

OZ

Wilder's sexy as sin mouth comes to my neck and he rakes his teeth down toward my shoulder. I shudder at the warmth of his wet tongue. I don't think I'll ever tire of using him as my personal heating pad.

That thought conjures up a mental image of him draped flat over me like a trollish blankie.

I laugh.

Wilder bites my trap and I poke him with my tail spade. "I'd never have thought my touch would make my mate *laugh*, of all things. I must be doin' this wrong..."

The depth of his voice hardens my cock and I let my head fall back, a smile still curving my lips. "I was picturing you as an electric blanket, to be honest. Sometimes the heat of your body still surprises me."

He grunts a noncommittal response and bites back up to my ear. "Come to bed, baby. Let me heat you up in other ways."

I shoot forward and slap both hands on the half-finished vision board in front of me, throwing him a 'hells no' look over my shoulder. "Wilder Lane this vision board was due to the girlies a *week* ago and you keep distracting me. Not cool, man, not cool. I'm like...a third of the way finished!"

He lifts both pale brows. "A vision board? Why didn't you say so? I'm the king of vision boards."

That pulls another chuckle from me and I shake my head. "The king? Hardly. That's me and we both know it."

Wilder looks down at the vision board with a beleaguered sigh, as if I turn him down all the time. Frankly I can't even remember the last time I told this male no. He gets whatever he wants at all points in time as long as I get whatever *I* want.

That's the way it should be.

Big green fingers move over the carefully laid but still not glued pictures. "Talk to me about this, maybe I can help."

Help? That's a no. This is my job and I like it. Plus he and I don't always agree on this sort of thing.

“Welllll.” I stare down at the board, trying to figure out how to put my vision into concise words. After a moment, I smile over at him, because it’s a good way to open a door into a conversation we haven’t had yet. “We want to make Spring Fling a full week long and have it be more family friendly. It’s not that it’s risqué now, or anything, but there’s not much that’s geared directly toward the kids.”

His eyes soften as he looks from the board up to me. “I like that you’re thinking about the kids, that’s kind. Do you know what you’d like to add to the festival?”

I shrug. “Kids like to stay busy so I was thinking a sort of scavenger hunt, but safe. Like, we aren’t sending the kids down into the water-filled tunnels. But we *could* send them around to the businesses and through the pumpkin and gourd maze.”

He nods and slides a hand up my thigh, his half smile going sly. “Does focusing on this make you think at all about kids in our future? We’ve never really discussed it.”

“Too busy with other...things,” I tack on, staring back down at the cutouts I *do* have in place. Smiling monster children hold hands as they play games. I’ve even got bowling balls there. Not sure where I’m going with that yet but an idea’s brewing.”

Wilder scratches at my leg. “Oz...are younglings a thing that interests you? I think I’d always assumed so but it’s alright if they’re not.”

“They are,” I rush to add on. “They definitely are.” I stare back up at him. “What about for you?”

His smile goes huge, eyes glittering. “If you didn’t want them I could reconcile myself with that, but if I’m honest, it’s a dream to think about teaching our babies to ride horses and maybe one day, bulls.”

I shake my head as I crawl over into his lap, slinging my arms around his neck. “You want our babies to end up with the same injuries, Mister Lane? I’m pretty sure the humans have a country western song about not letting babies grow up to be cowboys.”

He snickers as he rises, wrapping my thighs around his waist. “Well for now, why don’t we just practice the sex part a whole lot and we can figure out the baby raising mechanics later.”

We barely make it to the bedroom before we’re ripping one another’s clothes off. But the way he said mechanics gave me an idea...filing for later.

WILDER

After a marathon afternoon of sex, Oz falls asleep which gives me a chance to call Bluebell.

“Hey,” I say quietly, “are you still available to help me with the spring fling vision board?”

“Yeah, of course,” Bluebell answers. She actually sounds excited about this. The last time she and Hadrian were here for dinner I pulled her aside and asked if she’d be willing to help me surprise Oz with something I know he loves.

She laughs. “Did you grab a bunch of magazines and papers like I told you to?”

