

Part 12

Alpha's Dirty Secret

Disclaimer: *This fictional story features only adult characters (18+) and portrays fully consensual interactions. It also includes language and themes that may not be comfortable for all readers, so please proceed with discretion.*

Part 12: Call Me Sir (*Continued*) **(Mikey's POV)**

I leaned in instinctively, lips parting, already ready to take it.

“Uh-uh.” His voice was low, sharp. “Haven’t you learned by now?”

I froze, heat rushing to my face.

“You suck my cock only when I say so. You are so fucking pathetic.” He shook his head with a grin, then bent down, his hand holding my jaw. “Open your mouth, boy.”

I obeyed. And just like that, he spit into it. A thick string, hot and heavy, landing on my tongue.

“Swallow it.”

I gulped it down, his spit sliding right through my throat like it belonged there. No hesitation or shame. Just thick, hot alpha spit, and me swallowing it like a prize. It felt amazing. Like I’d been rewarded without actually earning it. Like just being on my knees in front of him was enough.

“Thank you, sir,” I breathed, dazed.

He chuckled. “Yeah, boy. You want my musk?”

I nodded.

“I’ll give you some.”

Then he turned around slow, cock and arched his back presenting his perfect muscle jock ass toward my nose. The sight alone made my pulse race. It was hairy, firm, and just fucking perfect.... in-fact better than my girlfriend’s.

Like the desperate sub that I am, I leaned in and stuck my tongue out without hesitation. The scent hit me first.. It was strong and raw, thick with sweat and musk from the gym. I pressed my face closer, nose buried between his cheeks, inhaling him like I couldn't survive without it.

"Lick it, bitch", Cole moaned through the pleasure.

I licked slowly at first, savouring it, tracing his hole with my tongue while breathing in that deep, masculine scent. It was musky, salty, and so intense it only made me hungrier. My hands gripped his thighs tight as I went in deeper, tongue pressing into him, tasting the mix of heat and sweat that clung there.

Cole groaned, glancing back with a cocky smirk. "That's it Mikey. Get in there you fucking slut".

"You love it, don't you, fucking manslut?"

And I did. I couldn't stop licking his hairy asshole, couldn't stop breathing him in and I was completely obsessed, drunk on his scent, worshipping every part of him like it was the only thing I'd ever wanted.

He shoved his ass back harder against my face, grinding down until my nose was buried deep. "Fucking breathe it in," he growled. "This is what an alpha smells like."

"Yeah... that's it, boy."

I tried to mumble a thank you, but my tongue was too deep in Cole's hole, lapping at him greedily.

"Can't hear you, boy," he taunted, hips tilting forward away from my tongue. He turned his body, reached down, and held out his thick cock which was already leaking at the tip.

His eyes locked on me. "Tongue out bitch," he ordered, voice rough. "Right fucking now."

I obeyed instantly, tongue out, my heart pounding. Cole stepped closer, pressing the heavy weight of his cock against my tongue. The taste of his precum hit me...warm, sharp and salty. My lips closed around his tip instantly.

"Good fucking boy," Cole murmured, one hand grabbing the back of my head yanking

my face towards his cock. He pushed harder as he slid his cock into my mouth, letting my tongue swirl under his shaft and slide across his cock, tracing every vein. I wrapped my hand around the base, stroking slowly, while my mouth slid further down on his veiny cock until I felt the fat head graze the back of my throat.

I gagged lightly, but before I could adjust my hands on his cock, his voice cut through, sharp and commanding. "Hands behind your back," he growled. "I let you use them last time. Not now. This cock ain't some pretty trophy you get to hold."

Heat flushed up my neck as I instantly obeyed, sliding both my hands behind my back.

The position made me feel exposed, small, completely owned. "S-Sorry, Sir," I mumbled, cheeks burning.

He smirked down at me. "That's better. *Use only your mouth*".

"If my cock slips out, you pant like a good dog and find it again with that slutty mouth."

I nodded, throat tight, my lips already sealing around his cock again, determined not to fail. His hand gripped my hair, guiding me, pushing me deeper while I knelt there, desperate, worshipping him the way he wanted.

"Fucking whore..." he groaned, hips twitching forward slightly. My eyes watered, but I didn't care. I swallowed his cock, my nose was filled with his scent still clinging there from when I'd been buried in his ass. Every moan my master made only made me hungrier; I wanted more, needed him deeper.

Cole gripped my hair tighter and pushed. I gagged lightly but adjusted, relaxing my throat like he'd trained me. He held me there for a moment, cock buried deep, letting me choke and drool around him. "*That's it, bitch,*" he rasped. "*Look at you, taking it like you can't survive without my cock.*"

When he finally let me up for air, spit and precum dripped down my chin. I caught my breath, then dove back down, bobbing faster on his cock, my lips slid over every inch of him. His hips rolled with the rhythm of my mouth, shallow thrusts that made my throat stretch, his cock was drenched from spit and precum.

I moaned around him, loud and needy, desperate for every sound of approval.

Cole's cock slipped out from my lips with a wet pop, leaving a string of spit hanging. I waited for a split second, heart pounding, then remembered his words. I panted,

open-mouthed, aiming it towards his cock like he demanded. I looked like a pathetic dog panting for his bone.

