

# The Prattle of the Bulge

Only the sexiest historical AUs and RPs

By [Dijon Du Jour](#) with help from The Heavinator

Hey you know what's really sexy? Victorian-era diseases and hygiene standards. This doc is gonna feature a sampler platter of sexy history: from Historical Roleplay at Memento Mori to just straight up erotic historical-figure fanfiction. Don't worry it's not JUST Hamilton.

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## Looking for Group

### Looking for a historical RP

<https://forum.deviantart.com/showcase/social/2338333/>

**Squad1rox Sep 17, 2017**

^Title

Requirements:

-A discord server would be nice, but not completely necessary

-Human/anthro based

-Time period should be no earlier than 1900, though I would prefer something medieval or renaissance.

-I would prefer the group have a member base of 15+

-Should be semi lit at the very least. I'm not one for script rp so I wouldn't fit in a group where everyone does nothing but script rp.

And that's pretty much it! Please advertise your fitting groups below :la:

### **Shade-from-hell Edited Oct 5, 2017**

Hello! Well I may have something for you. It's not earlier than 1900, since the calendar isn't the same. But it has pretty much all the requirements. It's only anthro cats, the technical level is anterior to that of the steam engine and heavily inspired by Celtic culture, There's very little fantasy elements (only one fantastic creature, the Demorten, and a form of magic that is scientifically explainable) and I'm struggling to keep it grounded in reality. I push the historical aspect to the point of removing leather chest-plates, which were never used in medieval combat, in favor of the gambeson!

The only problems are that there aren't many people in it yet, but knowing that everyone I talked to about it seemed quite hyped, it's only a question of time I'd say. ^^

Also, it's technically post-apo, but the apocalypse happened centuries ago, so there is no real trace of technology left, especially knowing that the druids of this culture, the Deprudens, enforce some kind of technical backwater.

It's quite humble at the moment, but the universe is set. I expect a good literary level from the players, and we also do tabletop roleplays on roll20. So if you're interested, just take a look: [\(link\)](#)

I know there is no illustration whatsoever, but I'm more a writer than a drawer... they will be coming soon, someone working on them. ^^"

## **Harem/Court Intrigue Roleplay[CLOSED]**

<https://www.deviantart.com/nightmareindigo/journal/Harem-Court-Intrigue-Roleplay-CLOSED-762449891>

by **NightmareIndigo**, Sep 3, 2018, 12:11:48 PM  
Journals / Personal

I've been really into historical drama which isn't really anything new- My idea for this one is quite simple so it can be expanded on later. I'm basically looking for drama and intrigue in an ancient eastern court and Harem(Chinese, Japanese, Korean etc). Rivalry, Romance, Schemes, basically anything like Royal Chaos or Empresses in the palace, that sort of thing.

## Rules

-DO NOT CONTROL MY CHARACTER! That includes making them think or feel something.

For example:- 'When she looked at him, she was instantly attracted to him.' Just no.

Don't do it, I will only give one reminder before stopping the RP.

-Please have your character properly planned out(A quick bio will do), don't just say 'I'll use myself!'

-Please actually have a character that would fit in that era!

-Tell me if you have a problem with an RP, don't just end it, I will not RP with you again if you do this. Same if you just drop the RP without telling me. Please just give me a quick reason like 'I'm busy' or something, I will not RP with you again if you just drop a RP.

-No fetishes

-I use Romance in every RP I do. (MxF, MxM, FxF)

-No anthros

-Anything 18+ is fine

-Paragraph and 3rd person only.

-Long term Rps only.

-I only use OCs

-I can do double RPs

-In original RPs, I play females unless it's stated otherwise or I'm doing a double RP, where I will play a male for you if you do the same for me.

-I also tend to be better at playing the 'victims or the more innocent' characters but that doesn't mean I won't try anything else, just don't expect me to be great at it.

-Please put 'mrbunbun' in the note or comment you send me so I know you've read the rules, I will ignore requests if they haven't read this far.

Please get in touch if you are interested!

## Memento Mori

<http://venicerp.com/index.php>

(Memento Mori is a historical AU RP that takes place in 1792 Venice. What this means in practical terms is that they have two prostitutes for every one person)

## Character Profiles

**LAVINIA PETULENGRO**

<http://venicerp.com/viewtopic.php?f=119&t=2741>

This character is played by:  
KIMMIE Age: 34

#### The Basics

NAME: Lavinia Petulengro

PLAY BY: Ola Ghanem

(this "play by" is referring to the actor you're supposed to imagine playing the character)

GENDER: Female

SEXUALITY: Eh, whatever

AGE: 27

NICKNAME: Vinia

#### Likes

- Lira
- Lying
- Sex
- Dancing
- Seduction

#### Dislikes

- Clergymen
- Putting down roots
- Nosy People
- Dogs
- Children

#### APPEARANCE:

Lavinia stands at the average height of 5'6" with dark tresses and lovely lips. Her eyes are intense, shifting from silver to icy blue with moods... Her figure is that of an hour glass, bust not too large, nor too small, hips flared gracefully to show she dances, and stomach slightly rounded for a healthy weight. Her legs are long and sleek, birthmark marring the skin of her inner right thigh.

### MUSETTE LACLEDE

<http://venicerp.com/viewtopic.php?f=119&t=1615>

This character is played by:  
CRYMSON Age: 40

#### The Basics

NAME: Musette Laclede

PLAY BY: Ashley Benson

GENDER: Female

SEXUALITY: Bi

AGE: 19

NICKNAME: Muse, Muse-Ann

Likes

- Wildlife
- Sport Hunting
- Well Preserved Fur
- A good Trade
- Gifts

Dislikes

- Being told "No"
- Hearing "I can't"
- Hearing "I won't"
- Hearing "I don't"
- Greed

APPEARANCE:

Musette stands at an average 5' feet 6" inches and she has a curvaceous figure. One would think by height and weight proportions she'd be "stout" but all her curves are in those places that men tend to enjoy the most. She has leaf green eyes, honey kissed hair and pale skin that only freckles or burns in prolonged sunlight.

