

## A Very Fuckpig Halloween

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# A Very Fuckpig Halloween

by [Exaggerated\\_Specificity](#).

## Summary

Halloween, Fuckpig style. Heed the warnings. Trick or Treat.

Fuckpig Verse on Tumblr:

- [MAIN](#)
- [NSFW INSPO](#)

## Notes

I started this on Halloween and here we are a week later. At least it's done and not rotting on the pile of other partially written Fuckpig tales!

For my friends and their current struggles. I hope this made you smile.

“What the fuck kind of murder scene...” Jared’s nostrils flare with the scent of eviscerated pumpkin as he picks his way into the kitchen, edging away from the table to avoid getting anything on his pale grey coat and tails. There was a large, fresh smear of pumpkin guts across the table of their small kitchenette and a mound of soggy, orange innards spilling out of the carved center of the pumpkin that Jeff had just lit a candle inside.

Jeff grins like a Cheshire cat as he pockets his zippo, his skull-painted face flickering menacingly in the candle lights from the collection of jack-o-lanterns below. Fuckpig and company had all spent portions of their eighteen-hour drive to Vegas carving them with varying levels of joy, effort, and success. Jeff had finished his off last minute while Jared and Jensen were in the bedroom with Erica putting the final touches on their costumes.

“You like?” Jeff asks, practically waggling his chalk-white eyebrows. “It’s the *GAPE* Pumpkin, Charlie Brown,” Jeff says, dead serious, clearly waiting for Jared to acknowledge his brilliance. His only reward is a low, rumbling cackle from Momo behind them on the couch where he’s sparking one of the fat, honey dipped blunts he’d crafted for the night’s festivities.

“Well, I’ll say this. Your crafting skills will never cease to amaze me,” Jared finally says, unable to pull his eyes away from Jeff’s impressive carving. In bright yellow-orange, three-dimensional glory is a held open ass-cunt, puffy lipped and gaped wide enough to take both of Jeff’s huge, hairy fists. The pumpkins slippery innards spill down over the rim and onto the table below for added effect. It was a real-life veggie goatse that Jared would never, ever be able to un-see. All he could think was how it would look even more ghastly as the pumpkin started to desiccate in the Vegas heat.

“I told you, man,” Jeff says, his chest puffing out with pride, “I was an honest to god, sworn in Scout Leader. Got a fair amount of my hands on skills from the good old Boy Scouts of America. You’ve seen my trucker’s knot. Fool-fucking-proof.” He holds up three thick, still-orange fingers in the Boy Scout salute and gives Jared one of his lurid, stranger-danger winks before retreating to the bathroom to wash his hands.

As if on cue, Chad tumbles out of their postage stamp of a bathroom, practically tripping over his flouncy milk maid skirt. He’s dressed as a grimy, punk rock version of Little Bo Peep again this year complete with a curly blonde synthetic wig matted nearly to dreads, a wrinkled, flopping once-white bonnet, and a pale blue shepherd’s cane that was meant to match the fabric of his gingham dress.

Sadly, the frock was too stained for the colors to match up that well anymore. The thing was visibly spattered with a visual dance of booze, mud, blood, puke and god knows what else and it stunk like the bottom of Chad’s duffle bag. A special, noxious cocktail of mildew, BO, and boot rot that somehow followed Chad around even when he’d done his friends the courtesy of bathing his mangy ass. It was a goddamn miracle the guy ever got laid when it really came down to it.

“Goddamn it, kid,” Jeff barks, kicking at Chad half-heartedly after they push past one another in the narrow corridor. “Get off the fucking bus with that thing before I burn it with you still

in it!”

Chad ignores Jeff and dips down to look under the table.

“Snowball... here kitty, kitty, kitty,” Chad calls, a cloud of his funk wafting up into Jared’s atmosphere. He makes a flurry of sloppy kissy noises but the scraggly-white ghost of a cat doesn’t materialize.

“Here, Snowball. Come on, kidden. Daddy’s got a treattttt...”

“You leave him out of this, Murray,” Jared sneers, backing up into Momo’s wafting weed smoke so he can burn the stink of Chad’s rank dress out of his nostrils. “He’s gonna scratch your nuts off one of these days, dude.”

