

Gradient

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/32468419) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/32468419>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	F/M , M/M , Multi
Fandom:	Lore Olympus (Webcomic)
Relationships:	Hades/Persephone (Lore Olympus) , Hermes/Persephone (Lore Olympus) , Hades/Hermes/Persephone (Lore Olympus) , Hades/Hermes (Lore Olympus)
Characters:	Persephone (Lore Olympus) , Hades (Lore Olympus) , Hermes (Lore Olympus)
Additional Tags:	Threesome - F/M/M , chaotic bisexual energy , Safeword Use , Sort Of, overuse of italics for emphasis , this is hermes's world and we're all just living in it , how many chinchelaart easter eggs can you spot , i live in a world where i pretend bodily fluids don't exist, but chela certainly doesn't , positions that may or may not be possible in real life , hermes as sex toy , Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , Blow Jobs , Hand Jobs , Face-Sitting , Hair-pulling , Mild Kink
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Variegated
Stats:	Published: 2021-07-09 Completed: 2022-05-28 Words: 5,681 Chapters: 2/2

Gradient

by [whiskywrites](#)

Summary

Persephone and Hades entertain one of their favorite guests. Sequel to Variegated.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Chapter 1

“So.”

The fabric of the couch rustled as Hermes shuffled slightly, crossing his ankles and stretching his legs out in front of him. He clenched his fists against the cushion. The room crackled with energy; he could taste it on his tongue like the aftermath of a lightning storm, sharp and stinging. The hairs on the back of his neck stood up. The skin on his arms bloomed with goosebumps.

“So?”

Hermes swallowed, his throat dry and catching. He trained his eyes straight ahead, taking in the darkness of the night through the wide paned windows that spanned the wall of the living room. To his right, the couch cushions sank as a warm body slid closer to him. A soft, pink hand wrapped over the curve of his thigh.

“It was nice of you guys to invite me back,” Hermes squeaked. “I mean, I’m honored, it’s still really lovely of you to even consider that I-”

“Hermes,” Hades rumbled to his left. “Shut up.”

“Sir yes sir!” Hermes smacked his hand to his forehead. He had been going for a salute but ended up achieving more of a resounding slap. “Ouch.”

Persephone laughed - a delicate, tinkling sound. It would have sounded polite and kind to most people, but Hermes knew better. Hermes heard the danger in it. A thrill went through him, shooting straight to his toes as Persephone’s fingers tightened where they still rested against his thigh. He turned his head and met her eyes, red seeping across her sclera as she grinned at him like she wanted to eat him alive.

“Ready?” Persephone asked, digging her nails into his thigh. Her grin widened. Hermes felt a wide, warm palm wrap around the back of his neck as he met Persephone’s gaze. He pressed back into Hades’s hand, his breath quickening.

“Ready.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Show time.

Chapter Notes

I know it's been 84 years. Don't @ me.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Persephone grinned and leaned away from Hermes, clapping her small hands together delightedly.

“Great! I’m gonna go make sure everything upstairs is ready!” She hopped up off the couch, bouncing slightly on the balls of her feet before she leaned over to give Hermes a soft kiss on the forehead. Hades reached his hand out to her as she walked past and she took it, squeezing it briefly before giving them both a wave and heading up the stairs to their bedroom. Hermes took a deep inhale and let it out in a big sigh, excitement and contentment filling him in equal measure.

“So Hermes, I’ve been thinking,” Hades began, his hand dropping off of Hermes’s neck to rest briefly between his shoulder blades before he leaned back against the sofa, his arms resting on the back of it. Hermes turned to face him, tucking one leg up and leaning forward eagerly.

“I do love it when you think, boss,” Hermes smirked. “You have the best ideas.”

Hades chuckled and knocked his knee against Hermes’s. “Listen, Kore’s been stuck in her own head so much lately. She’s been running so many side projects and spearheading more than her fair share of Underworld Corp processes. I would love to give her an environment tonight where she can just forget about all of that. What do you think?”

“Sounds like a solid business plan to me, sir,” Hermes mused. “I think I can come up with some ideas, or I can just follow your lead. What would you rather?”

“Follow my lead,” Hades said, the corner of his mouth tilting in a wicked smile. “But just to give you a feeling for where I’m going to take this, the idea is to overwhelm her.”

“*Oh*, I do like that. I like that very much.”

“Good!” Hades stood up and beckoned to Hermes. “Shall we?”