PERSONALITY:

She is a woman in a man's world and knows this. From an early age she was taught to wait to be spoken to, always refer to your Lords bidding and if given a task to do it beyond expectation. She has become the epitome of a wolf in sheep's wool. Musette is reserved and thoughtful in open company; considering all aspects of a conversation that she is listening to or involved in. Until she knows those surrounding her she is reserved and quiet. It's when she knows where her footing is that others need to be wary. She is patient and tenacious. Like any good hunter she lies in wait for the advantage or evident weakness and she is not afraid to test the bonds for weakness' repeatedly. When she relents one must be vigilant from all other sides, because she is readying an assault from another front.

HOPES:

That her intended and she can have a prosperous union and that she likes him.

**GALENE LUCA ROUSSEAU**

<http://venicerp.com/viewtopic.php?f=119&t=1645>

This character is played by:

LILY Age: 32

The Basics

NAME: Galene Luca Rousseau

PLAY BY: Unknown Model

GENDER: Male

SEXUALITY: Submissive

AGE: 22

NICKNAME: Gale, Little Bird, Nightingale, Capelli d'argento, Slut

Likes

- Music
- Art
- Learning
- Big Windows
- Dick

Dislikes

- Rooms Without Windows
- Jerks
- Lewis
- Unkept Books
- Empty Shelves

APPEARANCE:

Galene killed his mother on the eve of his birth, the cold winter and the blood loss that she suffered was to be said to be the reason of his strange coloring. A rather petite man with pale skin and hair the color of silver he was always favored among the women in court. His slight stature and medium build often pleases clients and forces his hand on many odd jobs. His lips are a deep near crimson color and his skin flushes a peach blush easy enough to earn him a few looks.

Never is a hair out of place, or a second hand shirt upon his skin. His clients keep him well clothed and when he is not at the ear of a Lord he is upon the stage of a the theatre performing. His skin is without blemish and his hair well kept.

PERSONALITY:

There is not a soul in this city as kind as he nor as soft spoken. Despite his failing eye sight there is hardly anything that keeps his smile away and he's always willing to help. He is a very attentive lover and even kinder friend.

**GILBERTO PASSERI DA FIRENZE**

<http://venicerp.com/viewtopic.php?f=119&t=2617>

This character is played by:

AGUSTO Age: 22

The Basics

NAME: Gilberto Passeri da Firenze

PLAY BY: Gabriel Garko

GENDER: Male

SEXUALITY: Ohhhh yeah!

AGE: 28

NICKNAME: Gil, Bard

Likes

- Music, especially performing it.
- Duels
- Alcohol
- Sex and romance, with whoever is available
- Fun in general

Dislikes

- Solemny
- Being laughed at
- Rejection
- Loneliness
- Angry husbands that chase him

APPEARANCE:

Gilberto sports rakish chestnut hair, deep, merry gray-green eyes full of desire, olive skin and often a song on his lips. His naked body is muscular, covered in various dueling scars, both from blades and guns, as well as tattoos; to remember home and to show his love for music and dueling. He usually wears fine, dark, silken shirts with comfortable pants (good for dancing, running and dueling), but when he dresses finely, he dresses to impress. He also always wears his rapier and main-gauche, Vittoria and Niccolò, on a leather belt on his hips, as well as a dueling cloak, whenever it is socially acceptable.

PERSONALITY:

Hedonistic and flirty, sex and romance is one of the finest pleasures for him, so much that he cannot love only one person at a time. Also loves alcohol and smoking, and is known to even partake in the taking of certain narcotics. He is quite a hotheaded person, ready to get into a duel if he believes it necessary, no matter if he knows the other party is able to win or not. That being said, he is a complete addict: sex, alcohol and fights bring him solace and keep him steady, and he always has to be doing something at the risk of becoming unstable.

His biggest love is, however, art, especially music: he lives, breathes and eats music. He knows how to play any stringed instruments, and is known to shape the emotions of his admirers like clay when he play. Music made him someone, and he is willing to show how good he is. He is also a very proficient composer and writer.

HOPES:

Scale up the social ladder, gain fame and fortune, and have fun all the while.

**JOHAN FISCHER**

<http://venicerp.com/viewtopic.php?f=119&t=2849>



This character is played by:  
AGUSTO Age: 22

#### The Basics

NAME: Johan Fischer

PLAY BY: Bob Hoskin

GENDER: Male

SEXUALITY: Heterosexual

AGE: 55

NICKNAME: Salty Dog, Dutch

#### Likes

- Doxies
- Rum
- Dirty jokes
- The sea
- Big Boats (and he cannot lie)

#### Dislikes

- Pirates
- Fighting
- When harm comes to his friends
- Wine
- Killjoys

#### APPEARANCE:

The age might have taken most of his hair and his eating and drinking habits might have given him a pot belly, but he is still as spry as a spring chicken, or at least he likes to think so. His lips are usually smiling or laughing, and one just has to look at him for the sadness to go away. He also utterly loathes violence of any kind, and only fights when absolutely necessary.

#### PERSONALITY:

Johan is a jovial sort of man with a pot belly that bounces when he laughs, or rather guffaws. He likes very much to make bawdy jokes, but is in all honestly a gentleman when it comes to the fairer sex. That is not to say he doesn't enjoy rolling in the sheets with a doxie or two, but his priorities have been and always will be involved with the sea. He has never married, though he sired a few bastards in his travels.

#### HOPES:

To get on adventures and gain riches with his family.

