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### Lams Smut?

by **can_i_slytherin**

#### Summary

Does this really need a summary? Read the title ;)

#### Notes

So, I think we all know how this works. Below is a list of kinks/prompts, you can pick a number (if you want to) and I can attempt to write it :) So, here it is.
Chapter 1

1. Kissing
2. Discovering Boundaries/Making Rules
3. On the sofa
4. Masturbation
5. Hair Pulling
6. Oral Sex
7. Something New
8. Romantic evening
9. First time
10. Blindfolds
11. No speaking
12. Sex game
13. One catches the other masturbating
14. Sex toys
15. Surprise sex
16. Dry humping
17. Teasing
18. In a car
19. Almost getting caught
20. Break up/make up sex
21. Clubbing (as in night club, unless you're really kinky)
22. Spanking
23. Dirty talk
24. Biting
25. Correcting each other's technique
26. Not usual clothing/dress up
27. Inappropriate location
28. Gags
29. In the bath/shower
30. Phone sex
31. Fully clothed
32. Skype/web cam sex
33. Morning sex
34. Voyeurism
35. Public/semi public sex
36. Against the wall
37. Pain/sensation play
38. Medical play
39. Creative sexual positions
40. Cross-dressing
41. Spontaneous sex
42. Double penetration
43. Bad sex/goes wrong
44. Casual sex
45. Pushing boundaries
46. Unique to the pairing
47. Bondage
48. "I love you"
49. Chair sex
50. Loud sex/knowing someone can hear
51. Telling each other a kink and doing them
52. Lingerie
53. Mirror
54. Write a smut fic to each other and reading it to them
55. In a really dirty place
56. Food
57. A third person watches them
58. Sensory deprivation
59. Leather and metal
60. Breathe play
61. Dom/sub
62. Comfort sex
63. Getting caught
64. Explaining their relationship to someone who didn't know
65. Fight sex
66. Outdoors
67. Threesome/group sex
68. Filming themselves
69. Involving a hooker
70. After an injury
71. Temperature play
72. No foreplay
73. With food
74. In/by a swimming pool
75. Inventing a secret sex language to use in public
76. Smutty/sloppy/dirty sex
77. Sex toys
78. Birthday surprise
79. Calming the other's anger
80. Coming untouched
81. Drunk
82. Humiliation kink
83. Quickies
84. Needy, clingy sex
85. Wake up in the middle of the night and have sex
86. Really rough sex
87. No pain, just pleasure
88. Sex marathon
89. On a plane
90. Bizarre kink
91. In the dark
92. By the fire
93. Christmas
94. Silly, giggly sex
95. Plugs
96. While one of them is on the phone
97. The other's birthday
98. Restrained sex
99. Repeating their favourite kink
100. Rimming
John was alone in his dorm room; his roommate and best friend, Alex, had classes to attend. John was unsure as to why these classes were so late at night but, he never questioned it.

Now comes the topic of Alex himself; he was, for lack of better a better word, gorgeous. He had wonderful soft red hair, that John wished he could run his fingers through, wished he could pull as they kissed. His eyes, gosh his eyes, they were dazzling, mesmerising; there wasn't a single word in the dictionary that could explain what Alex's eyes did to him. John could imagine, vividly, Alex below him, his beautiful eyes staring up at him as he brings him release.

Without realising, John had snaked a hand into his trousers and wrapped it around his throbbing erection, pumping himself to thoughts of Alex- his best friend no less. But, for some odd reason, John didn't care; his shame had been consumed by the ever-growing pleasure that coursed through his veins. He found himself not worrying about the fact that Alex could walk in at any moment; in fact, he caught a small, particularly kinky part of himself wanting Alex to find him like this- vulnerable, turned on and wanting nothing more than for his hand to be replaced by Alex's own.

The last thought pulled a moan from his lips and his jaw clenched as his moved his hand faster, bringing him closer and closer to the edge of his orgasm and if he continued, he would surely bring himself tumbling over the edge. But he continued because that was the point after all.

Caught in all his pleasure, John didn't hear the door open, didn't hear the small groan of 'Yes..' fall from Alex's lips and most definitelly didn't hear his own helpless moan of Alex's name.

*~*~*~*~

Alex had returned from his classes earlier than expected; Professor Washington hadn't been feeling particully well, so he had dismissed them a half hour earlier than normal meaning that Alex had plenty of time to spend with his best friend and crush, but no one knew about that part.

As he opened the door to his and John's dorm room, he was certainly not expecting to see the sight before him; not that he minded, of course, but it still came as a shock to him. John was sprawled across his bed, his red, hot, hard cock in his hand and Alex would be lying if he said that the sight hadn't turned him on. John himself was marvellous, his t-shirt had ridden up just enough to expose the muscles on John's stomach, his eyes were closed- dark lashes on smooth, freckled skin- and his mouth hung open, small whimpers and moans falling from his too-perfect lips that were red and
swollen from the abuse from his teeth.

Alex definitely did not miss the moan of his name, it sent a spike of pleasure through his body and made him impossibly harder than he already was. He could hardly stop the groan that fell from his lips and he knew that he should do something to announce his presence but, dammit, he was too aroused to care.

Alexander back over to the door and shut it; the soft click that it made snapped John from his trance and made him blush redder than a tomato. John looked up at Alex, his face growing hotter as he locked gazed with the shorter male. John went to stop but Alex shook his head, a predatory glint in his darkened eyes.

Alex perched on the edge of the desk opposite John's bed, grinning cheekily. "Don't stop on my account, I was quite enjoying the little show that you were putting on."

John's eyes fell to Alex's lap and he could barely hold back the moan that tore through his throat as he eyed up Alex's hard on- that was pressing uncomfortably against restricting denim of his jeans. A smirk crossed his lips and he, reluctantly, lifted his gaze back to Alex's face- with those beautiful eyes that put him in this situation to begin with.

"Yes," John replied, his voice rough and deep with arousal, "I can see that."

With his eyes never leaving Alex's, John wrapped his hand around his erection once more and began to pump himself again- desperate to make Alex come in his trousers like a teenager. John moaned as he swiped his thumb across his slit; he was sure that he sounded like a porn star- small moans and groans of pleasure falling from his parted lips- but for some reason he couldn't find an ounce of shame within his body. John's eyes fluttered shut as he felt the heat of his orgasm building at the bottom of abdomen and let out a loud moan of his best friend's name.

"Fuck..." Alex hissed and palmed himself through his jeans.

John's eyes snapped open just in time to see Alex fumbling with his belt and zipper before he plunged his hand into his trousers, pumping himself with such a ferocious speed that John had trouble keeping up. It wasn't long before Alex felt the waves of his orgasm crashing throughout his body, he felt a shred off embarrassment at how long he was lasting but John made him do peculiar things so he assumed it was the same situation.

A loud moan fell from Alex's lips and he used his free hand to grip onto the edge of the desk as his legs became weaker with his oncoming climax.

"Alex..." John whimpered, curling the fingers of his free hand around the sheet below him, "Same time?"
Alex nodded, "On three?"

"One..." John moaned as he bucked his hips upwards into his hand.

"Two..."

"Three..." They moaned in unison and Alex lurched forward- his body going rigid as he came- whilst John arched off the bed, his body going limp.

"Fuck." Alex whispered as he grabbed the tissues from the desk behind him before he handed them to John.

John laughed, the sound breathy and hoarse, and cleaned himself up. "Agreed."

"We need to talk about what happened."

"We do...."
Chapter Summary

#52- Lingerie
#6- Oral Sex

Alexander liked to wear women's underwear. It was as simple as that, there wasn't really an inbetween. He loved the feel of lace against his skin, the way the smooth - yet rough - material slid over his body made him feel amazing.

Laurens hadn't known about Alexander's obsession for long but, in the time that he had known about it, it had become a big problem for him. Seeing the small slivers of lace that peaked out over the top of Alexander's jeans had him weak at the knees, it made him want to pin Alexander against the nearest hard surface and do unspeakable things to him. But, there were only so may lust-filled glances and weakened knees that Laurens could hide before Alexander would find out about his "dirty little secret".

Alexander was a very smart man and he was very observant. They were both things that he had learnt during his time alone in the Caribbean - he was a people watcher- and he put both things to good use when he came to New York. Alexander used those skills to investigate what it was that got John so... riled up. It didn't take long for Alexander to discover what it was, but when he did he was oh-so-glad that he had found out.

John Laurens had taken a particular liking to Alexander Hamilton in women's underwear and, call him crazy, there wasn't a chance in hell that Alexander wasn't going to use this new-found information to his advantage.

