

Hero Worship

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Hero Worship

by [OftheBlackSands](#)

Summary

Aladdin and Hercules are two heroes to the world and to each other.
Now taking requests/prompts!

As a demigod, Hercules didn't experience breathlessness often, and yet, as he pulled away, he found his breath tight in his chest looking down at the body sprawled beneath him.

For his part, Aladdin smiled cheekily up at him and cocked his head,

"What, see something you like?"

What could he say? He wasn't a poetic man by any means, so how could he communicate the effect that warm brown skin, exposed at the vest's opening, had on him? How that chest heaving from breath stolen in a soul-scorching kiss captivated his eye and drew his hand, open palmed, to it to ride the motion? How the narrow hips, cut with hipbones his fingers traced absentmindedly, caused his body to burn when pressed in an arch against him? How that handsome face, cracked into a crooked, good-humored grin and lazily half-hooded eyes clench his heart? How those eyes, an impossibly deep brown, pulled him in and away from himself? How those firm lips, kissed into a pout, entranced him when a clever tongue sneaked out to wet them lavishly?

For his own part, all he could do was exhale a gentle laugh, and lean back on his knees to shake his head, not in negation, but in wonder.

"You're something else," he said fondly, open-heartedly.

"Yeah?" Aladdin asked, not unkindly, as he followed the movement of Hercules's body by propping up on his hands.

"Yeah" he said simply.

"I'm not so sure, Herc," Aladdin continued, "compared to a god."

Hercules was about to again remind Aladdin that he wasn't a god, not anymore, at least, but stopped, watching Aladdin fluidly crawl into his lap and take his face in his sure hands.

"I am sure, though, that I am one lucky mortal" he said with a quirk of his lip, "to have all of this, just for me." He gazed down at Hercules's impressive physique beneath him, all muscle, all carved lines and etched power and surging, swelling omnipotence barely restrained in his gladiatorial gear, his own Grecian, glowing skin a counterpoint and complement.

"Geez", Hercules huffed, going red in the face, squirming under the hot stare.

Aladdin laughed, a blessed sound.

"Still a kid under there, aren't you?"

He tweaked Hercules's nose and laughed again.

Hercules opened his mouth to protest, a protest that was cut short when a searing set of lips covered his and a bold tongue swept inside his mouth.

He groaned, surging his hips upward for contact as that clever mouth worked him panting. He was the demigod, why did it seem like Aladdin didn't need air? His hands clumsily pawed up and under Aladdin's vest, petting down his strong back and, after a moment of hesitation, gripping the curve of the ass perched on him. The small noise he heard, the soft, pleased exhale of air, gave him encouragement and he fought for an embarrassing minute to remove his partner's vest, only to get frustrated and rip it off in one quick movement.

Aladdin reared back in surprise.

"Aren't we eager?" he laughed.

Hercules colored unhappily, cursing his brute strength, but felt warm for another reason altogether when Aladdin leaned forward to breathe in his ear.

"Do that again."

Hercules finally noticed that he'd been absentmindedly stroking his hands and fingers across the chest he freed, when his thumb, calloused from hard work and harder adventures, caught a dusky nipple. He bowed his head and rubbed again. Again. Brought his other hand up and cautiously pinched as gentle as he knew how.

Aladdin hiccuped small, wanting breaths in his ear, his soft, black hair tickling Hercules's cheek. He concentrated on memorizing every sound. He rubbed the pert nubs until they peaked and pebbled under his ministrations, encouraged as Aladdin's breaths turned into breathy moans. Finally, Hercules could take no more when Aladdin finally groaned an "Oh, God" and dropped his forehead to Hercules's strong shoulder.

He got a surprised sound out of Aladdin when he stood quickly, holding his partner and lifting them both to press that nubile body against a wall, his weight unnoticeable in his demigod hands.

Demigod though he may only be, hearing Aladdin call for divine assistance because of him?

That, that was something else.

Feeling braver than usual, he perched Aladdin higher in his hands and bowed his head once more to take one dark peak in his mouth.

Aladdin half gasped, half laughed in delight and his hands flew to Hercules's curls, pressing up his chest in an irresistible offer.

He laved it tenderly with his tongue, making sure the suction wasn't too much and then switched to the other, leaving it, in a quick glimpse stolen, dark, wet and shining.

"Hercules" Aladdin groaned as his partner's large hands greedily squeezed and handled the flesh of his ass.