#### Character History

(there is exactly one sentence of this history that's worth reading)

Although old, Johan doesn't plan on retiring, though his hope is to die old, with a belly full of rum, and a doxie's mouth around his cock.

## Make Your Own Character!

Lady Generator: <https://botnik.org/apps/writer/?source=0dab85e40266eda6657c48de208a5f79>

Lord Generator: <https://botnik.org/apps/writer/?source=5c90a7731a4bb8fe395ff2ae3f6c4a66>

## And Now the Sexy Bits

### Two Good Friends [M]

<http://venicerp.com/viewtopic.php?f=147&t=2665&hilit=juice>

#### **Gilberto Passeri**

Ever since Gilberto first saw her, wearing men' clothes and brandishing her Venetian sabre, covered in sweat and fighting. Now he was truly excited of being with her, in the flesh.

He assumed she would want to keep most of the clothes on, since she just raised her skirts. Although he wanted to feel the warmth of her skin against him, he understood... but he would still get naked for her.

His fingers stopped caressing and, once she was wet enough, two of them found his way inside her. There he explored, looking for the most sensitive spots, waiting for a pleasant reaction...

After several moments, he took his fingers out and looked at them hungrily, then cleaned her love juice with his tongue. He looked at her intently, "Would you like to feel my mouty, ill mio amore?"

#### **Marceline Hebert**

She leaned back against the bed as his fingers slipped inside of her. He had the hands of an artisan; curious and teasing, stroking her desire as he would the strings of an instrument, listening to the sounds she made as he played upon her lust so expertly. Her own hands gripped the coverlet as she moans and sighed filled the silence of the empty winter room. Her eyes drifted to the mirror near the bed, their figures all shadow as he bent between her legs. She didn't recognize herself, and much like the strangers feel of his hands upon her, she liked it that way.

She groaned in disappointment as his fingers left her, looking back to the young Florentine. He licked her juices from his glistening fingers, and she could not help but want to taste herself. She took his hand, her eyes fixed upon his as her pink tongue traced the path from root to tip before she took him into her mouth to suckle, tasting her own honey on his skin. His fingers slid

from her wet mouth with an audible sound of suction being released. "Oui," she said, kissing fingertips.

### **Gilberto Passeri**

This woman was something else, he realized when she took his fingers to suckle her own. He smiled, amused, allowing her to do such, loving the feeling of her mouth.

At her approval, he gave her another long kiss, then got to her knees, facing her wet, awaiting sex. He went face first, giving her lower lips a similar kiss he gave to the upper.

His licks were long, his sucking of her womanhood tasteful, all while giving her clitoris attention from time to time. His hand caressed the soft skin of her thigh, while he introduced two fingers. It was as if he was messily eating a gelato; always paying attention to her reactions.

### **Marceline Hebert**

His fingers dripped with the nectar of her wet folds, the warm walls of her sex clutching him as he found all the most sensitive spots of her secret places, over and over again. Her climax came in waves that left her clenching at the bedsheets as her limbs trembling. She cried out in the darkness as her back arched and hips rose. Her hands gripped at him blindly, weakened in the wake of her spent lust, blissful. She cupped her hands beneath his chin, the light glistening off the moisture that painted his lips, her own fragrance on him. The warm tip of her tongue gently brushed, tasting herself on him once more before kissing him again to drink deeper still.

Her need was not yet sated, lying quiescent in the pit of her stomach for the moment but unfulfilled. Lying back she urged him to ease her yearning, drawing his body over hers, her hands on his hips as she sighed and moaned, a low wanting ache. He was beautiful in the moonlight, this man in the prime of his life, even with his skin peppered with evidence of his follies. Her fingers caressed his flesh, smooth skin over firm flesh.

### **Gilberto Passeri**

The reaching of her crescendo left his face wet with her love. He licked his lips, glad that he was now tasting and smelling like her. She seemed to like it, too, as when she beckoned him with her hands, the first thing she did was to taste herself, and then to kiss him deeply. A kiss that could get both of them drunk.

His loins itched with desire; he wanted her, and knew she was ready to take him. He shivered at her touch, cursing at her clothing because he couldn't touch her in the same manner. His ring hard, the one he used to stimulate her and thus the one covered in her nectar, went to her mouth so she could taste it. His other hand guided his manhood towards her, and he entered, and trusted, and moaned in delight...

### **Marceline Hebert**

She took his fingers into her mouth as he entered her gripping warmth, moaning softly at the moment of penetration, the sense of fullness. Her tongue stroked his fingers as she sucked gently, echoing the rhythm of his thrusts, knowing that he was focused on the feeling of his cock in the heat of her cunt, and the distraction her lips must cause. He was watching her, of course, his fingers in her mouth, her skirt pulled up around her hips, his cock entering her. She loved this, knowing how much he wanted her, that he was entirely focused on the pleasure she was bringing him.

Pulling his fingers from her lips she drew him close, wrapping her legs around his hips as she whispered in his ear, a husky moan.

### **Gilberto Passeri**

The feeling of her mouth on his fingers, the feeling of her around him... he felt in heaven; yes, he wanted her, and wanted the pleasure they both had.

Then she pulled him close and whispered something. That request made him shiver - he nodded, then pulled out of her, feeling sudden frustration on his loins, but he knew it wouldn't be long. He accommodated her hips so her ass was facing him.

They needed lube... otherwise he would need to use spit; not that he minded eating her bottom. But he spotted a glass vial on the nightstand, and extended his hand to take it. Judging by the label, it was what he was looking for.

He got his face near her butt - it was a nice butt, toned by fencing. He smiled, then gave it two kisses: one on each cheek, and then he covered the middle with a generous amount of lube. Then, for good measure, he put some on his still hard cock.