“Yeah,” I respond quietly just in case Oz is not fully asleep in the bedroom. Just then, a soft snore rings out from the other side of the house. I twitch my ears to hear better but he is most definitely fast asleep at this point.

I spread out a pile of magazines and newspapers and old copies of the Gulch gossip column on the dining room table. Setting the communication disc down I stare at Bluebell’s hologram as it rises high above my supplies.

Waving at the stack of papers, I give her a questioning look. “Well, here it is.”

She eyes the supplies and nibbles on the edge of a thumb. After a moment, she nods as if she’s arrived at a determination. “Okay, what I think we need to do is start with the broad strokes, and then we can work our way up to some details.”

She looks around for a moment and then up at me. “Did you get a paper to glue everything to?”

I stand and grab a long sheet of paper from its hiding place behind the refrigerator. Returning to the dining room table, I unfurl it on top of the magazines.

“OK,” says Bluebell. “See the center of this? Let’s figure out the broad ideas of what you want to show and we’ll put them in the center, and then we can add all of the detail around that.” Her hologram looks over at me. “That’s typically what Oz has done for past vision boards.”

For the next hour, she and I talk through the current plans for the Spring Fling event. As she talks, and we noodle on new things to add to the party, I cut out pictures from the magazines and set them in different places around the center of my board.

The hour passes quickly, and I'm grateful for her help. When she yawns, I realize just how late it's gotten. I should probably let her get some sleep

"Hey, Bloob? Why don't you let me finish this myself so you can get to bed." She nods as another yawn escapes her.

"Yeah, I think we had better do that. Just throw in a little bit more detail, and if you can stick to the color palette we discussed, that will help us really envision everything." She glances down at me. "Are you going to throw in a few little Easter eggs for him or surprises?"

I waggle my brows at the pretty little witch. "You know I am."

A sleepy smile is my answer. "All right, well you're the best and I can't wait to see how he loves it!"

After she clicks off, her hologram disappearing back inside the communication disc, I spend another hour cutting out intricate details. Things like flowers and lights, and even examples of gay couples holding hands.

Once I've got everything on the vision board where I want it, I glue all of the pieces down and add little notes based on what I've heard Oz discuss, and a few ideas of my own.

Stepping back from the table, I take a look and find that I'm actually pretty proud of the final outcome. It was surprisingly cathartic, figuring out what the Spring Fling event should look like and tackling everything in this particular way. I think I'm beginning to understand why Oz created our couples vision board in the first place.

Turning, I look at where we framed his original board and hung it in the kitchen. It's the only piece of art we have in the kitchen right now, but I sort of love it.

It reminds me just how different we are and just how differently we think, yet somehow we still managed to be the perfect match.

Thinking of Oz like that reminds me of everything we went through when we were pretending that we weren't falling for each other. That seems like a million years ago, and I can't even imagine my life without him now.

That train of thought leads to me thinking about how gorgeous he probably looks lying naked in our bed.

I'm half tempted to head into the bedroom, wake Oz up, and do dirty things to him for another hour. But the reality is that my husband needs time to rest, and it is my job to take care of him.

More sexy time will have to wait until tomorrow.

Rolling the vision board carefully up, I stick it back in its space behind the refrigerator. Hopefully the cool air back there doesn't cause the cutouts to pop off, even though they're glued down.

I'm new to this whole vision board thing.

Pulling my shirt off, I toss it on the table and shed the rest of my clothes as I head back to our bedroom. I may not want to wake Oz, but I can definitely still feel him up.

@Hazel Mack Author 2025

OZ

Sun drenched beaches.

Prickly pear margaritas.

Sunning myself like a lizard.

Those are all the delightful thoughts that drift through my sleepy mind as I snuggle in bed, pillows nestled between my thighs while I thwap my tail rhythmically against my foot.

Except that, as I blink my eyes open, I find Wilder curled around me like the most delicious of heated blankets. The sun has barely risen, because only the faintest light filters through our bedroom curtains into the nest.

