

VAUGHN IS MAD.

And that gets my rocks off. I'm so fucking hard, it's not even a joke.

But who am I kidding? I'm always in a state of arousal around this guy. I've grown tired of questioning it, and I'm just embracing it now.

Been embracing it since the first time I saw him again in that restaurant, if I'm being completely honest.

And no, it's not too much in my humble opinion. I'm just apparently attracted to someone who's totally not my type.

Well, he was the first guy I had a crush on, so that could be the reason behind the madness.

Or the kissing.

God damn, I'm near bursting with lust, because how the fuck does he kiss this well?

A rush of unease spills through me at the thought of others who've experienced the feel of his hypnotizing mouth.

Where I'm always impatient, going for the power of it, Vaughn kisses like he walks, talks, and fucks-with control.

He forces me to slow down, kissing me into enchantment, licking the inside of my mouth, tasting me.

Bleeding into me.

All I can do is follow his lead, allowing him to swallow me whole.

He flips us around so that my back hits the mattress and he's on top of me, his fingers in my hair, his knee jammed between my legs so close to my aching cock.

Listen, don't judge. A week is so long.

And I'm weirdly into the fight for power, surprising myself by how prepared I am to let him do whatever the fuck he wants to me.

"You need to learn how to stop provoking me," he whispers in hot, raspy words against my lips, his voice dripping with lust and anger.

My favorite combination.

Fuck, I love how grumpy he is. How that precious control of his bursts at the seams the moment he touches me.

"Do I?"

His gaze zeroes in on my mouth as I dart my tongue, licking my lower lip. When he speaks, his voice is rough.

"You do."

"I'll consider it."

"This mouth." A growl rumbles from him before his lips seize mine again.

This time, the kiss is brutal and punishing. He sucks hard at my mouth, biting down on my tongue like he wants to eat me the fuck up.

"Why do you taste like the best thing I've ever had?" he grunts, sounding half in awe, half annoyed.

"It's a superpower." I'm gasping, my tongue dragging over his lips, while my fingers tear across him—slipping beneath his shirt, tracing the sculpt of his chest, the planes of his back. I touch him everywhere I can.

«Why does it have to be you?" His voice drops to a hushed murmur, more to himself than to me.

«That's what I'm asking myself as well." I whisper back.

His eyes flash to mine, plunging deep, so colorful and dark with lust, but the moment passes, and so does the strange look he had.

I'd give anything to be a fly in his brain and know what he thinks.

Vaughn yanks my shirt over my head and flings it away, and I do the same to his, unable to get enough of his body. He's all sharp lines and symmetry, lean abs tapering into a sculpted waist. Even the moles—one near his navel, another by his chest—only make him more maddeningly perfect.

Are moles even supposed to be beautiful, or am I just too far gone?

Both.

Let's just go with both.

I get distracted in my watching session, only realizing after a bit that his fingers are hesitantly exploring me, running over my chest, flicking a nipple.

The innocence of it all drives me wild.

I keep forgetting that I'm Vaughn's first guy—technically his first anything, and no, Danika doesn't fucking count.

I love how focused he looks. His brows drawn, his lips parted, releasing shallow breaths, and I can feel his growing erection pressing against my thigh.

"Like what you see, baby?" I ask with a grin, then flex, and his eyes follow the movement, his nostrils flaring.

"You're such an attention whore."

"Guilty as charged."

"Is that why you work out and fight? To flex and attract people's attention?" He unbuttons my jeans, and I help with his, then we both kick our shoes away.

"Maybe," I say only because I know he won't like it, and I get off on his reactions a bit too much.

Mostly because he usually doesn't have any reaction.

I've seen him with his friends, with Danika-gag-and even seen pictures of him at events and parties. Vaughn is the definition of mechanical.

Too precise.

Too proper.

His face is a mask devoid of expression.

So I feel a sort of superpower when I drag out his anger, lust, and possessiveness.

Oh, and petty jealousy. He has that in spades.

"What did you just say?" He narrows his eyes as we both slip out of our pants and boxers, kicking them on the ground.

We're chest to chest, fully naked, only surrounded by the silky sheet that he'll totally throw a fit about being covered with cum later.

My chest thuds, and my balls hum at the feeling of his erection rubbing against my thigh. I don't think I'll ever get used to the sensation of his warm flesh pressed against mine.

Or the knowledge that he wants me as much as I want him.