“Race you!” Hermes exclaimed, his wings fluttering around his ankles briefly as he took off running for the staircase. He heard Hades laughing softly behind him before following Hermes up the stairs. Hermes reached the door to the master bedroom and knocked rapid fire, creaking it further open as he tried to peek through the crack to see what Persephone was up to. Hades caught up to him and leaned against the doorframe, glaring at Hermes as he continued his drumroll of knocking.

“You can come in!” Persephone called. Hermes pushed the door open and beamed at Persephone where she lounged on the bed, her beautiful body glowing against the dark sheets and wrapped in the sheerest black lingerie set he’d ever seen. Black bikini cut lace lay delicately against her soft hips and matching thigh-high stockings encased her shapely legs. She was completely nude from the waist up. Hades let out a low whistle behind him.

“You’re certainly all dressed up,” Hades said. “All I ever get is an oversized novelty t-shirt, usually stolen out of my own dresser.”

“Shush, don’t lie. You get all kinds of fancy things. Besides, this is a special occasion. And don’t worry, I picked up something else new just for your eyes.” Persephone’s eyes twinkled mischievously and she crossed one leg over the other, rubbing her thighs together. “You’ll get to see that on a different night.”

“Ooo, it’s good to be the King,” Hermes laughed, tugging his shirt off over his head. “Incoming!”

Persephone shrieked as Hermes launched himself across the room and landed spread eagled in the center of the massive bed, just shy of Persephone’s legs. He flopped over onto his back and wriggled against the sheets.

“These sheets are so fucking *nice*. What thread count are they? Are they silk? You rich bastards *would* fuck on silk sheets, I swear-”

“Stop rambling about the damn sheets, Hermes,” Hades snarked, coming to stand next to the side of the bed with his hands braced on his hips. “There’s work to do.”

Hermes sat up quickly, shoving his wild hair off of his face with one hand. “You bet, boss!”

“What do you mean, work?” Persephone looked between the two of them, her expression quizzical.

Hades’s responding grin split his face like shark’s teeth. “Oh don’t you worry about that, sweetness. Hermes and I have a plan.”

“It’s a good plan,” Hermes stage-whispered to her. Persephone laughed.

“Shall we review safewords?” Hades asked. Persephone raised an eyebrow, but sat upright and held up four fingers.

“Our usual choice. Green means go,” she said, lowering one finger. She continued to put fingers down as she spoke. “Yellow means slow down and check in, and red means stop. If any of us can’t speak for any reason, we tap our palm down twice to signal to stop. Sound good to everyone?”

“Works for me,” Hades responded. Hermes nodded his agreement, making eye contact with Hades and feeling a thrill go through his belly at the predatory look on his face. “Excellent. Hermes, hold her down for me.”

Hermes sprang forward and wrapped both of Persephone’s delicate wrists in his large hand. He pushed them back over her head, pressing her deeper into the mountain of pillows she rested against and leaning over her, grinning as he lowered himself down to kiss her. The kiss started gently, but Persephone pressed up into him, tugging his lower lip between her teeth. Her tongue was hot as she licked at his lip before releasing it from between her teeth and sucking it into her mouth instead. Hermes groaned and fitted his mouth against hers, kissing her deeper and feeling her wrists twitch under his hand where he held her down.

Persephone’s shoulders suddenly twitched and she moaned into his mouth. Hermes pulled away for a moment to glance back down her body to see that Hades had settled between her legs and was mouthing against the front of the black lace panties. Persephone’s hips rocked against his face and Hades pulled away to speak.

“Patience, my love,” he said softly. “Let us take care of you.”

Hermes smiled at the naked affection in Hades’s voice. He rested his free hand on Persephone’s stomach as he watched Hades wrap his strong arms around Persephone’s thighs and drop back down to nuzzle his nose against the lace between her legs. Hermes sighed dreamily and turned his focus back to Persephone. He slid his palm up her belly to cup one of her breasts, dragging his thumb lightly back and forth over her nipple. Persephone sucked in a sharp breath, her gaze snapping from Hades still working between her legs to Hermes hovering over her. She bit her lip and whined as she made eye contact with him, flexing her wrists in his hands.

“Hermes, please,” Persephone whispered, her chest heaving as she arched her back up into him. Hermes heard Hades make a low sound and glanced down to see Persephone rocking her hips as much as she could in Hades’s firm grip. He grinned and turned his gaze back to her, dragging his wide palm across her chest and wrapping it around the edge of her jaw, tilting her head back and holding her in place.