He and Laurens had been in a relationship for little under two years - a year after they met, to be more precise - and the older man had barely touched him in three months. Judging by the lustful looks that Laurens gave him when he was wearing specific items of clothing, Alexander had the perfect way to make Laurens want him again.

Alexander set his plan into place during the early hours of a considerably memorable Wednesday morning - before John had woken up - and could hardly contain his excitement as he practically skipped over to the drawer in which he kept all of his lingerie. He was going to pull out all the stops. He needed John - in more ways than one.

Alexander dug through the drawer for a few moments before he came across his best lingerie - the stuff he used only in times of utter importance and, damn it, this was important. Alexander pulled out the black panties, garter belt and and stockings to match before he slipped them on along with his normal every day jeans and plain tee.

As he was shrugging on his t-shirt, Alexander heard John make his typical waking up noices and grinned as he turned to face his lover.

"Morning!" Alexander chirped as he slid back into bed next to John and gave him a small kiss.

John hummed happily and snaked a hand around Alexander's waist before he pulled the man
closer. He played with the waistband of the shorter man's jeans and buried his face in Alexander's as he placed a gentle kiss against the smooth skin.

"Morning." He mumbled as he lifted his head and placed another kiss to his lover's lips. "I suppose we're got stuff to do, right?"

"Yes," Alexander whispered happily, "which means that you have to get your sexy ass out of bed and get dressed. I'll be in the kitchen, making you a lovely cup of coffee."

Alexander placed another kiss to John's lips before he slid out of bed and skipped off to the kitchen. John had no idea of the... surprise that lay - quite literally - underneath Alexander's jeans. But, he would find out soon enough.

*~*~*~*~

It took until two o'clock in the morning for Laurens to finally notice what it was that Alexander had in store for him. His lover hadn't shut up about it all day and it was driving John to the brink of insanity.

Laurens had been out - with Lafayette - for around four hours and, when he finally returned to his and Alexander's shared apartment, a major part of him was extremely aroused at the thought that maybe he was going to find out what Alexander had been hiding from him all day.

As John walked back into their apartment he froze, Alexander was dancing around the living room in nothing but a pair of stockings - that hugged his legs perfectly and had a garter belt holding them up - and a pair of black lace panties that left nothing to the imagination. John growled (the sound was low and animalistic) and kicked his shoes off before he walked closer to Alex.

"John!" The shorter man yelled as he turned to face him - the sight was impossibly pleasuring. "You're home!"

"Yes, I am." John replied, his voice rough with arousal.

"How's Laf?" Alexander questioned, his gaze was locked on John and he followed the man around the room.

John walked around the sofa and stood in front of Alexander before he reached out, grasped the younger male's hips and tugged him closer. "He's good, says that he misses you and that he's going to kick your ass for not coming out tonight."

Laurens smirked as he eyed up Alexander - a dark, hungry look his normally soft eyes - and snaked a hand up Alexander's bare torso, stopping when he reached the male's chest. He pushed gently (a signal for Alex to move) and growled when Alexander giggled and shook his head.

"Sounds like Laf. But, how are you, John?" Alexander whispered.

John bit his lip and arched an eyebrow before he slid his hand from Alexander's chest down to the base of the man's spine and rolled his hips forward in a manner that allowed Alexander to feel the hardness of John's erection rub against his own hard-on. Alexander let out a shaky moan and dropped his head to John's shoulder.

John chuckled and ran a hand through Alexander's hair, "You're so sensitive, mon petit lion."

"I can't help it, you make me feel so good." Alexander whimpered, a moan falling from his lips as Laurens rolled his hips again.
"How good?" John growled as he set a rhythm with the movement of his hips, pulling moan after moan from Alexander's lips.

"U-unbareably g-good." Alex stuttered, "John!"

Alexander's arms shot out to grip at John and the taller man chuckled slightly as he rubbed soothing circles into Alexander's hips with his thumb.

"I've got you," John muttered as he dipped his head and sucked a mark into the skin of Alexander's neck. "I'm going to look after you, baby girl."

"Yes!" Alexander exclaimed as he rutted shamelessly against John.

Laurens leant down again and captured Alexander's lips in a searing kiss. The smaller man responded eagerly as he chased John's lips and kissed back with twice the amount of passion. John licked into Alexander's mouth and moved both of his hands to the back of Alexander's thighs - just below his ass - before he tapped his fingers twice as a signal for Alex to jump up and wrap his legs around John's waist.

Alex did just that, breaking the kiss for a fraction of a second, and whined happily as John carried him to their bedroom and laid him down on the bed as gently as he possibly could.

John stood for a few moments as he admired the sight before him. Alexander was sprawled across the bed, hard cock straining against the fabric of the panties and his skin was flushed red - a clear sign of the effect that Laurens had on him.

"You look so pretty like this baby girl, all spread out and ready for me. God, if only you knew how much this affects me." John whispered as he undressed himself.

Alexander grinned as his gaze fell to John's crotch, more specifically the erection that he was sporting. "Oh, I can see very clearly how much this," he gestured to himself, "is affecting you."

"My, my! Alexander! Have you been sneaking glances at me?!" John exclaimed in mock shock.

"I'm afraid so, Laurens. How ever will you punish me?" Alexander questioned, the tone of his voice was teasing but John saw the twinkle of anticipation and arousal in his eyes.

"Alex, you kinky bastard." John whispered as he stalked over to Alexander and settled himself in between his lover's legs. John ran his hands up Alexander's legs; he started at the man's covered shins and ended at the tops of his thighs - his fingers grazing the glorious fabric of Alexander's panties.

"Please John..." Alexander whimpered as he bucked his hips.

"What do you want, sweetie? Tell me what you want." John whispered whilst he kissed, sucked and bit at Alexander's neck; he left marks that wouldn't fade for days and both he and Alexander loved that because it told everyone that Alexander was John's and only John's.

"I want you." Alexander moaned and squirmed as John licked down his body to the waistband of his underwear.

"Like this?" John questioned.

He pressed a kiss to Alexander's clothed erection and unclipped the garter belt, slipped down over his thighs and from his body; repeating the action with the stockings and then the panties.
Alexander gasped as the cold air washed over his heated body and nodded his head frantically in response to John's previous question.

"Yes, god yes. Please John. I need your mouth, please." Alexander whined, waves of pleasure washing over him as John dipped his head and wrapped his lips around the tip of his erection.

John's mouth was gloriously wet and equally as warm and was definitely not enough to satisfy Alexander's desires. Alexander's whines of disappointment serve as a fuel for John; they fed his insatiable thirst to cause his beloved as much pleasure as possible.

John took Alexander further into his mouth and gave a long, hard suck that pulled a velvety moan from Alexander's throat. John's hand came up to fondle with Alexander's balls whilst the other hand reached between his own legs and wrapped around his neglected hard-on.

Alexander's hips were twitching uncontrollably and his thigh muscles were quivering as he tried to stop himself from bucking upwards into John's mouth.

John pulled back, his lips red and glistening with saliva, and looked up at Alexander through his lashes. Alexander whined in protest making John chuckle.

"I want you to fuck my mouth, okay? I know you want to do it, so I'm letting you do it." John locked gazes with Alexander before he sucked Alexander back into his mouth.

Alexander wrapped his fingers and pulled tight in order to keep John's head in place before he gently thrust his hips and pushed his erection further down John's throat. He groaned slightly and thrust his hips again; the heat of John's mouth combined with the way John was sucking him - as if his life depended on it - brought Alexander dangerously close to the edge of his orgasm. Alexander's thrusts were hard and fast and John looked impossibly sexy with his lips stretched around Alexander's cock.

John's hand - that was still wrapped around his own erection - sped up in a desperate attempt to bring himself to release at the same time as his dearest Alexander. Spurred on by his lover's loud moans and whimpers of pleasure, John sucked harder and pumped himself faster.

Alexander moaned as he hit the back of his lover's throat and - instead of John gagging, like most would - he swallowed around the head of Alexander's cock letting out a gorgeous moan that sent equally beautiful vibrations up Alexander's cock. The feeling of that alone tipped Alexander over the edge and - with a loud moan - bucked his hips before he came down John's throat.

Alexander's release brought John's own and he thrust into his hand - his body going rigid - as his orgasm washed over him. John pulled off of Alexander's softening dick and swallowed the evidence of Alexander's climax.

John sighed happily and Alexander copied the sound before he curled up against John's side - after the other man had crawled back up the bed, of course.

"You really ought to wear those more often. They drive me crazy." John whispered as he absentmindedly traced patterns into the bare skin of Alexander's thighs.

"I'll keep that in mind. But, maybe I can convince you to wear some for me? I think you'd look absolutely delectable."

