

Capitol Coup But With Grandpa Sex

Story: Capitol Coup But With Grandpa Sex

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Summary: An old spark re-lit by a coup, will it get spicy? most definitely *Chapter 1*: Capitol Coup But With Grandpa Sex

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Bernie/Mitch Capital Lockdown Fanfiction

Part 1: Evacuation

As the screaming from rioters grew closer and the sounds of breaking glass echoed through the Congress chamber, Bernie, along with his fellow members of congress were rushing (in an orderly fashion) to the tunnels. He couldn't help but think about how surreal it is to be within the Capital building as it was being taken for the first time since the war of 1812 by the British. Suddenly, the feel of a rough, calloused hand brushing against his own ripped him from his thoughts. While it wasn't surprising that there was some accidental physical contact when considering how many people were moving through the tunnels, however, it was the distinct familiarity of that hand that made him do a double-take. Looking around the panicked mess that was his coworkers, he locked eyes with the only person that hand could have been, Mitch. Memories of stolen glances and their bumping shoulders in his younger days flashed through his mind. While nothing was ever acknowledged by either party, it was indisputable that there was once something akin to a small spark between them, but the polarization of their political views extinguished any chance of it growing into a flame. Even though their differences drove them apart over the years, all Bernie could think about

was how his eyes were still the same deep blue orbs from all those years ago.

It felt like centuries of drowning in the crashing ocean of memories within Mitch's eyes when he was forced to break eye contact by an intern knocking him to the side, right into Mitch's arms. Once he composed himself, Bernie managed to look up, preparing an apology but the glisten in Mitch's eyes told him that he had done nothing wrong and-- maybe he was lying to himself, but he thought he saw an expression on Mitch's face that he thought he would only ever see in memories, lov-. No, it wasn't the time for reminiscing, the Capital was being stormed for the love of Marx! Pulling himself together, Bernie readied himself to rejoin the flood of people evacuating, but realized that his hand was now intertwined with the same hand from earlier, and that Mitch hadn't stopped staring at him. Bernie, who seemed to be the only one in his right mind (ironically), pulled Mitch into the crowd and the two began making their way through the people, hands still joined, to the area where they would be transported to a safe location. All Bernie had running through his head until they reached the transport was that he had to make sure Mitch was safe, and in the background was the feeling of his heart aching for something that he assumed was long gone.

Part 2: The Transport >\'7d

Once Bernie and Mitch reached the transport vehicles, they were discreetly escorted into the buses already full of people. Upon this realization, they immediately separated hands before people took note, saddened at the loss of the firm grip of the other. Mitch entered first allowing Bernie a full view of Mitch's plump, round ass as he climbed up the steps into the bus, stirring a beast Bernie hadn't been possessed by in a good few years, primal arousal. Miraculously, he began to feel his cock twitch so he hurried up the steps to follow Mitch to the back of the bus to an unoccupied pair of seats hidden in the back of the bus. Mitch had always preferred window seats so he took the inside seat while Bernie sat on the outside, slightly exposing his growing erection to the rest of the bus' occupants. Panicking at his predicament, Bernie

clumsily hid the emerging mound with his hands which Mitch had caught through his peripheral.

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Awkwardly looking down at Bernie's hands and into his eyes, the panic was as clear as day, along with the dilation of both of their pupils. Bernie, desperate for some form of release, began to snake his hand towards Mitch's thigh. As Bernie slowly traced his hand from the bottom of Mitch's thigh up towards his clothed crotch, his thighs began to spread, enticing Bernie further but he restrained himself in favor of a much more enjoyable idea. Leaning his mouth towards Mitch's ear, he nipped the lobe then whispered, "Shut your mouth or else I'll punish you and let your cock stay throbbing like mine." Between both Bernie's threat and the puffs of lust filled breath against his ear, Mitch bucked his crotch up like a bitch in heat while Bernie firmly held him down. Once Mitch was done with his horny fit, Bernie pulled away from his inner thigh and let Mitch suffer and yearn for his calloused hand on his now rock-hard cock. Eventually, Bernie couldn't contain his own horniness and roughly grabbed Mitch's tightly clothed crotch and gripped, making Mitch almost let out a needy moan but luckily biting down hard on his bottom lip.

Slowly unzipping Mitch's stiff slacks, Bernie slipped his cold, calloused hand under Mitch's underwear and thumbed the head of his rapidly leaking cock. Mitch let out an airy sign, bordering a moan. Bernie stopped his thumb inside the slit of Mitch's cock forcing Mitch to regain control of himself as he slouched into his seat, a panting mess. Soon enough, Bernie began his movements along the shaft of Mitch's cock and slowly began pumping his cock up and down, hand slickened by Mitch's precum. His breathing quickly transitioned to steamy pants and Bernie expertly milked him sliding from the top to the bottom then along the tip of his swelling cock. Moments before Mitch's cock soiled

his pants, Bernie drew his hand away leaving Mitch on the verge of cumming but not quite there.

Mitch squirmed in his seat as Bernie soaked up the view of his once acquaintance turned political opponent in such a vulnerable state because of him. As the bus pulled into the parking garage of the secured building, Mitch struggled to put on a composed look to hide what had just occurred in the bus. After Mitch had stepped down from the bus, he forcefully bumped Bernie's shoulder before brushing past him to walk into the building. Luckily, Bernie wasn't yet finished with Mitch and his lustful eyes watched as Mitch moved across the parking garage ignorant to what was to come (literally and figuratively ;\7d)

Part 3: The Bathroom