him on her heels.

An hour later she sat in his kitchen eating the breakfast he had cooked. Something new she'd learned about him; he was an excellent cook and knew his way around a kitchen. She was impressed. As Sky sat there eating, something occurred to her about their night together. Panic caused her to sit up straighter on the stool. "Shit, we didn't use protection at all."

He glanced up at her from the sink. His look said it all. He knew too. She swallowed hard as heat flushed her cheeks.

"I know," he acknowledged softly.

"I could be..."

"Not yet," Brenton said firmly.

She tilted her head to the side and took in the calm expression on his face. "What do you mean not yet?"

"You're not a dragon. It takes a while for pregnancy to occur when dealing with cross-species breeding."

Her eyebrow went up and her hackles rose. "Breeding, is that how --"

He held up a hand and cut her off. "No, this is not how I see it. What we did last night was making love, not fucking or sex, and definitely not breeding. I chose the wrong word and I'm sorry."

Fight averted. She slumped on her stool. "Next time we use condoms. I'm not ready for kids just yet."

"Do you want children?" he asked softly.

Brenton didn't look at her when he asked. His focus seemed to be on scrubbing an already clean pan. Tension weighed in the air and she knew her answer was important. *We have so much to discuss.* "Careful, you'll wear a hole in it," Sky joked.

He put down the pan and looked up at her. "Do you?"

His expression was serious and for a second she wanted to avoid the subject, but by the look in his eyes she knew she wouldn't be able to without offending him. With a sigh, Sky met his honest, open gaze. "I want to have kids but not yet. Is that a problem?"

"No, I just want to make sure we're on the same page."

"Boy, for someone who's never done the relationship stuff, you move right to the sticky parts. Anything else you need to know, parents' names, siblings?"

He shook his head. "I know we're both clean. You had to write all that info down on your application to be a submissive at the club. As for your history, I'd like you to

tell me that on your own time. I just want to know one other thing: how do you see this relationship going? At what speed do you want to proceed?"

Sky thought about it. "From the moment I met you I knew I wanted to be with you. Now that I have you and know how you feel about me, I want to take it slow. Is that okay by you?"

He gave her a dazzling smile that made her stomach flip, her heartbeat skip, and warmth spread from her chest outward. She found herself smiling back.

"It's fine by me as long as you're with me." He made his way around the counter and bent down to steal a soft, sweet kiss that made her want to giggle with happiness.

"Now eat the rest of your breakfast. I have plans for that deliciously curvaceous body of yours."

She raised an eyebrow. "Oh, really?"

"Don't defy me, woman, or your punishment will be far worse later."

Sky quickly ate her breakfast and ran to the door. "Let's see what you got," she called over her shoulder before rushing out into the hall and pulling the door shut behind her. She laughed and trotted to the elevators, on cloud nine.

\* \* \*

She made a quick stop at her apartment to change into her own clothes, then headed to Pagan's Corner. Her boss Mason was just opening the pub for the brunch crowd.

"Hi, Mason," Sky called out. The warlock just looked up and nodded. She sighed. He wasn't even giving her an idea of his state of mind. "Tall, silent types," she grumbled and went after him.

"I'm sorry I ran off halfway into my shift without telling you. Mason, do I still have a job here or not?" Sky demanded when they reached the bar.

"Depends. Can you work this weekend?" he asked. His power rippled in his gruff tone, making her shiver.

"Yeah, I signed up for it."

"And you intend to keep working here?" he asked without looking at her.

"Yes, I love my job."

"So, I don't see a problem unless you run off again without telling me." Mason looked up. His violet eyes bore into hers, causing her discomfort.

Sky licked her lips. "It won't happen again."

Mason just nodded. "Your new uniform is in the back. Take the brunch and night crowd. Shellie will be in for the afternoon people. Hunter will be with you for the evening group."

Mason turned and walked away leaving Sky baffled. *How'd he know I needed a new uniform?*

"Warlocks," Sky muttered before going into the back and changing.

\* \* \*

Brenton sipped his beer and watched Sky move through the crowd, pausing to talk to patrons, and deliver food and drinks. *She's all mine*, he marveled.

"I heard you got collared." A hand grabbed his shoulder and gave it a squeeze before letting go. He watched his brother Egan slide onto the stool next to him.

"Not collared. Not yet, we're going to take it slow. Where's Kyden?" Brenton smirked, knowing the answer.

"Probably running around the office after Selena." Egan paused to order a beer. "So that means I'm the last one left standing, huh?"

Brenton laughed. "Looks like it, bro. I've found my fire companion. So, when are you finally going to go after that ferret shifter of yours?" A stain of red marred Egan's cheeks, causing Brenton to smile and pat his brother's back. "Go after her. I'm telling you it will be worth it."

He looked over at the bar and caught Sky looking at him. His heart contracted and warmth spread through him. His dragon stirred and contentment filled them both.

*Ours*, it rasped.

*Ours*, Brenton responded.

\* \* \*

Sky locked up the bar and headed to the parking lot. There was a bounce in her step. She couldn't stop grinning. Up until closing time Brenton and his brother Egan had been at the bar. It made her feel good to know that he was there and he was all hers.

"Sky, over here." She glanced up to see Brenton leaning against his silver Jaguar XKR. He went around the side and opened the door. "Your ride awaits you, *souler*."

She giggled and sauntered over to him. "Keep this up and I may give you a little extra something later."

"Oh, I have ideas of my own."