Wilder's body must be one step ahead of his brain, because a gigantic hard on pokes against my lower back. This man is absolutely decadent. It wasn't that long ago that I just had to *pretend* he was mine, and these days I am so lucky that I get to look down at that ring on my finger which marks him to everybody as permanently belonging to moi.

Yawning, I arch my back and rubbed my ass against his hard on. I'm nothing if not an overachiever, and if he gets it up? Well, it's my job to get it back down.

Snort.

Wilder emits a sexy little groan, rolling his hips against my ass.

Honestly, no time like the present.

I bring my hand to my mate's hip and roll him onto his back. He arches and whines, head turning to the side as one hand moves up above his head. I admire the way his biceps flex.

Sleepyhead.

Scooting down, I straddle his lower legs and admire the hard-on bobbing against his thigh. I take it in my hand, marveling at his warmth and the heat of the balls nestled between his legs. Some days I still can't believe the gods made this man for me. Every shitty moment, every horrible breakup, it all led me to where I am right now.

Gratitude joins the love in my heart as I close my mouth over his crown and suck.

A deep groan is the first indication that he's waking.

A second, more ragged sound follows it as I sink lower down his length, hollowing my cheeks around him. Relaxing my throat, I guide him to the back of it, down, down, down until my nose nestles in his pubic hair.

Desperation tinges his next cry as he rolls his hips, bringing a hand to one of my horns. The way his big fingers grip it tight has me dripping precum. He might be only half awake but he's still so dominant.

"More," he growls. "More, mate."

And that single word unleashes me, giving my tongue a mind of its own as I taste every inch of Wilder's cock.

It takes me all of two minutes to pull orgasm from him, sucking down all that delicious seed as he unloads into my throat.

What a damn way to wake up.

Lucky me.

WILDER

Later that night

I've never actually joined Oz for one of these event planning meetings. He, Bluebell, Lemon and I sit in the lair room waiting for my sister. If I know Willa she could either show up or not. It sort of depends on her vibe and decision-making process that day.

She would never not show up for something super *important* for a client but these sorts of little town meetings she doesn't seem to take quite as seriously.

Bluebell glances down at her watch. "So... I'm not sure if Willa's coming?"

Just then my sister steps out of a green portal at the opposite end of the room. "I'm here," she shouts. "Don't get started without me. I was just doing a little bit of reconnaissance."

"About what?" Lemon questions, swirling jalapeño tequila in a shot glass. "Do tell."

My sister shrugs in that playful way she has. "Nothing to tell quite *yet*, but I think possibly soon."

Oz grumbles. "When you get cryptic, it makes me want to slap you."

She chuckles and drops into his lap, slinging her arms around his neck. She kisses Oz's high cheekbone. "Aww, don't be mad, brother, I promise not to keep the secret from you for very long."

I am unexpectedly nervous to show my vision board to Oz. What if I did it wrong? Or what if he hates it. I take a moment to remind myself that the mere fact that I tried to make something in his style will be enough for Oz, because I am enough for him just as I am. I don't need to be a different Wilder to deserve him. Although, I fight every day to make sure he knows that I'm trying.

Bluebell kicks off the meeting with an honest to gods gavel, knocking it on the desk, which emits a loud creak that echoes around the cavernous room. It sounds like a warning to me, but Willa does not seem concerned.

"Calling this meeting to order," says Bluebell.

Willa leans over and kicks Bluebell's leg playfully. "We aren't in a courtroom ding-dong. Or is this one of those things you just have to do because it keeps your brain in check?"

Bluebelt snorts. "It's organized. You know I like to be organized."

Willa picks on Bluebell for another two minutes before Lemon politely clears her throat, waving a now empty shot glass at them. "Girls, can we get the show on the road?"

"Yes, of course," says Wills, "let's go."

Oz claps his hands together, garnering the girls' attention. "Wilder and I have been talking, and I have some great new ideas for what to do during the daytime so that Spring Fling will be more inclusive for those with young families."

Before he can continue on, I nudge his knee with mine. "Can I actually take over for a moment?"

Four sets of eyes turn to me and narrow, because it's unlike me to even join, much less have an opinion about the town's events. This is their show—I'm just a visitor here.