Carefully, he entered her, feeling the tightness of her around him. He let out a pleased groan as he trusted, over and over, until he came into a delightful crescendo...

### **Marceline Hebert**

Few men ever rejected the opportunity to indulge in that most forbidden of pleasures, usually the domain of prostitutes and fallen women and men who prefer the company of other men. The sin for which Sodom fell. She could still remember her first time, just outside of Paris, a friend with whom she spent a few memorable nights. A bookbinder, by trade. Relax, he'd said, in a room that smelled like fire, It will hurt a little at first but then you will come to enjoy it. Staring at a ceiling starting to collapse, the plaster moldering, and his slippery fingers between her legs, teasing her dark little rosebud to open for him. He was right. It had hurt, at first, but there was no fear the next day of coming away with a child.

As she felt the slippery head of Gilberto's cock easing into the tight ring of muscles, she bit her lip against the intrusion, a faint groan. Somewhere between pleasure and pain.

It was a different sense of fullness, but she liked the feel of him, hard and hot inside of her, that delicious friction. She reached down between her legs, still slick, juices flowing, and finding the center of her own pleasure teased that little nub until she too was coming once more.

And once utterly spent, she lay on her bed in that cold, dark room, looking up at the play of moonlight and shadows upon the ceiling, the sound of their breathing and the occasional burst of laughter from the courtyard below the only sounds to be heard.

### **Gilberto Passeri**

When it came to anal, Gilberto liked both giving and receiving. He had lost his own a long time ago, with a fellow musician with whom he played with on the street... he was an harpist and a beautiful singer, and taught him how to love men, too. His family didn't approve, however, and disowned him once they found out.

He kept thrusting her until he couldn't anymore. His breath became slow, paced, relaxed. He got out of her with a squelching sound, then climbed to bed with her, careful to not to stain her dress with their fluids.

He held her face and kissed her once, then again, the once again, and then he rested his head over her bosom.

## Killing the Social Pariah (M)

<http://venicerp.com/viewtopic.php?f=44&t=600&hilit=cum&start=20>

### **Elizabeth Stanley**

When mounted upon any beast be it steed or man, depending on apparatuses and most deftly skill one would think that the Master of such would be the one on top. But partnerships such as these with either beast or man are precarious endeavors. There must be a trust between the pair, a mutual understanding of the desires and a willingness to accomplish them; on both sides. For one without any of the others leads to a true test of wills and the victor are not always the one left on top.

Alexander was a most impressive partner and he was rough and ready, hard and commanding, everything Biatta had hoped in this moment and more. She hadn't wanted to be treated like some delicate flower, or priceless sculpture that needed a fleshly vigil; not this night. No. She wanted the un tethered brash man that knew how to forage across a battlefield and slay his enemy, without second thought, without yield. And he delivered himself wholly.

No gentle rocking of his hips. No soft matching flex and reflex. And every sharp full thrust had her body dancing, shuddering over his and convulsing her sodden vaginal sheath about his thick fleshly sword. Had her fingers gripping his shoulders and like a constrictor her hips and

arms wrapped tighter about his torso. And when she could respond to his assuage she was like an experience rider, posting, lifting from her clamped knees upon his thighs to rise her upper torso from the trotting mount beneath her. Only to meet him soundly between the next rise of his hips and when his rhythm varied they stumbled only briefly over the changed pace.

But the tempo changing as well as the lead between them, add the rain and how water slicked everything, be it flesh or footing and soon one purchase or the other was lost. He lost footing, recovered and she pulled herself tight, wrapped over him to brace for a fall. But he recovered, albeit briefly before they were falling back to the earth. She was laughing as they met the grass and sand, and unlocked her calves from his back and bent them parallel to his thighs quickly before his weight pinned them and potentially hurt either of them.

Could she stay seated as they landed, was it worth the pain if she lost?

No. She landed higher on his abdomen looking down at him with pleasure heating her face, eyes wide with the adrenalin and excitement stirred to this by him. And she leant forward both hands planted on his shoulders to kiss him, not a fevered or frenzied kiss, no... a slow deliberate sensual mating of her lips upon his and released a low needful growl into the recess of his mouth. And when she parted from his lips she with direct eye contact leant back, arching and reaching behind herself on his thighs, slipping down his lower abdominals, his groin and hips to find purchase on his still evident and much abused erection.

She griped his cock, with hands like strong silk, soft but in no way gentle and stroked him, her eyes never leaving his as she watched his reaction. Up and down, up and down, her grip increasing knowingly when she reached the crown of him and ran her thumb over the fleshly lid. Only releasing ever so lightly on her retreat and when she felt the flex of his cock she shifted to seat him. Slow until she found the niche she wanted the right press of his flesh within her, closed her eyes with a shudder and then she drove them both; Hard. Fucked him with no repent.

He soon could feel her cunt clenching him, spasming and the noises she made that no one could mistake the cause. Her body tauged like a cord, breasts pert and jarring over him and her hand reaching to press upon his lower abdomen as her cum flowed, as her sex flooded around him and she seized. Utterly paused pressing her fingers into him, one hand on his lower abs between his cock and navel, her other clenched upon his thigh holding her as her body corded.

“Ah.. Alexander... fuck... fuck... fuck...”

If he moved she writhed over him and cursed in English and French. Every nerve ending connecting her to him alive and on fire, pulsing with the electricity generated between them and every movement of his cock, or pivot of hip sent a live shock through her and up her spine.

“Mon dieu... Veuillez cesser...”(My God... One moment) she begged and increased the pressure of her hand on his groin. “A moment.” Uncertain of his orgasm as she lost herself over him.

