Screwing Him Over

by Jamaican Princess (Rocquellan)

Summary

Yuan Yang was going to go into that hotel room and royally screw Gu Qing Pei over! Just watch.

Notes

Extension of the rape scene in the radio drama. I've also included dialogue from both the tv series and the radio drama. I just needed this in my life, how sad am I :( 

I hope my readers enjoy <3

Yuan Yang doesn't like being angered, even more so when it's that infuriating Gu Qing Pei causing him strife. All he had to do was fuck the call boy and let him get it on video so he could put him in his place, but even that simple little plan Gu Qing Pei had managed to sidetrack.

Yuan Yang stormed into the hotel room, intending to probably beat the shit out of Manager Gu, but stopped short when he was greeted by said man, naked, in the throes of his drug induced passion. Gu Qing Pei was writhing on the bed, biting into the pillows while he fisted the sheets. His long, sensual body was contorted to help him find some relief against the fabric but Yuan Yang could see there was none to be had from the small friction of the bed, and it looked borderline painful.

“Mmmh…ah…ah.”
Gu Qing Pei kept moaning out loud and the sound sent something slithering down the back of Yuan Yang’s spine before it settled down south and coiled around his nether regions like a snake. He scoffed. “Look at you, Gu Qing Pei. I never realized you could have such a down on your luck day.”

“Yuan Yang, ah!” Gu Qing Pei growled as best he could between the whimpers and the moans. “You planned this, get out!”

Yuan Yang watched, fascinated, as Gu Qing Pei gripped the head of the bed so tight the veins in his arms were pronounced. Then, he arched his back and thrust his ass out so he had a panoramic view of everything from behind; the curve of those firm ass cheeks, the coiling muscles along that strong back and that contracting pucker.

“Leave!” Gu Qing Pei screamed. Yuan Yang laughed because Gu Qing Pei was a smart man, he knew when he was screwed.

“Hehe, I’ve been waiting to see your helpless look…for a long time,” Yuan Yang said with a smirk while he took two steps towards the bed.

“Yuan Yang, get out immediately! I don’t care what you want to do! Right now—just get out!”

Yuan Yang had no intention of leaving, not with what the sight before him was doing to a part of him that has never felt so strongly before. Not with any of the countless girls he’s had in the past. It was as if his encounter with them was a blur of feelings and emotions that didn’t compare to what Gu Qing Pei had him feeling in this very moment. He stripped out of his jacket and carelessly dropped it at his feet. He grabbed one of the condoms he saw on the bed—probably left by that cowardly call boy—and slipped it on to his straining cock. No telling what kind of passengers Gu Qing Pei might be carrying around with him.

“Gu Qing Pei, I really want to see if you will treat me lightly from now on.”

By the time the last word left his lips, Yuan Yang was at the foot of the bed and was already divested of his shirt. He watched Gu Qing Pei watch him, his drug glazed eyes looking him up and down accusingly and aroused.

“Stop, w—what are you doing?!” Gu Qing Pei barked, trying to crawl up the bed when Yuan Yang put a foot on the mattress. His breathing was labored and his entire body a rosy flush.

“I’m not doing anything,” Yuan Yang answered innocently, his wolfish grin belying his tone.

Gu Qing Pei was looking around the room frantically, as if he could ever escape and Yuan Yang grabbed him by his right ankle and dragged him fully under him.

“Stop! Asshole!” Gu Qing Pei screamed while he weakly tried to fight.

Yuan Yang enjoyed manhandling the smaller man under him way too much. That fire was settling in his belly like molten lava, waiting to erupt.

“Yuan Yang…”

He managed to pin Gu Qing Pei’s hands above his head before casually pointing out, “Your thing is prodding me.”
“Son of a bitch…” Gu Qing Pei tried to growl, but it tapered off into a deep, throaty moan when he looked down and saw that Yuan Yang was thrusting his pelvis in a rhythm against his own, their stiff lengths rubbing together. “What are you doing, ha?”

Yuan Yang held both wrists tightly in one hand, then he brought the other to his lips, sucked at his middle finger and then shifted so he could use it to trace at the rim of Gu Qing Pei’s fluttering pucker.

“I’ve never done a man before. Do I come in from here?”

Gu Qing Pei cried out when Yuan Yang sunk that finger as far up his ass as it could go.

“Ah, you idiot!”

Yuan Yang didn’t respond, he just started using his finger the same way he intended to use his dick on Gu Qing Pei. And he watched that wanton expression, Gu Qing Pei begging to be fucked like a bitch with just a look; the wet, fluttering lashes and the O of his open mouth that released breathy and deep moans and whimpers like a siren call. His legs straining to open wider, like a simple middle finger won’t do. So, Yuan Yang acted accordingly, removing his finger so he could grab his length and line it up with that greedy opening.

“You can’t! Yuan Yang, you dare?!” Gu Qing Pei cried out in shock and horror.

If Gu Qing Pei expected Yuan Yang to care about his outrage, he has not learned his lesson even now.

