

NSFW SAMPLE - UNEXPECTED LOVERS

Pairing: MxM

Perspective: Third person

Tags: Soft love making, anal, fingering, orgasms, after care

THIS IS AN EXCERPT FROM A 3K WORD STORY I WROTE ON COMMISSION

"I want you to fuck me," he stated, quick to the point. His eyes glanced downwards to see the tent already in Daniel's underwear, and he knew they were both longing for each other. Never before had Caspian felt a want, a need, a desire. Daniel had unlocked that within him, and he never wanted to return to his cold world.

"I want to fuck you too," Daniel echoed, closing his eyes and leaning his head forward to rest his forehead against Caspian, to take him in. The gap began to close between them, bated breaths passing softly as butterfly wings. Daniel was almost sure he could hear Caspian's heart thumping a steady rhythm of desire.

It was Caspian who closed the gap on this occasion, his lips finally touching Daniel's and setting his heart ablaze instantaneously. Sometimes, Caspian loved him so much that he feared his heart would explode. As a man of medicine, he knew that was impossible, but Daniel made him question the logic he knew so soundly.

The kiss became harder fast, passion passing between them as Daniel's hands travelled over Caspian's body. Caspian did the same until they reached the hem of Daniel's shirt. They tugged and pulled until he felt Daniel's hot chest against him. In response, Daniel whimpered into his mouth.

Caspian did not need to speak, for they both knew where this was heading.

Caspian, lips still attached, began to push on Daniel's chest until Daniel was walking backwards, hitting the corridor wall. Their steps were messy, scattered, far from a straight line. Kisses passed between them, moans and whimpers of want and necessity. Hands tugged at clothing, aching to remove any barrier. There had been a period in his life where bodies were cadavers and nothing more. Alas, hands on Daniel, he felt life thrum through every vein, through every gasp and beat of heart.

At some point, they had reached their shared bedroom, already dishevelled and panting slightly. Daniel was smiling widely at Caspian, that puppy-like grin that made Caspian feel weak at the knees. The first time Daniel had smiled at him like that, Caspian had

chuckled to himself and called him 'goofy', then said 'he was like a horny boy looking at their first magazine', Daniel had blushed violently.

Truthfully, Daniel was unaware of the changes he had caused in Caspian or even the changes he had undergone himself.

"Would you like me to prep you?" Daniel asked, already stepping out of his clothes, observing as Caspian did the same. Oh, he was beautiful. So beautiful.

Caspian bobbed his head. "I want you to finger me first," he stated, and Daniel nodded with enthusiasm. At this point, both men were naked, cocks rock hard for each other. Caspian had positioned himself on the bed, on all fours, his ass in the air. At the sight, Daniel was almost shaking. They had had sex innumerable times, and he was still caught by the same feeling each time.

Approaching slowly, he positioned himself on his knees behind Caspian and leaned down, running his hands up along his sides.

"Harder," Caspian had whispered.

A swallow, Daniel's fingernails dug in a little deeper into the flesh of his sides, creating two long crimson scratches.

"Fuck –" breathlessly, Caspian closed his eyes, adoring the slight sting that came with it. He wasn't particularly masochistic; he liked being marked, seeing the remnants of their lovemaking.

On the other hand, Daniel found it freeing to be able to create marks on a body that weren't a product of agony and torture. The thought that the hands which were drenched in blood could bring pleasure to someone was enough to bear.

"I'm going to get the lube now." As he spoke, he moved, planting a singular kiss on Caspian's hip before taking the lube from their bedside drawer. Taking it, he flicked the lid and poured some of the sticky liquid onto Caspian's entrance, which winked in response to the cold liquid, then some on his two fingers. Ever so gently, he pressed the base of his fingertip against Caspian's entrance, drawing small circles on the contracting hole, admiring it for a minute before cautiously starting to push.

"Mmm – mm –" a sound of pleasure elicited from Caspian as he closed his eyes and relaxed himself to take the finger. "It's okay, it's okay," Daniel cooed to him, free hand

rubbing small circles on his back. He pushed his finger all the way in, up to his last knuckle and began to wriggle it a little.

“Are you ready for another?” Daniel enquired, the second finger already pushing against the hole. “Yes, another one.” Caspian’s tone was gravelly, slightly demanding; one finger was not enough, not for a man who found great pleasure in being stuffed full. With the order, the second finger pushed in all the way, causing Caspian to groan deep from the back of his throat. Twisting his fingers, Daniel rubbed his thumb over Caspian’s taint that was starting to crimson in colour from the stimulation. Daniel was meticulous in his actions, twisting his fingers within him, making scissoring motions with them.

Though sometimes their lovemaking could become rough, he never wanted to hurt Caspian in an unpleasurable way. Preparation was an essential part of that. Gradually, the pace of his thrusting fingers picked up until he was finger-fucking his hole. “Oh fuck, Daniel,” Caspian was not one to say please in these scenarios, lest he be caught begging, but his panting signalled to Daniel that Caspian was ready and prepped enough.

Fingers slipped out of Caspian with a gentle wet sound. Before he even had time to process, Caspian had turned himself around and was pushing Daniel down to the bed. Daniel hit the pillows with a gentle thud and watched with widened eyes as Caspian clambered onto him.

Ah, in these instances, Daniel was no better than a regular man; he adored having Caspian atop him, the way his face would curl and scrunch in pleasure as he rode himself up and down on Daniel’s cock, how Daniel loved reaching his hands around to grasp Caspian’s ass and use it as leverage to his bouncing.