"Yeah?" John rolled Alexander onto his back and pinned the man's hands above his head as he straddled him.
"Yeah." Alexander replied breathlessly, big brown eyes staring up at John as the older man coaxed him back into full hardness.

"Baby, do you have a gun or are you just excited to see me?" John teased.

Alexander snorted and wacked John's arm, "You're terrible."

"Yes, I am. But you love me." John pressed his hips backwards causing Alexander to let out a shaky breath. "I should really put this to good use."

"YES!" Alexander yelled, his heart thumped wildly against his ribcage - much like it had earlier that night.

*~*~*~*~

Alexander - and John too - came a total of four times that night.

He was definitely satisfied.
"No sex whilst I am gone. I don't want you to - how you say? - pleasure each other whilst I am not here to endure it as well." Lafayette ordered as he pressed a kiss to John and Alexander's lips, "I love you."

He was gone before John and Alexander had time to process what it was that Lafayette had ordered them to do.

"NO SEX?!!" John screamed as Lafayette closed the door to their house.

"I'm afraid so." Alexander replied, the disappointment was as clear as the sentence itself. "But," Alexander perked up slightly, "we're not going to listen to him."

"We're not?" John raised a quizzical eyebrow and motioned for his lover to continue.

"No, we're not. He's not here, how will he know that we've done anything?" Alexander explained as if he had conjured up the greatest plan.

"Lafayette always knows. He knows us too well which means that he knows our 'we've just had sex' faces." John muttered and walked from the kitchen to the living room.

Just as he had got comfortable, Alexander wandered into the living room and sat himself next to John - who was concentrating on the movie that he had put on.

Alexander had - for lack of a better phrase - gotten himself incredibly aroused and was desperate for John to do something to him. He looked down at his lap and at his own hand before he shrugged and plunged his hand into his sweats. He wrapped a hand around his erection and began to pleasure himself, his eyes not leaving John.

Since Alexander's arrival, John had been fidgeting uncomfortably and he was gripping the controller with such strength that his knuckles had turned white. John's control was remarkable and
Alexander knew that he would have to up his game in order to get John to react.

Alexander moved his hand faster and threw his head backwards against the sofa before his mouth fell open and a moan of "John" tumbled from his lips.

The other man growled, paused the movie and threw the controller onto the table. "Alexander. Stop."

"Why? Lafayette said that we couldn't do anything with each other, he never said that we couldn't do anything to ourselves." Alexander whispered breathlessly, a moan falling from his lips as he pumped himself harder.

"Alexander." John hissed, his hands clenched into fists as he tried to regain control.

"Please John." Alexander whined, "I need you. I need something, please. Please!"

John made an inhuman noise and unclenched his fists - a sure-fire way to tell that John had given in to Alexander. "You are going to be the death of me."

"At least you'll die with my cock buried inside you." Alexander replied.

John's eyes darkened and he pointed in the general direction of their bedroom, "Get in the bedroom, now."

Alexander giggled excitedly and skipped off to the bedroom; John followed closely behind. When John reached their bedroom, Alexander had already undressed and was sprawled across the bed in a way that said: "I'm all yours."

John shrugged off his t-shirt and slid off his jeans; he chucked them both somewhere else, not particularly caring where they landed. He walked over to the bedside table and pulled out a bottle of lube and one of Alexander's favourite items - handcuffs.

He straddled Alexander's hips and secured one end of the cuffs to Alexander's wrists and the other end to the headboard of the bed before he repeated his actions on the other wrist, leaving Alexander completely restrained.

"Oh, Jacky. You know how much I love it when you cuff me." Alexander whispered, a moan tore through his throat as he watched and felt John lube up his erection.

"I know how much you love this too." John replied and - before Alexander had chance to ask what he meant - shuffled backwards before he raised his hips and impaled himself on Alexander's hard-on.

"Fuck, babe. No prep?" Alexander moaned as John began to move at a steady pace.

He nodded his head and rolled his hips forward which caused Alexander to rub against his prostate and a loud moan to fall from his lips. "I finger fucked myself in the shower this morning."

"Jesus Christ, John. Are you trying to kill me?!!" Alexander exclaimed as he thrust his hips upwards to meet John as he lowered himself down.

"YES!" John yelled as Alexander's dick was pressed further into him and nailed his prostate. "N-Not to tr-trying to ki-kill you."

"I know, I know. You want me to do it again?" Alexander questioned as he fought against the
restraints. The man on top of him nodded his head frantically before he stillled his movements and allowed Alexander to thrust into him - hard, fast and deep.

"Again, baby girl. Please." John sobbed and buried his face into Alexander's neck before he sucked a mark into the smooth skin.

"I've got you. I've got you." Alexander soothed as he tugged harder against the cuffs and the cold metal dug into his skin. He moaned as John licked over the mark he had just placed on his neck and thrust upwards in a continuous, fast rhythm.

Suddenly, John sat bolt upright in his position and cocked his head towards the window in their bedroom.

"Laf's home." He moaned, Alexander's thrusts didn't cease; if anything they got more urgent.

"Yeah, and?" Alexander replied and moaned as John wrapped his fingers through Alexander's hair and gave a hard tug.

"He'll kill us if he sees us like this." John hissed; his dominant side escaping as he tugged on Alexander's hair again.

Alexander moaned loudly and lost himself in the pleasure coursing through his body. He dug his nails into the palms of his hands to keep his concentration from wandering and looked up at John through his lashes.

"No, he won't."

"How do you know?" John questioned and pulled on Alexander's hair again.

"Because," Alexander thrust upwards harder than before and nailed John's prostate, "the moment he see us like this he'll forget all thoughts of discipline and want to join in. You know how Laf gets when it comes to pleasuring us."

"Fine," John moaned as Alexander rammed into his prostate again and dragged his nails across Alexander's chest, "but if we do go down, we gotta go down swinging. Pull out all the stops."

Alexander smirked and nodded his head; he knew exactly what John was planning.

*Lafayette pushed open the door to his, Alexander and John's apartment and was met with an empty house; he frowned and placed his keys on the coffee table before he kicked off his shoes and navigated his way through the house.

"Alex?!" Lafayette called, "John?!"

As he continued through the house, he was met with a loud moan from the direction of their bedroom. His cock twitched in his jeans and he crept towards the bedroom, desperate to catch Alexander and John in whatever situation they had put themselves in.

When he pushed open the door, all thoughts of punishing his beautiful boys slipped from his mind. Lafayette stood in the doorway of their bedroom and watched the exchange between his dearest Alexander and John. Alexander was cuffed to the bed - his head thrown back in pleasure - and he had a vibrator (one of Lafayette's favourite ones) buried in his ass whilst John rode Alexander's cock.
"I bet you wish Laf was here." John hissed as he moved his hips faster and pressed a button that - Lafayette guessed - sped up the toy. "I bet you wish that he had his tongue in your hole whilst I'm fucking myself on your dick. I bet all the money I have that you want him to find us like this because you're such a dirty exhibitionist and you love the punishments that he gives. You're such a slut, baby girl."

For some reason, Lafayette couldn't find it within himself to be angry; he guessed that he was too turned on to feel any other emotion that lust and love towards his boys.

Alexander moaned loudly as John wrapped a hand around his hair and gave a hard tug. Alexander's toes began to curl and Lafayette could practically see the muscles in Alexander's thighs begin to quiver - a clear sign that Alexander was close to his orgasm.

"You gonna come, baby girl? Are you gonna fill me up with your load? You wanna watch Laf lick it out of me?" John questioned and growled when Alexander turned his face away. John gripped his chin and forced Alexander to look at him. "Answer me, baby girl."

"Yes, John. I want to. Please, let me." Alexander whimpered as he squirmed uncomfortably.

Lafayette decided that now would be the time to announce his presence - before he came in his pants like a teenager. "What have we here, mes amours?"

Alexander jumped and ripped himself from his lust-filled daze. John didn't cease his movements for a moment.

"Laf?! Fuck. You weren't meant to see us like this!" Alexander exclaimed.

John tugged hard on his hair, "Shut up you slut," John growled, "of course you wanted him to see us like this."

Lafayette's cock twitched at John's words and he turned his attention to Alexander, "Is that true, petit lion?"

"Oui." Alexander whimpered as John leant down and sucked another mark into Alexander's skin.

Alexander moaned and thrust upwards to meet John causing the freckled male to moan loudly and bite down on Alexander's shoulder.

"Do that again." John whispered and Alexander followed the order that John had made. John moaned loudly and his movements became sporadic and sloppy.

Caught up in his pleasure, Lafayette had completely forgotten about the lecture he had planned for his loves but that didn't last long as he snapped himself from his trance.

