

## Tease

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Summary

Kinktober 2018 Day 2-Ass Worship + Day 20 Hot-dogging

“Doing okay cowboy?” Illya asked as he smoothed his calloused hands up the smooth backs of Napoleon’s thighs. He made sure the leather cuffs were snug around the American’s knees and the spreader bar keeping his legs apart.

“Green Peril, I’m okay with this kind of restraint you know I am.” Napoleon’s forehead was pressed against the pillow at the head of the bed as he wiggled his wrists against his own tie that was used to bind his hands behind his back.

“Just wanted to make sure, now shush.” Illya palmed Napoleon’s perfectly sculpted ass, enjoying the way they fit in his palms. He kneaded the toned flesh for a moment or two before he tugged them apart to get a good look at his lover’s tight pucker. Illya felt his cock jerk against his own bare thigh as arousal shot through his veins like fire. Illya dragged his nails lightly over the swell of the American’s ass, watching as little red trails appeared on the pale skin.

“You are perfect.” Illya breathed out and his words made Napoleon shudder and squirm a bit against his bondage. Illya curled his large fingers around the other man’s cock, slowly stroking it until it was hard and leaking pre-cum against his fingers.

“Illya, don’t tease me like this.” Napoleon moaned as his hips bucked down into the Russian’s hand greedily.

“I haven’t begun to tease you, cowboy.” Illya chuckled but removed his hand from Napoleon’s cock and leaned down to bit into the flesh of Napoleon’s right ass cheek, not hard enough to break the skin but hard enough that it would leave a mark. Napoleon let out a surprised yelp but didn’t move from his position, letting Illya worry the skin and lap at his own teeth marks on the tender flesh.

“Looks good with my marks cowboy.” Illya murmured as he kneaded his lover’s ass and tugged them apart to expose Napoleon’s tempting pucker. Illya pressed his thumb against the wrinkled skin and smiled when Napoleon let out a keen as his rim gave way under the pressure of Illya’s thumb.

Illya lifted himself up higher so he was looking down at the sight of Napoleon bound with his marked ass up in the air. Illya coated his hand in lube before slowly pumping the shaft of his own erection, unable to help himself as he stared at the tempting sight below him.

“Are you going to keep staring Illya?” Napoleon’s voice was rough and heavy with lust as he adjusted his knees on the bed. His cock was hard and erect hanging between his thighs; it was slowly turning an angry color as small beads of pre-cum dripped from the tip.

“Such a pretty sight cowboy. Can’t help it.” Illya said truthfully and he then grabbed handfuls of the American’s ass cheeks and pushed his cock between the two of them before pressing the flesh back together around his cock.

“Oh!” Napoleon let out a surprised noise at the feeling of Illya’s hard cock between his ass cheeks.

“Look even better now cowboy.” Illya panted as he started to slide his length between the firm cheeks, the friction shooting bolts of arousal through his veins.

“Who would have thought you would be such a pervert peril,” Napoleon spoke into the pillow below him as he rocked back against his Russian.

“You bring out the worst in me.” Illya was too entranced by the sight of his cock sliding between his lover’s perfectly formed ass to be offended by being called a pervert.

“Are you going to fuck me or just use my ass to get off?” Napoleon asked curiously.

“Now that is an idea,” Illya murmured at the mental image that Napoleon’s words painted for him.

“I didn’t actually mean it peril if you don’t fuck me tonight I swear.” Napoleon wiggled a bit but stilled when Illya’s hand came down warningly on his ass.

“You will take what I give you cowboy and maybe if you’re good I’ll reward you.” Illya leaned forward so his lips were brushing the back of Napoleon’s neck.

“Tease,” Napoleon muttered, letting out a soft whine when the head of Illya’s cock caught on his rim just enough to tease him.

“Only for you cowboy.” Illya dropped a kiss to Napoleon’s corded shoulder and down his spine before straightening up, hips still moving, fucking the tight channel that Napoleon’s ass cheeks formed for him.

Illya let out numerous swear words in Russian as a familiar feeling coiled in the pit of his stomach, hips stuttering and moving on pure reflex. He threw his head back with a low, drawn-out moan as he dug his fingers into Napoleon’s ass as he came, coating Napoleon’s rounded ass with his cum.

“Beautiful,” Illya muttered as he let his cock slip out from between Napoleon’s ass and he found himself just staring at the way his cum stained and dripped from the toned flesh.

“Illya,” Napoleon could feel his cheeks burn as he felt Illya’s cum slip down his thighs and started to dry on his ass.

“You were good cowboy, so good.” Illya praised as he reached over to the side table, bringing back a thick, curved dildo and the bottle of lube.

“Time for your reward,” Illya slicked up the toy and eased the tip into Napoleon’s hole, watching the rim resist and then give way. Napoleon gasped and twisted his arms against his restraints as he was slowly opened up on the unyielding thickness of the dildo. His eyes rolled up into his head and his cock ached as he felt the base of the toy press against his ass and the head of it against his prostate making him swear.

“Good, very good Napoleon,” Illya praised as he unlatched the spreader bar from between Napoleon’s ankles and rolled his American onto his side. Illya then curled his long limbs around his smaller lover.

“Stay like this, be good,” Illya ordered voice muffled from where his face was buried in his lover’s surprisingly soft hair.

“I’ll be good,” Napoleon murmured, knowing he would find release when Illya wanted him to and he would because he trusted Illya with everything.

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