When I clear my throat again to summon my thoughts, Bluebell reaches into a bag by her feet and withdraws my folded up vision board. I dropped it off at her place earlier today so that she could bring it as a surprise. If Oz so much as saw a huge sheet of paper in my hands, he would immediately know what I was up to.

Not to mention, my mate is extraordinarily nosy. Chances of him finding it would have been extremely high.

Bluebell and I share a quick look and she sets the folded paper down on the table top between all of us.

Lemon clasps her hands together in a delighted fashion. "What's this?"

Oz grips my forearm and squeezes so hard I'd swear blood springs to the surface of my skin. His eyes are wide as he looks over at me. "Wild and Wilder, is that what I think it is?"

I chuckle because I knew I couldn't keep it a secret for too long, but as I work to unfold the paper and lay it flat, nerves fill me again. Bluebell and Lemon set large stones on each corner of the paper.

Oz gaps as the fullness of the scene unfolds before us. Literally.

I look over at him, dragging my knuckles along his angular jawline. He's so beautiful. I almost can't stand it. And he's mine, mine for an eternity. Let's just hope I can explain this vision...

@Hazel Mack Author 2025

OZ

I am in a literal snit, barely holding the tears at bay as I stare at the giant vision board in front of me. Lifting a hand to my throat, I grip it as I look over at Wilder. His eyes are softly wrinkled in the corners as he stares lovingly at me.

“Wilder, honey, why don’t you tell us what you were thinking,” Lemon encourages. But I don’t bother to look over at my bestie, because the only one I want to stare at is my incredible husband.

It’s nearly impossible for me to imagine when he did this. But the mental image of him sitting at our dining table, cutting out all these bitty pieces? I’m gonna lose my mind from love overwhelm.

“Well,” he looks away from me, placing his finger in the center of the vision board where a gay couple holds hands surrounded by lights and colorful flowers. “The human tradition of Easter is something I think the younglings of Pine Gulch could really enjoy.”

He flashes Bluebell a quick smile. “Bluebell got me onto the idea of it.” He looks at me. “Oz, have you heard of Easter before? I know you’ve already got bunny ears.”

Oh no he *didn’t*. The girls’ stares heat my cheeks but I refuse to look over, just shaking my head no. “I might’ve heard the holiday name from Bluebell a time or two, but I don’t know anything about the tradition itself.”

Your move, chess champ.

“It’s super cute,” Bluebell says excitedly. “Basically you fill plastic eggs with candy and hide them so that the children can find them. Then they get to open the eggs and enjoy the trinkets or presents or whatever you filled the eggs with.” She shrugs. “In the human world, we say that the Easter bunny came and left them overnight for the children and it’s meant to be a celebration of spring finally being in full force.”

Wilder smiles at me again. “Imagine the pumpkin maze filled with laughing children, searching for things honestly, it really fits with the vibe of Pine Gulch, especially with the welcome book being another sort of scavenger hunt.”

At this point, tears have filled my eyes and I’m just trying desperately not to burst into tears at how amazing this is. I know Wilder isn’t a visual learner in the way that I am. He’s more of a hands-on sort of guy. That he took the time to do this and to really

think through what the town might enjoy for Spring Fling means more than I could even put into words.

“I love you,” I practically shout, turning from the vision board and staring deeply into Wilder’s eyes.

“Shots, shots!” shouts Bluebell, bursting into laughter as Lemon smirks between us. Bluebell shoves two more shot glasses toward us and Wilder takes one, throwing it back. I watch his throat bob and then do the same, knowing he’s staring at me, wanting me.

Everything about me. Nothing is too much or not enough for him, nothing at all.

“Let’s get out of here, mate,” I say with a growl as I hop up and take his hand.

Screw the meeting. My girls will understand. Sometimes the dick comes first.

Catcalls follow us as I drag him toward the far end of the lair. Slapping my hand against the call-stone on the wall, I open the portal to the little cave we discovered once upon a time.

My husband is a burning presence at my back as I drag him through and into the darkness. That niggling bit of an idea I had earlier? Well, it’s coming back to me and it’s time to enact Project Surprise Wilder.