### **Alexander Baranov**

(cutting some preamble)

And she was cumming... and her words could shatter any resistance he was able to muster... and so he pushed her aside... and pulled her to her knees before him... and from this position, he would turn to the animal she wanted... driving in hard and fast... now it was his turn to control... to dominate her...and he would fuck her as she came, cursing in dual languages... and conceding was not in his motions... until... until he drove in hard and she came again... “Your will, my handddd... ahhh fuck...” and he pushed harder hoping to drive her insane... but the inevitable would come forth and his orgasm was hard, wrenching his insides....

One could easily perceive they had fucked for hours... but the inevitable would last for only minutes... and orgasm was the ultimate goal... for both... Did the time matter? Or was the goal they sought that only mattered?

He withdrew from her, and rolled to his back, laughing... “Ka petz, doraghai...” those words best left not translated, as he felt grand... With a glance at their near-destroyed clothes, and the horses that wandered about, then back to her. “Well done... very well done...” and he let the rain beat down upon his form.

### **Pride is A Bitter Tonic (M)**

<http://venicerp.com/viewtopic.php?f=34&t=1284&start=20>

### **Quentin North**

If Quentin had heard her entirely thoughts he'd have been even more peeved at Ruggi than he already was. It was not enough that the man was a blaggard that apparently was sleeping around with impressionable young without ensuring they took the necessary precautions, but he wasn't even giving them the proper treatment a lady deserved. It was a gentleman's duty to provide foreplay to his companion so that she could experience the utmost pleasure.

Lightly he teethes the skin of her shoulder before making his way slowly up her neck and across her jaw catching her lips with his own, drawing her into a slow languorous kiss. Lips parting her's so their tongues can intertwine playfully. While this is happening his hands finally travel somewhere less than appropriate cupping her rear in his palms and working her firm cheeks lightly at first then with slowly adding pressure, this forces her chest to grind into his slightly her breasts teasing against the hard expanse.

Slowly he lifts her hips bringing the sweet folds of her delicate petals into contact with his hard length. The water sloshes and moves as he teases her slit rubbing up and down its length, she'd be able to feel that his member was very much in line with the rest of his body as the head teases against that nub of pleasure right above her waiting folds.

(skipping a bunch)

### **Adelade Kitanovski**

The pressure within her was so much more intense than she remembered... She stiffened at the first sign she was about to topple into the abyss. She tightened around him, he would be able to tell she held back. Her head shook... No, she couldn't... She couldn't possibly... But then.... She did... There was an explosion of light beneath her eye lids it felt, and her walls rippled violently almost, around him. She moved with a frenzy, harder, faster, and exploded a second... Then a third time... Surrendering to her first multiple with no more fear.

### **Quentin North**

Dear lord but she was a sensitive one, he could feel each release from the girl as it rippled through her body and around his intruding member. It was quite the extraordinary thing and an experience was quite pleasurable, even if he did not get his own release. He expects to slump bonelessly against him when she is done but she does her best to keep moving which does surprise him, either she was insatiable or she wanted to ensure that he reached his own climax.

(skip some paragraphs)

### **Adelade Kitanovski**

"Quen.... Tin.... Pl... Please!" She begged him, then sobbed as her walls squeezed around him hard, milking at him. She was shaking as she came yet again. If they were not already in the tub, he would probably have felt every aspect of the release. "Fill... Me..." she was begging him to gain release now. She was spent but determined to make sure that he got his. It was important to her, she just wanted him to be fulfilled like she was.

### **Quentin North**

(skip a paragraph)

Deciding to give into her demands he finally releases his seed within her, hot thick and potent it floods into her channel. Fortunately, he didn't need to worry about it finding purchase in her already planted womb so he did not need to stop thrusting to ensure he did not release inside of her. He keeps her bouncing in his lap as her tightly clenching depths milk him and only when the last burst is delivered does he slowly bring her to a stop letting her nestle against his chest to recover from what was apparently the best sex she'd ever had.



# Presidential Porn At AO3

Sorry, I lied it's \*mostly\* Hamilton.

## Full Stories

### HamilHeathers

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/10241471/chapters/22718552>

By FandomKing2133

Chapter 1: John Laurens is Beautiful

'Dear ~~Jornal~~ ~~Joranal~~ Screw it

dear fucking diary,

I can't spell. The name's John Laurens. Today's the first day of senior year at Westerberg High and I can't wait for it to be over.'

"Freak!" "Slut!" "Loser!" "Shortbus!" "Homo!" "Homo!" "Homo!"

'This school is really fucked up. Everyone hates everyone. Well, except for Eliza. Eliza Schuyler, the most innocent cinnamon roll there is. And my best friend. She's the cute small child who everyone should love, and I'm the artistic gay best friend.'

"Oh, look, Charles! It's the crybaby and the weird gay boy!"

'Oh, dear lord, here comes George King. And I thought the day was horrible already. King is a transfer from England and a total drama queen. And Charles? That's Charles Lee, but everyone but King calls him Lee.'

"HA, look everyone, the gay guy Laurens has a fuckin diary!"

'I'm going to murder Lee one day I swear'

"Fuck off, L-"

"HEY EVERYONE!!! THE SOUTHERN DEM REPUBS ARE COMIN'!!!!"

'The Southern DemRepubs. Everyone loves them. Aaron Burr, runs the newspaper, no discernible personality, but some rumors say his dad payed for plastic surgery. James Madison, Vice President of the student consul, cute, but a bit of a bitch. Ah and Thomas Jefferson. He is a mythic bitch.'

Notes:

I'm working on this, I apologize because it sucks.

## I Can't Help Falling in Love With You

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/15709032/chapters/36511842>

vickimorenoxox

George Washington: **Lesbiathan**

Alexander Hamilton: **Nutshell**

### Chapter 1: Alex please

Alex, I'm in love with you. My feelings for your more than fatherly.

What did you say, George. Alex said incredulously

I'm in love with you. It hasn't always been that way Alex I don't know what changed. But one day everything change did and I am in love with you.