"I thought I gave you order to not - how you say? - engage in these activities?" Lafayette questioned as he walked towards the bed and settled himself down on the edge.

John groaned in annoyance - the sound partly muffled by Alexander's neck - and turned to face Lafayette. "Maîtriser, don't think of punishments just yet. Join us, s'il vous plaît?"

Lafayette groaned at the use of the French in John's sentence (he found it incredibly arousing when John spoke French to him) and hastily pulled his shirt over his head, "Oui, mon chaton, I will. But, you both will be punished."

"We look forward to it." John groaned, a moan fell from his lips as Alexander thrust upwards

"Keep still, baby girl. Let Laf and I do the work, yes?" John whispered as he pressed Alexander's hips into the bed.

"Yes." Alexander moaned.

"We will take care of you, petit lion." Lafayette whispered as he pulled out the vibrator and replaced it with his fingers.

The heat of Lafayette's fingers and the way they brushed and prodded at his prostate combined with the feeling of his dick buried inside John's perfect ass made Alexander moan.

Alexander tugged at the cuffs and whined in protest, "Let me out of the cuffs, John. Please. I wanna get you off. Wanna make you come."

"I will do that for you, Alexander." Lafayette whispered as he snaked his spare hand round John's waist and gripped onto his neglected erection.


John grinned and moved his hips faster in a desperate attempt to bring Alexander to his climax. Lafayette changed the pace of his fingers to match the speed of John's hips an was rewarded with a delighted moan from Alexander.

"God, I'm so close. Please, don't stop." Alexander moaned, "Don't stop."

Lafayette began to mutter in French, his words were so dirty and arousing and they brought both Alexander and John so close to their orgasm.

"Come for me, my boys." Lafayette whispered, increasing the speed of both his hands.

John stilled and his cock twitched madly as he came hard over Alexander's chest and stomach whilst Alexander bucked his hips before his body went limp as he released his load into John. John pulled off of Alexander and curled up into his side. Alexander giggled and wrapped an arm around him before he pulled John closer.

Lafayette sighed happily and laid down behind John before he wrapped his arms around the both of them. John relaxed into Lafayette and twitched slightly when he felt the hardness of Lafayette's erection press against the back of his thigh.

John poked Alexander in the ribs to catch his attention and gestured towards Lafayette. Alexander raised an eyebrow in questioning and received a nod from John in reply. It was incredible how they could have a conversation with each other without saying any words.

Alexander perceived the nod as an affirmative one and pounced on Lafayette; John followed in pursuit as he worked on getting Lafayette's jeans off.

"Do you really think that you could hide your arousal from us, Matîriser?" Alexander whispered as he kissed Lafayette's bare thighs whilst John kissed his hips.

"Non, mais faites votre pire." Lafayette challenged.
"Ne t'en fais pas..." Alexander began.

"Nous allons." John finished.

Chapter End Notes

(( Petit lion = Little lion, Maîtriser = Master, Oui = Yes, Mon chaton = My kitten, S'il vous plaît = Please, Non, mais faites votre pire = No, but do your worst, Ne t'en fais pas = Don't worry, Nous allons = We will.))
John had been wanting to try it for a while. Temperature Play: The act of using hot and cold objects (Typically melted wax or ice) to provoke arousal. He remembered that - during one of his and Alexander's talks - Alexander had mentioned how he liked Temperature Play.

Since that talk, John hadn't been able to shake it from his mind. It was a fantasy that now haunted his dreams - Alexander shirtless, laid back on their bed whilst John poured hot wax over his chest and soothed it with an ice cube. He could only imagine the response that Alexander would give.

"Alex?" John whispered, his attention no longer focused on the movie that was playing but on his beloved.

"Yes John?" Alexander replied, not shifting his focus from the movie.

"I want to try something with you." John's voice was so small and barely audible. Barely.

That caused Alexander's interest. He picked up the controller and paused the movie before he shifted in his seat so he faced John. "Yeah?"

"Yeah." John muttered, his gaze locked on his lap.

"What is it?" Alexander questioned.

John mumbled his response and the words were so jumbled that he hardly understood what it was that had just come from his mouth.

"John, my dearest, you're going to need to speak up. I can't hear you."

"Temperature Play!" John blurted, his hands shook uncontrollably and he couldn't seem to lift his gaze from his lap.

"John," Alexander whispered and placed two fingers under John's chin before he forced John to lift his head and look him in the eyes. "if you want to try it then we can do it."

"Really?" John's eyes widened and sparkled with excitement.

Alexander laughed and nodded his head, "Of course, it's a massive turn on for me. You know that.
Now, tell me about your vision."

John launched into a description of a past dream, the words spilling from his mouth as easily as water spills from a waterfall. "So yeah. That's what I imagine."

"Okay, I'm sure we can arrange that." Alexander whispered.

He was hard, John could tell. Alexander was shifting constantly - as if he couldn't get comfortable - and had a pillow placed in his lap which clearly meant that he was trying to hide something.

"Alex." John whispered. He got no response. "Alexander!"

"What?" Alexander asked as he shook his head to untether himself from his thoughts.

"You were staring into nothing again." John explained, a smirk evident on his lips as Alexander shifted into a more comfortable position but moaned as the movement provided friction against his erection.

John laughed and shook his head before he got off the sofa and walked into the bathroom for a shower. Alexander called after him but shut up when he realised that John was simply going for a shower.

Alexander knew that he would take about twenty minutes which gave Alexander enough time to put his plan into place. John's suggestion of Temperature Play had turned him on so much and he wanted to make it exactly like John had envisioned in his dream - perfect.

Alexander skipped into the kitchen and dug around under the kitchen sink for his 'special' candles before he emerged with a box containing a multitude of coloured candles. He looked over his shoulder at the bathroom door - making sure that it was definitely shut - and pranced into the bedroom. He laid out a soft blanket and dotted the candles around the room - he would light them before John got out of the shower.

Alexander walked over to the curtains and shut them; it wasn't necessary considering that it was dark outside but he did it for effect. Alexander arranged his favourite candles on the bedside table and left a space for the bowl of ice - he would get that before he lit the candles.

Alexander stepped back and surveyed the room before he decided that he had forgotten something and dug through the drawer on their bedside table. He pulled out two pairs of handcuffs and a blindfold and placed them delicately on the pillow before he walked out of the bedroom. He passed the bathroom on his way to the kitchen and pressed an ear against the door, happy that he heard the water running.

"John?!" He yelled, hoping to be heard over the sound of the water.

"Yeah?! What's up, you okay?!" John replied. Alexander could vividly imagine John stood in the shower, water running down his body and his muscles flexing as he washed himself. Alexander had to bite his fist to stop the moan slipping from his lips.

"Yeah, I'm fine! I just wanted to know how long you'd be!"

"Aw, do you miss me?!" John teased, "I'm joking, baby. I've just washed the conditioner out of my hair, so about ten minutes?!"

"Okay! That's fine! See you in a bit! I love you!" Alexander was smirking evilly, but John couldn't see that.
"I love you too!" He heard John yell before he continued his journey into the kitchen.

"Ice and matches," Alexander reminded himself as he wandered over to the drawer that they kept the matches in. "I'll come back for the ice."

Alexander wandered back into the bedroom and began lighting the candles but kept an eye on the clock to make sure that he left enough time to get the ice and get back to the bedroom before John got out of the shower. When Alexander had finished lighting the candles - he left the ones on the bedside table for John to light - he realised that he had two minutes to get the ice.

"Shit." He muttered as he dropped the matches onto the bedside table and ran into the kitchen.

Alexander grabbed a small metal bowl from the cupboard and filled it with ice before he carried it back to the bedroom. As he was heading back to the bedroom Alexander heard the water shut off and panicked because he was certainly not ready for John to get out of the shower. He raced back to the bedroom and set the bowl of ice on the table - next to the unlit candles - before he pulled his shirt over his head, chucked it into the laundry basket and sat cross-legged on the bed whilst he waited for John to get to the bedroom.

Seconds after Alexander settled himself on the bed, he heard the bathroom door click open and John call his name.

"In the bedroom!" Alexander yelled and his jeans began to get awfully tight and restrictive as the reality of what was about to happen hit him. He squirmed excitedly in his seat and practically squealed when John walked in.

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John found it peculiar that Alexander was in the bedroom but came to the conclusion that he more than likely felt more comfortable in their bed - their conversation from earlier had completely slipped from his mind.

As he reached the bedroom, the door was shut - which added to his curiosity - and the gentle flicker of a flame could be seen from under the door. John panicked, thinking that Alexander had managed to set fire to something, but calmed down when he realised that Alexander would not have sounded as calm as he did if something was on fire; that, and the fire alarm would've gone off.