She slipped into the passenger's side, marveling at the butter soft leather seats and all black and dark mesh aluminum interior. She couldn't help but chuckle at the tinted windows. "Dark enough in here, Batman?"

"Not nearly enough." He slipped into the driver side and pulled the door shut before leaning over the console to steal a kiss. "Now buckle up so we can get going."

She buckled her safety belt and settled in. "Where are we going?"

"To the club."

A thrill went up her spine. "You want to play at this hour? It's nearly five in the morning and I've got the afternoon shift today."

"That's why we're not going to the penthouse. Now shush and let me concentrate."

Sky eyed him and smiled as a naughty thought entered her mind. She reached over and placed a hand on his thigh.

"Sky." A single word warning, which she ignored.

She began to stroke his thigh softly, moving her palm closer toward his groin with each touch. He took his hand off the wheel and tried to move her hand. Her answer was to dig her nails in.

"Don't," he warned.

"Why not?" She relaxed her grip. "Mmmmm, such strong thighs. I wonder what it would be like to suck you off. Would your thighs close around my head?"

It was a heady thought. All that banked power surrounding her and yet he would hold back, she knew. What intrigued her more was tasting him, giving him the pleasure his mouth had given her last night.

"I wonder how you taste, salty but sweet with an edge of spicy or something else?" she murmured huskily. "Would you come in my mouth or insist on coming all over my breasts? Would you even want me to swallow?" His thigh flexed and relaxed under her touch, which made her smile. He remained silent but she could hear him panting. His hand moved, which gave her the freedom to touch him higher up on his thigh before sliding her palm over his erection. The heat she felt through the fabric of his pants surprised her.

"So hot." She outlined his erection with her hand and stroked him through the material. "So hard, goddess, I want to know what you feel like against my skin, over my lips," Sky moaned.

She was rewarded by a groan. Encouraged, she continued in a soft tone while trying to lean over the console. The safety belt blocked her way. "Damn it, I want it out to touch."

"Sky, no, not yet."

"Undo your pants," she urged. "I want to touch you."

"I'm driving."

"You can drive and I can touch you at the same time."

"You are going to be the death of me," he grumbled.

She watched in amazement as he somehow undid his belt and fly with one hand while focusing on the road. Sky reached over and slipped her hand into his pants. She wrapped her hand around his cock and marveled at how soft his skin was and how hot he felt. Brenton's cock was like velvet-covered steel. "So soft and yet so hard."

She gave him a squeeze just below his wide cockhead before stroking him. He groaned and his hips bucked. "Shit, we have to pull over."

"I can see the lights of the club up ahead."

"You want us to get there in one piece, stop the hand job."

She chuckled. "Men are so distractible. Fine, but you promise me I get to suck you off when we're alone."

"Baby, you can count on it." He let out a groan when she gave him one last squeeze before pulling her hand out of his pants. A glance over showed her the wide helmet of his glans peeking out of the fly of his pants. She smiled at the opalescent tear at the slit. Before he could stop her she swiped it up with her index finger and slipped it into her mouth. Salty spiciness burst on her tongue and she moaned.

"Damn it, woman..." he growled.

"Mmm, delicious." She giggled.

"You are tempting the dragon."

"And loving every minute of it."

"Goddess, I want to kiss you but if I do we may crash."

"So, pull over."

"Can't. We're on a time limit."

Sky narrowed her eyes at him. "What do you mean?"

"You'll see."

He turned into a parking lot she had never seen. Before she could blink, he turned the car off, was out of the driver's seat and on her side holding open the car door. "Come on, *souler*, we don't have much time."

She scrambled to undo her safety belt and get out. He slammed the door shut and rushed her inside. They took a private elevator up to the VIP floors. She'd just opened her mouth to remind him to zip his fly when the doors opened and she was confronted by a vast room filled with plants. Walls of windows showed her one of the most spectacular views of the sunrise on Utopia Bay. He pulled her out of the elevator and scooped her up in his arms. Brenton strode into the room and placed her down on a large bed covered in rose petals. Once they were both settled he handed her a glass of orange liquid.

"Mimosas," he announced. "Salute the day with me."

Her mind was blank. All she could do was laugh and clink her glass against his before taking a sip. He snuggled next to her and she let out a sigh. "Thank you," he whispered as he placed a kiss on top of her head.

She looked up at him. "For what?"

"For agreeing to be with me, give us a chance. I know that I will do everything in my power to be worthy of you."

"You are worthy of me."

"I..." His face softened and his eyes glittered with vulnerability. "I don't feel I am yet."

"Trust me, you are. This was wonderful, by the way."

He grinned. "I normally come up here on my own and toast the day. I wanted to share it with you."

"Thank you. I feel honored."

They lay cuddled up next to each other, watching birds fly past the windows and the early morning sun glittering off the windows and rooftops. In the distance a few dragons made lazy figure eights in the sky. A phoenix rose in the air and took off in a burst of fire, and gargoyles settled back on the taller buildings of Utopia Bay, where they turned to stone for the day. In this quiet moment with Brenton, Sky couldn't help but be happy that not only had he found his fire companion in her but she felt that she had found her soul mate.



## **Selena Illyria**

Interracial author Selena Illyria was born with an overactive imagination. With great curiosity and a love of writing that pushes her imagination, there are many worlds she'd love to explore from paranormal to sci-fi from cyberpunk and beyond.

Are you willing, dear reader, to step into her worlds? If you do, feel free to poke around. Mind the pixies. They can be very um... excitable around newcomers. \*wink\*

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