“Why do you try this every fucking year?” Momo chides, his voice tight, lungs full of smoke. “He’s a cat not a stuffed sheep,” he manages before exhaling a huge lungful of sweet green. “I tell you what, we’ll stop at the porn store once I’m finished gettin’ ready, I’ll buy you an inflatable one.”

Chad’s eyes light up in a way that makes Jared feel like maybe the fuckable sheep is the only reason he ever picked this costume in the first place.

“Get the fuck out of here, sheep fucker!” Jared growls, doubling down on Jeff’s forgotten threat as Chad scurries toward the front door cackling like Igor.

“They wouldn’t make ‘em blow up if you weren’t s’posed to fuck ‘em, JP!” He hollers back over his shoulder.

Jason shrugs like he thinks Chad might actually have a point as he passes the blunt to Jared.

“Don’t encourage him, Jase,” Jared grumbles. “It’s bad enough having to hear him spanking that nasty, loose-meat dick of his at all hours. Just imagining the squicka-squicka of him slopping it around in an inflatable barnyard pussy is fucking nightmarish... Christ.”

They both shudder audibly as Jared adjusts his grey top hat and smooths down his small, recently sprouted goatee.

“No worries, I got you, bro. I’ll shiv Chad’s new toy before we hit the road and hide the duct tape.”

They pound knuckles and Jared takes another fat toke of the weed, hissing as it stings his lungs.

“You look fuckin’ great, dude,” Momo says, finally taking the time to absorb the beauty of Jared’s Vlad The Impaler costume. “I can’t believe E was able to borrow all that shit for you on such short notice.”

“Yeah, man. Timing was right. She’s still workin’ for that TV show in LA so she drove out.” Jared hands the blunt back and runs his hands down the tailored grey coat, tugging down on the vest underneath to keep it wrinkle-free.

Adri finally materializes from where she was applying her makeup in the natural light of the bus's passenger seat and immediately starts grabby hands motions at Momo as he sparks up another one of the fat, sweet blunts for his work-wife.

Adri and Momo are in coordinating costumes this year. The big, buff Hawaiian with a lacy black garter belt and thigh high fishnets underneath his side-slit priest's cassock. The lanky blonde is sporting a similar garter belt and thigh high fishnet combo, only in bright fucking red, with her tits pushed up high and tight just below the white collar of her nun's wimple.

Jeff finally finds his way out of the bathroom and pulls on a pair of fingerless leather gloves to match his pristine black leather jacket.

"I gotta say, I'm disappointed that y'all didn't switch it up and have Adri go as Father Hugecock and Momo as Sister Pussylicker." Jeff shakes his head in mock-shame as he fluffs up a flame printed bandanna and ties it around his neck, leather daddy style.

"Oh, Jeffy boy," Adri says between tokes. "I thought you knew me better than that," Adri clucks as she reaches down and pushes her robe aside to expose the massive, blood red dong swinging obscene and vinyl-shiny between her knees. The monster cock was at least two feet long and as thick as Jeff's forearm – a new addition to Adri's legendary stable of replica stallion cocks.

"And that's Sister Slitwrecker to you. E's gonna slap some glam makeup on Momo before we hit the stage and bam, he's Father Frankenfurter. The fuck are you supposed to be, anyway? Captain Skullfuck?"

Jeff's laugh booms in the small space and he reaches down to pick up the huge length of chain he had stashed in a pile on the kitchenette bench. He makes a show of extending the heavy, steel length of it before draping the wrist-thick chain around his shoulders and down his chest like it was a mink fucking stole.

"Well, I was supposed to be Ghost rider but I like Captain Skullfuck way, way better."

"Why the fuck do you even have all that chain, Hefe? We didn't stop at a fucking hardware store. You could anchor a boat with that shit are you – oh, oh fuck. Goddamn it, Jeff..." The rarely phased Adri lets her words drop off sharply as she realizes exactly why Jeff has such a thick gauge, six foot length of welded steel industrial chain on the bus.

Jared and Momo chuckle and shake their heads, Jared smirking at the fact that Jeff had upgraded since he'd last seen his friend fill an emptied out, tipped up boy cunt with a hefty length of the stuff. It made bellies bulge real fuckin' pretty, the weight of it filling every inch of their insides to bursting before it got pulled out nice and slow.