Outside the cave’s entrance, the evening air is brisk and cool. Wilder growls against the skin just beneath my ear.

“We don’t need to make it all the way home, baby. This riverbank has a special significance for us anyways, doesn’t it?”

But this is not part of my plan, so I spin in his arms and place my hands against his broad chest.

“Tempting as it might be to have sex on a rocky riverbank, I’ve got a better idea. Won’t you let me show you?”

Wilder’s pale brows lift and he gives me *that* look. The look he gives me when I have an idea he’s unsure of. But like every other time I tease my husband with something, he’s willing to go along with it.

He lets out a little sigh. “All right, let’s hear it.”

“I want to fly you, will you let me?”

Wilder puts both hands on his muscular hips, cocking, his head to the side. “Is this gonna be like that time you tried to put me over your shoulder?”

I lift both hands and supplication, shaking my head. “Don’t worry, I remember how well that went over.”

A moment passes in silence, then two.

When Wilder doesn’t outright say no, I hop up into his arms and sling my legs around his waist.

It’s funny to me that the few times Wilder has allowed me to carry him it still *feels* the other way around. I’m in his arms, my legs around his waist, and he’s holding my throat with his other hand up the back of my shirt. So dominant, no matter what’s happening.

Flapping my wings, I lift off the ground, marveling at how easy it is to carry him. Thank the gods for that incredible gargoyle strength.

Flying with Wilder is always more intense than I think it’ll be. Saint never allowed me to carry him. Yet Wilder never looks away from me, staring deeply into my gaze in a way that’s so fierce. I scarcely know what to do with myself.

It’s not until our ranch is visible off in the distance that he moves his gaze from mine. Even then, it’s only so he can start nibbling his way down the side of my neck to my shoulder.

When he pulls my shirt down, popping several of the buttons, it’s all I can do to keep my wings guiding us toward home. Wilder’s fangs dig into my skin, raising big welts as he drags his open mouth down my neck and shoulder.

The pain mixed with pleasure is too much to take and I drop out of the sky towards the ground. Wilder just lets out a groan of anticipation and tightens his hold on my throat.

“Wilder,” I say with a growl of warning. “If you don’t stop, we’re gonna hit something!” He waves at the landscape around us without bothering to look up. “What would we even hit, Oz?”

“The barn,” I shriek as I barely miss hitting the front of our newly renovated horse barn. Wilder let out a manly shout as we dip out of the sky and nearly hit the ground.

“Eyes, up!”

Narrowly missing the beam that sticks out of the hayloft, I swoop through the hayloft entrance and managed to slow down just before we hit the barn wall.

“Oz,” Wilder warns with a saucy little look.

“Hey,” I say, “we didn’t hit anything right?”

“Not yet,” he says, with another sexy little growl, bringing both hands to the top of my ass and squeezing hard.

Careful not to risk a for real crash, I flap carefully down to the first floor of the barn. When we approach the ground, Wilder sets me carefully on my feet. He looks around, lifting both hands as if to ask me what the hell we’re doing in the damn barn.

Flicking my gaze over my shoulder, I gesture toward the practice bucking bull, a big ole leathery fake body lookin’ thing.

“I want to learn to ride, Mr. Wilder, do you think you could teach me?” Grabbing my tail in my right hand, I twirl it around like a lasso as I back slowly towards the bucking bull.

Wilder’s mouth drops open, but he zips it just as quickly. Slipping both thumbs through his belt loops he cocks his head to the side and stares at me while nipping his lower lip. “What is it you want to ride, little buckle bunny?”

I chuckle as I flap my wings once to land on top of the bull, straddling it facing my husband. Patting the worn leather surface, I waggle my brows suggestively at him.

“What do you think, Mr. Lane?”

WILDER

Every time Oz surprises me, which happens a lot, it makes me wonder again how a man like Saint Ashbourne could ever have let him slip away. Oz is the treasure to end all treasures, and Saint Ashbourne is a fuckin' idiot.