“You’re very squirmy tonight,” Hermes remarked. His voice had lost a bit of his usual light tone, darkening to match the atmosphere slowly taking over the three of them. Persephone’s eyelids fluttered shut and she dragged in a deep breath.

“You’re one to talk about being squirmy,” she quipped. Her voice already sounded strained. Her eyelids scrunched for a moment, her face squeezing in concentration as she rotated her wrists in Hermes’s hand, testing his grip.

“I think you’d agree that I can be very focused when I want to be,” Hermes responded. He slid the hand on her jaw around to slide into her soft hair, wrapping his fingers in it and

tugging. Persephone gasped and Hermes leaned down to lick slowly up the exposed column of her neck. He settled against the soft spot right below her ear and dug his teeth into the petal soft skin there. Persephone whined. Her wrists tensed beneath his hand and she flexed her arms, pulling downwards. She rocked her hips hard against Hades's face.

"Hey, now," Hades said. His tone held a slight reprimand. "You aren't behaving very nicely so far, sweetness. You need to settle."

"Fuck behaving," Persephone growled. She twisted harder against both of their hands and let out a frustrated groan. "Okay, no, nope! Yellow! This isn't working for me right now."

Hades released her hips and settled back onto his knees between her legs, rubbing a hand along her thigh to soothe her. Hermes let go of her hands and placed his own hands on his knees. Persephone let out a massive sigh and rubbed her hands over her face. Tiny orange flowers bloomed across the crown of her head.

"I need to be more active," she said, looking up at Hades and meeting his concerned gaze. "I don't want to just lay here and be a passive participant. Hermes? Come here?"

Persephone beckoned for him and Hermes scooted in to settle behind her, letting her recline back against his chest for a moment. She hummed happily and reached a hand back over her shoulder to press against his cheek, shimmying her shoulders against him. Hermes leaned forward, hooking his chin over her shoulder and rubbing his cheek against hers. Persephone's eyes slipped closed and she smiled.

"I want to tell *you* what to do, that okay?" Persephone asked, turning her head to look back at him. Hades hummed thoughtfully.

"Oh, *absolutely*, Your Majesty," Hermes grinned and wiggled his hips against her ass. "Do whatever you want with me."

Persephone rocked forward onto her knees and leaned into Hades's space. She placed her hands on either side of his jaw and kissed him slowly and deeply before angling his head so she could whisper directly into his ear. Hermes watched Hades's eyes narrow and then grow wide as a wicked smile spread across his face.

"Oh, I like that," Hades said, his grin widening as Persephone pulled back from him. He set his hands on her hips and dug his fingertips into her soft skin. "That's very creative. He's going to like it, too."

"What?" Hermes exclaimed, moving onto his hands and knees and crowding himself against Persephone's back. "Secrets are rude, share with the class."

"Secrets make it better, Hermes," Persephone said, her eyes glittering as she turned to face him. "Secrets make it more exhilarating."

Hermes had just opened his mouth to make another joking remark when Persephone leaned towards him, placed both her hands against his chest, and shoved him *hard*. He fell back against the pillows and barely had a moment to catch his breath before Persephone was

dragging his pants off, climbing on top of his hips, straddling him with her thick thighs and rocking herself down against his dick. Hermes grunted, his hands flying up to rest on her waist. Persephone rocked harder, rubbing her hot, damp center against him.

“Hermes,” Persephone purred darkly. “You’re going to get me off. And you aren’t allowed to use your hands to get me there. Be a good boy and you’ll get a reward.”

“Oh, I will be so fucking good,” Hermes breathed. He rubbed his thumbs back and forth across the skin of her belly once before laying his arms above his head, fisting handfuls of the plush pillows. Persephone bit her lip and wiggled her hips against his once more before moving away for a moment to slide her panties off. She tossed them to the side and moved further up the bed, her thigh-highs making soft swishing noises against the sheets.

“God, that sounds expensive,” Hermes quipped. “That lingerie on these fancy fucking sheets? That’s just money rubbing together.”

“Hermes, for the love of the gods,” Persephone said, her voice full of exasperation. She placed one knee next to Hermes’s shoulder and swung the other over so she was hovering just over his head. “Shut up.”

Hermes narrowed his eyes and grinned up at her from between her thighs. He flexed his fingers against the pillow. “Make me.”