Just kidding, I totally will. But I don't believe I'll ever view it as normal, because, fuck me all the way to hell, never really liked just holding my fuck buddies.

With them, it was only physical, Wham, bam, and thank you very much, ma'am. But with Vaughn, the weight of his body flush against mine sends a thrill racing through me. It's addictive. And intense.

I'm already mourning the fact that I can't have him like this every day.

Fuck distance. I don't believe in that shit.

"I said maybe." I feign innocence. "What can I say? love the attention-mmmfuck!"

My words end on a moan because he's cupping me and his low, growly voice rushes close to my lips. "My attention is the only attention you'll crave. Volchonok. Are we fucking clear?"

Yes, sir.

I bite my tongue before I can say that, because what the fuck? Why do I love his possessive dominant streak a bit too much? The little fuck is a year younger than me, damn it. It should be insulting.

"From now on, I'm the only one who gets to touch you." He squeezes my cock, and I thrust my hips, chasing the burn, but he just shoves me back down with his grip.

"Say yes."

"Mmm, I'll think about it."

"Yulian..."

"Yes, baby?"

"You're doing that on purpose, aren't you?"

"Maybe," I grin, and it ends up in a moan, because he's licking a trail down the center of my chest, and my mouth is watering, my dick throbbing like crazy in his hand.

"Or maybe you just love being used.." He trails off, his hazel eyes flashing toward me. "Your dick is surely performing a standing ovation for me, making a fucking mess as usual.

Yup, that tracks. Precum is already coating the tip and dripping into his hand as he jerks me, lubing me up with that delicious control.

"You like it." I thrust powerfully, pushing my hips forward.

"What was that?" His words are muffled because he's kissing and licking my chest, nipples, and abs, he's biting on the tattoo and sucking the skin around it over and over, and I'm surprised I don't come from the sensation.

My balls draw up, strung tight, every nerve raw as his touch makes me feel worshiped. His lips are soft, his hands merciless—one grips my hip, the other rubs me with violent urgency, only to turn achingly gentle the next second, snapping my nerves like whiplash.

"You love that I'm so hot and bothered for you," I pant, yanking at his hair. "It makes you horny."

He huffs a chuckle that vibrates against my nipple.

"You make me horny, you goddamn idiot."

"Me?"

"Yes, you. Why do you think I keep coming back? Something about you, Volchonok..."

I'm listening with bated breath, but he doesn't continue, just trails his lips lower, sucking on my abs, biting viciously, and I flex, which makes him bite harder.

Fuck. This violent asshole is my own brand of crazy. I love the tinge of pain, the way he squeezes me so roughly.

"Something about you..." he repeats, this time biting and sucking along the lines of my V, lingering there far too long.

"Are you giving me hickeys?" A chuckle escapes me, darkened by lust at the scrape of his teeth and the drag of his tongue.

"What if I am?"

"Mm, want to mark me, baby?"

"If anyone sees you, they'll know you're taken." His eyes rage a darker color, almost brown, as he releases my cock and grabs my hips.

"They'll go away in a few days..." My breath hitches on the last word because his lips are so close to my cock, glistening wet from all the marks he's left on my chest and abs.

"Then I'll leave new ones." A rough sound rumbles from his chest as he sucks the tip of my cock into his mouth.

Vaughn's lips are on my cock.

Not the first time, but it definitely feels like it. During the sixty-nine galore, I was also giving him head, and he was following my lead.

This time, he's taking the initiative to have my cock in his mouth.

The first cock he's ever had in his mouth.

The only cock he'll have in his mouth.

I nearly come to that thought. Fuck me all the way to hell, this feels otherworldly.

"Deeper," I grunt, holding his head. "Take me deeper, and use your saliva as lube."

He lets his mouth water down on my cock, following the instructions like a very good boy while watching me the whole time. Once he bathes my cock with his saliva, he licks the underside, then sucks on the crown again, rougher this time, nearly exorcising my soul from my body.

"Mm, fuck! Your mouth feels so fucking good, Mishka"

"Yeah?" he whispers against my cock as it flops against his mouth, the purple veins throbbing, demanding access into that wet heat again. "How rough do you like it Yulian?"

"As rough as you want, baby."

"Mmm," he hums, obviously liking that answer as he sucks harder, taking me halfway in, his eyes staying square

on mine.

My fingers dig into the bedsheets. This is obviously torture.

"Holy fuck, more, baby... I need more."

"Hands in my hair," he says as he pulls me out. "Don't touch the bed. Touch me."

