

Encounter: Something Sweet

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Something Sweet

“Would you please stop licking me?”

Darius glanced up from his oral exploration of Markus’ belly. “You’re covered in salted caramel. You know I love sweets.”

Markus glared at him, which was adorable, really. Markus looked like one of the consumptive lake poets, all curling black hair and pale skin, his eyes dark and somehow melancholy. Good Lord, Darius thought, he was starting to sound like one of those horrid vampire novels, and that was not a good thing for a werewolf. The glower was completely useless on Markus’ sweet face, however.

“Yes, well, if you would let me up, I would go shower.”

Darius chuffed, his inner wolf not the least bit ashamed of the tackle he’d used when he smelled caramel on Markus’ skin. His lover had been cursing, stripping off clothes that were smoking gently. Darius had taken him down in seconds, starting just under the man’s chin and licking toward the middle of Markus’ body.

Now he leaned his chin on Markus’ sternum, his hand sliding between the long, lean legs. “You like when I lick you.”

“Not when it pulls my hair out.”

Darius growled a little at the patently false words. His Markus was a pain junkie. He took Markus' heavy balls in his hand and tugged, just hard enough to produce a wince and a ripple of impossibly lovely ab muscles. Darius noticed that Markus' cock went up, not down.

Darius licked that, too.

"Dar!" Markus grabbed a handful of Darius' hair, grunting hard. He bucked up, panting, cock slapping Darius' cheek.

Darius grinned before opening up to suck Markus good and hard, licking on the way down. He sealed his lips around the base of that fat cock, pulling, the tip hitting damned near the back of his throat. Then he let his lover feel just the tiniest edge of his teeth.

Markus shouted again, going crazy for him, fucking his face like there was no tomorrow. This wouldn't last long. When Markus lost the rhythm so quickly as this he was about to blast off like a rocket.

Darius helped the process along, pushing his fingers back to tap Markus' hole, pushing just hard enough to sting a little.

That did it. Markus came for him, the pain enough to push the man over. Just like Darius knew it would. Such a junkie. "So, would you say you like me licking you?" He couldn't help a smug smile; he was feeling pretty damned good about his sweet treat.

"You're a shit. Come here." Markus pulled Darius up so they were pressed together, one hand snaking down between them to wrap around Darius' cock. "I'll show you how much I like it."

Markus had good hands. Exceptional, really, warm and callused and big enough to wrap around Darius' cock in a tight grip, giving him the most delicious friction. There was a hint of caramel there, too, making things sticky, which was enough to sting a tiny bit.

Darius might have been a bit of a pain-whore himself.

When he came it made his ears ring, his breath coming hard in his chest, his legs kicking hard enough to drum his heels on the floor.

“Did you get enough of the sweet, love, or did you want more before I shower?” Markus asked politely.

Darius laughed aloud. “Oh, I think this will tide me over until dessert, at least.”

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