Persephone pushed her hands into his wild hair and tightened her fingers, holding him in place as his answering gasp was silenced by her lowering herself down against his open mouth. Hermes moaned as he stuck his tongue out, desperate for the first taste of her as her hot, wet slit met his mouth. He let her tilt his head, putting him where she wanted him as he lapped hungrily at her drenched skin. Persephone let out a shaky sigh above him, sinking deeper down onto him, her weight dropping onto his face. Hermes flailed his hands for a second before dropping them back down against the pillow and grabbing fistfuls of it.

“Good boy,” Persephone said, her voice breathless as she rocked her hips against his tongue. Hermes whimpered as her hands tightened in his hair, yanking hard. She looked down at him, meeting his gaze with her mouth parted and a flush high on her cheekbones, spiky red flowers blooming around her crown. He worked his tongue harder in response, swirling it around her clit and up and down her slit according to where she angled him. Hermes suddenly felt two large, warm hands resting just above his knees and jolted slightly in surprise.

“It’s okay, it’s just Hades,” Persephone soothed. She loosened one of her hands and petted gently at his hair, smoothing it across the top of his head. “He’s the next part of my plan.”

Hermes furrowed his eyebrows at her. She smiled with all of her teeth and pressed harder against his face. Behind her, Hades slid his hands from the tops of Hermes’s thighs to the backs, pushing his knees up and open. Hermes felt the bed shift as Hades moved closer and then felt Hades’s wide shoulders pushing their way between his legs. He whined into Persephone’s pussy, attempting to move his mouth to get a better angle, but she held him still, her hips now unmoving. Hermes looked up and saw her looking back over her shoulder,

watching Hades as he settled between Hermes's legs. Persephone giggled and Hermes cried out as he felt Hades's tongue drag up the underside of his cock.

"That's pretty," Persephone said, her voice as delicate and sweet as bone china and a direct contrast to the steel grip in which she still held Hermes's hair. Hermes groaned as Hades wrapped his lips around the head of his cock, swirling his tongue around the crown before sliding his mouth down to engulf him. Hades's shoulders shifted against the backs of Hermes's thighs as Hades wrapped his arms around them, holding Hermes's hips against the bed as he slid his mouth up and down Hermes's cock. Hermes moaned, the sound muffled by Persephone's thighs on either side of his head. He could feel his face flushing hot as he tried and failed to wiggle and squirm underneath the combined strength of the King and Queen of the Underworld holding him down on their bed.

Persephone dug her fingertips into his scalp, massaging briefly before tightening her fingers in his hair and beginning to rock her hips again. Hermes worked his tongue furiously, feeling her hips stutter as he rubbed and sucked at her clit. He moaned and wailed into her wet heat as Hades worked his dick, taking him deep and stroking him with his hot tongue.

"Come on, Hermes," Persephone moaned. "Make me come, there's a good boy. You want more? You want me to ride you? Hades is getting you nice and wet, I could just slide right onto your cock and have my way with you. Or do you want to ride Hades? Want him to split you open while you watch me fuck myself with a toy? *Oh.*"

Hermes groaned, yanking on his handful of pillow as Persephone shuddered against him. Her thighs clenched tightly against his ears and she cried out, her hips losing their rhythm against his mouth as she came. She curled over him, enveloping him in her soft pink body as her hips twitched through the aftershocks. Hermes distantly registered Hades pulling off of his cock and resting his head against Hermes's thigh as Persephone slowly relaxed above him.

Persephone let herself fall back onto his chest, freeing his face as she pulled her hands out of his hair and slid them into her own sweat-damp hair, pushing the long strands off of her face and holding it back off of her neck. She glowed as she arched her back, pushing her chest out and letting her head fall back, her elbows pointed up as she kept her hair pushed back.

"Gods fucking damn," Hermes whispered. "Can I please move my hands? Please let me touch you."

"Yeah, okay. You've been so good," Persephone said. Hermes groaned and wrapped his hands around her waist, guiding her to slide down into the crook of his hips as he sat up. Persephone giggled and wrapped her arms around his neck, leaning forward to draw him in for a deep kiss. She sucked his tongue into her mouth as she pulled away, leaving him leaning towards her as she crawled out of his lap and over to Hades to straddle his hips. Hermes followed her, pressing his chest against her back as Hades slid his hands around Persephone's waist. Hermes could feel Hades's fingers against his belly as he pressed closer, burying his face in Persephone's hair as she ignored him in favor of kissing her husband.