He doesn't have to say it twice—my fingers are already tangled in his smooth hair, pushing him lower. His moan vibrates against my cock, sending a shock wave through me.

Vaughn takes me deeper, swallowing more than most can manage. I'm big, and usually even the experienced ones choke, but he handles it like a champ. He truly is a fast learner.

"You been training your gag reflex, baby?" I ask in rough words, and he looks at me with pride, taking even

more.

"Want to take my cock down that throat?"

"Mmm."

"Good fucking boy," I grunt, thrusting into his mouth.

He digs his fingertips into my hips, forcing me back down when I get too frenzied, caught in the need to come down his throat as if my life depends on it.

He shakes his head at me, his eyes on mine the whole time. He's watching me for affirmation, to see if I like what he's doing, and if I seem like I do, he just does more of it.

And it makes me feel like I'm about to come apart at the seams.

This drop-dead gorgeous man, who's so out of my league, there needs to be another league to contain him, is burning so many of his precious brain cells just trying his best to please me.

He takes me all the way to the back of his throat and then pulls back, breathing harshly, his saliva coating my dick as he growls.

"You taste so good." He kisses my cock that's so ridiculously hard and engorged, it's fully purple. "Why do you taste so fucking good, Yulian?"

"Do you like it?"

He nods hesitantly, as if he doesn't want to admit it, and it's so goddamn cute.

"We could've been doing this for a long time, but you were playing hard to get," I whisper and then drag his head back on my cock.

A low hum vibrates out of him as he swallows me whole, bobbing along my cock until I'm buried deep in his throat. Saliva and precum slick me up, the sloppy wet sounds filling the room.

The sight alone-his lips wrapped around me, his mouth stretching wide, his head pumping up and down-ts enough to break me.

I'm finished.

A complete fucking goner in his hands.

"I'm so close, baby." I groan.

"Yes...yes...just like that. I'm going to fill your throat with my cum."

"Mmm," he growls around my cock, moving faster, harder, with the same violent force that always sparks whenever we collide.

And then I break. I burst inside his mouth, and he takes it all-sucking, licking, pulling my soul out through every spurt, draining me like he's exorcising the last of my soul.

"Fuck, baby, mmmfuck! Take my cum."

Vaughn doesn't need to be told that. He sucks me enthusiastically, his throat working with every swallow, even as a trail of cum trickles down his chin and onto his throat.

My cock twitches at the view even as my balls empty and I sag against the bed, the haze of the orgasm forming a blurry sheen over my eyes.

Vaughn's still sucking my deflating cock, slower this time, licking, almost kissing it, really, and I realize I'm stroking his hair, both of us...sort of stuck in a surreal experience.

He hesitantly pulls away, almost as if he doesn't want to but feels like he has to, forcing my hands to fall from his head.

"I'm the only one who gets to taste this." He licks my crown one last time as if he can't help it, and I just grin.

"Define the only one."

"Yulian," he growls in warning, and that voice does shit to me.

Like twitching my spent cock that obviously doesn't seem to get enough.

Let's just say I'm the greediest motherfucker to have ever been greedy.

He crawls on top of me, one hand gripping my hair, the other around my throat, and I release a hum because his nipples are brushing mine, and I can die happy now.

On second thought, not yet.

"Why the fuck do you keep antagonizing me? Hmm!" His hard cock is so heavy against my thighs, and I can barely focus on his words. "Why do you love driving me insane?"

Because it means he cares.

I smile instead of admitting that. "Gotta keep you working for it, baby. I'm not easy."

He lifts a brow. "No?"

"Well...yes. But not anymore. I swear on my dick's honor."

He huffs out a chuckle, releasing my throat, but only after he drops a kiss to the slope of my collarbone.

This makes the fourth time he's done that-those random kisses when I least expect them. First, on my arm while I was fucking him. Then my shoulder when he came inside me against the bathroom wall. Then on my back in the bath. And now this.

Yes, I counted. Take it up with the obsession police and ask for some form of moderation in my erratic behavior while you're at it.

"I'm going to fuck you now."

A moan slips out of me not just from the way he declared it, but from the press of his cock against my thigh, swelling my balls with pressure.

He reaches over me toward the nightstand, snatching the lube and spilling it into his palm.

"Already stocked the place with lube, Mishka?"

*First thing I asked to be added to the house post clean-ing," he says coolly, like he truly thought about it.

I laugh as I grab his head with both hands. "You can be so damn cute."

