### Top Harry Sagas

**Rating:** Explicit  
**Archive Warning:** No Archive Warnings Apply  
**Category:** M/M, Multi  
**Fandom:** Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling, Smallville, Teen Wolf (TV), Sherlock (TV), True Blood (TV), Arrow (TV 2012), Vikings (TV), 9-1-1 (TV), Batman - All Media Types  
**Relationship:** Clark Kent/Harry Potter, Peter Hale/Harry Potter, Sherlock Holmes/Harry Potter, Eric Northman/Harry Potter, Harry Potter/Oliver Queen, Harry Potter/Ragnar Lothbrok, Harry Potter/Eddie Diaz, Harry Potter/Bruce Wayne  
**Character:** Harry Potter, Clark Kent, Peter Hale, Sherlock Holmes, Eric Northman, Oliver Queen, Ragnar Lothbrok, Eddie Diaz (9-1-1), Bruce Wayne  
**Additional Tags:** Top Harry Potter, Alternate Universe, Kryptonian Harry, Alpha Harry, Werewolf Harry, Omega Sherlock Holmes, Harry is John’s older brother, Special Forces Harry, Dubious Consent, Packmaster Harry  
**Stats:** Published: 2019-12-10 Updated: 2020-01-19 Chapters: 9/? Words: 17040

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**Summary**

Stories dedicated to Top! Harry Potter because they are seriously lacking.

- Inspired by Top Harry Drabbles by molmcmahon
I'm kind of fan crazy over the idea of Top Harry Potter and have found that it's seriously lacking in that department, so I have decided to contribute to the amazing cause of giving Harry ample chance to raid some booty and build amazing relationships with every male character I've grown attached to and just wish would bottom on screen.

I'm not exactly a pioneer of television watching or an avid movie goer to be honest so if you all have any prompts you want fulfilled that I know nothing about I'll have to either watch the show or do some intense research.

The stories here will be as it says on the title, complete and utter Top Harry. I already have a couple pairing stories written out.

Will include werewolf Harry, Master of Death Harry and other variations I want to squeeze him into. Mpreg or at least implied mpreg will be featured in some, I'm not too sure which level I want to push it to as of yet.

Fandoms I am familiar with:

Harry Potter
Smallville
Teen Wolf
Vikings
Hawaii 5-O (2010)
9-1-1
The Punisher
Warrior (This is a 2019 tv show that I have yet to see in the fandom list on Ao3 but it's pretty good imho)
Sherlock Holmes
The Walking Dead
X-Men (with just a heavy focus on Logan tbh)
The Dark Knight
Marvel Universe
Venom
Supernatural
True Blood
Twilight
Criminal Minds

Feel free to drop me some prompts to help churn the old imagination pot.

I will update the relationship and character tags as the stories get added. The archive warnings may or may not change.
Of Krypton and Farm boys.

Clark clenched his jaw, teeth grinding as he resisted the urge to curse the boy back to whatever pit of Krypton he had crawled from, the hand around his throat squeezed until he was reduced to gasping breaths, chest tight from the lack of air. His hands were being held above his head in an equally if not more so tight hold and while he was sure that within a few minutes he would suffocate he couldn’t help but want to head butt the smug grin from his face.

“Do you yield?” the voice was as patient as it had been when this whole thing started and it made Clark want to scream in frustration but he could barely breathe so that was off the table.

“Do. You. Yield.” each word was punctuated with the smirking face of the green eyed teen coming closer to his face, until their lips were brushing, the knee between his thighs pushing rather suggestively against his privates and Clark for all the boy scout he was according to Lex, knew what arousal felt like.

“Y-yes..!” he gasped out, words barely audible but the hand removed itself and he sucked in lungfuls of sweet oxygen.

Clark wasn’t a small teen, at seventeen he had the body to play the sport his human-father loved, broad shoulders and a trim waist and while he wasn’t the biggest guy on the team he wasn’t the smallest either by any long shot.

Harry Potter had transferred to Smallville High just shy of two months ago and like whatever tornado that dropped him in the quiet town he seemed to have bewitched everyone even the headstrong Chloe but Clark wasn’t fooled.

He could see the underlying contempt the year older boy held for everyone he interacted with, and at first he believed it to be perhaps a superiority complex, some rich kid fetish of charming people but secretly wiping his hands if they touched him. It had annoyed him yes, but it wasn’t his business if people didn’t see an obvious danger in the new kid.

It did however become his business when he caught Lana giggling over something the other boy had said.

‘Can I kiss you?’

The words were spoken slowly, voice low and that of a man and not a teen going through puberty, and Lana, sweet Lana who ignored all other jocks and had recently begun smiling at Clark blushed...
a deep red and nodded hesitantly.

Potter had leaned down, because the bastard was a good two inches taller than Clark’s impressive 6’1. He stood there in the middle of the hallway with other students who were looking on at the kiss, mutterings of a new ‘power couple’ emerging from the girls, phones out already texting away.

Lana sunk into the kiss, her books falling to the floor and hands coming to clench the soft knitted dark green sweater Potter was wearing. Girls squealed, a few lamenting and cursing Lana while the boys wolf whistled and cursed Potter for grabbing one of the hottest girls in school.