"I really, really hope you fuckin' sanitized that shit, Jeff... Jesus Christ... the shit I put up with..." She curls her lacquer black lips in disgust and shakes her head, sitting down and plucking a cigarette from one of the packs littering the table.

"Y'all have big ass dicks, I mean, why can't that just be enough, yanno?" She cracks open her tallboy of PBR and takes a big swig, sitting back with that fat, two-foot red cock glinting

between her legs. “Fucking perverts I swear to fucking Christ.”

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Jensen’s pretty legs are wrapped up in back-seamed, black fishnets and draped across Erica’s bare, bone white thighs as she does his makeup in the fading light of the bus’s master bedroom. The bed is littered with beauty products, tape, safety pins, and a dozen different costume pieces that E had magically produced from her bag to help her boys get ready for the show Fuckpig was playing Halloween night on The Beauty Bar’s back patio.

“God your tits are gonna look so good,” she says as she finishes brushing shimmer along Jensen’s clavicle. “Especially once I put the blood all over them. He’s gonna eat you alive, you know.” She snorts out a little laugh before poking him with the end of her brush right on the still-red bite mark Jared had punched over his jugular the night before.

Jensen blushes a little because it’s Erica, Jared’s oldest friend, and because it’s true. It makes Jensen chub up a little in his tight, sequined roller derby shorts. It didn’t take taped-together, pushed up, boy-tits dribbled with chocolate syrup fake blood to make Jared’s canines quiver but it sure didn’t fucking hurt.

Jared wanted his Vlad costume authentic, picture perfect for the part in Bram Stoker’s Dracula where the majestic Gary Oldman courts his long, lost Mina over Absinthe in Victorian finery. Jensen suspected it was largely because of how hard he had swooned over the fanged dreamboat when they watched the flick together on Ecstasy back in Jared’s Austin apartment during one of their rare breaks from the road. And praise Satan for it. Jared looked every bit the part with just a simple wardrobe change and some curls Erica ironed into his long, chestnut hair. He towered in that top hat, glowering from behind the blue glass spectacles she had stealthily borrowed from one of her industry costuming pals back in Cali. It made Jensen’s pussy damp as fuck.

For his part, Jensen didn’t feel comfortable trying to rock one of Winona’s extravagant dresses. The thought of having his legs covered up with a big, flowy dress, especially during a Fuckpig show, made his skin crawl. So, he was opting for an alternate version, a Jensen / Erica brainchild, dreamed up over late night texts and too much blow.

“Done, preshie love,” Erica chirps, plunking the contouring brush back into one of her massive, sparkly black makeup bags. “Let’s go in the kitchen to bloody you up!”

Jensen snugs the derby helmet he’d painted himself down over his sandy blonde rat’s nest and purses his red-glossed lips in the mirror as he tries to angle it right before snapping the strap under his chin. His derby name – “MEAN-AHHHH HARKER!!!” – was outlined in glow in the dark puff paint and surrounded by big, red vamp-fanged lips that matched the sequined ones stitched across his tight little peach of an ass. It looked FANGTASTIC in derby shorts so why hide it under a bustle and layers of drapey satin or velvet? Besides, Jensen hadn’t been slutting it up at the dumpy North Dallas Skate City every weekend with Danni since he was twelve for nothing.

He’d even spent the better part of a day decorating a pair of dingy, 70’s roller skates he boosted from a Kansas City Salvation Army on a whim, coating them in enough red glitter

spray paint to give everyone on the bus a chem-fume headache. With Erica's vampy makeup job, fake derby-burn bruises, band-aids, and Jared's authentic vamp-stamp he was a perfect Derby Mina facsimile.

"Are you sure the shirt's okay?" Jensen asks as he stands up and gets his sea legs (easier said than done in eight hard rubber wheels on a sticky-crunchy bus floor). He fluffs out the flowy white sleeves of the peasant blouse that Erica had lent him, tugging it a little so his shoulders were exposed just like Mina's had been in her nighty the evening Vlad came to feed upon her.

"Kitten, you look like a wet fucking dream," Erica purrs, her normal affectation even more authentically adorable given her black lace kitty ears, pink nose, and fake whiskers. She reaches out and pushes his barely-there cleavage up, thumbing over his corseted nipples to get them to peek out just a little before proclaiming him "Purrrrrfect!"

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The show itself was legendary to say the least. A complete and total blur but an epic one.

