

## Marking

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# Marking

by [Kazeshiwa \(orphan\\_account\)](#)

## Summary

Gil-Galad and Elrond indulge in one of their kinks on the throne.

## Notes

well, this is the first pwp that i actually managed to finish, the others were just left to collect dust because i was too embarrassed to finish. I spent 4 hours on this, i can't believe myself omg.

I had to orphan this bc i gave my acc to my possible employers HAHAHA NEVER DO THIS CHILDREN -memorywolf

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

“I greet you, My king.” Elrond sweeps into a bow as he walks into the High King’s halls.

“Elrond! Just in time.” Gil-Galad looks up from the report he had been reading, he passes the report back to the page boy and with a wave of his hand he dismissed the guards and maids. Elrond politely waited until everyone left before he approached the throne.

The king reached out a hand for his lover, “Come my love.” Elrond grasped his lover’s hand and bent down to kiss his king, feeling the tension of the day slip away from the both of them, he smiles when he pulls away from the kiss. He is here for more than a kiss.

“Kneel for me.” Gil-Galad instructed the younger elf who complied. Elrond dropped to his knees, shuffling closer as Gil-Galad spread his legs to accommodate the lithe form. The king placed a palm to his lover’s face and tilted his head to meet his eyes, “Is it alright?” He asks.

Elrond smiles at his lover, his caring lover who always made sure Elrond was comfortable with what they were about to do. He turns his head to kiss the hand cradling his cheek softly, “Yes my beloved.” Gil-Galad returned his smile and with a last kiss to his brow he leaned back to allow his lover to proceed.

Elrond shifted his attention from his king’s face to his tented robes. He parts the robes swiftly and with ease, he’s had a lot of practice. Elrond bowed his head to kiss the head of his lover’s arousal, coaxing the first of his king’s moans.

He lays butterfly kisses down the hard length, licking a stripe back up to the head when he’s reach the base. Gil-Galad groans, his thigh muscles twitch under Elrond’s hands at his teasing. He doesn’t complain or urge Elrond to speed up, he bathes in the attention that his lover bestows upon him.

Elrond suckles on the leaking head while he moves his hand up and down the throbbing hot length in a languid pace. He pulls his lips away from the tip to kiss down the shaft again, tongue parting his lips to lick at the thick veins that travelled his lover’s thick arousal. He repeats the pattern a few times, suckling on the head and kissing down, licking back up only to repeat; he treats his king’s cock with gentle loving. All the while Gil-Galad moans in half pleasure half frustration, waiting impatiently to feel his lover’s warm throat on his cock.

Elrond finally pulls back to look up at his lover’s slightly flushed face, he knows his is the same shade of pink. “Saes Elrond, let me feel the blissful warmth of your throat.”

Elrond smiles and bows back down to envelope his lover’s thick length in his warm mouth, the reaction from Gil-Galad is instantaneous. The King moans as his herald takes half of him inside his mouth, he can feel the back of Elrond’s throat already but he knows his lover can take all of him down his throat.

Elrond bobs his head on his king’s crotch, warming himself up to swallow the entire length down. He relaxes his throat and sinks lower down, his lips stretched wide on the thick shaft. He only stops when he’s nuzzled against the base and his lips are kissing the skin around his lover’s cock. Gil-Galad moans low when he feels the tight heat around his length, he places a

hand on the back of Elrond's head, gently holding him there but allowing if his lover wishes to pull off.

Elrond has done this more times than he would ever care to remember, he already has pretty good control over his throat muscles but he knows his lover loves to hear him choke on his more than generous length. He pulls off completely, coughing, there's a string of saliva pulling from his lips to the head of Gil-Galad's cock. He goes back down to suckle on the head, pushing his tongue on the slit and tasting the precome, then he slides languidly down the shaft again.

Gil-Galad keeps control of his moans, he's sure the guards outside the hall would be very uncomfortable upon figuring out what the King and his herald were doing if he were too loud. He gently encourages Elrond to sink deeper onto his length, loving the view of stretched pink lips and the sounds Elrond makes as he chokes on him.

Elrond pulls up and goes down swifter this time, he sets a rhythm, bobbing his head up and down and swallowing his king's cock deep down his throat. When he's tired of moving he pulls the shaft down his throat and stays there, he hollows his cheeks and sucks, alternating between swallowing and sucking. He revels in the moans he's managed to rip out of Gil-Galad's tight control, he looks up to his lover with watery eyes.

Gil-Galad's breath hitches when his lover looks up at him, it's a sinful image and he loves it. He tightens his grip in his lover's hair and thrusts, he feels Elrond relax around him and he pets his hair lovingly then proceeds to fuck Elrond's mouth. Elrond stays on for as long as he could, pulling back only when he really could not focus on his breathing anymore. His lover continues to slide his hand up and down his saliva slicked cock, loving the flush of the Peredhil's cheeks and lips shining with saliva and precome.