Looking up with baby blues to see if it was okay, Hercules let the barest hint of his teeth make an appearance and nipped gently.

“Hercules!” Aladdin bounced in his grip, jerked up in surprise, his bare back scraping the wall. He wrapped his arms around Hercules’s neck and ducked his head desperately to catch those generous lips in his own.

Hercules was lost, for a moment in that kiss. Guilty, he thought of Megara, how receptive her kisses had been, but knowing that this press of a mouth against his was a hungrier breed indeed, demanding his tongue follow his own back into Aladdin’s mouth.

Aladdin shifted in his arms, and he realized his partner was trying hard to remove his pants while not removing his mouth.

Hercules laughed fondly and set his eager half down on the ground gently. Aladdin was out of his pants in a half second and smiled up at Hercules, panting a little, unashamed. Hercules warmly considered he had nothing to be ashamed of and let himself gape a little, until he had to scoot back when Aladdin dropped to his knees in front of him

“Oh no,” he said with a frown, “You don’t have to.”

Aladdin tossed his head haughtily and said in a teasing hauteur, “I know I don’t *have to*; I want to.”

Hercules let one hand rest gently on that soft mound of wavy black hair, while the other went to awkwardly scratch behind his own head.

“Um...I don’t mean to brag, but...I’m a little too big to um...”

He thought back with a flinch of Megara once more, her soft, patient gagging, but forced himself to the present when Aladdin gripped his bare thigh in a reassuring squeeze.

“Well then, you’ve clearly never had me.” He said with a wink and a flip of Hercules’s tunic upward.

Rather ungracefully, Hercules’s massive erection bounced free in front of his face. As confident as he sounded, Hercules still caught the surprised rearing of Aladdin’s head and his large eyes. Megara assured him once that all gods must be heavily-gifted and he wasn’t a freak. He prayed so.

Aladdin’s eyes narrowed in concentration, and, reaching up to grip the thick base like he was being paid to do it - oh god, what if he had been paid to do this in his past? Hercules panicked – licked a hot stripe up the throbbing length.

Hercules’s fist came down into the wall he had Aladdin pinned against just a moment again, and the wall shook, and pieces crumbled to the ground. Aladdin looked behind him and laughed and did it again, this time stroking the length in his hand, a hand unable to close completely around the girth of it.

Hercules’s hand gripped the rubble in the hole he created, praying and swearing as Aladdin licked him completely, pumping slowly, lazily all the while.

“Al” he gasped, when that mouth found the head of his aching cock and started to inch down it.

Aladdin made a pleased sound in return, and unfaltering, mouthed the head in his mouth lovingly.

Hercules found himself panting stupidly, hand frantically petting Aladdin’s hair, not daring to let himself push down.

Aladdin sunk down on the length in front of him, an inch, two inches, an inch more, than backed off, sucking the head salaciously.

This, Hercules thought in one white hot moment, was what it felt like to be a god. To be worshiped.

Inch by traitorous inch, Aladdin worked that impressive length down his throat, breathing in measured turns from his nose and pumping the cock in his hand steadily. He shifted closer on his knees, the gravel Hercules created crunching.

Hercules rested his forehead on the wall over Aladdin, and watched with glazed, amazed eyes as that mouth melted him to his core, perfect wet pressure and suction and surrounding heat and he knew he was half mortal then, because it felt like he might die when his cockhead brushed the back of Aladdin’s throat.

Aladdin gagged, just once, then breathed hard through his nose and relaxed, Hercules’s hand worshipfully petting his hair easing the tension.

“Oh, Aladdin.” Hercules said, worship there in his voice as well.

Those wet brown eyes looked up at him then, timed with easing himself off slowly, and although Hercules worried about the unshed tears there, he also saw pride, and was comforted.

Almost free, his cock disappeared once more into that sinful mouth as Aladdin bobbed his head down and back up.

Hercules willed his hips to stop jerking, not wanting to choke someone so generous, but was surprised when Aladdin’s hand came up to the hand in his hair and covered it. He gripped and pulled, then backed off, back to the job at hand.

Hercules took a minute to understand the gesture, then felt his face heat impossibly more. Experimentally, he gave a tug on the hair in his powerful hand and was rewarded with an absolutely pleased whine coming from the mouth stuffed below him.

He pulled again, daring to pull the head further down his cock, and heard, blissfully, a groan of approval. Gripping Aladdin’s hair, he fucked his mouth as carefully as he could, every divine gene inside of him screaming to plunder, to ravage, to use.