Road Head, Pussy Party, Depthcharge, and Iron Curtains all played hard-pounding sets leading up to Fuckpig headlining in all of their costumed glory to a small but rabid crowd on the Beauty Bar patio. It was a clear, warm Vegas night and the audience was extra amped up by their costumed hosts, chanting and stomping along in a drug and booze fueled haze, pulsing with over-the-top sexual energy in their sweated-off makeup and barely there costumes. It had been infectious and by the time the bands spilled into the green-room they were saying yes to every psilocybin filled truffle and Fireball and Sour Apple Pucker body shot they were offered.

Jensen finds himself slipping back into consciousness with his head lolling and Jared sucking at his throat like a ravenous beast in the back of what he assumes is a Vegas taxi cab. It smells like rancid cigarette smoke and tree-shaped air fresheners, the strip is racing by out the window and his feet feel oddly light. He vaguely remembers ditching his pretty roller skates somewhere behind their gear cases in the alley where he ended up on his knees getting red gloss all over Jared's impaler.

"Almost there," Jared growls up under Jensen's ear lobe, pulling him back into the moment. That's right, they were getting a room. A seedy Vegas motel somewhere off the strip where Vlad could have his way with his sweet vampire bride.

Jensen whimpers as Jared's sharp little glued-on fangs nip at his sticky-sweet neck and he feels at least three of Jared's thick fingers undulate in his spread open pussy. He'd reached down and unsnapped the crotch of his booty shorts while they were still back in the Beauty Bar green room, fingering his asshole in front of everyone using the candy apple flavored lube Jason bought him at the porn store he took Chad to for his prop sheep.

The flavored lube was a big hit but the poor cartoonish inflate-a-lamb didn't make it beyond the first band's set. The singer of Road Head stole it before the show and pretended to fuck it on stage much to Chad's dismay. After that it didn't take long for the frothing crowd to rip it to shreds with animalistic glee. Jensen was pretty sure he remembered seeing Jeff piss on a pile of flaming fabric in the alley next to the bus before they got into their cab too. Maybe it

really was the last year of Chad's skanked up version of Little Ol' Peep. He was probably heartbroken. Jensen would make it up to him by offering to spray paint his center hawk with the rest of his cherry red glitter spray paint.

Jensen feels the car swerve roughly, a horn honking in the distance, and forces his eyes to focus up on the driver. He can see the cabbie's dark, deep seated eyes flickering from the road up to the rearview mirror and zeroing in on the pornography unfolding in his back seat. The sound of him unzipping his fly and palming his dick makes Jensen spread his legs even wider.

Jared seems oblivious to the driver. He likes the candy apple sweet of Jensen's cunt so much he's shamelessly dipping his fingers in deep and pulling them out to suck clean, leaving Jensen's ass gaping and dripping for the cabby to shamelessly ogle.

Jensen slides his fingers in a V down on either side of his gash and tugs it open nice and wide, pushing so his lips bulge out like it's a pretty girl cunt in the centerfold of a Hustler. Every cell of Jensen's body may belong to Jared but it didn't mean he didn't like it a fuckton when other people watched. Especially scruffy, middle-aged dudes wearing gold wedding bands. The same kind of guys that helped fund his journey to meet the love of his life. Cosmic karma.

Jared alternates between lapping up the mix of chocolate blood and stray sips of the real stuff on Jensen's neck and chest, fingering his lubed up cunt, and sucking off his fingers to savor every drop. As a result the poor driver nearly kills them at least twice more before they finally pull into the parking lot of a motel.

Jared's slow to remove himself from between Jensen's legs, pushing them together with a wolf-like grin, and licking his lips lewdly as he reaches into his back pocket for his wallet. He's not in his decadent Vlad suit anymore, just his standard too-tight, ripped up black jeans and a tattered Electric Hellfire Club t-shirt with the neck cut into a deep V. His neck and chest is littered with bruises and bite marks too and his breathing is adorably ragged as he pushes some money into Jensen's hand.

"Take care of this," he says, a little slurred and swimmy eyed as he gets out of the cab. "I'll go get us a room."

Jared leaves the taxi door open with Jensen sprawled all over the backseat. The driver doesn't say a word and the sound of him fisting his dick has stopped, leaving only the quiet rumble of the cab's engine for Jensen to pull himself together to.