“Oh my god. Yes. Yes.” Lips parted; Daniel was thrumming in excitement. His neglected cock was hard, pressing up against his stomach. The tip was red, watery precum oozing from his slit and wetting his stomach hair. Daniel knew he needed his cock in Caspian, and he needed it now.

Caspian was almost an expert in his movements; he had done this many times before with Daniel. Hand reaching around, he took the base of Daniel’s cock and positioned it so it was just over his hole.

Then he moved slowly. The sound of hissing and moaning came from both men instantly, a chorus of the first bites of pleasure. For Daniel, the addictive warmth. For Caspian, the addictive full feeling.

“Caspian, you’re so tight.” His hands moved and grasped Caspian’s thighs to help coax him all the way down. Once his cock was fully enveloped, the grasp on Caspian’s thighs hardened, fingers creating a bruising grip, eyes fluttering closed, and head thrown back.

Caspian took a moment to adjust, to overcome those first stretches and nestle completely around Daniel. “Look at me, Daniel.” The airy tone was all Daniel needed to peel his eyes open and stare up at Caspian. “Are you ready?” Caspian enquired, as he did so, he slowly began to rise upwards, not too fast nor too slow, easing them both into it.

On this occasion, Daniel feared he might not last very long.

“I’m ready, you can go faster,” upon being given the go-ahead, Caspian began to move faster up and down. Biting on his lip, he threw his head back. As he came downwards, Daniel met him mid-way with a hip thrust, bucking up into him. The sound of their bodies colliding was a loud smack that echoed against the walls, though it only served to fuel their passion.

“Please, please, Caspian, please,” Daniel released a mantra of moans as his face scrunched and contorted in pleasure; he was not even sure what he was begging for. Perhaps begging that Caspian would never stop him from seeing the sun.

“It’s okay, it’s okay,” Caspian cooed in response, his voice started to go harder, head drooping forward a little, hair sticking to his forehead. Daniel was big, and it never failed to take Caspian by surprise.

“Come here, I want you, come here,” Caspian begged just slightly, bending down slightly, he made grabs for Daniel, grasping his shoulders and pulling him up so Daniel was practically sitting up, causing his cock to sink deeper into Caspian with a whine.

“I love the sounds you make,” Caspian told him. In this position, Daniel was sitting up, and Caspian was practically on his lap. From here, Daniel could bury his head deeply into the other’s shoulder, letting out a growl.

“Bite me, it’s okay, I want to feel you everywhere.” That go-ahead was all Daniel needed to unleash the hound in himself. Teeth sank into Caspian’s neck, which caused Caspian to cry out in bliss, the ache encouraging him to go harder, faster, with more ferocity.

The increased ferocity led to increased encouragement for Daniel. His hands travelled to Caspian's ass, gripping each cheek so tightly and spreading them apart slightly. Lips trailed Caspian's collarbone, sucking on the pale skin there until violet bruises appeared. Daniel wanted to make Caspian see stars, to make him feel pleasure unbeknownst to anyone. With the permission of roughness given, he turned almost animalistic. Shuffling himself, he arched his hips in a way, searching for –

That spot.

The spot that caused a cry to erupt from Caspian. That caused Caspian's cock to throb, his precum to leak shamelessly and create a mess on Daniel's stomach.

"There, there," Caspian's brows furrowed, scrunching his face as he took the pleasure Daniel gave him, taking it all. That familiar feeling began to knot in his stomach, warmth spreading across his abdomen, upper thighs, and crotch. The signal that he was -

"I'm close," Daniel warned in a snarl. He now pressed his forehead roughly to Caspian's, pushing them together with tremendous pressure, meeting him in a kiss where his teeth sank into Caspian's bottom lip, causing the other to mewl practically. Caspian moved his hand to his own aching cock and began to massage his tip. He wanted to cum with Daniel.

"Cum, cum for me."

Daniel had roared in response, cumming hard and deep into Caspian, his hands gripped Caspian's back, scratching the area in need as he pulled Caspian as close to him as physics would allow. In perfect harmony, Caspian came into his own hand, warm rope after rope of cum as their combined movements slowed until they ceased.

Both men were breathing heavily, lungs stretching to maximum capacity as they came down from the invigorating feeling of their orgasms. Daniel's hands became soft as Caspian halted now, he rubbed him all over, checking for damage, peppering kisses all over his face. "Are you okay? I didn't hurt you too badly?" The anxiety in his voice was high.

"It was perfect, just perfect," Caspian affirmed as he removed himself from his cock with a gentle sigh, lying flat on the bed on his back with exhaustion, though he was smiling. Daniel then fell beside him and turned to face him, running a thumb over his puffy bottom lip. "Does it hurt?" Daniel asked, deep in concern.

Taking his hand, Caspian pressed his lips to it. "It was amazing, I love it, I promise it's okay. Are you okay?" he urged, and Daniel nodded, smile growing, that goofy grin. "Of course I'm okay, I got to have sex today," he jested, which caused Caspian to roll his eyes fondly.

"You brute." He chastised before sitting up slowly. From the bedside drawer, he removed wipes and began to softly clean up Daniel, his cock, stroking his hair. "I don't mind the roughness, I like it, I promise. You're doing nothing wrong." He wanted to assure Daniel that all was well.