

Encounter: Damon's -- After Hours

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Damon's -- After Hours

Jesse took Alagos's hand and pulled him up from the reclining pool chair, his chest warm from the sun, the expanse of his tattoos standing in dark contrast over pale, fair Elven skin. Jesse fucking loves Alagos's tattoos. Loves everything about them, even the Elven inscriptions Alagos never translated to him. It wasn't important. What was important is just how fucking sexy they were on Alagos, enough to make Jesse's mouth water. He ran his fingertips over Alagos's shoulder, tracing the ink patterns there.

"Come on," he said, his swim trunks tenting enough for it to be noticeable. He bit his lower lip, eyes skating down Alagos's body as he pulled at his hand, nodding towards the house. "Time to come in."

Alagos didn't argue, merely smirked at Jesse as he was led inside.

Jesse took them through the patio doors and then up the stairs to Alagos's bedroom. It wasn't their bedroom, not yet. Jesse didn't know if he wanted to take that step, not just now. The blinds were closed, but the skylight flickering through offered them plenty of light, painting the dark sheets above the bed in sunbeams. "Why inside?" Alagos asked, sounding amused. He framed Jesse's hips with his hands, pulling him back against his solid body.

"I don't want to get sunburnt," Jesse mumbled as he turned in Alagos's arms with a smirk. "And I'm not giving up my pre-work sex."

"That's because you're completely spoiled," Alagos said, his nimble fingers undoing the drawstring and stepping out of his shorts, leaving them on the bedroom floor.

"I'll show you spoiled," Jesse grinned, placing one hand in the middle of Alagos's chest and pushing him towards the bed. "If I'm spoiled, it's merely your fault."

Jesse straddled Alagos on the bed, resting both hands on his chest and holding him there more through mutual desire than any kind of real pressure. His fingers traveled over Alagos's nipples, pinching and rubbing at them until they hardened under his touch; Jesse traced the tattoo on his collarbone, down his shoulders and then his arms, grasping both wrists. Alagos leaned up to kiss him, catching the side of his neck as Jesse tugged him and rolled over, bringing Alagos over on top of him and holding him there.

"Wish we had more time," he said quietly, licking at Alagos's throat. "Do it hard today. I want to feel you in me for the whole night, every time I take a step, every time I sit down."

From the catch in Alagos's breath and the twitch of his cock against Jesse's hip, he thought it definitely *was* something Alagos's could be in the mood for.

"Lube?" Jesse shook his head and spread his legs wider, lifting his knees, and stroking his cock in a gentle, loose grasp.

"Want it now," Jesse rasped. "All of it."

Alagos bit back a groan, his hands splaying on Jesse's ribs, feeling the smooth indent of skin and bone.

Jesse wrapped a leg around Alagos's back, drawing him in closer and exactly where Jesse wanted him. "You can finger me later," he said, "Roll all of your come right back in. Maybe keep it there with a plug. Would you like that? Having me working at Damon's all night with your come in my ass, plug snug in my hole?"

"Yeah," Alagos groaned and rocked his hips against the back of Jesse's thighs. Gone were the days where Jesse was a blushing, stuttering virgin. He'd grown into his

own, much thanks to his Elf, but his filthy mouth was still sure to get Alagos hard faster than anything in this world or in the lands beyond.

Jesse loved it.

Alagos parted his legs further, lifting one over his shoulder as he lined himself up. He stroked himself once, precome slicking up his thick, hard cock, glistening through the curl of his fingers. "Are you sure you don't want me to --"

"No, Now," Jesse ordered, pushing his other heel down against the bed to rock his hips up towards Alagos's cock. "Now, Alagos."

Alagos didn't keep him waiting. The slick head of his cock found Jesse's puckered hole and breached through in one smooth thrust, the bed dripping with their combined weight, Jesse's breathless, satisfied moan echoing in the quiet of the late afternoon.

Alagos drew back and pushed back in again, fucking hard in the dim sunlight, their mouths brushing against one another as they exchanged pleas and groans. Jesse wrapped himself around Alagos, head thrown back, fingernails leaving half moon crescents in Alagos's shoulders.

Alagos tried to slow down, but Jesse grabbed hold of the back of his neck and squeezed, and Alagos exhaled in a rush, foreign Elven curses leaving his lips as he thrust all the way inside. Jesse took a moment to feel him, Alagos's thick, stiff dick, let the pleasant ache throb through him, then he rocked his hips up again.

"Hard," he breathed, letting his other hand sprawl above his chest, pinching his nipples and looking at Alagos through a sweep of lowered eyelashes. "Do it. Fuck me."

Alagos covered his mouth with his own, teeth clashing and biting, lips bruising and tongues tingling with overuse, his hand cupping Jesse's cheek as he started thrusting inside him, hard and short at first, rough jerks of his hips that drove him in deep.

Jesse liked it deep.

“More,” Jesse breathed, and it wasn’t a plea, it was an order. He licked his lips hungrily and opened his eyes to stare in the ancient depths of Alagos’s own. “Just... a little more.”

More could mean so many things but Alagos understood. Alagos *always* did, he alone. Jesse bit back a loud moan as he curled his hand around Alagos’s wrist, Alagos’s fingers caressing Jesse’s neck, thumb following the stubbled curve of Jesse’s jaw. Alagos thrust a little more steadily, still deep, still hard, still enough to slam Jesse back on his shoulders, making him arch up in delirious pleasure.

Jesse shifted his hips and reached up to grab at Alagos’s ass, pulling him up a little and then *there* --

“More, that’s it, more, more, *more*.” Jesse panted, his free hand playing with his nipples, going up to his lips to wet the fingertips before letting them trail back down on his chest, knowing it drove Alagos insane with need. “More.”

Alagos’s eyes flutter half closed as he stared down at him like he was the single most precious thing in his world. “Like that?” Alagos mumbled, his knees digging in the bedding, hands steady at each side of Jesse’s head as he fucked into him hard and fast.

“Just like that.” Jesse moaned, tossing his head back.

Alagos lifted himself up slightly, driving in that half inch deeper and making Jesse buck underneath him. He brought his hand over Jesse’s cock jerked it in time with his thrusts, faster, always faster, until their moans were louder than the wet, smacking sounds of skin on skin.

Jesse liked coming while Alagos is still inside him, liked the way his muscles tensed and clamped down on his dick, the connection, the fullness. He bit his lower lip and let go, shaking wildly, rope after rope of come coating Alagos’s hand and his belly as he was rocked with the force of his orgasm.

Then, when Jesse just began to relax, Alagos started moving again, picking up pace, hard and fast and panting so hard it sounded like moans. Jesse grabbed Alagos’s head, yanking it down to his level to kiss him breathless, pumping his hips up until

Alagos freezes, his eyes rolling in the back of his head as he whispered Jesse's name through his orgasm.

"You are spoiled," Alagos breathed a few moments later, his head resting on Jesse's chest, fingers trailing down the flank of Jesse's side. Jesse merely smiled, sated and content.

Alagos kissed him one more time before pulling out of him, his fingers running down the underside of Jesse's thighs and to his furred hole, Alagos's come still seeping out of it.

Jesse bit back a groan when he felt Alagos's fingers pushing in, past the swollen muscle, fulfilling Jesse's taunting request as he rolled every dollop of come back inside of him.

Jesse was going to wear that plug tonight, and when he came back, he knew Alagos would be there for him to start it all over again.

He couldn't fucking wait.

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