He does his best to shake off the intoxicated haze as he pulls himself out into the parking lot. No doubt he's fucked up but the bite of asphalt into his fish-netted feet helps him get his head together enough to move. He shuts the cab door and clenches his hand around the money he's holding. His nipples are stiff, hanging out of Erica's now-ruined peasant top, and his stiffy is pushing up the front of his opened-at-the-crotch derby shorts so much his balls are practically swinging in the breeze.

"Trick or treat," Jensen says, jerking forward to rest his elbows on the edge of the driver's open window. He licks the last of Jared's candy fuckhole flavored spit off his lip as he presses

two damp, wrinkled twenties into the guy's palm. His eyes can't focus enough to make out the total on the readout so he can't really tell if it's enough.

He glances down at the bulge barely concealed under the cab driver's sweat-stained polo shirt. The least he could do was give the guy a tip, right?

"Nut for me right here," Jensen says real pretty-like, his back arching enough to give any passersby a great show.

"Go ahead, get your hand around it. Pretend you're balls deep in my cunt." He eyes the sticky-faced driver through his smudged eyeliner.

"I know it's what you were thinkin' about. I saw you watchin'."

The guy shuts his eyes and shudders a little, his sour breath makes Jensen's eyes water but he refuses to pull back and let the guy out of his shame spiral. It felt unconscionably good to fuck with this random stranger, his face blurring into that of a dozen back-alley fucks who'd been on the giving end of the orders.

"I know you want to," Jensen coos through the cheap, flavored whiskey slurring his speech. He reaches down and lets the back of his hand drag clumsily up over the hard ridge of the guy's still-hidden dick.

"Jizz all over your own lap so your cab smells like spunk and little boy pussy the rest of the night," he rambles, breathing hot and damp right under the guy's nose.

Jensen's dick is still hard. It would be amazing if Jared just came back and shoved bare into his upturned ass right there in the parking lot.

"Come on, mister," he practically whines as he thinks about it, waving his ass from side to side. "You got a free show now give me one before he comes back and punishes us both."

"Fuck," the guy huffs, finally taking his right hand off the wheel and letting it come to rest on his hip, fidgeting nervously, fingers twitching in hesitation.

"There you go, jack that stumpy little dick for me," Jensen says, the snarl in his voice surprising him a bit as the guy finally snakes his hand around his cock again and starts to tug at it. "Yeah, do it."

The cabbie tips his head back against the seat rest and angles his face away from Jensen. He looks miserable, like he really is being punished, and Jensen couldn't be happier for it. An electric surge of something dark and lizard-brained sweeps down his spine as he watches, licking his lips as he urges the guy on.

"Bet you wish you could watch while I ride his big fuckin' dick. Watch him slide me up and down on it, yeah? Yeah, while you touch that sad little pecker of yours. God, he's so fucking big, you know that? Must've sat on it a hundred times and it still takes my goddamn breath away..."

Jensen feels Jared a split second before he hears or sees him, the heat of his body radiating out to warm the back of Jensen's thighs as he steps up behind him.

"Is this what you thought I meant when I told you to take care of the cab?" Jared growls, his right hand sliding up over the edge of the open window next to Jensen as the other comes down in a hard, quick slap on Jensen's half-bare butt cheek.

Jensen yelps and bangs his head on the top of the passenger window, stumbling back into Jared only to be scooped up and held in place against his rock hard body. His eyes roll back into his head as Jared's big hand slides up the center of his chest and closes around the base of his neck, his thumb zeroing in on that purple-day old bruise bitten right over Jensen's jugular and pressing in hard. The thick bulge of Jared's erection throbs against Jensen's bared ass cheeks like his heart is trying to beat its way out of his black Levi's.

"No one told you to stop," Jared says firmly to the driver as his other hand comes up to pluck at Jensen's stiff left nipple. He tilts his head in against Jensen's face, his breath hot, tongue sweeping up over the curve of his jaw to snake into his ear.

"Such a little whore. Fuck." His hips buck in an uncontrolled spasm and his hand tightens around Jensen's throat, just enough to make his breath squeak as the cabbie grunts, forgotten.