He chuckled darkly above me. "Go on, Mikey. Show me how bad you want it.."

I leaned forward, cheeks flushed, dragging my face along his quads, then upper, nuzzling against his balls until I felt a drip of his precum brush my face. I moaned with relief and swallowed his cock again, taking him deep.

"*So fucking needy*," he said, tightening his grip in my hair. "Look at you... trained Cocksucker.." He tilted his hips, feeding me inch after inch until my nose pressed against his pubes, his musky scent filling my senses again.

Drool ran down my chin, but I didn't care. My hands stayed pinned behind my back, chest heaving as I bobbed my head, eager and *humiliated*, exactly how he wanted me.

Cole smirked down at me. "Keep it up, bitchboy."

Cole's grip in my hair tightened suddenly, guiding my head down until my nose was buried against his pelvis. His cock jammed deep in my throat, stretching me wide, cutting off every sound except a choked gurgle.

"*Stay like that*," he growled. "*Don't pull back*."

My hands were still locked behind my back and my throat struggled around his cock. His hips snapped forward, deep and sudden, and then it hit me; his cock twitching as molten heat pulsed onto my tongue and immediately slipped down my throat, thick and overwhelming. Just wave after wave of it, spilling straight down my throat, flooding me with the taste of him.

Raw, heavy and endless stream of alpha cum sliding down my throat. I gagged and swallowed instinctively, the taste flooding me as I struggled to breathe.

Cole held me by his crotch, groaning low, cock pulsing against my tongue. I could feel every drop sliding down, my throat working desperately to take it.

When he finally let me pull back, strings of cum leaked from my lips, dripping down my chin to my chest. I gasped for air, still swallowing what I could, my face wet, humiliated, and shaking.

Cole smirked down at me, thumb wiping a streak of cum from my cheek.

“Good fucking boy,” he muttered, rubbing it against my lips. “Gargle it next time before you swallow. I wanna hear the sounds of you struggling.”

I knelt there, panting, my chest heaving as I tried to catch my breath. Cole stood over me, cock still dripping and glistening, a smirk carved across his face. He tilted his hips forward, tapping the messy, wet tip against my lips.

“Not done yet, boy,” he said firmly. “Clean me up. Every fucking drop.”

I opened my mouth without hesitation, tongue out, dragging it slowly along his shaft. I licked around the base, tasting sweat and salt, then up over the veiny length, following it all the way to the swollen head. He groaned when I circled my tongue there, savoring the mix of cum and musk.

“Good,” he muttered, holding my head steady while I worked. “Use that tongue. Show me how much you love the aftertaste.”

I lapped at him greedily, sucking the last streaks from the underside until it was spotless. My tongue darted lower, licking along his heavy balls, savoring his scent, the deep musk making my cock ache in my jeans.

When I finally pulled back, lips red and swollen, Cole chuckled darkly. He cupped my jaw, tilting my face up to him. “Look at you. Dripping, obedient, and perfect on your knees like a toy.”

He pressed his cock against my cheek one last time, smirking down at me. Then he tilted it toward my lips. “Open,” he ordered, voice low and commanding.

My heart pounded, but I obeyed, parting my lips wide.

Disclaimer: The next 3 paragraphs contain light **consensual piss play. If the kink is not to your liking, start reading after the next highlighted part.**

A second later, a stream of piss hit my tongue; hot, sharp, and unmistakably his. My eyes fluttered shut as it filled my mouth, the taste raw and overwhelming. I gagged slightly but forced myself to hold it, cheeks puffing, the warmth spilling over my tongue and pooling in my throat.

“That’s it,” Cole groaned, hand gripping the back of my head. “Drink it, boy. Show me you love every drop of me.”

I swallowed in shaky gulps, piss running down the corners of my mouth, dripping onto my chest. The smell was strong, masculine and dizzying. He kept going, marking me, owning me completely while I stayed kneeling, obedient, and desperate. When the stream finally slowed, he slapped his still-damp cock lightly against my lips. “Good boy,” he murmured, watching me pant, piss-stained and trembling.

--- Start reading from here if you have skipped the piss play above. Don’t worry, you haven’t missed much.---

“You’ll never forget how I taste now, will you?”

I shook my head weakly, licking the tip, desperate for his approval. I swallowed hard, my lips still wet, whispering, “Thank you, Sir.”

Cole smirked and stepped back. Drops slid off me and pattered onto the floor, deliberate, like he wanted to see the mess spread. He didn’t say a word, just pulled up his underwear, then his jeans, tucking himself in casually like nothing had happened.

He moved to the mirror, wore a shirt, ran hand through his hair, the perfect picture of calm dominance while I stayed frozen on my knees behind him. My thighs ached, my mouth tasted of him, but I didn’t dare move.

Finally dressed, he grabbed his car keys from the dresser, glanced at me over his shoulder, and smirked. “I want that floor spotless by the time I get back, housetoy.”

I nodded quickly, still kneeling, head bowed. “Yes, Sir.”

He walked out without another word, the sound of the door closing leaving me alone, trembling, humiliated and harder than I’d ever been.