Delve Into Your Deepest Fantasy
by Thorin2Oakenshield

Summary

"I want to suck you off tonight, Oswald. I want to unravel you so that you feel nothing but pure bliss. Please, let me try this. You'll like it I promise."

Ed moved back to gauge Oswald's reaction and just stared at a face contorted with mild shock. He swallowed hard then downed another whiskey, causing him to splutter somewhat. Ed wanted to do what?!

Notes

This is a story involving Ed and Oswald's relationship reaching new heights. It's been a few months since they've been sleeping with one another but haven't actually shared much intimacy with one another. Tonight, Ed is going to ask Oswald if he can perform oral sex on him. Oswald's reaction is what follows.

Feel free to comment etc. More to come soon!

"What a day I've had. You wouldn't believe how long I had to stand in front of those damn cameras! It was just one picture for the stupid new school bus I had to open."

Oswald hobbled into the room a little more stiffly than usual and almost collapsed into his favourite armchair by the fire, sinking into it with a retired sigh. It was well past Nine O'Clock and was well past having a drink time too. Ed looked up from his paperwork and set his pen down neatly; a smile spreading across his lips slowly.
"Good evening, Mayor Cobblepot."

Ed was often formal with Oswald when it came to work-related things but often he just used the man's first name when they were in each other's company. Yet, he just liked to give Oswald a little ego boost by calling him Mayor Cobblepot from time to time. It made the job a little more worthwhile.

Oswald huffed and loosened his tie a little before leaning over to grab the bottle of whiskey he had on his table and poured himself a stiff drink. He downed it in one, enjoying the burn sliding down his gullet. Ed, on the other hand, got up and came to sit opposite Oswald with a coy expression written all over his face.

"I might try something tonight that might help you relax, Oswald. If you'll allow me to."

Oswald gripped his whiskey glass in one hand, crossing his leg over the other and staring at Ed with a curious expression over his face. What did the man have planned for him? Somewhere deep inside Oswald was dreading whatever "Ed had planned."

"Oh? Like what?"

"You'll enjoy it I promise but first- let's get you out of those work clothes, hm? How about something a little more comfy, say, pyjamas?"

Oswald just stared and swallowed thickly. Seriously? Ed wanted him to get up and get changed for whatever this was? It all sounded like too much effort. Dammit, he was tired! But Oswald could do with a change of clothes, since he'd been standing around wearing the suit all day. Loungewear sounded good about now.

"Fine. But, this had better be good, Ed. I'm tired and just want to have a bath and go to bed."

He huffed, getting up slowly and grabbing his cane to aid him up the old Victorian stairs to his bedroom. Ed watched him go with a sly expression creeping along his face. Oh yes, Oswald would love what he was going to do to him tonight.

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Twenty minutes later Oswald came back downstairs wearing his pyjamas. He didn't have his night cap on, as he only wore that when he was about to go to sleep. It seemed Edward had other plans for him tonight. His aching bones were demanding that he take himself back upstairs and collapse onto the soft bed and sleep. Yet, he wasn't going to disappoint Ed; the man had been his rock ever since he had taken up the position of Chief of Staff. Oswald owed him something in return and doing the man a favour seemed a good way to pay it.

Oswald sank back into his armchair and poured himself another drink. He needed it.

"Now, I'm wondering what this is all about. I see you've completed all the paperwork for today. I'm impressed, Ed. Really."

His eyes ghosted over the papers on the desk where Ed had been sitting for most of the afternoon. Ed licked his top lip and nodded. Oh yes, he was good at that.

"I want to try and make you feel more relaxed, Oswald. You're far too tense and I notice it hasn't been helping your leg or your body. You're walking stiffer and I've noticed your limp has worsened slightly. Just minor things."
Oswald just stared at Ed not impressed by the observation and shrugged slightly. What was he to do about it? It wasn't like it was his fault he walked like a damn cripple all the time. He didn't need Ed pointing things out like a weakness. It made him feel vulnerable and he didn't need that at all.

"Is that it? You brought me down here in my pyjamas to tell me that? I don't need a doctor, Ed. I just need my bed."

He could tell Oswald was in a bad mood and was probably wracked with pain right now, so he decided to move in for the kill.

Operation: Relax Oswald had begun.

"I'm not trying to point out anything, Oswald just please-"

Ed moved quickly to close the gap between them and leaned over Oswald's chair, holding onto the twin arms, his face just inches from the other man. He leaned closer so that he was a breath's distance from Oswald's ear as he spoke:

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"W-What? Ed- you want to- to suck-"

Oswald was cut off mid sentence, as Ed pressed both lips to his in a rather passionate kiss. He thrust his tongue into the other man's mouth, hoping that Oswald would take the bait and kiss him back. This wasn't the first time they had kissed, since they had been "seeing" each other for over a good few months now. Yet, Oswald had always been shy about intimacy. They hadn't even had proper sex yet. It was just the odd touch and hand-job for now.

Ed broke off the kiss when he realised that Oswald wasn't kissing him back. He was still too shocked to even think about kissing Ed or doing anything else. His mind was focused on what Ed wanted to do to him. He wanted to suck his cock. Oh God. How could that even happen? What did you even do? He was at a loss and it showed.