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Jensen doesn't know how exactly they get to the room only that once they're there Jared shoves him down onto the floor at the foot of the bed and gets him bent over it, still mostly clothed. His little shorts are bunched up like a belt around his waist now so his ass is on full display and Jared's big hand is pushing down on the center of his back, making the distinct point that he's to stay put.

Jared's fingers are in his ass again, no lube this time, all of it fingered away and sucked off in the cab. It's a rough stretch and Jensen groans loud and dirty for it as Jared sits on the edge of the bed next to his ass and yanks his cheeks apart, groaning for how pretty it is before dragging his fingers out and bending over to tongue at his hole, just enough for a little moisture. He slops his split, pierced tongue in Jensen's puffy pussy hole noisily before getting his fingers in next to it, stuffing him full. Two from each hand this time, yanking him open and digging in shallow but brutal, yanking, pulling. Jensen's rim is on fire.

He can feel Jared's bare thigh grinding up against his fishnets, his pants were off, big dick heavy and dripping in his hand.

"Bet you want this," Jared says, the fat, pierced tip of his dick slaps down roughly over Jensen's pried open hole. Jensen can't help but cry out, whimpering with pain and need as Jared spans his cunt with his heavy dick a few more times.

"Please, Jay. Please, please..." it's pathetic, barely more than a long, gurgling whine but Jensen is begging with every nerve in his body. He needs to be split open, guts splayed hot and hurting around everything Jared has to give him. He's needed it all night like sweet little Mina needed her Master and true love's eternal kiss but he doesn't get any relief.

Jared stands again, pulling at Jensen's ass cheeks like he's frustrated they won't stay open on their own. He brings three broad fingers down over his quivering gape in one final, loud smack before he starts to spit on it, letting mouthfuls of saliva drip down from above, running over and into that little gape, down his balls, soaking the comforter. He starts rubbing it into Jensen's hungry hole with rough, too eager fingers, getting Jensen good and wet again, sparking Jensen's hope of being filled and soothing some of the ache.

Jensen's dick is aching hard, trapped painfully in the folds of his bunched up shorts and crammed against the edge of the bed as Jared dives into his ass tongue-first again, practically gnawing at it and sliding his pierced, split masterpiece as deep as it'll go, getting his insides so wet Jensen swears it feels like he's making all that slick himself.

"Fuck, Jarreed. Please, pl – I'm sorry – please," he pants, face hot with tears, most of his words ending up muffled by the rumpled comforter. He's writhing and mewling on the bed like an injured animal but Jared doesn't let him enjoy himself for long. He pulls off his cunt with a wet suck and jams three fingers in again, fucking him roughly on them as he squeezes Jensen's ass cheek brutally in his other big hand. He fucks him hard and rough, keeping his fingers wide and relentless, avoiding his prostate. Jensen pants and sobs for it anyway, even though his orgasm seems miles out of reach.

"Get up, slut," Jared demands in a low growl. He stands and pulls Jensen up with him by the back of his borrowed shirt. He flips him over onto his back, making everything in Jensen's world go topsy-turvy before shoving his knees up into his face. He yanks at Jensen's shorts and shoves them up his thighs just far enough to keep his cock and balls trapped under the sequined fabric.

He gets on the bed then, knees on either side of Jensen's thighs and lets his dick rut up between his spread ass cheeks, scraping hot and hard over his burning, overly-sensitive hole. He rocks his hips there, promising so much but giving so little, keeping Jensen folded in half with the thick, veiny underside of his dick rubbing over Jensen's pucker, the head bumping up to blurt slick all over his taint.

He rocks like that, grunting and sweating on top of Jensen, mock-fucking him with long, brutal thrusts that make Jensen literally sob with need. He can imagine the drag of it inside him, every vein memorized by his quivering guts, only to be withheld.

Jared spits on his hole again, big hands still pushing on the back of Jensen's thighs to keep him prone. He ruts there a bit more before bending down and French kissing his aching pussy, dragging his tongue up over his taint again and again, his stubble making the whole area raw. One huge, hot, wet open nerve.

The air gets punched out of Jensen's lungs as Jared climbs back up on top of him, his big, muscular thighs on top of Jensen's and his thick fingers in Jensen's hair, yanking his head forward to be used, nothing more than a receptacle.

"Open," he snarls, snapping Jensen's head back roughly as he begins to unload into Jensen's mouth.