So you're telling me that is just happening out of the blue. Alex said with a cynical laugh. Yeah right, where you trying to fool George.

Alexander I'm not trying to fool anyone. If I could change it I would but in a way, I'm glad that I am in love with you.

In a way in what way George come on you're literally old enough to be mine.

You're twice my age.

Honestly, think I will fall for someone who is as old as you are George.

Alexander, I'm not asking for much I just can't hold it in anymore even if you never return these feelings I have for you Alex even if you hate me I just have to let it out.

Alex says something anything. ( George trying to grab Alexander's face)

I think I need to spend a little time alone I'm going to go to Lafayette Place.

If that's what you feel like you need to do Alexandra then go.

## The Time That Alexander Walked In On His Dad Getting Some

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/8164418>

By: Semoka

Summary:

the title is pretty self explanatory ;^)))))))))

George had his back pressed against the desk, King bent over above him pressing kisses to his neck. King scraped his teeth over a sensitive spot and George gasped, arching up against him. George brought his hands up to tangle in King's hair and pull him into another passionate kiss.

"King...fucking hell you're going to kill me with your mouth," George mumbled, loving to glint in his lover's eyes when he cursed.

"That's exactly what's going to happen, love," King promised, then set to kissing his way down George's chest, unbuttoning his shirt as he went down. George was embarrassingly whimpering at the kisses and nips, and let out a low moan when King bit and sucked to form a hickey on his exposed hip.

Neither of the pair noticed the voices approaching the door and didn't even realize the door opened until they heard a horrified screech of "DAD OH MY GOD" followed by hysterical laughter. George and King used each other to hide their flaming cheeks and silent laughter at who interrupted them.

Alexander Hamilton was covering his eyes, still screaming his head off. Jefferson was on the hallway floor behind him, practically crying laughing. George sat up, forcing King to stand, and looked at Alex. "Can't an old man still get some?" He asked and falls back against the desk laughing when Alex screeches and slams the door closed.

"I JUST WANTED MONEY FOR FOOD AND THEN THIS-" Alexander's screaming gets cut off by something, and then there's grumbling before footsteps walk away from the door. King and George looked at each other in silence for a moment, smiling turns to grinning, then they locked the door and continued their activities.

Notes:

This is probably going to be a series of drabbles in a college au

~o0o~

Come find me on tumblr @semoka I love talking to y'all

~o0o~

Comments fuel my work ethic and kudos are greatly appreciated ;)

**Answer For Your Words**

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/10962807>

By: meridian\_rose (meridianrose)

Summary:

modern day college au; when Hamilton calls Jefferson a wanker in front the student governing body, Jefferson demands an apology. Hamilton's apology is, well, Hamilton-esque.

"He called me a wanker! A British term! An offensive term! In front of the entire student governing body!"

Jefferson was angry.

Hamilton was called upon to apologise.

Hamilton showed up to the next meeting with a long essay prepared which referenced over fifty sources that showed masturbation was not only perfectly healthy but had health benefits.

He called out John Kellogg who invented corn flakes to try and prevent masturbation as a misogynist who believed that mental excitement and physical labour should be avoided during menstruation.

He praised Jocelyn Elders, the first African-American, and only second woman, to serve as surgeon general of the United States, who was fired for her outspoken but progressive views on reproductive rights, safe sex, and in particular that masturbation as a natural and common expression of sexuality that was free of the risk of disease and unwanted pregnancy. She had spoken truly and been punished for it. Surely that she was a woman played into this? Surely because she was African-American she was judged more harshly?

In short, Hamilton said, after two hours and fifteen minutes, masturbation should not be thought of as a bad thing, and so being called a masturbator could not be a bad thing either. In fact he was proud to proclaim himself as a "wanker", which while a British term, had a rather less clinical ring than "masturbator", but if Jefferson preferred to be referred to that way, that was a choice Hamilton would respect.

Unless Jefferson thought masturbation was bad? Unless Jefferson was going to deny ever having masturbated? Because Hamilton had some anecdotes about both his own life and Jefferson's that he would gladly share.

Desperate for the meeting to be over, the chair begged Jefferson to accept Hamilton's "apology".

Just as desperate to leave, and worried that Hamilton would share what he'd seen that night he'd burst into Jefferson's dorm room unannounced, Jefferson reluctantly conceded.

## Sweet Strong Southern

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/8059378>

By: Queen\_Oval

Narrator: Shell

Thomas: Lesbiathan

James: Nutshell

### Summary:

All Thomas wants is James to wear a cute t-shirt.

Notes:

I blame a Tumblr meme.

“No I’m not wearing that!”

James and Thomas were in their apartment. James was enjoying his day binge watching Netflix. Until Thomas walked in holding up a shirt saying, “I like my man how I like my tea. Sweet, Strong and Southern.”

“Come on, babe you know you like this shirt,” Thomas Jefferson comment with smile.

The short man blankly looked at him.

James shook his head, “No. It’s trashy.”

Thomas cuddle James, “No It’s trendy and cute. Just like you.”

“Still no wearing that,” James told him swiftly clicking to the next episode.

Thomas held him tight showing off his puppy eyes to his boyfriend, “Pretty please.”

“Let me think about it....No,” James said ending the conversation focusing on the episode.

Thomas pouted at his boyfriend and not earning his attention. The curly haired got off of James, walking to their bedroom needing to think up a plan. Desperate times calls for desperate measures, thought Thomas.

Thomas knew one thing that would make James wear that shirt. His southern drawl would make James listen.

"Darlin'," Thomas called him.

"Oh God," James moaned under his breath. Thomas is using his southern accent again, I have to be strong James thought.

"Yes, Thomas," James answered look at him.

The curly afro looked him, "Can you please wear this shirt?"