"Is this part of your plan, too? Ignore Hermes until he spontaneously combusts?" Hermes snarked. He leaned over Persephone and bit at Hades's shoulder, rubbing his hands across

Hades's where they were pressed into Persephone's back. Hades groaned, tipping his head back, and Persephone trailed kisses down his neck before biting his other shoulder.

"You think you'd learn patience at *some* point in your long life, Hermes," Hades chuckled. Hermes dug his teeth harder into Hades's skin, grinning around his mouthful as Hades groaned.

"And *you'd* think at this point, Hades, you'd have figured out that me and patience in the bedroom do not exactly go together like cheese and crackers, okay?"

Hades and Persephone both laughed. Hermes rolled his eyes and pressed his still-hard cock against Persephone's ass. She pressed her hips back against him and turned to slide a hand along his jaw and pull him in for another kiss. Hermes was just settling into the slide of her lips against his when she pulled away again, sliding off of Hades's lap but keeping her hand on Hermes's jaw. Persephone dug her fingertips in and guided Hermes down toward Hades's lap.

"Put him in your mouth," she murmured.

Hermes whined as she directed him down onto Hades's cock, sticking his tongue out to lap at the head as Persephone pushed him down. She slid her hand from Hermes's jaw into his hair and gripped hard, moving him up and down along Hades's length. Hermes moaned as she used him for her husband's pleasure, rolling his tongue along Hades's cock and swallowing around the head as Persephone pushed him down far enough to choke him on it. He could hear the slick sounds of Hades and Persephone kissing above him and he reached down to wrap his hand around his own dick. Hermes got a few unsatisfactory tugs in before Persephone noticed and yanked him off of Hades's cock by his hair.

"No sir," Persephone said, tugging on Hermes's ear with her free hand. "You aren't up yet."

"I've been up for like an hour, that's like the whole problem," Hermes grumbled, tilting his head against her grip in his hair. Hades laughed and Persephone turned to glare at him.

"Don't encourage him!" she said. "He's been very good though, should we move on to the next part of the plan?"

"Definitely," Hades responded. He rolled up onto his knees and crawled past Hermes and Persephone. Hermes watched the muscles in Hades's back flex as he dug around in the drawer of the nightstand for a moment before leaning back again with a bottle of lube in his hand. Hades moved a couple pillows and settled himself back against the headboard, setting the lube down next to his hip. He spread his legs slightly and grinned filthily at Hermes.

"Come here, Hermes," Hades murmured, patting his thigh with one hand in invitation while the other moved to stroke his own cock lazily.

"Oh sweet Gaia," Hermes moaned, trying and failing to scramble up the bed towards Hades. He had forgotten that Persephone was still holding onto his hair and didn't make it very far before she had tightened her hand.

“What do you say?” Persephone purred.

“Oh, please, please, *please*, let me go sit on that dick,” Hermes babbled.

“Please, *what*,” she said, her voice low and dangerous.

“Please, my Queen,” Hermes gasped. Persephone chuckled darkly and released her grip on his hair, patting him on the ass as he scrambled across the bed to crawl into Hades’s lap. He slipped on the silky sheets and almost face planted before righting himself.

“Hi,” Hermes breathed, his chest heaving as he swung his leg over Hades’s hips and dropped his weight into his lap. Hades smiled and wrapped his hands around Hermes’s waist.

“Hi,” Hades chuckled, his hands sliding down to cup Hermes’s ass and squeezing gently. “Do you want to prep yourself or do you want me to do it?”

“I think the lady should decide, don’t you?” Hermes tilted his head back to look at Persephone over his shoulder. She was sprawled out on her side with her head propped up on her hand, her gaze sultry. She grinned slowly.

“I think Hades’s hands would look beautiful opening you up, Hermes.”

Hermes shuddered, twisting his hips against Hades’s to press his aching cock against something as her voice shot through him like lightning. “As my lady commands.”

Hades spread lube on his fingers and reached around with his other hand to spread Hermes’s ass cheeks. Hermes groaned and dropped his head down into the crook of Hades’s neck as he felt his slick fingers press against his hole. He sighed and looped his arms around Hades’s waist, rocking his hips back against Hades’s hands as he loosened him up.

“Gods, that is *really* pretty,” Persephone said. She drew one knee up as she reclined and reached down to touch herself as she watched. “You’re gorgeous, Hermes.”