"I-I don't know what to say-"

Oswald's large blue eyes gazed up at Ed's darker ones with a lost expression swirling around in them. He wanted to feel new things and allow Ed to show his love but all this sexual intimacy? It was lost on him. He didn't want to let Ed down but then he didn't really know why they should do any of this when a kiss or cuddle could suffice. A hand-job was the furthest he had experienced so far and even that was a little out of his depth.

"Please, Oswald. Let me do this for you. I promise you don't have to feel awkward. If you want me to stop I will."

Ed laid a comforting hand onto Oswald's thigh and squeezed softly. The soft fabric of the pyjamas felt smooth under his touch, as he gradually slid a hand up and down, coaxing the other man almost. Oswald's eyes locked onto the hand up his thigh and he felt his breath catch in his throat a little. Was he ready for this? Could he even sate Ed's desires for all the sexual things he wanted? Only time would tell.
Oswald could feel a slow blush spread over his cheeks, as Ed's hand slid up dangerously close to his crotch, which was now seemingly beginning to stir. It was like his body was wanting all this attention and he was powerless to stop it. He watched Ed's hand wander closer, then move to cup at his growing bulge through his pyjama pants. The silken cloth was stretched taught over the soft outline of his erection. He couldn't even utter a word and felt betrayed by his body's obvious want and need of attention.

Ed softly pressed a kiss to Oswald's neck, lapping at a pulse point softly, allowing his tongue to play along the skin. If this was going to work then he would have to get Oswald to relax and not tense up.

"Oh-"

Oswald nearly groaned, as he felt the hot, wet tongue slide along his neck. Ed's tongue. His legs slid open almost on their own to allow Ed's skilled hands to cup and squeeze his throbbing cock. His breathing became a little more erratic as he felt himself become aroused by the other man's ministrations.

Ed gently tugged at the drawstring on Oswald's pyjama pants, as he slid them down pale thighs and onto the floor. The dark briefs didn't do much of a good job at hiding Oswald's hard member, as Ed could see the head almost poking out of the keyhole. He looked to Oswald for permission and saw the other man just nod slowly, panting a little. Everything was in Ed's hands now, as he slid down his lover's briefs, seeing Oswald's hard cock bob free. It was a beautiful sight seeing the dusky, pink head and thick length lined with pulsing veins. Ed had seen Oswald's cock before but that was under the covers at night in the dark. This was something completely different.

"Relax, Oswald. This might feel a little tingly."

Ed offered the other man some solace, as he slowly began licking at the slit, slowly, teasingly, seeing how he would react. Oswald gripped the arms of his chair until his knuckles turned white. He closed his eyes and allowed his head to sink back into the chair. He made a small strangled noise when Ed began sucking at his engorged cock head with his lips wrapped around in an "O" shape. It was a lewd image but somehow Oswald loved seeing his lover like this.

"Ah- Ed!-

Oswald sucked in a breath when he felt new sensations wash all over him like a wave of unknown pleasure. He had never felt like this before and having someone's hot, wet mouth on the end of your cock just felt divine. He bit his lower lip and whined a little when Ed began bobbing his head slowly up and down the hard shaft, feeling the resistance of hot skin against the inside of his mouth. His tongue pulled back the foreskin and played a little underneath the glans of Oswald's cock, gleefully tasting the pre-cum and juices spilling from the slit.

"Oh God, Edward! Yes-"

Oswald was at a lost for words when he felt Ed blow cool air onto his painfully hard cock. It was throbbing. Hard and erect, a bead of precum forming at the tip and he didn't know how long he could last out. He didn't want to embarrass himself by making noises, yet he couldn't help it. Ed lapped at the droplet of precum and began sliding his wet tongue along the thick length until he got to Oswald's ball sac. He then allowed his tongue to roll along the crinkled sac, licking at it like a giant gobstopper. Oswald nearly cried out with pleasure, biting his lip until it nearly bled. His hips thrust up into the exquisite sensation and he felt sweat form on his forehead.

"Ed! Oh- fuck!-"
He swore, unable to suppress a loud groan which ripped from the back of his throat, as he spread his legs even wider feeling his body flushed with pleasure. Ed smiled to himself, totally enjoying Oswald being completely helpless but allowing him to do all of this. He suckled the crinkled ball sac a few more times before completely deep-throating Oswald to the hilt.

"OH- I can't-!"

Oswald couldn't help it as a let out a strangled cry, mixed with a low moan and came hard, shooting strings of hot cum inside of Ed's mouth. Swallowing quickly, Ed gripped Oswald's thighs as he felt the other man ride out his orgasm. The cum was tangy and bitter; a little salty mixed with feint traces of alcohol. It was completely Oswald. He felt a drop of sticky cum slide down his lips and Ed quickly flicked out his tongue to catch the string, eating it.

"Mmm, not bad. Tangy and bitter."

He licked his lips then pressed a kiss to Oswald's flushed lips. It was a little kinky but Ed guessed that the other man was too boneless right now to even care. Oswald was panting; his chest rising up and down erratically and his hair was stuck to his forehead. His knuckles were still white from where he never let go of the arms to his chair. What an experience! He laid in the chair boneless, exhausted but completely pleasured. Ed wasted no time in pulling a tissue from his jacket pocket and wiping Oswald's now flaccid cock clean. Once he was cleaned up he passed Oswald his whiskey.

"I was thinking you might need this now."

He shot the other man a grin and knew this wouldn't be the last time things like this happened.

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