All Clark could do was flinch as those green eyes lifted and stared directly at him even as he continued to kiss the girl of Clark’s dreams.

Those eyes were taunting, daring him to come after him and even after Potter had broken the kiss, passing Lana a slip of paper before he left her to gather herself once again, a group of girls circling her like vultures for the details and ‘if the kiss was good.’

Of course it was good, even Clark could see it was good if the trembling of Lana’s body and the labored breathing, her chest rising and falling as though she had been under water for hours was any indication.

He followed Potter with his eyes, the other teen walking down the hallway with his backpack slung over one shoulder and like the cocky asshole he was he raised a hand and crooked a finger in a ‘come here’ motion over his shoulder.

He was baiting Clark.

And like the idiot Chloe often told him he was, he took the bait and confronted him. Asked him why he had done it only to get a -

‘Toying with them is fun’

He hadn’t meant to lash out, to hit him but the mere fact the other boy had been playing with Lana’s feelings made Clark so very very angry that his body moved before his brain could stop his arm.

There was a split second of absolute fear, of heart gripping panic when he realized he was using his normal strength and not the watered down version he used to pretend to be human, and because of a stupid teenage crush he was about to kill a human.

When Potter’s head only whipped to the side and not off his shoulders as he would have expected in a spray of blood and gore Clark let out a shaky breath of relief, an apology on his lips until it clocked in that Potter’s head hadn’t flung itself off his neck even though he had just been hit with a super-powered right hook.

Standing on defense had done very little because one moment Potter was swallowing the blood that had welled up on the inside of his mouth, what little managed to dribble from his lip, and the next he was returning the hit that sent Clark flying across the dark football field.

This was perhaps the first time he had felt pain other than from the green kyptonite and like a vengeful spirit Potter kept coming again and again, each hit landing precisely that Clark didn’t have anytime to block them. Not that he could because he had never gotten into a proper fight in his life - at least not any that he fought back in.
The one sided fight had ended with him being choked several miles away from the school and on a small dark bay somewhere on the coastline after the land borne fight took to the air when Potter threw him like a rag doll and flew after him.

“I yielded, why are you still holding onto me?” the infuriating smirk only widened and Clark wanted to scream out in frustration at the other’s arrogance.

“Don’t you know in wars the victor gets his choice of the spoils.” it was said in a very matter of fact way that made Clark twitch.

“I’m no ones spoils Potter, certainly not yours, now let me go.”

“Harry.” the smirk was gone and in it’s place was a slightly annoyed glare.

“What?”

There was an eye-roll now and the older boy squeezed his wrists hard enough he felt the bones creak beneath his skin in protest.

“My name is Harry, not Potter.”

“But Potter is your last name what does it matter if I call you Potter?”

“Because I said don’t, no one calls you Kent do they? Then call me by my first name.”

“Why should I? I don’t want to!” Clark watched at the annoyed glare intensified and the green eyes seemed to glow.

“Because I want you to!” it was also the first time he heard the other raise his voice and for once he was acting his age.

“Why the hell should I?!” he didn’t mean to scream back but the other apparently kyptonian unless they were other super-powered races that could fly, brought out the worse in him.

“Because I like you!”

The declaration startled Clark into silence and he could only stare at the other hovering above him, face twisted as if in pain and green eyes glowing in the dark like beacons.

“I’ve tried to tell you, leaving small notes in your locker, buying you lunch and bribing the canteen women to hand it to you, leaving those god awful sports drinks I see you guzzling down by your locker after practice but you only ever have eyes for Lana Lane.”

Lana’s name was said with so much venom a protest was bubbling on Clark’s tongue in her defense.

“So I showed you just how much she liked you today, how much she treasured you, just as I showed everyone how easy she was.”

“She’s not easy! Don’t say that about her!”

Harry yelled in frustration, his knee pressing harder by mistake against Clark’s crotch and a surprised moan escaped Clark’s lips.

They both froze, wide green staring down into blue as a blush covered Clark’s face from the humiliation of moaning in pleasure, and Harry the bastard smirked, leaning down again with his
knee pressing then grinding down on the slight bulge that had risen after the first press.

The moan that tore itself from him this time was much longer, much breathier and more embarrassing than anything Clark had ever done.

“S-stop it!” he couldn’t believe he was getting an erection from the rough treatment inflicted on him by the other boy, that his body was liking the hard press of the knee against his crotch.

Harry looked down and Clark followed his line of vision, face burning darker when he realized the other was staring at the obvious tent in his jeans.

Harry raised an eye-brow at the fellow kryptonian under him, it had been a surprise when he had been hit and tasted blood in his mouth afterwards. The power behind the fist spoke of otherworldly abilities and the fact he wasn’t changing shape or his skin wasn’t morphing into green like a Martian told him that Clark Kent, his crush for all of two months was from his planet as well.

He kept his knee where it was but used his hand this time to press against the large bulge that was straining in the blue jeans, hand squeezing it and eliciting a deep groan of pleasure from the boy under him and shit if those sounds weren’t going straight to his own dick.