Hermes gasped as Hades’s fingers pressed deeper, sending jolts of pleasure through him. He kissed Hades’s neck and dragged his tongue across his pulse point, causing Hades to gasp and tighten the hand that was holding onto Hermes’s ass cheek. Hermes jerked his hips against Hades, rubbing their cocks together. Persephone abandoned her lounging and crawled up next to them, settling down next to Hades and reaching down to wrap her hand around Hermes’s dick. Hermes moaned, his voice cracking.

“You’ve both got-” Hermes gasped as Hades fingers sent sparkles of pleasure through him. “Really nice hands, fuck. Fuck me, come on.”

“You better ask nicely or she’s not going to *let* me fuck you,” Hades growled. Persephone laughed and squeezed the base of Hermes’s cock.

“Please, please, please, please,” Hermes babbled, thrusting against Hades’s fingers.

“Go ahead, Hades,” Persephone purred. Hades grinned wickedly and slid his fingers out of Hermes. Hermes whined at the loss and squirmed in Hades’s lap for a moment before

Persephone was wrapping a hand around his shoulder and yanking him down to lay on his back. Hades followed, settling himself between Hermes's legs as he slicked his own cock with some of the lube. Hermes groaned as Hades wrapped a hand around his ankle, pressing his leg back towards his chest as he gripped his own cock with his other hand and slid inside Hermes.

"Fucking *Tartarus*, that's good," Hermes breathed out. He tipped his head back against the sheets as Hades began to move, exposing his throat. Persephone leaned over Hermes and set her teeth into the skin of his sweat-damp neck, biting down once and then dragging her tongue along his tender throat. Hermes's pulse thundered against her tongue. Persephone set to sucking a vivid bruise into his skin as Hades wrapped a hand around Hermes's hip, gripping tightly and pulling him against his thrusts.

"You're being such a good boy, Hermes," Persephone said, pulling back and caressing Hermes's face gently. "Would you like a reward?"

"Is this not my reward?!" Hermes exclaimed, trying to sit up. Persephone planted her palm on his chest and shoved back down against the bed. She placed a hand on each of his shoulders and grinned wickedly as she swung a leg over Hermes, straddling his waist.

"Oh, fuck," Hermes said. His eyes blew wide as Hades stopped moving to give Persephone a second to adjust. She wiggled her hips and slid lower on his body.

"Oh, *yes*," Persephone murmured. Her eyes flashed red for a moment before she reached down between them, taking Hermes's cock in her hand and stroking him twice before sliding herself down onto him. Hermes groaned as her heat enveloped his cock. "Now listen, Hermes."

"Yes?"

Persephone leaned forward, grinding herself down on him, and wrapped her hand firmly around his jaw. Hermes could feel the sharp tips of her fingernails as five bright sparks of pain against his skin. Her smile was dangerous as she gazed down at him and he looked back up at her, enraptured.

"You don't get to come until we do. Understand?"

Hermes gulped, his jaw working furiously under her grip as she swiveled her hips on his cock to underscore her request. Persephone's grin widened.

"Yes, Your Majesty," Hermes choked out.

"Excellent," Persephone said, letting go of his jaw and running her hand up along his face and into his hair, petting him soothingly before wrapping her fingers tightly in the wild strands. "Go ahead, Hades."

"My pleasure," Hades rumbled.

Hermes gasped as Hades began to move again, grinding his hips into Hermes's ass with an intensity that had Hermes whimpering even before Persephone began to move along with him. He watched as Hades leaned forward, wrapping the hand that had been on Hermes's hip around Persephone's waist instead and hooking his jaw over her shoulder to press a kiss to her cheek. Persephone leaned into his touch, her hips undulating on Hermes's cock. She kept her hand in Hermes's hair even as she reached her other hand back to pull her husband into a kiss, licking into his mouth as they both drove Hermes to the brink of insanity.

"Gods, fuck, how do you expect me to last with this fucking view on top of everything?" Hermes gasped. He reached for Persephone, settling his hands on her thighs. "You two are so gorgeous together."

"If you want to come at all, then you'll do your fucking best," Persephone admonished, reaching down to tweak one of Hermes's nipples. He moaned and she turned her hand, brushing her thumb in a steady rhythm over his nipple instead.

"I'm *trying*," Hermes whined. Persephone tsked and slid her hands back into his hair, her fingers soothing over his scalp even as she fucked him harder. Hermes shuddered and slid a hand over til he could sink his fingers into her wetness, dragging his knuckles against her pussy. He teased her until she tipped her head back against Hades's shoulder and then he settled his palm against her skin and pressed his thumb to her clit, rubbing in circles against her.