James swallowed dryly, "I don't know."

Thomas curled up to James, "Please I think it'll look so sexy on you."

James blushed, "Really?"

"Of course darlin' can you pretty please," Thomas said hugging James' midsection.

James fidgeted a little, "It wouldn't hurt to wear it just once...right?"

"Right," Thomas agreed secretly smiling that his plan is working.

James got off the couch and put on the shirt still feeling uncomfortable in it, "How do I look?"

"The sexiest man alive!" Thomas gushed. Making James blushed at the comment.

"Thank you," James said. Thomas grabbed his hand walking out to the front door.

"Where are we go," James asked as he

"Go to show this to Hamilton's face," The curly haired answered.

"Why?"

"To show I have a cuter boyfriend then he has," Thomas smiled at him.

"Couldn't do that in phone?" question James trying keep up with Thomas.

"It's not the same," The taller one as they reached to the elevators.

## poly!hamilsquad drabble #1

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/5524271>

By: rocketthebunny (orphan\_account)

Summary:

u ready for this clusterfuck of a groupchat???????????

now u are

welcome to this hogwarts au shitshow

for the record,,,

mulligan is gryffindor

hamilton is slytherin

lafayette is ravenclaw

laurens is hufflepuff

eliza is hufflepuff

angelica is slytherin

tjeff is ravenclaw

jmads is hufflepuff

**alex:** guys i think tjeff is a nonbeliever

**johnny boy:** what why

**alex:** i think he's never seen poly people before???? he looked so confused when u guys came over

**mulligan:** maybe its the fact that we're all from different houses

**LAUGHayette:** oh my god?? thats hilarious,,, hes a fuckign ravenclaw i wouldve thought he did his research

**angie:** really?? its been three months since u guys started going out

**alex:** it was hilarious he came up to me like 'so u have,,, is ur boyfriend nice???' n i was like 'which one??'

he went pale u should have seen him

**johnny boy:** he said that?? hes the one whos been dating james madison behind marthas back

**eliza:** he has?? holy shit spill

**LAUGHayette:** im fucknig

**johnny boy:** i walked in on him blowing jmads in the ground floor boys bathroom

i think he has a hairpulling kink

**mulligan:** thats amazing john

**alex:** THATS IT IM KINKSHAMING

alex added tom to the chat

**alex:** TJEFF, OUTSIDE THE GREAT HALL, RIGHT NOW

**tom:** what the fuck?

**alex:** come ON jefferson i know ur free right now

outside the great hall, asap

alex removed tom from the chat

--

**johnny boy:** i think jefferson started crying

that's my boy alex

**LAUGHayette:** 1 of my boyfriends just dragged jefferson

this is the best day ever

**alex:** my kinkshame game strong

**eliza:** im so done with u

**mulligan:** same

**LAUGHayette:** tbh same

**johnny boy:** me too

**alex:** what the FUCK I THOUGHHT U LOVED ME

--

**LAUGHayette:** alex, savez-vous quand est le voyage en hogsmeade? (do you know when the trip to hogsmeade is?)

**alex:** croissant

**LAUGHayette:** i know u speak french dont fuck with me its too early for this shit

**alex:** desolé,,, (sorry)

est ce week-end (it's this weekend)

**LAUGHayette:** merci, mon cheri! (thanks, my dear!)

--

**johnny boy:** we should write am uscial

**alex:** hELL YE AAH

**LAUGHayette:** please stop yourselves

**johnny boy:** aw wlaf but you could be the hot frnec one

**mulligan:** hes already the hot french one what r u saying john



**alex:** IM THE LEA DOF CHOURSE

**LAUGHayette:** herc, im sorry, but theyre your responsibility now

mulligan: i hate all of u

--

**alex:** broooo,,,,, did u se e the homework Snape gave us

**johnny boy:** .....hes your head of house alex i thought youd be used to it

**alex:** he took off 10 points bc i accidentally started a debate on muggle politics!! who g ave him the rIGHT

**angie:** u deserved it tbh,,,

**alex:** i did not!!

i have values Angelica

**angie:** did u forget that im iN UR CLASS

**alex:** yeah but

politics

**johnny boy:** shut ur face

**LAUGHayette:** im breaking up with u

**mulligan:** b ye

**alex:** rude, john

**angie:** i hope they still do house transfers for 7th years

**alex:** laF N O

**eliza:** we're not friends anymore you need to stop

**alex:** herc pls stay

angelica they dont do house tranfers e ve r

elIZA NO PLS B MY FRIEND

**angie:** i'll make them transfer me

**eliza:** im leaving

this gc is a mess

eliza has left the chat

What a butt

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/7299619>

By: Jmadswrites

Narrator: Stress

Van Buren: Nutshell

Andrew: Ironicus

The chaotic environment of the oval office was winding down. Martin Van Buren was glad there wasn't many people there. It was just him, the president, Black Fox, and the band members. He was chatting up one of the band members to past time. He glanced over at Andrew who was leaning against his desk, talking to his native friend. He felt a bit hungry and decided he need a snack. He rummaged though his pocket for a twinkie but came up empty handed.

"I'll be right back." He said with a small smile. Martin started heading over to his office, walking past Andrew. He felt a hand smack his butt, causing him to squeak and stumble. Once he regain balance he looked back at Andrew who was looking back with a cocky smirk . When the man winked, Martin felt his heart flutter and a light blush spread across his face. He looked away and headed out the room.

"Oh my God." he voice was a high whisper. He couldn't believe Andrew slapped his butt again. He squealed when he got into his office. Maybe Andrew returned his feelings and was showing them in a somewhat subtle way. He fumbled around in on his desk drawers and grabbed a twinkie. He took a few moments to calm himself down before he unwrapped the sponge cake and taking a few bites.