"Alex, what's..." The words died on his tongue as he pushed open the door and saw Alexander sat on their bed - shirtless, might he add - surrounded by candles. John's gaze fell on their bedside table and the unlit candles and bowl of ice that was set atop it before everything clicked into place and his mouth fell open in shock.

"Astonishing, right?" Alexander whispered as he shifted onto his knees and motioned for John to come closer.

"Right." John replied, feeling suddenly breathless, and clutched onto his towel as he knelt on the bed in front of Alexander.

"John, my love, do you really need the towel? I've seen you naked so many times and I've had this," Alexander shamelessly massaged John's semi-hard cock into full hardness, "in me more times than I care to admit."

"You're right." In one fluid movement, John gripped one end of the towel and pulled it off before he chucked it behind him in - hopefully - the direction of the laundry basket.
Alexander brazenly eyed up John's naked body and placed a finger on John's chest before he drew a line down to John's defined abdominal muscles and traced patterns into the skin. John's eyes fluttered closed as he relished in the feeling that Alexander's fingers pressed into his skin.

"John." Alexander whispered as his finger drifted dangerously close to John's erection.

"Alex." John breathed, his cock twitching with interest as Alexander reached onto the bedside table and produced a box of matches.

"Pick a candle, John." Alexander handed the matches to John and giggled excitedly when John picked up a dark green candle.

"I like this one." John lit a match and held it to the wick of the candle, a small smile on his face as he watched the wax around the flame melt.

Whilst John busied himself with the candle, Alexander laid on his back on the bed. John looked up from the candle and locked gazes with Alexander before he shuffled forwards on his knees and straddled Alexander hips.

"You need to wait for the wax to melt completely and then you can-" Alexander cut himself off with a moan as John tipped the candle up and let the hot, melted wax drip onto his bare chest.

Alexander bucked his hips upwards, searching for some form of friction and let out a low moan when his clothed cock met John's bare one. John shivered as a spark of pleasure shot down his spine and directly to his groin; it made him impossibly harder than he already was. He grabbed the bowl of ice from the bedside table and picked up a cube before he pressed it against the same area that he had dripped the wax onto.

Alexander sighed and allowed his eyes to flutter closed as he relished in the feeling that the drastic change in temperatures had given him. Waves of pleasure washed over him as John continued to drip wax onto various parts of his chest and soothe the burning sensations with the ice cubes.

"John." Alexander moaned and squirmed as he attempted to supply himself with some friction.

"I've got you." John replied as he began to rock his hips at a gentle pace which gave Alexander the friction he had been desperately searching for and he received a rewarding, high-pitched moan in response.

"More." Alexander gasped, his lips parted and his eyes fell shut as he lost himself in the unbearable desire that coursed through his body and set every nerve on fire in its wake.

"More what, baby girl?" John teased and laughed when he received a glare from Alexander in response. "Okay, calm down."

John smiled and tipped the candle up again. He followed the wax as he fell onto Alexander's skin and could barely stop the moan that fell from his lips.

Alexander threw his head back, clenched the sheets in his fists and let out a low, husky moan before he ground his hips upwards into John's. "Fuck, John."

"Maybe later." John teased as he swiped an ice cube over Alexander's chest and grinned at the response that Alexander gave; he was always so loud and it drove John crazy.

"Please, John." Alexander whimpered, his whole body heating up as his inevitable orgasm drew
closer. "Faster."

John grinned and placed the candle and bowl of ice back on the bedside table before he rid Alexander of his jeans and underwear. Alexander sighed in disapproval but hissed when John pressed their bare cocks together and began to rock his hips at a faster pace.

Moments afterwards, Alexander was reduced to a moaning, whimpering, squirming mess and John would be lying if he said that it wasn't incredibly arousing to see Alexander diminished to such a state. If John were to be honest, the noises that were falling from Alexander's lips only seemed to feed his desire to make Alexander come.

"You're so sexy, baby. All those pretty sounds that you're making are just driving me crazy. I'm not sure whether I want to use your mouth or your arse. Should I cuff you to the bed and use you like the pretty slut that you are? I bet you'd love that, wouldn't you?" John whispered as he buried his head in Alexander's neck and sucked a pretty mark into the smooth skin there.

"Or," Alexander replied as he flipped their positions so John was trapped beneath him and continued to rut against John at an increased pace, "I could pin you down and ride your cock like it's going out of style."

John grinned cheekily and nodded, "Do that baby. Fuck yourself on my cock."

"Shit, John." Alexander whispered as John's words combined with the delicious friction that was given to him as he rocked against John caused him to come over John's stomach and chest.

Seeing Alexander's half-lidded eyes and slacked jaw as his orgasm washed over him combined with his wax covered chest brought John his own release and he let out a loud moan of "Alexander" as he arched off the bed and coated Alexander's abdomen with his come.

"Fuck that was hot." Alexander whispered as he slid off of John and curled up next to him.

"Yeah, it was." John agreed, "But, now I need another shower."

Alexander gave a hum of acknowledgement, "We both need a shower."

"And, you know what that means." John whispered, a suggestive undertone to his voice.

Alexander waggled his eyebrows at John before he shot out of bed and raced down the hall into the bathroom. John laughed and shook his head but a fond smile still crawled its way onto his lips as he followed Alexander into the bathroom wondering what he did to deserve such a perfect human in his life.
“What were you thinking, Alexander!” John yelled as he gave Alexander a sharp shove into the tent.

Hamilton momentarily lost his balance but quickly righted himself before he spun on his heel and glared at Laurens.

“Oh, do save me the lecture, John. You cannot utter a single word against me, you are as bad, if not worse.” Hamilton retorted; his arms were crossed and hip cocked to the side – he looked similar to a disapproving housewife.

“You could have been killed!” Laurens’ anger was boiling out of control and judging by the look in Hamilton’s eyes the redhead felt the same.

“We are on a battlefield, John! What did you expect?!” Alexander hissed.

“You were reckless and idiotic! Lee quite easily could have turned and shot you! Never go up against a man unarmed!”

“Well, if he is truly a man of honour - like he claims to be - then he would not attack a man that is not in possession of a weapon!” Hamilton retorted.

Laurens growled angrily before he surged forward and placed a well-aimed punch against Alexander’s jaw.

Alexander’s head snapped to the side from the force of the punch and he brought a hand up to his mouth to wipe at the blood that had pooled there before he swung a responsive punch that hit John’s eye.

“Fuck you!” Alexander hissed.

John arched an eyebrow and shoved Hamilton backwards; the smaller male stumbled a few steps and hissed as his lower back collided with the sharp corner of the desk. Laurens stomped over and wrapped his hands around Alexander’s wrists before he pinned them to the desk.
The redhead pushed against John’s hands in an attempt to get free of the restraints.

“John, release me!”

“Make me!”

Hamilton laughed before he tilted his head upwards and captured John’s lips with his own. It took Laurens a few moments to register what had happened but he soon responded and their lips moved together at a fierce pace.

John shivered slightly when the metallic taste of blood landed on his tongue; he licked at the wound his punch had caused in an almost apologetic manner but soon remembered that he was meant to be angry with Alexander and pulled away from the kiss to bite at the soft flesh of Hamilton’s jugular.

A husky moan of both pain and pleasure fell from Alexander’s lips which caused a gentle warmth to spread throughout Laurens’ body before he pulled away and struggled with Hamilton’s shirt and undergarments, throwing them to the floor when he had managed to work them off his shoulders. He growled and shoved Hamilton towards the bed.

The smaller man stood in front of the bed with his arms crossed defiantly and a mischievous glint in his eyes. John glared and moved to stand in front of Alexander.

“Lay down.” John ordered.

“My response is the same: make me!”

John smiled and placed a hand flat upon Alexander’s chest, ignoring the warmth of the bare skin under his palm, before he shoved him backwards onto the bed – not too hard, but hard enough for it to do its job.

The back of Hamilton’s knees hit the bed and he grabbed Laurens’ wrist to pull the other man down with him as he fell. They landed in a heap on top of the bed and, conveniently, John’s thigh had made it between Alexander’s legs.

Alexander’s head fell back in pleasure as John rocked his hips harshly against Alexander’s own. Alexander attempted to move up onto his elbows but John wrapped a hand around his throat and pushed him back down.

Alexander painted the perfect picture of pleasure; his eyes were half-lidded, his lips were slightly parted and his chest was heaving as pants of arousal slipped from his lips.

Laurens loosened his grip on Hamilton’s throat before he wrapped his fingers through Alexander’s beautiful fiery hair and gave a sharp tug. He ground his hips into Hamilton’s and received a loud moan in response.