He didn’t know what had drawn him to the other but he knew from the moment he had signed up to join the american game of football and saw Clark who had welcomed him to the team his chest had constricted so painfully he thought he was about to die.

He had tried to woo the boy, leaving him gifts and small tokens but Clark in all of his simple minded farm boy ways had thanked others for the gifts and the humans hadn’t once rebuffed the thanks.

Playing with the covered length, his knuckles brushing over the material of the jeans before squeezing it again to draw another throaty moan from Clark, Harry chuckled, hand tightening around the erection and Clark bucked upwards, not in pain but pleasure.

“S...st-stop...p-please…”

Harry stared down at the flushed face of the boy he was crushing so hard on it might just be love and tsked, his hand retreating along with the one holding his hands captive. Clark looked close to tears that Harry felt his dick jerk in rebellion at being confined and he had to stomp down on the urge to blow the boy where he laid on the sand.

Groaning he flopped down beside the younger kryptonian, listening to Clark draw in deep breaths to steady himself even as he tried to pull his tee-shirt down over the probably painful erection he was sporting in his jeans.

“You’re such a virgin.”

Harry snickered and received a slap to the chest for his troubles. Rubbed the spot that stung he pouted a bit at the fact he had made sure to pull his punches during their little scuffle but Clark seemed to like to use his full strength on him.

“...So what if I am. Not everyone is like you.”

“Charming?”

“No, a sex addict. There are a lot of stories going around school about you. How many people you’ve slept with, even the teachers.”
Harry rolled his eyes and covered them with an arm. “Just ‘cause people talk don’t mean they’re true.”

“So you didn’t sleep with half of the cheerleading squad?” Clark sounded doubtful and Harry shrugged.

“Believe what you want, not like anything I say will change your mind.” Harry murmured and he felt Clark shift beside him, the small movement causing him to open his eyes and look to the side to see two expressive blues staring back at him.

“Did you?” Harry stared at the beautiful, because that was what the other boy was, farm boy or not, that face was one he would gladly start a war over if there were any wars to ignite.

“No.” he confessed “They wanted to but I never went further than light kissing.”

Clark continued to stare at him and Harry could feel a knot of hunger forming in the pit of his stomach. He wanted Clark beyond any form of carnal pleasure, yes he wanted to consume the other entirely but he also wanted the parts of Clark that he had been willing and ready to give to fucking Lana Lane.

“You really like me... don’t you?” it was asked with a sense of wonder as if Clark couldn’t believe that someone wanted him other than as a friend and Harry wanted to crush whoever the asshole was who placed that doubt in Clark’s pretty head.

“I do.” and that was perhaps the easiest confession he ever made.

Clark hummed, pushing himself up from the sandy bay and tried to subtly readjust his still raging hard on, the sight from below making Harry’s mouth water a bit, Clark noticing because he turned around to hide himself.

Rolling his eyes again Harry stood as well, shoving his hands into pockets and hunching his shoulders to make himself appear smaller in case Clark decided to grow skittish once more.

When Clark turned around again, arms crossed over his chest Harry’s eyes were drawn to them and his flexing biceps and then the less than impressed expression on his face.

“You get one date.”

Harry’s eyes widened slowly and he dared to not breathe. “I owe you that much for punching you without a proper reason.”

He could only nod numbly and Clark nodded as if that was the end of their deal making.

“Now I have to get home, my mom is gonna to kill me because of you, do you know how late I am for curfew?” the teen rambled on and Harry could only stare at him, hell he was beyond caring if he looked like a love sick puppy.

“You can’t fly yet can you.” he let the amusement leak into his voice just to see Clark’s feathers get ruffled and he wasn’t disappointed.

“I’m learning, besides you brought me out here, it’s only right you take me back home.” Clark had hardly finished his sentence when Harry stepped into his personal space, and wrapped his arms around the two inches shorter boy making Clark’s ears turning red in an instant.

“Of course.” he took Clark’s hand in his, feigning bringing it to his lips just to see the
embarrassment escalate to new heights before placing the hand to hold his shoulder then held Clark around the slim waist.

“Hold on tight.” he wouldn’t mind carrying the other in his arms bridal style but he had a feeling Clark would hit him again if he tried to. Propelling off into the air he left a small crater in the sand and he felt Clark’s hand shift slightly and wrap more securely around his neck.

“Don’t worry. I won’t let you go.” that came out more sappy than he intended it to but Clark turned his blue gaze on him, squinting as if he was trying to figure something out.

He would try his best on the date, in fact he planned on wooing the holy shit out of Clark until the other boy could only think of him.

“What did you write on the paper you gave Lana?” Clark asked and yelped when Harry dug his fingers into his side. “Nothing important.”

Clark eyed him suspiciously but soon forgot when Harry tickled his side again.

It really wasn’t anything important, just giving her a fair warning.

Fuck off from what’s mine Lane.