Martin headed back to the oval office once his nerves calmed down. He was still snacking on his twinkie. When he entered the room, Black Fox was gone and Andrew was focusing on some papers on his desk. The band was minding their own business.

"Any news from congress?" Andrew asked, not looking up from his papers.

"No sir. They been surprising quiet today." Martin fidgeted with his hands.

"Good."

Awkward silence filled the room.

"You want to know something Van Buren?" Andrew was still looking down at his paperwork.

"What, sir?"

Andrew looked up at his vice president, a small smirk on his face.

"You have an impeccable ass."

## Fuck Me Gently With a Baguette

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/11758188>

By: John\_J (orphan\_account)

Lafayette looked up when they heard the door close. They had been waiting for this all day and didn't hesitate to pounce on Alex as soon as he had entered their shared apartment.

"Mon cher! Did you bring them?" Laf questioned excitedly as they dug through the bag in Alex's hand. Finding what they were looking for, they grabbed the bag and dragged it and Alex into their bedroom.

"Laf, calm down, what's the big rush?"

"Mon amore," Laf explained as they undressed. "I have a surprise for you." Laf finished undressing to reveal lacy red lingerie that perfectly cupped their huge dick.

Alex's eyes widened as he began to harden, "I like where this is going. Have no idea what the baguettes have to do with it though."

Laf got on the bed without answering, using a finger to gesture Alex nearer to them. As soon as he got close enough, Laf gently whispered in his ear, "Tonight, mon choupinou, you are going to fuck me gently with a baguette." Alexander promptly fell off the bed.

By the time Alex had collected himself, Laf was on all fours on the bed. "Well, I've been patient enough. Why don't you get undressed and join me already?" Alex quickly complied, wondering if this was actually happening. As soon as he got on the bed, Laf reached over and thrust a baguette into his hand. "Don't worry, I prepared before you arrived, now please Alexander."

Still a little dazed, Alex began to coat the stick of bread with lube from the nightstand. He removed Lafayette's underwear to see that they had indeed already prepared. Gently, Alex began to thrust the bread into Laf's hole.

And Oh GOD the sounds Laf was making. Alex nearly came right then as he began to thrust fasted, the baguette in one hand and his dick in the other. Lafayette was moaning so loud at this point that the neighbors could defiantly hear them from two floors away. The pace increased as they both came nearer to the edge.

"Alexander!" Laf came first, spilling onto the pillows as they clenched around the large loaf. The sound and sight was too much for Alex and before he knew what was happening, he was spilling all over Laf's back with a shout of his spouses name.

And well, if he got off to fucking his spouse with a baguette, nobody had to know besides the two of them.

## And Now A List of Just Fanfic Descriptions

### What you need

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/16785919>

'You call that a slap?' is what he says, eyes alight with a smugness that makes Burr want to kiss him into a wreck again, maybe make him come from loosely jacking him off in one hand, maybe have one or four fingers buried in his ass, threatening to press down at his prostate and stay there even if he cried. He wouldn't do that today, though, not when he'd expressed such a clear and delicious desire for something else.

(Or, the one with rough Hamburr sex ig)

### Pisse

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/17189381>

hamiltone,,, forgets to,,, how you say, piss

### Bracelets

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/10620729/chapters/23490177>

AU where Alex has 5 sets of bracelets for each emotion he's feeling due to his bipolar disorder. Jefferson is new to this and freaks the fuck out when he sees Alex wearing all of them sobbing

(( feel free to use this AU, just gift it to me ))

### The Walking Dead: A Killer's Tale

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/13079235>

"Hi...I'm Phillip!" A little voice echoed from the walkie-talkie, Aaron peeking under a table for anything. It was fairly dark within the house, but luckily sunlight was pouring through and making it easy to look around. Aaron then lifted up the walkie-talkie, and spoke in a reassuring tone.

"Well, Hello Phillip...I'm Aaron."

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Aaron Burr was an assassin, trained to kill and feel nothing.

But when the world comes crashing down with a zombie apocalypse, He has found that he must learn to survive.

Survive to take care of a little boy named Phillip, who also happens to be Alexander Hamilton's son...

A man he engaged in an affair to only kill in cold blood.

In a world filled with living, we must face...

The Walking Dead

## Sincerely Me (Lams Parody)

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/14139837>

Finally, a Lams parody for "Sincerely, Me." The queer 18th-century duet about a relationship that's been denied by historians for centuries is here. A lot of humor and innuendos to stay true to the spirit of the song.

## leg so hot u fry an egg

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/9571856>

Leg so hot  
Hot hot leg  
Leg so hot u fry an egg

Or,

In which Burr is accidentally sent a tumblr poem in the middle of the night.

## Alexander Hamilton: The Internet's Politician

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/6288094>

Someone let A Ham on twitter and tumblr. And interact with Drumpf on twitter. Shenanigans happen.

## Good Kitty

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/6752599>

Aaron Burr sat on the floor, trying to quell the faint humiliation he felt at cat ears and tail he was wearing.

## There's Hope for Our Ass After All

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/13562553>

Prompt: "OKAY BUT A JOHN LAURENS X READER WHERE WHEN RHE GUYS ARE SINGING THE STORY OF TONIGHT (REPRISE) AND WHEN HE SAYS THERES HOPE FOR ASS AFTER ALL' HE SEES HER AND HES LIKE IM ABOUT TO GET THAT GIRL TO BE MINE AND LIKE FLUFFFFFFF?"

## Gimme A Pizza Dat Ass

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/13522716>

You read the title, you saw the tags- you know exactly what this is, and if you can't handle the founding fathers getting it on when one of them is a pizza, then you're a better soul than I.

## Slutty Presidents and Baby Wipes

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/12969462>

Laurens has a diaper kink and Lafayette is fucking Mulligan with a bagel