“What’s the matter? You can sleep with any man, then why not me? Am I not as handsome as them? Or am I not as big as them?” Yuan Yang emphasized the last question with a particularly vicious thrust of his hips that had him balancing on his toes and shoving Gu Qing Pei into the headboard.

“Young Yang, you i-idiot…no!”

Just by the look on his face, Yuan Yang could tell that getting topped wasn’t something that happened to Gu Qing Pei often. But calling the man fucking you an idiot? Now that was just insulting.

“I’m an idiot?! You’re being fucked by an idiot, what does that make you?!”

“Fuck. No, let go!”

Yuan Yang still had Gu Qing Pei’s wrists pinned to the bed above his head while he nestled between his legs, feeling that hot passage grip his cock like it never wanted to let go. Yuan Yang watched the smaller man underneath him, every expression, every word and every breath washing over him and settling into the very depths of his soul.

A few moments later, with wet lashes and hitched breathing, Gu Qing Pei tried to turn his face to the side, away from Yuan Yang’s piercing gaze.

“Manager Gu, what are you hiding for? Take a good look at who is doing you right now.”

That telltale burst of anger flitted momentarily across Gu Qing Pei’s face before he spat, “Fuck you!”

It sort of caught Yuan Yang off guard, the vehemence of those words. His own thrusting stuttered,
but then he went hard and fast when his own anger surged in retaliation.

“What the hell did you say?”

“I said…” And Gu Pei swallowed, finding it hard to be sufficiently menacing was he was getting fucked so hard it was like Yuan Yang wanted to enter through his ass and exit through his throat.

“Fuck you!”

Yuan Yang chuckled, pistoned his hips faster and then bit into the juncture of Gu Qing Pei’s neck and collarbone.

Gu Qing Pei’s scream of pleasure/pain reverberated around the room like the sound of thunder.

Yuan Yang pulled back and licked his lips with a smirk. “Look at how hard you’ve gotten. Who would believe this, that our Manager Gu would get this hard while being screwed by a man?”

“Yuan Yang?” Gu Qing Pei begged, pitiful. “…hurts.”

Most of that earlier bravado was gone, but Yuan Yang really didn’t give a shit. “Gu Qing Pei, you’re really tight! How many other men have had this before, huh? How many?”

Gu Qing Pei whimpered and bit his bottom lip, determined not to answer.

Yuan Yang pulled out suddenly, shoving the smaller man on to his stomach before holding his thighs and pulling up before shoving a pillow under his pelvis.

“Yuan Yang, stop…please,” Gu Qing Pei cried when he got impaled again. His limp body just had to stay there and get fucked, no matter how much he scrabbled at the sheets or bit into the pillow, moaning out his pain and the drug induced pleasure.

Yuan Yang was on the verge of having one of the biggest orgasms of his life, the slap, slap, slap, of their skin on skin increased in tempo. He grabbed Gu Qing Pei’s over heated and way too stiff cock and fisted it clumsily a few times, which caused Gu Qing Pei to stiffen impossibly tight before he screamed himself hoarse through an orgasm that had him bucking like a wild horse.

It was all the incentive Yuan Yang needed before he slammed, then pressed Gu Qing Pei so far into the bed as he came with a scream of his own, the feeling so strong it felt like the world was coming to an end.

“Fuck!” Yuan Yang screamed before he rolled off Gu Qing Pei on to his back, breathing labored and muscles hurting. He took off the condom and carelessly threw it to one side, not caring where it landed. He covered his eyes with one hand, listening to Gu Qing Pei struggling even harder to breathe beside him.

They laid there together in the same bed, their bodies so close but their spirits worlds apart. It took a little while but they were soon back to breathing normally again, although no words were exchanged between them.

“Yuan Yang, you son of a bitch!”

And just like that, that infuriating aura Gu Qing Pei liked to portray was back. The same aura that would make Yuan Yang want to strangle him with his bare hands.

Yuan Yang looked at the bruised and batter man beside him. “After all that, you were just trying to draw me out?”
“I originally thought of you as just naïve, arrogant and unreasonable, but the way you think is simple. You are a man. Who would have known, that you would dare do such a dirty thing as this. You’re DISGUSTING!”

“Who are you calling disgusting? Say that again!?” Yuan Yang propped himself up on his elbows, staring at Gu Qing Pei in disbelief.

“Yuan Yang, you dare to do such a despicable thing? I look down on you. I’ll look down on you for the rest of my life!”

Yuan Yang felt something dirty, bad, wrong wash over him before he reached for another condom and tore it with his teeth.

“Yuan…” Gu Qing Pei suddenly said, sounding extremely meek. He was pulling the sheets around his body, as if that would be able to prevent the inevitable.

“I obviously haven’t fucked you enough, Gu Qing Pei, and I’ll fix that right now!”

Yuan Yang grabbed the smaller man amidst his protests, shoved his legs back and fucked him to within an inch of his life.

If it’s one thing Yuan Yang knew for sure, it was that he was going to fuck that attitude out of Gu Qing Pei if it’s the last thing he ever does.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!