Chapter End Notes

Smallville was my favourite tv show growing up, but I've always hated Lana even as a kid.
Harry/Peter Hale

Chapter Summary

Peter Hale is infuriating and Harry's heart goes pitter-patter.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Harry gave an appreciative hum as his betas wrestled the half shifted Were to the forest floor, the man roaring his rage through a garbled mess of fangs and anger. Stepping closer he let the cool earth under the dry leaves relax his body, his stance, his own simmering and building aggression at seeing Peter fucking Hale on his territory again after so long.

With a knee pressed into his spine, arms bent backwards far enough that any sharp movement would break them and claws prickling at the meat of his neck Peter finally settled down though his eyes still burned into the nearest beta promising retribution.

Ah, that was so like Peter, always scheming and plotting even when he had the bad end of the stick or funny enough perfectly happy and content. Harry wanted to hit him hard enough his pretty face was permanently broken but he was never the type of man or alpha to use a vendetta to harm someone weaker than him, because despite what Peter might think or believe so hard it had the ability to manifest - he was still just a beta.

“It brings me to wonder why exactly is Peter Hale in my territory smelling of blood and hunters.”

Those lovely blue eyes that Harry would have gladly drowned in years ago snapped to him and he watched as recognition, alarm and finally apprehension flickered through them, his body seemingly remaining relaxed but Harry could see the tense lines of his spine and shoulders, minute twitches that he had once mapped out with his tongue several times a day.

“Harrison.” Peter drawled, a slow smirk coming to his lips “Surprise seeing you here.”

Harry couldn’t help the huff of exasperation that left him as he crouched down directly in front of Peter, the beta’s eyes widening a bit and nostrils flaring as he took in his scent. From the vantage point Peter was as beautiful as he had been all those years ago, matured now and packing more muscle than he had before, a dangerous man with a lot more experience under his belt.

“Uh huh. You rushed headfirst into my territory after giving a fleeting warning howl. There’s a crashed SUV a couple miles back, two dead hunters and enough wolfsbane in the surrounding areas to potentially take out a pack. Whoever else was in the car got away, no doubt by the other car reported heading back to town. You yourself are injured, not counting the bullet in your thigh. So unless you found yourself being called out on poker again I suggest you spill your guts before I literally make you spill them. I’m sure Talia would mourn the lost of her favourite enforcer and baby brother.”

He watched as the lines of Peter’s back went rigid and the easy composure the man had crumbled, shifting from anger to fear and back again before the Hale beta slumped forward, head hanging low enough that his lose disarrayed hair brushed over the ground.
“That’s quite the dirty play Harrison.”

“And you have once again brought trouble to my doorstep Hale. Speak or I’ll drag you to the hunters myself.”

Harry ignored the raised brow from his second in command, the red head wouldn’t call him out on his bluff in front of Hale but his betas all knew him better than that, and at one point in time what seemed now like centuries ago Peter had known him better than anyone. From the bitter scent of panic that wafted from the Hale beta he bought the lie, new flush of sweat prickling at Peter’s skin and his struggle renewed.

“You can’t! They will kill me Harrison!”

“Then they would be doing me and others a favor.”

The hurt he saw flash across Peter’s bloody face was almost enough for him to apologize but he bit his tongue and kept the indifferent facade. Peter deserved a lot more hurt than just a simple line of crass words.

“Will you talk or should I just let the wolfsbane currently circulating in your bloodstream do the hunters job for them. Either way, your body will be going back as a truce.”

Peter let a shaky breath go and unlike before his body did go loose, all the fight he had building and pent up was exhausted and released. “I’ll talk.”

“Good boy. Bring him. Bill go and tell Luna she’ll be having a patient and let Hermione reinforce the barriers just in case we have unexpected guests. Ron get the patrol back in order and tighten the ranks. We’ll be on high alert until I say otherwise.”

The two brothers nodded, both going off in different directions and Harry motioned for the betas to take Peter back to the center of his territory. Standing straight again he stretched his back and sighed, more annoyed at the turn of what had been a quiet week but definitely irritated about the sting of longing he felt after initially smelling Peter before he even saw him.

Taking his time in heading back towards the pack house, behind him the wards that kept his people safe glimmered for a few seconds before it shimmered into transparency.

By the time he arrived at the med bay, which was a two storey cottage a few yards away from the main pack house Luna was already treating the wayward Hale, the bullet extracted and the powder from one of their many stores of wolfsbane and bullets alike having burned its way through his flesh to allow the wound to heal. Peter himself was passed out on the bed, face devoid of the blood from before and complexion pale.

“Alpha.” Luna greeted him, voice soft and dreamy as always and he brushed the back of his hand to her cheek. “Mr. Hale will be fine. A bit of blood loss and fatigue but both can be fixed with rest and a good meal.”

“Hmm. Thank you Luna.” the platinum blond woman gave him a sleepy smile before she drifted out of the room and Harry took her seat by the bed, the hours ticking by in silence as he sorted through several documents while Peter slept.

The slight uptick of a heartbeat other than his own and the barest of changes in scent alerted him to Peter being awake but the Hale enforcer was nothing if not careful and Harry smacked him over the chest when the minutes went by and he still pretended to sleep. “I don’t have all night with you Hale. Get to talking.”
“I am here on behalf of my Alpha Talia Maria Hale to request your help. We are at war with the Argents and two of their allied clans. They accused us of killing one of their own - the former Matriarch of the clan Victoria Argent. Gerard has stepped in as the new leader until Allison - Victoria’s daughter reaches of age and it’s him who pushed for retribution.”