My mate shoots me a sassy look from on top of the practice bull. I suspect if I turned that thing on, he'd fall off in a second, and there's part of me that sort of wants to find out. The bull's always tougher than monsters think it'll be.

Another day, though, because this evening he obviously has other plans.

He stretches big wings and beats the air enough to lift himself so that he can slide his jeans down off his knees. They hit the barn floor with a thwap, his new belt buckle clanking in the dirt.

His cock is already hard, bouncing against his dusky purple thigh. As I watch, he grips it and strokes down to the base. A soft little sigh tells me it feels good, that my mate is ready for me.

"Talk to me, buckle bunny, tell me how good that feels." I cross the distance between us and place my hands on the back end of the bucking bull. As his nostrils flare, pupils blowing wide, I press hard on the leather and hop upright to straddle it facing him.

"God, it's hot when you do that," he says with a little moan. "What I wouldn't give to have seen you riding bulls back in the day."

"I can show you sometime on this," I offer, patting the bull's back. "But not now, little bunny. Now I want you to show me what you can do with that pretty cock."

He tucks his wings neatly at his back and reaches down with both hands, using one to hold the base and thrusting his cock into his other fist.

He's soaked and dripping all over the bull, and it makes me hot to think about it smelling like him later. Scratch that, smelling like *us*, because I'm definitely fucking him on top of this.

First thing's first, though. Pushing forward, I place a hand on his waist and the other on his chest and I guide him backward. He keeps one hand on his dick as he lands on his opposite elbow, staring at me while his legs fall open around the bull's back.

His erection bobs in front of me, so tantalizing, and I bring my hand to join his. Together we jack him off, his soft moans growing deeper and needier as precum coats our fingers. Gathering a long, sticky string of it, I bring my finger to his mouth and drag it along his lips.

Oz's brows furrow, mouth dropping further open as he stares at what I'm doing. "Wilder..."

My name is practically a plea at this point. How is it he can get so hot for me, so fucking fast?

I grip his chin, pinching his cheeks as I hover my mouth over his. "Tell me what you need me to do to you, little bunny."

@Hazel Mack Author 2025

OZ

Every time I have a plan to tease this mate of mine, it goes *immediately* sideways. By which I mean I get so hot I forget the damn plan, which I think originally included a lot of ass shaking and teasing.

But the second Wilder looks at me like there's nothing else important?

Game over, man, game over. To quote one of my favorite human movies, *Aliens*.

Wilder bends down and circles the tip of my cock with his tongue, the touch so gentle I nearly explode. I close my eyes and squeeze the base of my dick as he licks almost playfully at it. The featherlight touches have my hips moving entirely of their own accord, my body desperate for more.

Yet the moment I notch my hips upward, trying to get more of my dick into that sinful mouth, he chuckles and pulls away. I'm about to shout, to beg, to plead, when he grabs my body and flips me over onto my belly. He's rough as he spreads my thighs wide around the bull and climbs on top of me.

The next touch is rougher still as he bites the base of first one wing bone, then the next. Hissing, I try to arch against him, but Wilder grunts and presses the fullness of his weight on me. I'm pinned against the bull's rich leather surface, cock jerking against my thigh as my mate ravages my wing bones.

"Fucking...love...these," he grunts out as he makes his way back down to the base.

I cry out as his warm tongue traces a path down the center of my back, Wilder slowly releasing his weight from me. When he's fully off me, tongue drifting close, so close, to my ass, I start begging for real.

"Wilder, please, *please!*"

No answer but a hard bite on my quivering ass. My hole puckers, desperate to be filled with that—

Wilder probes my ass with his tongue, setting off a chain reaction of shuddering that racks my entire frame. I'd buck against that delicious heat but he clamps a hand on my ass cheek and digs in with those delicious, delicious claws.

I'm held tight, pinned as he eats my ass like he's never had anything that good. His free hand comes between my legs and he cups my balls, pulling them gently this way and that as I try not to come too fast, too soon. It's always like this with him...like I have

a total inability to keep my cool because everything he does is so much *more* than it ever was with anyone else.

I might cry.

