

## take and give

*Story: take and give*

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*Summary: Harry's happy to let Eggsy take what he wants. \*Chapter 1\*: take and give*

“Nngh, *fuck*,” Eggsy whines, the consonants hard on his tongue. He circles his hips, grinds down into Harry, takes what he wants as he bounces on Harry’s cock.

He’s quite a sight to behold - flushed a pretty pink from his cheeks to his chest, nipples pert and lips swollen, slick with a wet sheen of sweat; he’s taking his sweet time, rocking in Harry’s lap, alternating between writhing languidly and shoving himself down with hard, brutal strokes. Harry’s happy to let him do the work, take what he wants, to watch Eggsy work himself to a slow-burning orgasm and then ride the waves of it, himself, when Eggsy’s body clutches his cock like it *still* can’t get enough.

But they aren’t quite there, yet; Eggsy can still form words, though his mouth is a slack red circle, dropped open in a wordless moan as he shifts the angle and the head of Harry’s cock begins to rub harder against his prostate. The muscles in his thighs jump and twitch and Harry smooths his hands down them, rests his hands on Eggsy’s hips - just anchoring them there, by no means making an attempt at controlling Eggsy’s movements. He watches, mesmerized, as his cock disappears again and again into Eggsy’s body, swallowed in the heat of him - his cock’s a deep red, nearly matches Eggsy’s face save for the black band of the cockring around the base.

There’s something dark and warm that curls in Harry’s stomach, watching Eggsy use him like a *toy*, bring himself off on the feel of being filled with Harry’s cock, taking it exactly like he wants. Sometimes - like tonight - it can take what feels like hours, a maddening crescendo that leaves them both dripping with sweat and spit and spunk, worn to trembling and tangled with each other. Sometimes Eggsy pins his hands as well as his

hips, rides him like he thirsts for it, like he wants to get drunk off Harry's expressions as he's *fucked* as much as fucking into Eggsy, a dash towards orgasm that leaves them dizzy.

Eggzy's almost there, Harry can feel it; it's in the little hitches in his breath, the way his hole is beginning to flutter and his fingers spasming where they're holding on to Harry.

There's also Eggsy's predilection for babbling, which kicks in right on cue.

"Gonna fuck myself raw on your cock," he pants, licking his lips and eyeing Harry's like he's tempted to lean in for a kiss - he doesn't, because of the tempo and the angle, but his eyes say enough for how much he wants it. "Love the feel of it, so hard - stuffing me full, want your come in me, Harry - gonna come just like this, love your cock in me-"

"Oh, do you?" Harry asks, but the wryness is lost in the fervor as he makes shallow thrusts up to meet Eggsy as he pistons down, too wrung close to coming to even arch an eyebrow. But it makes Eggsy laugh, tipping his head back to show the long line of his throat, breathless.

He shoves down, onto the length of Harry's cock, grinds for a while - Harry can feel the rim of his hole twitching where it rubs against the slickened silicone of the ring, can only imagine how it feels on Eggsy's overused, sensitive hole - before resuming his thrusts, his grin nearly turning to grimace as he works himself to orgasm.

"Yeah," he groans, finds an angle where he can ride Harry and press his hot cheek to Harry's at the same time. He mouths along Harry's jaw, moans when their lips meet and Harry slips his tongue into Eggsy's mouth, fucks him that way, too.

"Close," Eggsy mumbles between kisses, "C'mon, Harry, give it to me - *give me-*"

Harry slides a hand down, over the swell of Eggsy's arse to where they're joined together, flicks the little switch on the cockring that brings it to life.

Eggzy *keens*, jerks like a circuit inside him's been completed, whines high-pitched and broken as he double his pace, unable to keep the sounds from coming out his mouth. His moans nearly drown out the buzz of the vibration but Harry can feel it down the length of his cock, feels himself hardening impossibly further at the sensation of it, at Eggsy's renewed fervor, of how he's twitching and clenching around him completely outside of his control.

The ring turns his *entire cock* into a vibrator, hot and thick inside Eggsy already, and it only takes a few more thrusts downward before Eggsy catches his prostate on Harry's cock again and he's coming, moaning wanton and open-mouthed, shuddering through orgasm and rocking as best he can into it, flushed even brighter than before. He jerks, wriggles, can't keep still as he rides it out, milks Harry's cock until it's nearly too much, 'til he sobs when he's fully sheathed on it again.

The *sight* of him like this is enough for Harry, who has to snap the ring free with shaking fingers before he can come, plunged deep in Eggsy's arse and wrapped up in the dizzying tightness of him, the rippling clutch of him as Eggsy's orgasm comes in waves.

They stay like that, locked together, come dripping down Harry's chest and Eggsy's thighs, until Eggsy can pick his head up from where it's fallen against Harry's shoulder and give him a half-lidded smirk and a thumbs up.

“Fuck, yes,” he murmurs, warm and loose-limbed with pleasure. He circles his hips one last time - to hear Harry’s breath hitch, Harry knows Eggsy’s brand of teasing by now - and there’s an obscene wet sound that makes Eggsy grin all the wider. “I do love it, god, Harry.”

Harry pets the damp nape of Eggsy’s neck and manages to quirk a smile with the dregs of his energy - even adding a raised eyebrow, too. “You know, I did get that impression.”