Harry’s eyebrow’s slowly raised until they were nearly blending in with his hairline. “Well shit.”

Peter hummed and stretched on the bed, the slight cover draped over his lap shifting further down and Harry did not even try to pretend he was not looking and Peter gave him a slow grin before rolling over onto his belly but not without a grimace of pain.

Harry’s eyes were drawn to the curve of Peter’s ass, the beta’s rump no longer perky but most definitely on the side of firm and bubbly. Giving Peter a flat stare the man grinned back in response, hand reaching out to rest on Harry’s jean clad knee. Staring at the hand then the man himself he felt the simmering resentment and anger from before come alive again and only when Peter’s eyes flashed blue, neck bared ever so slightly did he realize his were red.

“Alpha…” the word was whispered but there was a fine tremor in his voice that Harry had once sought out almost reverently.

“We’re not doing this Peter, not after what you did.”

The hand moved further up his thigh and the alpha of the Black Pack stopped breathing for a moment. Red eyes a warning that Peter didn’t pay heed to.

“Alpha.” Peter rolled over onto his back, the thick cord of his neck bared fully and his vulnerable belly exposed. Harry barely had a second to reign back in his self control when he found himself leaving the chair, clawed hands pressing Peter into the mattress and teeth just shy of grazing his skin.

“We’re not doing this Peter.” even he could hear the lie in his voice, his heartbeat thumping under his skin rabbit fast.

Peter arched up into the warm body pressing into his own, unashamedly rubbing his erection against Harry’s stomach and Harry growled, a sound more animal than human that made Peter whine.

“Alpha, please…”

Chapter End Notes

I lived for Ian Bohen appearing in an episode of TW. Peter is basically v-necks and snark but he was bae.
Harry/Sherlock Holmes

Chapter Summary

The art of deduction sometimes involves the deduction of clothing.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sherlock was still confused as to how he ended up in a bathroom stall, slacks thrown over the door and his long legs wrapped around a tapered waist where there was an interesting and particularly wicked looking scar just along the right hip bone.

Still, he could not figure out how between one conversation and the next of him dissecting an alpha who made a pass at him and just when it seemed as though the man would give into the urge to hit him, the meaty fist balled and shaking, four words had distracted him.

“That is simply amazing.”

He had turned to stare at the man who was on equal height with him or perhaps an inch taller, dark hair slicked back with a rebel curl hanging dead center of his forehead, glasses perched on his nose that were quickly pushed up.

Sherlock squinted at the man, an alpha in every way physically and the words sounded familiar in the sense that they begun and ended with a short blond man who was perhaps the only person to applaud his ability rather than be disgusted or afraid.

What happened after that was a blur and Sherlock clung to the alpha, arms holding the man tight and his nails digging into the muscular back where the tips of his fingers could feel the slight rise and notches of skin to signify scars and burns. His legs were spread and for a fluttering moment Sherlock was amazed at the show of strength because while he was an omega he was not a typical one and people assumed that just because he was slim it correlated to him being light.

The cock in him was a hard and hot intrusive presence that he could feel reaching far deeper than any toy he could buy, slick pouring from his crevice and making what would have been an inconceivable tight fit; smooth if not just slightly uncomfortable with the girth.

This man was dangerous, that much he could deduce and Sherlock moaned at the prospect of finding someone interesting to amuse him for the duration of the wedding event. He tried to muffle his voice, to keep the small sounds contained but for once his restraint failed him and his moans filled the bathroom stall, sounds reaching a fever pitch that only seemed to encourage the man to fuck harder, fuck faster, to milk him for all he was worth.

“Come…! I’m goi- I’ll come!”

The thick length grinding against his prostate, the direct stimulation sending Sherlock over the edge, eyes rolling backwards and body shaking as he came across both their chests. He shuddered when the cock was pulled out, grey eyes peering down to stare at the monster that had been within him, the base being squeezed in an effort to prevent the knot from forming, an effort that took more
than Sherlock was aware of if the ragged breathing from the nameless Alpha was anything to go by.

A thick line of precum dripped from the tip and his eyes followed it as it landed on the ground where a mess of slick pooled, then back up to the painful looking erection and Sherlock without much reserve crouched down and took the thick head into his mouth, the alpha slamming a hand into the side of the stall from both surprise and pleasure of having a warm mouth suddenly wrap around him.

Sherlock trained himself to subdue his gag reflex for years, swallowing the toys he brought to pleasure himself during heats since he was a boy and was given his first. Swallowing the man should have been easy but with each inch he took in he found himself struggling, but he was nothing if not persistent.

Feeling it nudge the back of his throat then slide down into the warm abyss Sherlock’s hole clenched down on the empty space that the cock had left behind, the hole gaping and fresh slick sliding from it to join the growing puddle on the floor.