Before the tears well, Wilder sucks my sack into his mouth, licking my balls until I'm mewling with need.

I thought I was going to tease him?

Joke's on me!

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WILDER

Every inch of my body is attuned to the way Oz is trying to get to that blissful orgasm. My bratty little mate. Normally I love to tease him for ages, but tonight is too hot up on this leather bull.

Reaching into my pocket, I withdraw a bottle of lube and coat the fingers of my right hand. Oz arches his back, pushing up onto his hands and tucking his feet under himself so he can show me that pretty back hole.

I rub my fingers together, fully coating them as I chuckle. "You ready for me, little mate?"

He tosses me a sassy look over his shoulder. "You know I am, Wilder. Give me what I want or I might run you into the hayloft next time."

Leaning forward, I bring my fingers to his asshole and rub the lube carefully over his puckered skin. He clenches, back hole winking as his muscles flex.

Gods he's pretty, every inch of him. And every delightful inch of him is entirely mine. The rings on our left hands tell anyone who might wanna know.

Slipping my fingers inside, I stretch carefully as he whimpers, head falling forward. The angle highlights his muscular back and those stunning wings I can't get enough of. I lean forward and kiss his ass cheeks and the tantalizing dimples above them, pressing in and out, encouraging his muscles to relax.

It's nearly impossible when every inch of me is primed to get off hard with him. The sounds falling from his plump lips would be enough to make me come if I wasn't so focused on his pleasure first.

Always Oz first. It's the mantra that repeats in my head all day every day.

Oz jerks and cries out, shocking me as orgasm hits him and his ass locks up, pulsating around my fingers. Sliding my left hand up his back, I hold him as still as I can while he rides waves of bliss that have him rocking back to meet me. The tart, delicious scent of his seed fills the air, his natural musk deepening too.

His cries ring off the high roof above us, and the sounds he's making have me so tight and hard I could almost come from this, from just watching him.

Almost.

A minute, maybe two, pass as I wring his ecstasy out. When it starts to fade, he slumps forward, muscles relaxing.

“My turn,” I say with a little growl. Hopping upright, I pull all my clothes off and toss them aside. That done, I drop to my heels and carefully move his legs so he’s spread for me but comfortably resting on his feet, ass up. His muscles quiver slightly. I gather lube from his ass and swirl it over the tip of my cock.

When I press the spongy tip to his pretty little hole, he whines.

“Gods, Wild. I need you, mate.”

And just like that, ecstasy wells inside me and I have to beat it back, barely clinging to my senses. Gritting my teeth, I pause for a moment before continuing the gentle press of my dick into him.

It takes me a minute before I’m able to thrust and bottom out. I’m so damn close already. Oz flares his wings out to the side, holding them steady as I fuck slow and hard and deep, my hips crashing against that perfect peach of his.

My cries join Oz’s as my dick throbs, leaking precum like a fucking faucet inside him. Sloppy, filthy noises mingle with our grunting and groaning as I drive us toward mind-bending bliss.

The rollercoaster starts as a tingling in my sack, heat building in rhythmic waves that have me gasping for air, hips snapping in jerky, ragged movements.

“Ozzzz,” I wail when it hits. “Fuuuuuuuuckkkkkkkk.”

He screams as he falls over the edge with me, and then sound muffles and fireworks go off behind my eyeballs. Nothing exists outside of his cool, sweaty skin beneath my fingers and that tight ring of muscle massaging my cock.

Do we come for years? I can’t tell because it’s nonstop, seemingly neverending. When it finally *does* fade, I slump over top of Oz with a desperate groan. He rolls over and slings his legs around my core, black brows lifting.

“Guess you liked this little idea, huh, Wild or Wilder?” His chest heaves against mine, beads of sweat dripping down his skin.

“Mmm.” It’s the only word I can find. I try to look for more in my brain but Oz rolls us off the practice bull and I flail. He catches us before we hit the ground, flapping lazily toward the barn exit with his legs clamped around my waist.

“Gotcha,” he whispers as we emerge into the starlit night sky.

“You always will,” I remind him.

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