Alexander gripped at Laurens’ shirt and fumbled with the buttons before he grew annoyed with the piece of fabric and tore it apart, buttons flying across the room. Hamilton threw the shirt to the floor and made a small noise of happiness when he turned back to Laurens and was faced with his bare chest- a blank canvas waiting to be painted. He pushed himself forward and sucked multiple dark purple marks into the skin of John’s chest- claiming the man as his own.

John sat back on his heels as he fumbled with the button of Alexander’s trousers and ripped them from his legs before he threw them over his shoulder. It was common for men in the war to not wear any underwear which was why John was not surprised when he was met by Alexander’s free
erection; if anything, it made him more aroused.

The mixture of arousal and anger coursing through Laurens’ veins made him even more impatient than before and he shuffled backwards before gripped Hamilton’s hips and flipped the shorter male onto his front. He leant over Alexander and took the vial of oil out from underneath his bed, tipping a small pool of the liquid into the palm of his hand.


John groaned and spread the oil across his aching cock, relishing in the sparks of pleasure that the small action spread throughout his body. He gripped Alexander’s hips- hard enough to bruise- and pulled him closer, before he pushed himself into the tightness of the redhead’s ass. His moan of pleasure mingled with Alexander’s own hiss of pain as he began to thrust his hips at an unforgiving pace. He spotted the darkened skin (a bruise) at the base of Hamilton’s spine from when he collided with the desk and placed a hand over it before pushing it gently.

Hamilton cried out and flinched away from John’s hand before John gripped his hips and pulled him back, continuing to thrust into him at a quick and hard pace.

Alexander buried his head in his arms and whimpered when John nudged his prostate, “Harder.”

Laurens snorted but gave Alexander what he wanted and was rewarded with a loud moan when he nailed Hamilton’s prostate.

“Like that?” Laurens panted.

Alexander nodded in response and gripped onto the sheets below him, his arms shook with the effort of supporting his weight and the harshness of John’s thrusts.

John wrapped his hand through Alexander’s hair and pulled his head up before he leant forward and sunk his teeth into the flesh of Hamilton’s shoulder.

“You were stupid.” Laurens whispered as he kissed at the bite mark that he had left on Hamilton’s shoulder.

“I know.” Alexander replied, his voice shaky.

“And reckless.” John whispered and thrust harder, pulling a moan from both his and Alexander’s lips.

“I’m sorry.”

“You fucking should be.”

John pulled out and flipped Alexander onto his back before he re-entered him. He wrapped one hand around Alexander’s wrists and pinned them above his head whilst he closed his free hand around Alexander’s throat, applying a small amount of pressure.

John’s thrusts became sloppy and sporadic as he came closer to his climax and he leant down to capture Alexander’s lips in a bruising kiss.

Hamilton arched off the bed in an attempt to gain some friction against his swollen, throbbing cock and almost sobbed in relief when John wrapped his hand around his erection. He squirmed and wrapped his hands around the bedsheets.
“Fuck!” Alexander screamed as he felt his climax building, “John!”

John gripped Alexander’s hand in his own and intertwined their fingers, “I’m right here with you.”

Alexander stilled as John thrust against his prostate one last time and his orgasm washed over him. Alexander’s orgasm initiated John’s own and he dug his finger nails into Alexander’s soft skin as wave after wave of extreme pleasure washed over him.

John waited for a few minutes before he pulled out of Alexander and collapsed beside him; he watched as Alexander grabbed a handkerchief and cleaned himself up.

“I still think that you’re an idiot.” John whispered as Alexander curled against his side.

“I know.”
Alexander watched helplessly as a car sped towards John, who was stood in the middle of the road, and tried to shout to tell him to get out of the way but no sound came out.

The car slammed into John’s side, sending him up and over the bonnet. Alexander cried out and ran forward, collapsing next to John’s broken body as he tugged the man into his arms.

“Alex...” John croaked, “If I don’t make it through this, I want to you to know that...”

“Jack, don’t you talk like that. You’re going to make it. I’m gonna get you an ambulance, okay? You’re gonna be fine.” Alexander whispered through tears as he pulled his phone from his pocket.

John lifted his hand and placed it on Alexander’s own, stopping him from getting his phone. “Alex, stop. Just stop.”

“John. I need to...” Alexander cut himself off when he realised that the body in his arms had gone limp, “John? JOHN?! No, no. Not now, not yet. NO!”

Alexander screamed and pulled John’s body closer to his chest- as if protecting him.

He sat bolt upright in the bed and tried to calm his racing heart. He wrapped his hands through his hair and gave it a harsh tug. Alexander let out a gentle sob as tears poured down his cheeks and he flinched when he felt a hand land on his thigh.

“Alexander?” John whispered. His southern drawl was more noticeable due to his sleep-addled brain and it seemed to snap Alexander out of his panic-filled state.

“John? You’re... You’re here?” Alexander stuttered as he choked back a sob.

“Why wouldn’t I be?” John questioned as he sat up and wrapped an arm around Alexander’s waist before he pulled the shorter male into his chest.

“John!” Alexander sobbed, as he nuzzled further into John’s chest.

“Hey, I’m here, darlin’. I’m right here.” John soothed as he rubbed gentle circles into the skin of Alexander’s hip, “It was just a dream. A horrible dream.”
Alexander lifted his head from John’s chest and looked up at him through his lashes, “Make me forget.”

“Of course.” John gripped Alexander’s chin and pulled him into a bruising kiss. He swiped his tongue across Alexander’s lower lip and sighed gently when the smaller male sucked his tongue into his mouth.

Alexander gripped John’s shoulders as he turned in his lap and straddled his hips, whimpering into the kiss. Alexander slowly rocked his hips against John’s, coaxed him into full hardness and trailed a hand down John’s bare chest to the waistband of the southern’s pyjama pants.

“John, please.” Alexander whined as he rutted helplessly against John.

John moved Alexander’s hand off his chest and gripped it tightly in his own as he pushed him backwards and settled himself between Alexander’s thighs, “I’ll look after you, sweetheart.”

Alexander nodded frantically and his eyes slipped shut as John pressed kisses against his neck. Alexander dug his nails into the back of John’s hand as he writhed below John and begged for the other man to hold him. He pressed himself closer to John and ground himself against John’s thigh.

“Patience, Baby Girl. Patience.” John soothed as he ran one hand through Alexander’s hair whilst the other grabbed a bottle of lube.

“I don’t want to be patient. I need you John! Please!” Alexander explained and sighed in relief when John pulled down both of their pyjama pants and pressed a finger into Alexander.

Alexander groaned as John immediately found the bundle of nerves inside him and rubbed relentlessly against his prostate. Alexander hooked his ankles around John’s wait and pulled John closer, silently begging for more.

John hummed in delight and pushed a second finger into Alexander before he spread them, stretching Alexander enough so he could enter him without causing his beloved any pain or discomfort.

“Please, Jack. Please. I’m ready, I need you.”

John arched an eyebrow, “Are you sure?”

Alexander nodded his head at top speed and arched his back in a somewhat useless attempt to get John’s dick inside him.

“Promise me that if it hurts, even a little, you’ll tell me?” John whispered, concern lacing his voice.

“I promise. Now, shush and fuck me. Please!” He hissed impatiently.

John nodded and guided himself, inch by inch, into Alexander. He and Alexander shared a low groan when he was completely sheathed inside him and he leant forward to press a burning kiss against Alexander’s lips.

“I love you.” Alexander chanted breathlessly as he gripped John’s hand tighter than he had been before.

“I know, sweetie, I love you too.” John replied as he squeezed Alexander’s hand.
His hair fell into his eyes as he thrust into Alexander and some of it stuck to his forehead due to the abundance of sweat being created there. He let out low, barely audible moans as he thrust into the tightness of Alexander’s ass and bit his lips to stop a particularly loud moan from ripping through his throat.

“Don’t let me go.” Alexander whispered and cried out when John pushed against his prostate.

John shook his head and sucked a dark purple mark into Alexander’s collarbone that, combined with the thrusts against his prostate, pulled a loud moan from his lips and caused him to dig the heels of his feet into John’s lower back.

“I’ve got you, Baby Girl. I’m not going to let you go.” John whispered, a rather loud moan tumbled from his lips as he grew closer and closer to his orgasm.

“Jack.” He moaned, “Please.”

John took Alexander in his hand and jerked him off as best he could, “Come with me, Baby Girl.”

“Okay. I can. I will. Just, hold me.” Alexander panted as he wrapped his arms around John’s neck and pulled the man into an electrifying kiss as his entire body went rigid whilst his orgasm washed over him.