Jensen's whining for it, a sick gurgling sound replacing his high-pitched whimpers as his throat is filled with Jared's spunk. Some of it splashes up over Jensen's upper lip as Jared fists his dick, spurts of it hitting his nostril and jetting out up over his cheek and eye.

Jared slaps his cheek with his still spasming dick, rubbing his come into Jensen's make-up smeared face as his thigh muscles slowly begin to relax.

He lets go of Jensen's hair, his scalp left burning and his neck aching from being held at such an inhuman angle as Jared dismounts, settling next to Jensen on the bed and slumping back against the headboard.

It's not a reprieve. Jared's huge hands are on Jensen again before he's even unfolded his body, pulling him on his back up between Jared's spread thighs and guiding his head up to be cradled underneath Jared's sweaty armpit.

"You're not done," he says firmly, reaching down to pull the candy-red bottle of lube out of the back pocket of Jensen's shorts. "Suck my tit, get me hard again."

Jensen blindly noses around for Jared's barbell-impaled nipple, his face slick with Jared's come and sweat, hungry to please him more than he probably ever has been before.

Jared has him naked from the waist down by the time he finally latches on to Jared's hairy pec, licking and sucking at his nipple like a starving infant, tugging on the piercing, trying his best to make it good.

He smells the candy apple lube as Jared squirts it onto his spent dick and starts massaging it slowly as he gazes down at Jensen while he sucks.

Jensen's dick twitches and bobs, finally free between his splayed thighs. He's not sure if it was worse having it bound up in the sequined fabric where at there was at least some friction or if it's harder to be exposed, leaking and desperate, but not being touched. He tries to focus on sucking and licking Jared's sensitive nipple but his pussy is pounding and his cock is aching with need. He starts to pout, it wasn't fucking fair.

Jared's fingers find Jensen's nipples, thumbs rubbing over them in unison as his big dick rests still half hard and sticky against Jensen's side. He backhands Jensen's stiffy, making it slap against the ridge of his hip and splash slick all over the bed spread.

"Look at that. So fuckin' hard it's purple," Jared says, just this side of mocking. Bastard. It makes Jensen's dick jerk again hard as Jared's fingers flick over his nipples, teasing them raw and stiff, electric pulses of pleasure thrumming between his tits and the tight, slick head of his needy little dick.

He digs his fists into the sheets, gritting his jaw for what he knows is coming. Jared is an expert at keeping Jensen on edge. It was the best-worst kind of torture and had Jensen feeling strung out just thinking about it.

"Bet you want to touch it," Jared says sweetly into the sweaty top of Jensen's head.

No shit. He nods helplessly, his suction on Jared's stiff nipple only faltering for a moment as he whimpers out a pathetic 'yes.'

Jared runs his fingertips up over the underside of Jensen's dick again so gently that it barely registers until his fingernail bites into his wet little slit before pulling away. Jensen cries out and his body spasms from head to toe, his balls tightening up desperately. He wants so badly to reach between his thighs and stroke but he knows he can't, he knows he's being punished and his dick is off limits.

"Touch it and your hole stays empty tonight," Jared says, sealing his fate.

Jensen sucks harder at Jared's tit, biting and sucking and pulling and praying for Jared to get ready for round two. He realizes distantly that he's whining so much it sounds like he's actually crying. He's flushed from head to toe, frustration and self-pity is blazing through him like bright-white fire. His prick is aching like a raw nerve and his nipples are throbbing as Jared pinches them brutally hard in rhythmic, alternating bursts.

Jared finally releases his right nipple, reaching down to jack his own dick again, curving it up against Jensen's side so he can feel the half-hard, wet tease of it. Jensen brings his hand up blindly, sucking harder at Jared's nipple as he gets his fingers on it, tugging at Jared's piercing and playing at the crown with shaky fingers. His own dick may be off limits but Jared never said anything about his own.

Jared's hand strokes up over his thigh, bringing his fingertips up to run over the underside of Jensen's straining dick again.

He probably means it to be appreciative but it makes something in Jensen's recently unfurled lizard-brain snap. It's too much, Jensen's cock twitches hard and he reaches down impulsively to vice grip his shaft and balls before he shoots off without permission, crying out at he does, suction grip on Jared's nipple lost to his pained gasp and gritting jaw.

His eyes are still closed when Jared starts chuckling, low and dark. That motherfucker.