He quieted it with an enormous force of will, concentrating instead on the music of the slurps, groans, wet noises and sinful smacks that echoed in their own paradise-alley.

He grit his teeth and felt it, then, felt it coming like a racing thunderstorm.

“Aladdin” he forced out in warning.

“I’m going to...”

Instead of backing off, Aladdin instead increased his pace, gripping Hercules’s thighs in both hands.

Hercules groaned in defeat and instead let himself grip that head tightly as he came, a grip that softened to tender stroking as he spurt in hot ropes down that miraculous throat.

“Aladdin” he gasped, ruined and sagging against the wall over Aladdin.

Aladdin pulled off slowly, mouth full, and made sure to make glittering eye contact as he made a great show of swallowing heavily, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

“You –“ Hercules said breathlessly. He bent down and gathered Aladdin to his feet, folding the boy’s body to himself.

Aladdin laughed, coughed, then laughed again.

“Yeah, me” he said, “Now lay down, big guy.”

He pushed against Hercules’s broad chest ineffectually, his strength against Hercules’s. Hercules simply smiled loopily at him, drunk from orgasm and uncomprehending until Aladdin huffed, rolled his eyes, and pushed with both hands. Then, Hercules let himself fall back to the ground and onto his back.

Aladdin was on him in a second, and made quite the picture atop his chest, back-lit against the hot Arabian sun, cock erect and proud between his slender, strong thighs gripping Hercules’s chest. Hercules let himself enjoy the picture, but knew what Aladdin wanted when the boy’s mouth found his again, knew even despite the differences in their experience (Meg was his first, after all), and thought with panic of his large, heavy fingers and the strong, small body atop his.

Aladdin must of heard his thoughts because he winked when he pulled back, taking two of his fingers and unceremoniously sticking them into his own mouth.

Hercules watched, enraptured, as Aladdin lavished and suckled them much as he did his own cock, which was now stirring.

Aladdin pulled them free, the digits shinning with spit, and admonished with a smile and laugh,

“Well don’t just stare, Herc, help a guy out.”

Hercules chided himself, shaking his head, and reached up to stroke the dark, slender cock atop him. Aladdin sighed, pleased. He arched over Hercules, bracing one hand next to Hercules’s head in the sand, the other reaching behind him.

Hercules's mouth went dry when he realized what Aladdin was doing and caught the hitch in his partner's hips when he found his goal.

He watched the twitches and slight flinches in Aladdin's face as he circled and pushed at his entrance, and endeavored to ease the process as much as he could by engulfing all of his partner's cock in his hand and stroking earnestly.

Aladdin's stuttered into his hand, and he bit his lip as his own finger breached him.

"God, Aladdin, you're...you're gorgeous."

Hercules instantly congratulated himself on for once finding the right words to say, because a hot mouth met his neck and murmured affectionately, "Hercules".

He craned his own neck, unable to resist, to watch those clever fingers play between plush cheeks, but was grounded by the fountain of sounds emanating from Aladdin as he teased himself, little caught gasps, a throaty moan, a hiccuped breath, a bite to the taut line of his own shoulder.

He stroked Aladdin in time to the movement of his restless hips, happy to watch as Aladdin reared back and groaned, removing his own fingers. He groaned himself as Aladdin took his now fully engorged cock in his hand and stroked it once, twice, smearing his own come into his skin and down.

He was ground to reality, however, when with surprising grace, Aladdin scrambled down his body and positioned his hips over his aching cock.

"Wait, Aladdin", he leaned up and gripped the hero's forearm, forcing him to look up with lust-filled eyes.

"What?" Aladdin asked breathlessly.

Aladdin's eyes were blown to a near-black, and he wet and rewet his shinning lips with an agitated tongue. Hercules was afraid, truly, he wasn't thinking straight.

"I...you...I'm afraid, Aladdin, what if you can't?" he asked, exasperated and deliciously distracted by the rocking motion of Aladdin's rolling hips on heat of his cock.

Aladdin puffed a small laugh, shaking his head. "I can."

Hercules didn't respond, and instead searched Aladdin's face for hesitance.

Aladdin's brows dropped in response, and subconsciously, his chest puffed out.

"I can." He said with greater insistence.