Looking up, face flushed and his own dick erect again he stared into the startling green eyes and found such heated lust and interest in them before all thoughts were dismissed from his mind when his face was fucked. It wasn’t savage in the sense the alpha was rough and brutal when in truth he was careful and considerate but the thickness and length of it made Sherlock feel as though he was choking and the oxygen no matter how he breathed through his nose was never enough.

He was going to cum again.

He was going to cum again untouched and only stimulated by a cock in his mouth in a bathroom stall at his best-friend's wedding.

The alpha was still squeezing the base of his shaft and Sherlock barely had to roll the heavy balls in hand before the man was shooting off and this time Sherlock really did choke, the flood of cum was expected, the amount however wasn’t and the globs he didn’t manage to swallow escaped through his nose causing him to pull away from the alpha's cock before he really did die on it.

Coughing Sherlock idly realized the man was still coming, thick ropes of white that landed on Sherlock’s face and the omega part of his brain bemoaned the fact that had he been ejaculated in and knotted he would have become pregnant without much fuss and they missed the chance.

It was several minutes later when they both came from the euphoric high that Sherlock noticed he really did cum for a second time and his throat was an aching wreck, his ass felt ruined, pucker still trying to clench around something that was not there. A hand on his chin pulled him from his inner reflections of his body’s delightful damages, grey eyes watching as the man’s face came closer and then something wet swiping over his face.

“I did not mean to ah… do this across your face. I apologize.” his voice was baritone, much like Sherlock’s but much smoother and he found himself leaning towards the solid figure before he caught himself.

Sherlock let himself be taken care of, the paper towel in the bathroom being wet by the sink to clean off both their spunk from his face and chest until the evidence was gone and flushed down the toilet drain. The alpha then fixed his clothing that were now a bit wrinkled before he fixed himself, tucking the flaccid cock back into his pants and Sherlock followed it’s disappearance with his eyes until the black dress shirt was tucked into the slacks again and the green tie perfectly resting on the broad chest.
Reaching out he straightened the tie before he looked up and found the same hunger there as before.

“I would enjoy it greatly if I could hear more of your deductive reasoning.”

Sherlock raised a brow and leaned against the wash basin before holding out a hand “Sherlock Holmes.”

The man looked briefly surprised before taking the hand in his larger one and shook it “Harry Watson. Not to be confused with Harriet who goes by Harry as well.”

Sherlock’s brain came to a screeching halt and his eyes widened “Relation to the groom…”

“Older brother, different mother.”

“Ah.”

Harry stepped forward into Sherlock’s space, thigh wedging itself between Sherlock’s own to press against his crotch “I really do mean what I say. You are perhaps the most interesting human being I have encountered in a very long time Mr. Holmes. My little brother has spoken much and very well of you.”

Of course John has because when the man is excited he tends to ramble, that much Sherlock knew, but how he failed to mention he had an older brother, half brother or not was a mystery when the man told him the most mundane of stories about the supermarket of all things.

Walking back to the small church Sherlock held his head high when it was obvious people would be able to smell the scent of sex on him and Harry walked beside him, long legs keeping with Sherlock’s strides.

John’s expression shifted from surprise at seeing them together then to mild disgust at realizing just why they were together before he fetched some spray and doused them both to mask the heavy and distracting scent of a fresh fuck.

“I suppose it’s safe to say you two have been properly introduced.” the sardonic way it was said made Sherlock roll his eyes.

“Really John. I get told about the rising prices of strawberries and apricots but you fail to mention the fact you are indeed the second son who is preceded by him?”

A thumb was rudely jabbed backwards to point at Harry who just smiled happily and took he finger in hand to lower it “That’s rude Sherlock.” both Watson brothers intoned and Sherlock was the one who looked mildly disgusted now.

“If you two could refrain from anymore hanky-panky until the end of my marriage ceremony I would be grateful.” John glared at them both and Sherlock rolled his eyes again before turning his attention to Harry who was standing ramrod straight.

“Army?”

“Special Forces.” Harry corrected and smiled wider when Sherlock crept closer and begun to pick him apart.

Chapter End Notes
Happy Holidays everyone, I hope you all had a pleasant Christmas~

I wrote this while listening to Celine Dion. Is that a special prerequisite for Hell?

I'm still trying to figure out how often I should post, and which pairings I should post since I have a few written out already. Thanks for the comments and kudos, seriously they are awesome motivation!

Next chapter will be posted in a few days!
Eric could feel Pam tense beside him as the occupants of Fangtasia parted to the side to allow the newest guests of Bon Temps through, most of the vampires under his control baring their fangs at the presence of the other predators.

Eric himself could feel the hairs on the back of his neck raise in alarm and the unfamiliar gut churning feeling of flight or fight began to boil, an instinctual response he had not felt since he was human and dying now made itself known because of a werewolf. He wanted to laugh at the irony of the situation because biologically a vampire his age had no natural predators with the exception of sunlight and a stake to the heart, werewolves stood no chance against him but yet - his hand clenched around the arm rest of the chair he was lounging in.

It took less than ten seconds to know that the werewolf standing before him and flanked by two others was unlike Alcide Herveaux, this man had a feral and raw energy around him that spoke of blood, death and hunger and Eric could see the strength in the broad shoulders and powerful legs.

