

Upon provoking his splitting point with your tongue, Sollux bucks into your mouth and draws another disgusting, wet sound from the base of your throat, breaking your drawn out purr in the process. Your eyes squeeze shut as you try to control your gag reflex that gets triggered when he twitches against your soft palate, filling your mouth in its entirety as the bulges continue to engorge. It's an entire task to tamp down the innate reflex, but you'll be damned if you make an even worse mess than what you're trying to avoid in the first place with all this sucking and swallowing.

He pets your head tenderly, tangling those long fingers in your unruly hair, it helps to soothe your trembling body in the aftershock of the almost-gagging. Sollux gingerly glides his slender fingers over your nubby horns, and with the smallest nudge you let him pull your face from his bulges, another knot of anticipation forming at the bottom of your stomach. You paw at your own bulge to assess the potential dripping hazard with your growing arousal; It's getting slick for sure, so with a muffled whine around his tips you pull your underwear over yourself again,, in order to avoid any accidents that would render all of your efforts null.

The action is somewhat sobering, and in this moment of stillness you can properly process what he has to say to you. "Youf rel-" You spit out his tips once you realize you can't reply like this. "You really can't fathom that I'd like to get you off for your sake as well as mine, can you." You stop rubbing his legs momentarily, gesturing with one hand when you look up at him with an incredulous expression, the kind of shit you do technically just for yourself out of habit. But you know he's not going to be patient with you right now, so you **very politely** swallow him back up shortly thereafter. Sollux shows his appreciation by way of shoving his whole length back into your mouth in one violent motion, forcing the relaxed muscles at the back of your throat open.

****Gl-kl!****

He immediately knocks the air out of you, and you're already holding back tears when your lips kiss his hairy crotch once more, and a wicked part of your brain finds this almost **romantic**, which on its own sends a surge of arousal that heats your body even more. Despite your best efforts, you

can't hold back another swallow, and this time he's so far deep down your throat that it has the opposite effect as last time -- instead of gulping down all of the slurry and saliva, the mixture of liquid surges forward, and you only have a split second to cup the hand you were gesturing with below your chin.

Luckily enough, you catch all of it, and he's kindly pulling your head back again by the horns; holding the collected material in your hand, you move to wipe it on the skin of Sollux's inner thigh just above his pants, without looking and hardly giving his discomfort any thought. You're busy dealing with your own mind turning itself on and off as he toys with you like this.

In this reprieve he's affording both of you he chose to escalate his accusations, and your breath hitches when he pokes fun at how much you'd like for him to use you like his toy, as if he can read your thoughts. You grip at his legs again, squeezing the soft (and, on one hand, slimy) skin to urge him on.

****Lk-Glk!****

Your claws break into his skin when he starts fucking your face in earnest, quick thrusts that barely pull out halfway before pounding the back of your throat, again. And again. And again, forcing out sounds from you that you had never heard before despite the many times you've sucked him off. Finally, the threat of tears materializes down your cheeks, the trails of reddish pink getting interrupted with every thrust. Some of it has to be flying off your face and onto the tub, you just know it, but you can feel your mind checking out already. When he calls you **easy**, you groan around the combined girth of his bulges in a half-hearted attempt at a growl, and as soon as he mentions the idea of pissing down your throat, that groan quickly turns into a moan.

That sounds fucking **insane**. You must have done something terribly wrong if you gave Sollux the impression you will just **drink his piss** on command. What could it even taste like after he's drunk all this swill, and god knows how many glasses of the stuff is sloshing inside his bladder right now as he ruts deep into your throat. It's downright revolting, and thinking about it is making you **so hard** right now,

because he's so fucking gross and shameless and he will just bait you like this by suggesting the most far-fetched disgusting shit to degrade you with. And it works. That's the worst part. It Works.

Sollux continues to bounce your head up and down his bulges, gripping your nubby horns like they're handles built explicitly to facilitate his play. You crack one eye open, and you're not even aware of how absolutely debauched you look right now with your hair messed up and tears rolling down your eyes. At the very least, the snot threatening to roll out from the abuse gets rubbed away every time he pushes your nose into his pubes, whatever little dignity that saves you. Despite the relentless degradation, you're doing a fine fucking job at swallowing it all down, your tears notwithstanding. A true trooper, no matter how fast Sollux deepthroats you, you only begin sucking around him more insistently. The next time he rips you away from his shafts long enough that you can formulate a sentence, you're looking outright sordid; greedy, even. It's a miracle you can think of any words to say at all.

"D-don't go threatenin' me with a good time, y'nookstuffer."