"What did I just say?"

Tears, ridiculous and hot, spill out of Jensen's clenched eyes. His head is swimming with booze and desperate need and it just slips out.

"No, goddamn it... NO." It's tiny and pathetic, a half-sobbed, angry little thing but it stops Jared's laugh, his movement.

Jensen blinks the tears out of his eyes and reaches up for Jared, the tattered, flowy sleeve of his peasant blouse cascading back into his face as he pulls Jared down into a kiss. Jensen strains up into Jared's mouth, sucking at his tongue and biting cruelly at his lips with his own set of Polidented fangs.

Jensen's hands are wicked and sharp, clawing at his larger-than-life-love like the curled up little claws of the creatures of the night in Vlad's thrall. He pulls himself to turn over, urged on by near-frantic need, climbing up onto Jared, his full weight smashing him back into the

headboard as he mounts him, hands reaching down to double-fisted tug on the half-woken beast between Jared's thighs.

He's got the fat, pierced head of Jared's lubed up dick fed up into his hungry cunt before it's even fully hard, his mouth sealed onto Jared's to swallow down any protests.

"Fuck me," Jensen croaks, it's not a whimper but an order. His head is spinning and his guts are throbbing with need. "Goddamn it, Jay."

He arches back, his hand still around Jared's still thickening shaft to keep it aimed right as he slides down. There's not enough of the syrupy-sweet lube to make the push of it anything but painful, taking Jensen's breath away as he's filled, as his insides are reshaped by Jared's massive tool.

Jared's hand finds the back of Jensen's neck and he pulls him into another brutal kiss. It's more like a punch than a sweet taste of loving endearment but at least he wasn't pushing Jensen off.

"Fuck yourself," he growls into Jensen's panting mouth. "Show me how you'd ride it with that grimy fuck watching. Then you can come."

"You're a fucking saint," Jensen slurs, cock-drunk and come-thirsty, his hips already grinding down in little circles to loosen up his cunt to take it hard and fast like he wants it, like they both need it.

Jensen gasp when he's finally got Jared's dick locked up tight, his plush, round ass settling down in Jared's nests of pubes with a jilted quiver as he pulls off the flowy top and grabs onto Jared's shoulders. He digs his knees in on either side of Jared's narrow hips, arches his back and starts to ride it, his puffy pink rim being pulled out brutally on every stroke, the veiny girth of Jared's dick catching on it and making his pussy pop.

"Jesus fuck," he groans, his prostate pounding as he finds his rhythm.

If he was really riding Jared's hog in the back of the cab he'd be facing the driver, not Jared. He'd want to watch as the guy came apart, holding his little cock and balls up in a brutal grip to make sure he had a great view of how Jared was turning his cunt inside out.

It doesn't take long, he's so goddamn full, so on edge from the agony of Jared's incessant teasing, that his insides are clenching up hard after just a few minutes of shallow, desperate bucking. It doesn't hurt that Jared's coming apart for it too, his hands lighting softly on Jensen's hips and his mouth hanging open as he watches Jensen panting and humping up and down on his cock like a bitch in heat.

The hard snap of Jensen's hips make his stiff little dick slap hard up against his flat belly. It hurts almost as much as Jared's backhand had with how fucking sensitive he is. It's just what he needs to unload, his cunt full and his cockhead stinging with every messy-wet slap. He unloads between them with his hips working so hard it splashes up far enough to streak Jared's throat, an errant streak painting his bitten-red lips.

They kiss it away between them, breathless and shuddering as Jared's big dick goes off deep in Jensen's insides, painting the streaked red walls in pretty white.

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There's a different cab driver on their way back to the venue where the bus was waiting and they manage to behave themselves if only because of the raging headaches they both had pinned to their temples as payback for their overindulgence. Neither of them were much good at sleeping on a bed larger than a prison cot anyway, especially one that wasn't going sixty-five cross-country.

"Mo wants to take us all to breakfast but I'll puke if I even smell eggs right now, Jay," Jensen groans, letting his head tip as gently as he can against Jared's shoulder.

"Okay, babe," Jared says softly, his hand folding over Jensen's skinny thigh in sympathetic comfort. "Erica gave me some pills from when she had her wisdom teeth out. I'll crush one up and you can snort it and sleep. I think I have some lyrics I need to get out first."

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