His companions were not too far under the spectrum of power either, one an older man with his hair slicked back, eyes that showed no changing from the wolf-state and his teeth that bared in a mockery of a smile at some bolder vampires were pointed. The next a red head with two scars running down one half of his face, expression somber with hazel eyes focused on Pam rather than the snarling vamps surrounding them as if they were mere flies to be ignored.

The packmaster, because there was no possible way the middle man was a mere beta. The relaxed slouch did very little to diminish his impressive height and Eric who was 6’4 could see the werewolf was taller than he was, the man smiling at him, a simple tilt of his lips enough so to make him look harmless had it not been for the scent of blood and death engraved into his pores.

“Let’s have a private conversation Sheriff. Come along.”

“Who do you think-”

Eric raised a hand to stop Pam and repressed a shiver at the deep rumble of the packmaster’s voice, the wolf careening off to the side where Eric’s office was, steps lazy in nature and back still hunched. Unlike with Pam he did not bother to stop the three vampires who lunged at the wolf instead he watched with heightened fascination as the claws extended and with a careless swipe three heads rolled to the ground before their bodies burst in a spray of blood. The other vamps quickly backed off and Eric stood from his seat, brushing a hand to the back of Pamela’s thigh before he followed after the alpha wolf.

In the deep hues of Eric’s office the wolf looked even more intimidating sitting sprawled in the single seat couch in front of the desk, head tilted back over the top and the pervasive green eyes that had pinned Eric earlier closed.

“You are getting blood all over my chair and carpet.” he murmured after perching himself on the desk and the werewolf looked up to give him a dopey grin.

“It’s the blood from your pets, you should clean it.”

Eric had lived long enough to distinguish a command from a suggestion and the casual spreading of
the wolf’s thighs was in no way a suggestion. If his heart could still beat it would be pounding in his chest cavity but all he could do about the excitement and apprehension thrumming under his skin was to not let his fangs drop. Stepping between the long legs he leaned forward until their noses were almost brushing, blond hair mixing with black and blue clashing with green.

“Why are you here in Bon Temps.” the man chuckled and raised his hips so Eric could yank the soiled jeans off, the blood from the exploding trio of vamps soaked through the material and down to his skin. Eric removed the thin sweater as well, droplets of blood running down the muscled plains of the wolf’s chest and abdomen to disappear into trimmed dark curls.

“Isn’t it obvious.” came the vague reply and Eric hummed as he lowered himself to his knees and began to lick the bloodied thighs of the wolf clean, the muscles he could feel under his tongue flexed every now and then when he swiped over a ticklish area and without prompt he swallowed the limp member that was already huge in the flaccid state.

“See? Unlike those yapping dogs outside you are smart aren’t you.” a large hand brushed through his hair and Eric suckled on the hardening cock, the length growing and fattening even more until Eric choked slightly on it, his throat bulging in what he imagined to be surrealistic fashion. Never had he been so glad he lost the ability to breathe upon being turned because no doubt now he would desperate for air with the meat that was lodged in his throat, twitching and jerking from the tightness surrounding it.

The long fingers wrapped in his hair and Eric winced at the tightness of the hold before he focused on the feeling of his throat being fucked albeit in a lazy manner all the while trying to not choke. It didn’t help matters that he was already rock hard in his jeans, ass twitching in anticipation of what was to come.

This was all a game of power not unlike besting the biggest and baddest person in a prison in order to take the throne, and by taking Eric who was the Sheriff of Area 5 it would effectively place him on top.

As the leader Eric would fall under his command after that of his right and left hand betas, Pamela directly under Eric and then the rest of the wolf pack and any other Eric considered to be a part of his direct connections. He was not pleased about the fact but he would rather live than be killed.

Lips spread wide around the wolf cock he looked up into the piercing green before he was pulled off the length completely and with more speed he believed someone of the Were’s size could manage Eric was flipped over onto his belly, the items on the desk being pushed to the ground. Pants quickly yanked down he braced himself when the wet fat tip of the cock was pressed to his hole, the apprehension and thrill skyrocketed once more, dueling for first place because that was an area that had not been used by anyone in well over two centuries.

He was practically virginal again and Eric was not delusional to think that any form of foreplay would be given, the initial press turning into a push and Eric felt himself open up forcefully under the hard cock pushing at his pucker.

Eric screamed as white hot pain burned through his body and he wondered in the recess of his mind if being staked was nearly as painful as this was, the thick cock tearing him immediately and continued to do so until it was rooted to the hilt and Eric moaned at the feeling of being stuffed to the brim, his belly bulging a bit from the intrusion.

It took nearly five minutes before his body began to heal itself and almost three minutes before Eric was thanking Godric for turning him, for allowing him to be able to take such a cock, the desk having moved several feet from the original position until it was pressed against the wall from the
force of the thrusts.

It had been too long since he was fucked and Eric had missed the hot pulsing of something in him, of being held down and fucked silly. His status as a leader didn't warrant him the privilege of allowing another to dominate him and he wouldn't trust any of the vampires as far as he could throw them.