John moaned into his mouth, kissed Alexander with such ferocity that he had trouble holding off a second orgasm and stilled as he climaxed.

John pulled out and collapsed next to Alexander before he wrapped an arm around Alexander and tucked him into his side- where he belonged. He pressed a gentle kiss atop Alexander’s head and sighed happily as he felt Alexander relax against him.

“I love you, my little lion.” John whispered as he slowly closed his eyes and drifted off to sleep with the reassuring warmth of Alexander pressed against his chest but not before he heard Alexander muttered a sleepy: “I love you too.”
Hey Everyone,
I'm so feckin' sorry for not publishing in such a long time, I'm struggling so much to find ideas as I've hit a massive writer's block. Honestly, my brain has turned into a puddle of mush concerning ideas for your requests.

That brings me onto my next apology. To those of you who have requested something for me to write, I honestly feel terrible for not being able to write it for you. I promise all y'all that I'm trying my hardest to get my brain to work, so that I can get a story written and published for you. Thank you so much for being so patient, it's amazing.

Thought that I'd let y'all know that I'm in the process of getting a story written at the moment, so (hopefully) I should have it published by next month.
Double Penetration. They had discussed it more times than Alexander cared to admit. It was clearly a fantasy of Lafayette’s and John, being the kiss ass that he was, went along with it, trying to convince him that it would be a good idea. There was a part of him that said no, a very small, miniscule part, but it was still there and that was enough to make him hesitate. He could see the appeal behind it, having John and Lafayette in him at the same time, but there was a part that worried about the pain that it would cause.

There was a hand on his arm, pulling him from his thoughts, and he turned to the owner of the arm, Lafayette, smiling gently.

“Alexander, mon petit lion, you are thinking again, what’s wrong?” Lafayette whispered, a concerned frown etched into his eyebrows.

Alexander shook his head, forcing a smile onto his lips, and began to chew on the inside of his cheek, “Nothing, I’m fine.”

“Baby Girl,” John began, sensing the turbulent emotions ripping through his beloved, “we can tell there’s something wrong. You’ve been so silent all evening and you’re never silent.”

Alex shook his head a second time, “Nothing, John, papi, it’s nothing.”

“Little Lion, mon cher, you are hurting. Let us care for you.” Lafayette replied, rubbing gentle patterns into the inside of Alexander’s wrist.

Alex shook his head, pushing himself off the couch, “No, this is something that I need to work through by myself. I promise that it’s nothing bad. I’m going to have a shower, I’ll be back soon.”
With that, he left the room and walked into the bathroom, turning on the shower as hot as it would go. He turned, locking the door, and stripped off before stepping under the spray of water that was a tad on the side of too hot.

He stuck his head under the water, hissing as it cascaded over his skin, turning the flesh a beautiful scarlet colour, and began to think back to Lafayette and John’s shared fantasy.

He was as much of a kiss ass as John; he wanted to please his boys and he couldn’t deny that the idea of double penetration- of having both Lafayette and John fuck him- was fun because it was extremely appealing but Lafayette and John were both well-endowed men and Alexander couldn’t help but wonder how he would fit them both in without it splitting him in half.

A voice, in the back of his mind, pointed out that he could always talk to John and Lafayette about the intricacies and he, for once, listened to it.

Alexander washed quickly, throwing a towel around his waist and head as he stepped out of the shower, and unlocked the door to the bathroom, the steam from his shower escaping it as he exited. Without bothering to get dressed, he walked into the living room and dropped down onto the coffee table in front of Lafayette and John, fixing them both with a determined look.

“Double penetration.” Alexander blurted out, making John choke on his saliva and Lafayette’s eyes darken, “How will it work? Will it hurt?”

“Alexander, I cannot say that it won’t hurt because you will be stretched beyond the point that you normally are, but we will do everything that we can to reduce that pain and make it enjoyable for you.” Lafayette explained, reaching across the gap between the sofa and table to grasp Alex’s hand.

“Baby Girl,” John spoke up, his hand resting on Alexander’s knee to rub gentle patterns into the skin, “we’ll stretch you out over a few days with our fingers and with plugs, maybe some other toys just to ensure that you’re completely stretched out and can safely take us. It’ll feel good, I promise, and if, at any point, you don’t feel good then you use your safeword and we’ll stop.”

He stared out of the window, watching snowflakes fall from the sky, and, for a second, thought about the irony of the situation. He was proposing one of their biggest fantasies about three days before Christmas- it was almost like he had planned to wait as long as he had. He almost laughed at his timing, almost, but instead chose to nod thoughtfully.
“Okay, so you’ll prep me properly and won’t hurt?” Alex questioned, arching an eyebrow.

“Of course, mon cher, the last thing that we want to do is hurt you. We want this to feel good for you, mon petit lion.” The Frenchman explained, gently squeezing Alexander’s hand.

Alexander cast his gaze downwards, staring down at his and Lafayette’s hands as well as John’s hand on his knee, and smiled sheepishly, “When can we start?”

Lafayette made a noise in the back of his throat, close to a moan, and reached down to adjust himself in his trousers, “Whenever you want to, mon chou.”

Alex followed the Frenchman’s movement, his gaze fixed on Lafayette’s obvious erection, and cast his eyes over to John noticing that he was in a similar state of arousal, “Can we start now?”

John and Lafayette shared a similar look and nodded, turning back to Alexander. The Frenchman stood up, scooping Alex into his arms, and grinned when the smaller man squawked indignantly. Lafayette carried him into the bedroom, gently depositing him on the bed, and locked gazes with John before he nodded towards the wardrobe.

John darted over to their walk-in closet and began to rummage through it to find their box of sex toys.

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The preparation process had taken three days, with them gradually increasing the size of the toys until Alex was able to take two thick toys without much resistance.

So, Christmas morning, Alexander had woken up at the ass-crack of dawn, wrapped a dark green ribbon around himself, and woke his boys up with blow jobs- his specialty. He had sat back on his ankles, gesturing to the ribbon, and grinned sheepishly, asking if they were ready for their present.

John had lurched forward and tugged Alexander into his lap, smothering him with a heated kiss. His hands tore at the ribbon, moaning into Alexander’s mouth as he ground down into his lap, and he blindly reached out, searching for Lafayette. He grabbed the Frenchman’s wrist and pulled him closer, settling his hand over his and Alexander’s cock, silently asking for him to touch them.
Lafayette grinned wolfishly and wrapped his big hand around both his and Alexander’s cocks, stroking them together. Alexander moaned and licked into John’s mouth, deepening the kiss. Their tongues tangled together and John’s hands snaked up into his hair, winding his fingers through the strands before tugging at it. John’s hips bucked upwards into Lafayette’s hand and the drag of his cock against Alexander’s felt heavenly. Precum dripped out of his slit, dribbling down his shaft, and he shuddered as Lafayette swiped it away, dragging his thumb over his slit.

Alexander whined needily, pressing forward into Lafayette’s grip, and it drew out into a moan when Lafayette moved his free hand behind him to push against the butt plug that was nestled against his prostate. He lurched forward, pressing closer to John, and gently ground his hips forward, rubbing their cocks together more than they already were.

John pulled away from the kiss, gently nibbling on Alexander’s bottom lip, and grinned at the sight that greeted him. Alexander’s pupils were blown wide and his chest heaved with every breath whilst his lips were bright red and kiss bitten.

“Who do you want in you first?” John panted, kissing a line from Alexander’s jaw to his collarbones where he sucked a dark mark into the skin.

Alexander moaned, leaning into John’s touch, “La-af! He… He’s bigger.”

Lafayette hummed appreciatively and leant forward to press a kiss into the skin behind Alex’s ear, “*Mon chaton*, how do you want to do this?”

The Frenchman pulled his hand away, smirking at John and Alexander’s pitiful whines, and reached behind Alexander to pull out the plug that they had put there the previous morning. Alexander whimpered at the empty feeling, pushing his hips backwards in search of something to fill his now-empty hole.

John reclined against the pillows, tucking one arm behind his head whilst he snaked his other hand down and gently played with himself. He watched as Lafayette began to prepare their boyfriend, locking gazes with the Frenchman over the top of Alexander’s head.

“Alexander, *mon petit lion*, can you watch John for me? Watch him play with himself.” Lafayette leant forward to Alex’s ear and dropped his voice to a whisper, “As you watch him, think about how he will feel inside of you. How we will both feel inside of you. The stretch will be glorious, Alexander. You will never feel anything like it, I assure you.”
Alexander moaned low in his throat, his gaze darkening as he fixed it on John, and watched the freckled beauty play with his erection, smearing precum across the tip and across the shaft. Suddenly, he felt Lafayette’s cock at his entrance and he groaned, pushing his hips backwards in a silent plea for Lafayette to fuck him.

