

Nobody touches Charles! Not even you, En Sabah Nur!

Story: Nobody touches Charles! Not even you, En Sabah Nur!

Storylink: <http://archiveofourown.org/works/7087840>

Category: X-Men - All Media Types, X-Men:Apocalypse, X-Men: First Class (2011) - Fandom

Genre: M/M

Author: cherikstony

Authorlink: <http://archiveofourown.org/users/cherikstony>

Last updated: 06/04/2016

Words: 1086

Rating: Explicit

Status: Complete

Content: Chapter 1 to 1 of 1 chapters

Source: ArchiveOfOurOwn.org

Summary: Charles was all tied up on that stone slab with En Sabah Nur announcing his evil plans when he felt his heat kicks in. Erik, due to some still existing telepathic link heard Charles' call and comes back to find En Sabah Nur has his hand on Charles' chest. With his alpha mode activated, Erik kicks En Sabah Nur's ass, comes back and helps Charles out with his heat, and by that, I mean they fuck like rabbits.

**Chapter 1*: Nobody touches Charles! Not even you, En Sabah Nur!*

He felt the slick leaking out of his ass while he struggles against the bindings on the stone slab—he is in heat.

“Oh no no no no no, this can’t be happening!” Charles tries again, wringing his hands to no avail. He is sure he took the suppression pills that morning before class, but his body is telling a different story.

Charles has been taking the heat suppression pills ever since it first became available in 1965, and while he suffers from the usual side effects of spotting and fatigue, it does the job keeping away the heat attacks. But now, somehow, the trusted medication has picked the worst time to lose its promised effect.

“Now, now, relax my child,” the bald blue thing appears at Charles’s side, hands hovering above his body, “it’s going to be a quick procedure, quick and painless. Hold on....” He sniffs the air, “that...that smell, are you in heat?”

“Let me go,” Charles whimpers, he is fighting a losing battle and he knows it. His pants are soaked through, his scent permeated the room and he can feel his conscious mind slipping away from his hold. Lust is kicking in, the need to breed fills his mind, and also cocks, yes, nice, big, fat cocks, like Erik’s cock. Erik has the perfect cock, the number one cock in the world, if there is an Olympics for judging cocks Erik would have come home with gold medals every time! Oh what he won’t do for a taste of Erik’s cock.

He can feel a hand on his chest, gently squeezing and kneading the soft and pliable tissue. The hand is cold and rough, but it feels good, oh so good, if his nipples’ reaction is any indication. “Erik!” Charles cries, his voice broken and strained, “Erik! Please! I need you!” He twists around, trying to reach for his nether region and failing miserably. The hand appears again, under his shirt this time, and much more brutal, twisting and pinching his nipples so hard he is sure it left red marks on the skin. The other hand, slowly creeps southward, caressing the tiny strand of hair dusted in his suprapubic region.

Charles, so lost in his lust, moaned.

“How DARE you?!” Erik, that is Erik’s voice, “he is MINE!” A shout, followed by the clattering of metal against stone, then silence. Charles whined miserably at the loss of the wondering, caressing hand.

“Did you like that Charles?” Definitely Erik’s voice this time, “were you enjoying being felt up by that false god?”. Another hand, much warmer than the last lifts his shirt up, and he feels Erik’s mouth latching onto his left nipple, “I’m going to make sure you understand that you belong to me, and to me only!”. Ah, he always favoured the left one, Charles reminisces, arching up to meet Erik’s fervent sucks and completely ignoring whatever he said.

“He touched you here, didn’t he?” Erik growled in between kissing and sucking the sensitive skin below him, “how dare he touch what is mine?” He rips the shirt completely off Charles, salivating at the sight of the omega’s slightly engorged chest before diving straight back to suckle on the flushed skin.

“Erik, please, I need...I...I need you...” already lost to the heat, Charles starts to hump the alpha’s leg. Erik feels the wetness leaking through his uniform pants and his straining cock twitches in interest. He can wait no longer, pulling down Charles’ pants and underpants in one go, he is hit straight in the face by the omega’s intoxicating smell. There is so much slick leaking out, the stone slab wet already from Charles’ previous struggles. Erik groans, plunging his fingers into the tight heat of the omega, fascinated by the way Charles easily opens up for him.

“Not just...fingers, Erik, more, please...I want your cock.” Charles twitches uselessly, the buckles keeping him in place. Erik teases the puckered hole a bit more before leaning down and takes Charles’ lips for a long and slow kiss, licking into the omegas mouth while slowly gathering slick around the rim of his hole with his fingers. Charles moans into the kiss, and Erik, the bastard he is, moves his other hand up and takes one of the hardened nipples, rolling it between his fingers before pinching it. Charles pulled away at the sensation, head tossed back down on to the slab and lets out a high-pitched mewl in response.

“So beautiful, look at you Charles, desperate for my cock” Erik admires the way Charles lost himself to pleasure. He reaches down and releases himself from the confinement that are his pants, Erik holds the base of his heavy dick firmly, aligning it with the omega’s hole before plunging in. Charles moans at the intrusion--it feels so good, being filled by his alpha again after so many years.

Erik adjusts his grip on Charles’ waist and pounds into him relentlessly, driving up against the sensitive spot inside him, making him see stars with each well calculated thrust. Charles is practically sobbing by this point; he struggles weakly against Erik’s rough rut, but with the bonds holding him in place, Charles can’t do anything but take it. Erik smirks, leaning down to lick and suck at the omega’s nipple again, while continuing his attack on Charles’ prostate.

“Erik, darling, please,” Charles sobs, “let me cum, please, it hurts too much.”

Erik ignores his cries, he pounds even harder into the omega, and reaches down to play with Charles’ cock. Charles cries out with oversensitivity, Erik’s fat cock fills him up so good, but more, he needs more, his stomach is already jolting with pleasure as he’s near his tipping point. He can feel Erik’s teeth on his neck, the tight tug on his cock, and the continual pounding on his prostate, and everything together at once was just too much. He tightens around Erik’s dick as he screams his way to completion, shooting cum between him and Erik.

Charles’ tightening heat on Erik’s cock and the sight of Charles reaching his orgasm pushes Erik over the edge, with one last thrust he buries his cock deep inside the omega as his knot starts to take form, shooting his seed into Charles.

Blessed in this moment and happy in each other’s arms, both lay in complete ignorance of the battle, and the forgotten false god buried under the mountain of scrap metal right outside the strange pyramid.