"Oh, that's good," Persephone moaned, her voice rough. Hermes grinned and squeezed her thigh as he maintained his rhythm as best he could while simultaneously getting fucked to within an inch of his immortal life. "Just like that, Hermes."

"You gonna come for him, sweetness?" Hades said. He wrapped his arm more firmly around Persephone's waist, holding her as he tugged her earlobe into his mouth. She whined, her face scrunching up as she tucked her knees up tighter against Hermes's body and started to bounce on his cock, fucking him harder as he tried desperately to keep his thumb on her swollen clit.

"Shit, yeah, wanna feel you come so bad, Perse," Hermes said. He could feel his own orgasm threatening at the edges of his perception as he tried desperately to last. Hades increased his pace, fucking Hermes harder as he cupped his wife's breast in one hand and nibbled on her neck. Persephone let out a long, shuddering breath, and her hands on the both of them clenched as she cried out and squeezed around Hermes's cock. Hermes thumbed her clit as she jerked and rolled her hips against him, riding her orgasm out even as Hades kept fucking into Hermes behind her.

"You look so good when you come," Hades said, his deep voice strained. Persephone smiled and turned her head to pull him into a kiss, her tongue pressing into his mouth. Hades moaned and grabbed at the back of Hermes's thigh, gripping hard as his thrusts stuttered and slowed. Persephone held onto the arm Hades still had wrapped around her waist as he came, kissing him through it. After a moment, they pulled apart and Hades slid out of Hermes, collapsing back to sit on his heels as he tried to catch his breath. Persephone gazed adoringly at him for another few seconds before turning her attention back onto Hermes, rocking her hips again as she leaned over him.

“You close?” she asked, leaning forward and cupping his face in both of her hands. Hermes nodded jerkily, gathering his legs up to plant his heels into the bed and thrust up into her. Persephone gasped and Hermes levered himself up onto one elbow so he could suck Persephone’s nipple into his mouth, groaning against her skin as she adjusted to ride him faster. She held his head against her chest as he swirled his tongue around her nipple and wrapped his arms around her waist as his orgasm slammed into him, surprising him into stillness even as Persephone kept rolling her hips against his. She worked him through it for another few thrusts, then settled against him, seated in his lap as he sucked in a deep breath and flopped backwards onto the bed. Persephone lifted up onto her knees, letting Hermes slide out of her body, and crawled off of him to settle next to him, her head pillowed on his shoulder.

Hermes curled his arm around her shoulders and felt Hades’s hand suddenly settle over his ankle. With a massive effort, he picked his head up and looked down the bed to find Hades splayed diagonally across the end of the bed, one arm flung over his own face while his other arm reached out towards where he was holding onto Hermes by the closest body part he could reach. Hermes chuckled and let his head fall back down to the bed, closing his eyes as he relaxed into the aftermath of spectacular sex.

“Great job, team,” Hermes said, raising his free hand in a thumbs up. Persephone snorted and started giggling into his side. Hermes squirmed as her breath tickled him, and she reached a hand over to tickle him on purpose. He squawked and ducked away from her, chuckling as she pushed herself up to sit next to him.

“We need to change the sheets,” Persephone grumbled. “No sleeping in dirty sheets.”

“It’s fine, you’ve probably got like an entire stock right?” Hermes stretched languidly, rubbing his arms along the fine fabric of the sheets. “Disposable six-hundred-drachma-a-set silk sheets. A rather exquisite cashmere. It’s fine. I get it.”

“Kore?” Hades said mildly.

“Yes, my love?”

“Hit him with a pillow, please. I can’t reach.”

“Certainly!”

“Oh, fuck,” Hermes tried to scramble away, but in his sleepy post-orgasm state, Persephone was faster, and the fluffy oversized pillow collided with the side of his head before he could move. He went down cackling, clutching the pillow to him as his bedmates joined in on the laughter.

Chapter End Notes

Frodo voice *it's done*.

I hope you enjoouoooooyed it. Inspired forever and ever, amen, by the lovely and incomparable [@chinchela_art](#) and her discord server full of the best people ever.

If you *do* actually want to @ me, I'm [@xenolinguistic](#).

End Notes

cough listen I'm not sorry.

Inspired by the sofa fanart by Chinchela.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!