

Rebel Sky Microfic

Note: This was my contribution to the 6/21/22 Suddenly Naked Summer Group Hop

"Hello?"

Ugh. Shhhh, Mr. Sexy Voice. I'm trying to sleep.

"Um...hello?"

Why is someone with that much bass in his voice trying to wake me up right now? Rude.

I snuggle back into the hairy chest I'd fallen asleep on, comfy and cozy, enjoying someone's hand on my ass.

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Wait, *what?*

My eyes fly open, and in the semi-darkness, I realize that I am comfortably snuggled into a very brawny, very male chest.

And we are both naked. Like, battle of the morning woods, there's a breeze on my ass, *nekkid*.

I glance up through my eyelashes and, in the shadows, find a gorgeous face and an amused expression in return.

"Well, hi there," the handsome stranger says, deep and gravelly. "Thought you were gonna keep me trapped on this lounge for the foreseeable future."

Lounge? I blink a few more times, and it all returns to me in a flood. The pool party. The sangria. The hot contractor.

Shit. I'm at the Goodnight ranch, and we are still outside by the pool. If the dim light filtering through the trees is any indication, it's just before sunrise.

I specialize in equine dentistry and had been helping a mare with a problematic molar, then somehow got roped into a pop-up pool party.

They were celebrating...what was it? The first day of summer? And they'd just completed the final walk-through of their expansion with their contractor. Oh, right.

The same contractor whose wickedly hard, impossibly thick cock is digging into my belly right now.

"We fell asleep by the pool?"

He cracks a broad grin, stroking his hand up and down my back. "I think calling it *falling asleep* might be a little generous. All I know is that it involved sangria and a lot of very naked, very handsome men making out in the pool."

I shift a little, making our position a bit more comfortable, though now our cocks are sorta...touching.

"Mmm," he says, letting his fingers drift back down to my ass. "I was feeling left out yesterday. All these queer couples were lovey-dovey with each other, and I didn't have anybody to play with. That is until you showed up."

I smile, running my fingers through his chest hair.

"So, did we...*play*?"

He shakes his head. "No, but it doesn't mean I didn't want to. You're awfully cute."

I look around, and there's no one else in the vicinity. "Then how did we get naked?"

"There was a thing about five-dollar bets. Neither of us had any cash on us, so instead, we had to take off a piece of clothing every time we lost."

I press my face into his neck, laughing. "That's right. The Viking twins always bring the shenanigans."

He hums in agreement, letting his calloused hands fan out over my ass. "Yeah, but they ran out of money, too, so in the end...everyone kind of won."

I shift side to side, my breath hitching as my cock rolls over his, then back again. "Pretty sure everybody was properly distracted by the end of it. Though... I *am* sorry that I passed out on you."

He tenses his jaw, letting his legs fall open, then groans when I lower my hand between us and adjust the two cocks...right...*fuck*...there.

"It was—" his breath hitches, "cute."

"Yeah?" I ask, innocent as I press against him.

He nods, running a rough finger between my asscheeks. "You'd gotten chilly and said you need a bear to warm you up. That's when you crawled into the lounge with me."

I scrunch my nose. "That was my big move. Kinda embarrassing that I couldn't keep my—*oh*."

Gently petting my hole, he shakes his head. "We weren't even all that drunk. We were both just exhausted from a long day."

"Still," I say, shifting back against his finger and forward against his cock. "What the hell was in that sangria?"

He grunts, squeezing my ass, pulling me tighter against him. "Good wine and bad judgment."

I chuckle, then moan as I shift my hips again. "Sounds about right."

"Fuck, Doc. You're driving me crazy here. I'm right on the edge."

I thrust against him, and he lets his head fall back as he palms the back of my head. I kiss down his chest and suck on one of his nipples as he spreads my cheeks with his hands.

"Yeah? You're close?" I bite my lip and run my hand down his belly, grasping his insanely thick cock. "I want to taste this. Try to get my mouth around it."

He scans the area, then nods, breathing heavily.

Grinning wickedly, I place one of his legs over my shoulder to give me room, then pull his head into my mouth, working overtime to fit him in. He tastes like man and chlorine and hard work.

"Just a little more, sweet boy," he pants out, baring his teeth. "I know you can do it."

I shiver at the command in his voice and relax the muscles in my jaw. Deciding that oxygen is for the weak, I go just a bit farther, my drool spilling down into his pubes. He lets out a groan, and hot cum floods my mouth.

"Can you swallow for me?" he whispers, gripping the back of my head, keeping me in place as he thrusts through his orgasm.

I nod and greedily gulp down every drop.

Still thrusting, he hums deep in his chest. "Good boy."

Fuck, I'm going to marry this man.

He pulls away, then drags me up into a messy kiss, his fingers immediately on my cock. He spits in his hand, twisting his rough palm over the head, again and again.

"That's my good boy. Come for me."

I'm gasping, and within seconds an orgasm hits me like a train. I spill out onto his belly, rope after rope. He runs his fingers through it before sucking them off, one by one.

"I have a few things I'd love to do to that sweet ass of yours, but I'm a grown adult and want a goddamn bed." Grabbing his T-shirt from the ground, he wipes off whatever his fingers didn't scoop up. "If you're interested, my place is five minutes away."

"As long as splitting me in half with your ridiculous cock while calling me a good boy is on the list, I'm in."

He grins. "You liked that?"

I lean in and bite his lower lip. "Yes."

My voice is wrecked from taking his cock, and I kind of love it.

"Well then, once I've had a chance to recover, I can't wait to stretch you. In the meantime, your ass is scrumptious, and I'm starving," he says with a wicked smirk and raised brow.

I scramble to stand. "Don't have to ask me twice."

When he joins me, I realize I'm taller than him, and he's a lot thicker than me. And so goddamn hairy. Even his ass...I let out a wistful sigh.

"I've always wanted my very own bear cub," I say, running my fingers through the pelt on his broad chest.

He cracks up. "And I do prefer a taller lover."

Picking up on his neutral language, I ask, "Oh, a fellow multisexual, are you?"

He grins. "I'm pan. Also... my name is Callum."

"I'm bi," I say, grinning back at him. "And my name is Vaughn."

"Nice to meet you, Vaughn," he says, kissing my cheek as he cups my bare ass.

I look out at the horizon, which is turning orange and purple as the last of the stars wink out of the sky.

"I know we just met, but...this feels like a good sign."

Squeezing my ass, he looks out over the horizon with me. "Agreed. Now let's get to my place where I can take you apart properly."

I playfully grab his cock and start walking. "Let's go!"

He laughs, following along. "Don't you think we should get dressed first?"

I shrug. "Eh. Why start now?"

Thank you for reading this short little microfic! If you're interested in reading more about the Rebel Sky Ranch, check out Goodnight (<https://readerlinks.com/l/2189122>)