The Frenchman placed a calming hand on his hip, rubbing patterns into his smooth skin, and rubbed lube across his cock before he slowly pushed into Alexander’s too-loose hole, groaning as the heat engulfed him. He thrust into his beloved, angling his hips to hit Alexander’s prostate, and grinned wolfishly when the shorter man shrieked in pleasure, grinding back against his cock.

“Fucking move, Laf.” Alexander spat, gasping as Lafayette snapped his hips forward, pounding into his prostate.

His grip tightened on Alexander’s hips and he grit his teeth, staring up at John, “Come here, mon chaton. You will want to open Alexander up more, no?”

John, who had been relishing in the comfort of his own hand, went wide eyed and nodded, scrambling for the lube. He settled onto his knees beside Lafayette, lubing up his fingers before he pushed one into Alexander alongside Lafayette’s cock. The caribbean man gasped at the sudden intrusion, jolting slightly, before a long, drawn-out groan fell from his lips and he pressed back against John’s finger and Lafayette’s cock.

“This…” Alexander panted, drawing out into a moan when Lafayette nudged his prostate, “This is the weirdest feeling, but it’s so.” Another moan when John crooked his finger, rubbing the edge of the bundle of nerves, “it’s so good.”

John leant forward, tugging Alexander’s earlobe between his teeth, and pressed his hard cock into Alexander’s thighs, “Just wait until I get in you, baby girl.”

“Papi!” Alex gasped as John added another finger, the way he stretched to accommodate the added digit stung but it was indescribably good, “Please, John, please. I want you in me, John please.”

Lafayette shushed him, dragging a comforting hand through his hair, and pressed a gentle kiss into Alex’s shoulder blades, “He will get there, mon amour, we need to prepare you properly so that you don’t get hurt, okay?”
“I need you so bad, John.” Alexander sobbed.

John cooed and scissored his fingers before reaching forwards to grasp Alexander’s cock, pumping it in time with Lafayette’s shallow thrusts, “I’m right here, Alex. I’m right here. You have me.”

Alexander sobbed and clenched the bedsheets between his fists as John added a third finger, the pain of the stretch so glorious that a tear slipped out of his eye, “John, Papi, Laf, please.”

Lafayette nodded to John, batting his hand away from Alexander’s neglected cock, and replaced it with his own, gently pumping him as he thrust into him alongside John’s fingers, “Mon chou, mon cher, mon Alexandre. Je t’aime. Tu as très bien pour moi et John.”

“Ay, mon amour, s’il vous plait.” Alexander begged, openly sobbing into the bedsheet.

“Please, what?” Lafayette growled in his ear, gritting his teeth and stopping his thrusts to stave of his orgasm.

John’s hand moved quicker beside his cock, brushing against Alexander’s prostate and Lafayette’s cock, and both men moaned as John added more lube to his fingers before adding a fourth, stretching Alexander out well and good before he fucked him.

“John, John, John.” Lafayette panted and turned to face the freckled man with a wolfish grin. He lifted his free hand from Alexander’s hip and curled it around John’s jaw, tugging him closer to capture his lips in a fiery kiss.

Alexander whined pitifully and ground forward into Lafayette's hand, seeking out more contact to being him closer to an orgasm. Alexander moaned, high-pitched and lengthy, chasing the orgasm that was building in him and groaned in annoyance when Lafayette squeezed the base of his cock, effectively halting his climax in its place.

"You dont get to come until John is fucking you as well, mon petit lion. ” Lafayette hissed, slowing his thrusts. He glanced down at Alexander's hole, stretched wide on his cock and John's fingers, and turned back to John.

"You reckon he's ready?” John whispered and grinned wolfishly when Lafayette nodded.
"Yes, yes, yes. JOHN, PAPI, PLEASE! Fucking split me open on your cocks!" Alexander yelled, grinding back against Lafayette's cock and whined loudly when John removed his fingers.

The southerner thoroughly lubed himself up before gripping onto Alexander's hip as he lined himself up and pushed himself into Alexander's tight ass beside Lafayette.

The feeling of Lafayette's cock dragging against his own as he breached Alexander's hole was something of legend and so pleasurable that he had to grit his teeth to stave of his orgasm.

Lafayette groaned beside him, his mouth falling open in shock, and he bit down into the flesh of Alexander's shoulder.

Alexander, however, had the prettiest reaction. His back arched and his hands clenched in the bedsheets, gripping onto the fabric with white knuckles. He tipped his head back and moaned loudly, the noise coming out as one endless drawn out sound.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck. John, Laf." He moaned and the words that followed were a jumbled up mixture of french, Spanish and English as if he had forgotten his mother tongue.

"Shit, baby girl. You feel so fucking good. Shit." John replied, peppering Alexander's shoulder blades with kisses and gentle nips as he thrusts his hips in an alternate direction to Lafayette’s.

"John, Alexander, mes amours, I cannot hold back." Lafayette yelped, his entire body shaking from the force of trying to hold his climax.

"Fucking do it!" Alexander yelled, shoving his hips backwards to grind against Lafayette and John’s cocks.

Lafayette turned to John for confirmation and grinned when John nodded, his chest heaving with every breath.

“I’m not far behind.” He whispered, his breath catching on a particularly long moan.
“FUCK YES!” Alexander screamed, “FUCKING COME IN ME. FILL ME UP!”

Lafayette thrust forward, shoving his cock against Alexander’s prostate, and nearly screamed as he came, his entire body seizing up as he rode the wave of pleasure coursing through his body.

Alexander squirmed relentlessly, rolling his hips backwards against their cocks, “Come on, Papi. Fill me up. Fuck me good. Stretch me so wide. Fucking do it. Own me.”

John leant forward, plastering himself against Alexander’s back, and gently nibbled on Alexander’s earlobe as he moaned, pumping his hips into Alexander’s hole. Lafayette carefully pulled out and left John to situate himself behind Alexander, fucking Alexander with reckless abadon.

Soon, the only sounds were the slapping of skin-on-skin and the mingling of Alexander and John’s moans of pleasure. Lafayette grinned at his boys, keeping his grip on Alexander’s cock, and began to pump him in time to John’s thrusts. The shorter man groaned, throwing his head back, and arched his back, pressing himself flush against John.

“Shit, Alex. Baby Girl, come with me. I’m so close.” John groaned, sucking a dark bruise into the side of Alexander’s neck.

Alexander reached a hand back and wrapped his fingers in John’s hair, gently tugging it as he panted out a warning of his impending climax. Alexander shuddered as his orgasm washed over him, his mouth falling open in a silent moan, and squirmed back against John’s cock.

John groaned loudly and bit down on the junction between Alexander’s shoulder and neck before his hips still inside him, riding out the pulses of ecstasy that shot through his veins. John hastily pulled out and collapsed on the bed beside Alexander with the shorter man trapped between him and the Frenchman.

Alexander giggled, falling face-first onto the bed, and shivered gently, the aftershocks of his orgasm still passing through him.

“That was amazing.” Alexander whispered, his voice muffled by the bedsheets. Lafayette and John laughed and nodded in agreement.

Lafayette kissed Alexander’s shoulder and rolled off the bed to walk towards the door to the
conjoining bathroom. He retrieved a washcloth and doused it in hot water before returning to his beloveds to clean them up.

When he walked back into the bedroom, his heart burst at the sight that greeted him. Alexander had turned onto his side and hooked his leg over John’s waist, pressing himself flush against John’s side. John had wrapped an arm around Alexander’s shoulders, pulling the shorter male impossibly closer, and pressed his face into his hair.

“Mes amours,” Lafayette whispered, careful not to jostle their position as he lowered himself onto the mattress, “I need to clean you up, mes sales garçons.”

Alexander grumbled something under his breath, pressing his face further into John’s chest, and motioned for Lafayette to get on with it. The Frenchman laughed and went about his business, whispering soothing words into Alexander’s ear when the man hissed in disapproval.

Soon enough, he was done and he returned the cloth to the bathroom before washing it off and returning to the bedroom. He lowered himself back onto the bed and settled down beside Alexander, pressing himself flush against his back. He grinned when Alexander reached behind him to pull him closer and gently nuzzled his neck.

“Joyeux noel, mes amours.” Lafayette whispered, reaching across Alexander to grab John’s hand.

John smiled and laced their fingers together, “Merry Christmas, Baby Girl, Frenchiest Fry.”

Lafayette laughed and lifted their conjoined hands to his mouth to press a gentle kiss into the back of John’s hand. Alexander whined in protest and cuddled against his two lovers, “Merry Christmas, my pretties.”

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