Elrond shifts his knees to make himself as comfortable as he could with his erection straining hard against the front of his robes, he doesn't touch himself, his king hasn't allowed him to. He moves his lips over the head of his lover's cock, sucking and licking, helping his lover reach the edge. He knows by the moans and the face Gil-Galad makes, his lover is close.

The King taps Elrond's cheek when he's almost there, his lover obediently pulls back and closes his eyes while tilting his head up, ready for his king to mark him. This was, of course, Ereinion's more lustful games, but Elrond would be lying if he said he did not enjoy being claimed and marked by his lover that way.

His king howls as he climaxes, aiming his cock at Elrond's face and watching his seed paint his herald's beautifully flushed face. Elrond feels the first stripe of warm on one side of his cheek followed by another on the other side. He leaves his mouth closed as his king's seed covers his face, over his brows, onto his forehead, some sliding down his lips and dripping from his chin. His lover's load is plenty and fit for a king.

He is still hard and throbbing when his seed is spent, he rubs his cock over his lover's face, spreading the seed completely over his skin. Elrond kisses the head of his lover's length when it passes over his lips, feeling and hearing the sticky sounds produced.

Gil-Galad feeds Elrond his cock again after he's done smearing his seed, marking his herald as his. He's done with the outside, now he wants to mark inside his lover. Elrond worships his King's length like it's his favourite toy, Gil-Galad likes to think it is. He takes it down his throat expertly, tongue pressed against the underside of it as he swallows.

He bobs his head a couple of times then dives back down to rest, he looks back up at his lover and he hums. Gil-Galad jolts at the vibrations Elrond's throat is spreading on his cock, he groans and pets his perfect lover. He knows how hard Elrond should be by now, he had showed extreme interest in this play in the past.

Gil-Galad allows Elrond to take him down his throat a few more times before he taps his cheek, signalling for him to pull off. He likes to be taken down his lover's tight throat but he doesn't want Elrond to overtax himself, taking his generous length down his throat twice would surely make his throat sore. "Play with yourself for me."

Elrond moans at his words. There was always something oddly erotic about kneeling before his lover and touching himself for him, as if he were merely entertainment for the king's amusement. He parts his robe but doesn't take them off fully, there is no need for that. He slides his hand from his toned stomach up to his chest, pinching his nipples between his fingers. They both moan, Gil-Galad at the sight of his lover pleasing himself and Elrond at the jolt that passes straight to his trapped erection.

He slowly and sensually slides his hands down towards his arousal, hoping his king would allow him to ease himself from this torture. His hands stop in their track when Gil-Galad raises one brow at him, his hands obediently goes back up and away from his crotch. He slides his fingers down his face, collecting some of his king's seed, he licks and suckles at his fingers leisurely, grinning lecherously at his lover.

Gil-Galad groans at his lover's display, his hand quickens as his arousal spikes.

Elrond gets tired of playing with himself and crawls forward back into the bracket of his king's thighs. He bows his head to resume sucking his lover, impatient for the taste of Ereinion's seed at the back of his throat. Gil-Galad groans and leans back against his throne, letting his herald do as he wishes. "You are beautiful." He compliments his lover who can only hum in reply, his mouth too preoccupied with his cock.

It takes a bit more time than the first for him to reach his climax. When he feels it he puts his hand on the back of Elrond's head and holds him down. Elrond gags only a little before he managed to relax and continue the swallowing motions of his throat.

He distractedly hears his king's moans as he comes, too focused on trying to swallow the flow of warm seed that floods his throat. He revels in the taste of his lover, his seed that will continue the lines of kings to come. He doesn't pull off until he's milked the last of his king's seed from him, licking his shaft after he's pulled off to clean him of saliva and come.

Gil-Galad pulls Elrond onto his lap after he's tucked him back into his robes. He pulls a cloth from his pocket and cleans his lover's face of the remaining pearly white liquid. When he's done he kisses him soundly, tasting himself on Elrond's tongue.

“Thank you my love.” The king says to his lover and he lays their foreheads together. “It is my pleasure.” Elrond replies, it was literally his pleasure.

“Come, let us retire to our rooms, I shall take care of you properly on our bed.” Gil-Galad lands another kiss on his lover’s lips then moves them both to stand. Elrond is crudely reminded of his still straining length and he readily agrees to his king’s plans.

## End Notes

literally, i wrote this only because these kinks are barely seen in the lotr fandom fics and i just really needed them uwu

Comment and/or kudos are much appreciated! And also to know that my smut is not absolute shit would be nice :)

my tumblr: <http://petalsofelrondir.tumblr.com/>

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