"I'm not cute."

"You are to me."

He tries to scowl, but really, he's fighting a smile and watching me with a sort of awe that tickles my insides, and my cock. Can't forget about that little insatiable whore.

"You're so annoying," he puffs out as he lifts himself on his knees, then shifts so he's positioned between my thighs and reaches between us. I open my legs wider as he drives two lubed-up fingers inside me.

"You love that I'm annoying." I pant, trying to relax as much as possible to allow him access when he adds the third, then I lather my hand with lube. "It makes you dripping wet, baby."

I wrap my hands around him, squeezing him roughly, and he lets out a deep rumble. My nostrils flare when precum oozes from the tip and he throbs in my palm like crazy.

I do that to him.

I make the Vaughn Morozov so fucking needy.

"You act so standoffish and cool, but you become a weeping mess when I touch you, Mishka."

"Fuck....Mmm...you goddamn asshole..." He moans, then pushes me back, forcing me to release him. "I've been fantasizing about fucking you for a whole week, I'm not coming in your hand, Volchonok." His words light me up like fireworks.

He's been thinking about me for the entire week.

Five days.

In your fucking face, Cy. Go touch some grass.

He withdraws his fingers, only to press his cock against me, the thick crown breaching with one brutal shove of his hips.

A grunt rips from me as he growls low in his throat, driving deeper, both hands cradling my face, his eyes locked to mine as if his life depends on it.

It's apparently a pattern. He loves to look at my eyes at all times. Whether I'm the one who's fucking him or the other way around. Even when I fucked him from behind against the bathtub, he kept looking back the whole time.

Not sure what he sees in my freaky eyes, but apparently, he likes them a lot.

His chest glistens with sweat as he pushes further. "God fucking dammit, you feel perfect, do you know that?"

"Mff..."

"Why do you feel so good? Fuck." He releases all sorts of delicious growly noises as he stretches me the fuck up.

I shift and adjust, opening my legs wider, giving him more access, letting him impale me.

I never thought I'd be craving being filled and claimed, but here we are.

"Your ass is the best hole my cock has ever been in." He kisses my forehead, just a brush of his lips—a fleeting one. That, coupled with his words, and I'm getting hard in an instant.

Need to text Danika the news. Or not. Want her as far away from him as possible. The moon is my preferred location for her.

"You haven't had many holes, so that's stating the obvious," I say, mostly because I need him to specifically say I'm better than her.

What? I'm extremely salty she was his first.

Like, dead offended.

In a perfect world, we should've been each other's firsts.

«You never know when to shut up, do you?" He thrusts all the way in, bottoming out, the slap of his groin against my ass reverberating in the air.

"Mff.fuck!"

"That's it, take my cock in your fuckhole and shut your mouth."

"You're huge. It kinda hurts."

He pauses mid-thrust, and I can tell he's struggling to remain still, because the veins in his neck nearly pop with tension. "Do you want me to stop?"

"Like fuck you will." I grab his ass cheeks with both hands, slapping them, shoving him in. "I like the pain, Mishka."

He frowns, but I think he's too far gone in lust to let his head take over as he plows inside me, finding a rhythm.

"Tell me you like being fucked by me, Yuli."

"I do. You're filling me up so good."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. I can feel your cock stretching me with each thrust."

"Like this?" He gives a shove of his hips, and I grunt.

"Mmm..yeah, fuck yeah."

"Lube me up."

"Huh?"

"Like the other time. Put your fingers in my ass."

"Oh fuck.. » I think I'm going to explode as he reaches between us and strokes my now painfully hard cock.

My hand is slightly unsteady as I squeeze hube into my other one, and, pulling one ass cheek back, I thrust two fingers inside him in one go.

He moans, releasing delicious sounds as I work him real good, stretching and scissoring my fingers in him. Mr nails scrape against his sensitive spot as he hits the one inside me.

"Fucking hell, he breathes out hard"his voice rough with pleasure. "I'm gonna come if you keep doing that"

"That's the whole point."

"Mm..right there...fuck..."

"You like being fingered by me while you fuck me senseless, baby?"

"Yeah...I love the feel of you in me as much as the feeling of my cock in you."

I grin. "Something we agree on. We're made for each other, Mishka."

His eyes droop, and he opens his mouth, but then he seals it shut again, killing his thoughts before they're out in the open.

He pulls out, dragging my fingers out of him at the same time, and before I can protest, he's climbing over me, his thighs caging my waist.