Hercules's heart swelled in affection and wonder at his smaller companion. He's heard that before. One of the only fights they ever had, once they were older, was whether or not Aladdin could keep up with Hercules's heroics, whether it was safe. Hercules didn't win that

fight, and he wasn't going to win this one, he thought with a smile. He stroked Aladdin suddenly, hand back to life on his lover's cock, and caught Aladdin's gasp with a chaste kiss.

"Of course you can." He said with a smile, laying back down.

Aladdin beamed, eyes glassy. Never breaking eye contact, he laved his own palm with his tongue, and wrapped it around Hercules's cock possessively.

Hercules watched breathlessly as Aladdin re-positioned himself over his cock and began to lower his hips. Hercules prayed for strength, this time the strength to not buck. The head of his cock kissed his lover's entrance and began to push slowly, agonizingly slow, inside. Hercules's hands clenched the unyielding packed sand until it, too, crumbled, as he was slipped inside a searing, clenching heat.

His eyes – when did he shut them? – flew open in concern when he heard Aladdin's sharp gasp. He took in his clenched expression on his face, and the shake in his thighs.

His cock was only halfway in.

He reached up to help, but Aladdin batted his hand away, and instead joined Hercules's on his own cock.

"Oh god" he groaned as his head lolled back, hips sinking further down.

"Aladdin" he managed to vocalize clearly, "tell me you're okay."

Aladdin opened his eyes slowly, unconsciously rolling his hips in small, self-soothing circles. He met Hercules's eyes with difficulty, his own dark, swirling depths seemingly lost in themselves.

He took Hercules's hand from the ground and brought it up to rest his cheek in it.

"I'm okay" he breathed.

Hercules's felt his chest un-clench.

"You're more than okay," he praised, "You're incredible"

But then it was his turn to gasp when Aladdin's thighs slipped and he spread himself entirely on Hercules in one, breath-stealing moment.

Warmth

No, heat.

No, perfection.

An embrace around his cock that felt like their two bodies were made, with no room to spare, for each other.

“Aladdin!” he called out helplessly.

“Hercules” Aladdin groaned, eyes blown wide open, his mouth ajar.

Hercules took Aladdin’s hips in his hands and tried to still their quaking, concerned, but felt back with a groan when Aladdin rolled his hips in earnest.

That lazy, pleased smile was back, and their eyes met for one impossible minute as Aladdin raised himself halfway off Hercules’s cock then eased himself back down.

Hercules submitted completely, worries a distant memory, and banged his head back when Aladdin did it again, this time with a bounce that robbed Hercules of coherent thought.

His hands stayed on Aladdin’s hips, useless, as the hero rode him, slowly at first, savoring the divine stretch and depth with a groan and a bite of his lip, then more quickly, puffing out aborted moans and groans.

Suddenly, Aladdin folded against him with a cry. Hercules’s hands soothed down his back, deep inside the shuddering body, when he realized Aladdin had found his own spot deep inside him.

The thought consumed him as he watched Aladdin rear back up, and biting his own hand, drove himself down with even greater force and angle to hit it again, and again, and again, crying out each time.

He was pleasuring himself using Hercules’s body, and Hercules felt dizzy at the thought of it.

He watched, and figuring it out, took Aladdin’s hips and bounced him bodily at the angle it seemed Aladdin was hitting his spot at.

Aladdin clawed at his hands and gasped his name.

“Hercules!”

His name turned into a helpless chant as he continued moving Aladdin on his cock, the hero submitting to the ride and covering his mouth, although Hercules could still hear it.

“Hercules oh god oh god oh god Hercules Hercules”

Gently, he pulled Aladdin’s hand away from his mouth.

“I want to hear” he whispered.

Aladdin shook his head, hair unkempt and lashing across his face.

“Hercules, I can’t. It’s too much.” He sobbed.

It was Hercules turn to laugh, and brought himself to half sit up, grinding Aladdin down on his sensitive insides.

Aladdin choked and Hercules smiled.

“Of course you can, you’re doing so...oh, you’re doing amazing, Aladdin,”

“Come on, “ he coaxed, hand on his cock and his own pounding deep into the folded body in his lap.

Aladdin cried out, hands on Hercules’s knees, and arched his back and came on Hercules’s stomach. His spasms and clenching were all it took for Hercules who with a cry close to a roar, spilled deep inside his partner, gripping his hips, for once, in a regrettably bruising grip.

Their panting was the only sound for a moment, until Hercules chucked Aladdin’s chin up and asked with worried eyes.

“Hey, you okay?”

Aladdin smiled sweetly and kissed Hercules deeply.

"More than okay, remember?"

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