Vaughn grabs my cock and lowers himself in one smooth motion, taking me all the way in.

I come a little the second he bottoms out.

"F-fucking hell, baby, are you okay?" I groan, because the feel of his ass wrapped around my dick is making me delirious, but he took me all in. It must hurt.

"No," he groans out, both of his sweaty palms planted on my chest.

"Fuck, shit... Let me see." I start to get up. "You have to take it slow"

He shoves me back down. "It's not because of this that I'm not okay."

"Then what..."

"Shut up and fuck me, Yulian."

"You sure..?"

"I said. Fuck me."

My head is muddled with lust as I thrust up, my cock chasing another orgasm. "Your ass feels so fucking good, baby."

"Yeah?" He lifts himself and thrusts down as I meet him halfway.

"Yeah. I'm gonna come again."

"Not yet."

He lifts up, my cock slipping free before he slams into me, his thrusts quickening, striking my prostate until my thoughts dissolve.

Up again, down again—he rides me for a bit, then fucks me hard and fast.

He does it over and over until I'm unraveling, certain I'll combust from the relentless rhythm of him taking me and letting me take him in turn.

"I can't get enough of you," he speaks against my mouth, buried deep in me, his hands palming my face.

"Fuck, this is the best sex ever."

"Really?" He smiles with unconcealed pride as he pants, droplets of sweat falling on my forehead and trailing down my nose.

"I love feeling you inside me and seeing you ride me"

"Me, too. You're like a dream, Volchonok. How are you even real?"

His voice breaks at the end as he thrusts deeper and harder.

He's shaking and groaning and gasping and moaning as he fucks me senseless. He's unhinged, violent, and so out of control as he kisses my lips, my chin, my jaw.

"Jesus Christ," he grunts. "Fucking hell, baby"

"You..called me baby?"

"You are my baby." He shudders, then spits on his hand and jerks my cock in that maddening rhythm. "Do you feel good?"

"I'm dying, Mishka..."

"Don't die," he orders, but his voice is laced with lust.

"I'm not done with you."

"F-fuck...touch me, yes, fuckkk..."

My balls draw up as the sound of his thrusts echo in the air, the slap, slap, slap of flesh against flesh turns me delirious as he kisses me everywhere—my eyelids, my cheek, my mouth, my nose—almost as if he's worshiping me.

Me.

Vaughn's worshiping me.

"Come for me," he orders and pleads at the same time as he pulls back. "Let me see you break for me."

"Fuck...fuck fuck..." I shudder as I empty all over the place, splashing his face and chest and mouth with cum.

That throws him over the edge as well, because he vibrates on top of me, repeating my name as if it's a prayer.

"I'm going to breed you, baby. I'm coming inside you so deep, you'll never get me out."

Then he does just that. Vaughn fills me up to the brim with hot cum. My dick twitches a bit, coming more after I thought I was all dry.

"Fuck," he breathes out. "Fucking hell, you're my favorite thing ever. "

"You look hot covered with my cum." I reach out to stroke it and make him gag on it, but he does that thing again.

The stupid thing that makes me want to spontaneously combust. He's not supposed to make me feel this way.

I know he's sort of just experimenting and will up and leave like he did four years ago.

But I can't help but watch with bated breath as he grabs my hand, turns it over, and presses a soft kiss to the center of my palm, releasing a sated hum against my skin.

My heart expands and explodes in a thousand fireworks.

I've never been one for small gestures of affection.

I've never loved anyone in that way, and it doesn't come naturally to me. But Vaughn—raised in a family where love seems to be naturally expressed—wears it with ease. Even when he walls himself off, affection is still second nature to him.

And now, I'm thinking of all the little kisses he gave Danika, and my heart fucking plummets from its high.

My solution? I need to do something Danika would've never done.

Own him.

Possess him.

Keep him.

I lunge up. "Baby, I need to—»

"Fuck again. I know." He chuckles as he falls on top of me, still buried inside me. "Give me a minute, yeah?"

"A whole minute?"

"Five, actually." He strokes my hair and sighs in my neck. "Then you can come inside me."

"Nope." I grab him by the back of the neck and flip us over so I'm straddling him. "I'm in a hurry."

His laughter echoes in my ear as I slam my lips to his, drinking his laughs, his joy, swallowing him fucking whole.

I guess it's not normal to want to be all over him any chance I get.

But I'm scared that if I stop touching him, he'll disappear.

Again.