The cock in him was hot and pulsing, several degrees hotter than his body could ever be and it felt as though he was being burned from the inside, impaled over and over by something that would surely kill a human but here he was, begging for moremoremore.

“Ah! Th-there! Fuck me righ-aghnn!”

Eric howled as his prostate was throttled, the strokes angled to pressed against the nerve ending without release, his body shuddering before he came, dick remaining erect and trapped between the desk and his belly, the werewolf not slowing down in the slightest, the heavy balls slapping against the curve of his ass. His leg was hitched onto the desk causing the angle to change and white spots danced in his vision.

“You are going to be very special to me in the coming months Eric Northman.” the wolf draped himself over Eric’s back, cock grinding deep in the vampire’s belly as his head was forcefully turned to the side for him to be kissed, tongue dragging over the dropped fangs without a care for the blood that was spilt, Eric swallowing the fresh blood on impulse before whimpering as his second orgasm was torn from him.

Afterwards he lost count, the constant pressure on his prostate leaving him little choice to remain hard until his balls ache and his belly felt abused from the inside, his ass loose and sloppy from the copious amounts of precum the wolf leaked and Eric could only claw weakly at the man’s shoulders and back when positions were changed.

He was well over 1000 years old and should have the stamina to match but maybe that was as much a myth as vampire lore the humans told one another.

His legs were pressed above his head until he was folded nearly in half and Eric felt the wolf speed up, cock plowing into him with such force it renewed his moans beyond that of the delirious whimpers they had dissolved to. The pressure in his hole grew and a small voice in his mind idly told him that he was about to be knotted, the packmaster grunting as Eric’s hole fluttered around the bulbous knot locking them together.

The gushing of hot cum filling him to his limit and then past that forced another orgasm from him and Eric’s eyes rolled backwards, the last thing he saw was the wolf grinning down at him, dark locks sweaty but eyes satisfied his breath tickling the shell of Eric’s ear as he spoke.

“I am the changing tide Eric Northman. You may call me Harry Black.”

Coming to Eric felt utterly and completely exhausted, his body hurting in places that had never ached before and his ass still gaping wide, his natural healing abilities having not kicked in yet strangely enough but the burn was pleasant. Opening his eyes he stared at his rounded belly, the once previously tight skin curved with what could only be cum. Hesitantly touching the warm skin that differed from the rest of him and Eric moaned, hand slipping to touch between his cheeks where the liquid was slowly trickling out until he pried four fingers inside and the flood of cum erupted outward.

Back arching the vampire panted as what felt like galleons of werewolf cum flowed from him to
settle then drip from the sides of the table and he watched as his belly slowly began to deflate. He could feel Pam approaching through the link and there was no stopping his progeny from coming inside, nor was there stopping the feeling of humiliation as she gasped in horror upon seeing him in such a state. He probably looked like a discarded whore with his legs spread wide, hole an opened sloppy wreck and enough cum to knock up every female on Bon Temps dribbling from him.

“Oh Eric… what… why.”

He nuzzled into her hand when she came closer to cradle his face, red tears running down her cheeks to drip onto his face. Pam was still young despite the age she was turned at, and he wanted to shield her from most of it but he knew eventually he would have to explain.

“He would have killed us both had I not.” Eric murmured to her, hand petting her soft tresses. Harry would be back he knew that much and Eric could not wait to bathe in the blood that would no doubt spill because of the wolf.

"I am the changing tide."

Pam blinked in confusion, tissue dabbing at the blood which clung to her cheeks "What?"

"It's what he said, I don't know what it means however." she gave him a frustrated squint of the eyes and he chuckled, hand moving lower to rub at his stomach that still held a tiny and barely noticeable curve. "He also said he has plans for me."

Pam bristled like a cat threatened with water "What plans?"

Eric poked at the slight rise of his lower abdomen with a gentle finger tip "We'll just have to see."

Chapter End Notes

Are the vampires in True Blood able to cum normally when orgasming or is it a situation like the tears where they would be coming blood?

Anyway, Happy New Year to you all!
Chapter Summary

A massage therapist is hired, Oliver gets some tension worked out of him.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He might have been a bit busy with life at the moment, the whole running a city by day as mayor and then being a vigilante of justice at night but he was handling it okay?

Sure the long hours with little rest got to him sometimes and he often took his exhaustion and frustration out on unsuspecting criminals with more force than needed but no one on his team could say that he slipped up, because if there was one thing that Oliver Queen could do it was multi-task.

Yes sometimes he may fall asleep at his desk in the Mayor’s office, and there were several occasions where he fell asleep behind the wheel and one memorable moment he did so during an important ceremony. Sure his body ached something fierce and muscles freaking hurt with the simplest of actions but Oliver knew how to power through pain.

So while he realized that maybe he could use a couple days to recuperate and sleep away the exhaustion and frustration before it got the best of him he also knew his body and his mental state better than anyone, so no he did not need a day off like his friends were suggesting because he was Oliver Queen aka the freaking Green Arrow!

“Sir?”

The low but smooth voice brought him back from his inner monologue and Oliver blinked at the man standing outside his door whose head was tilted to the side slightly, a worry line creasing his forehead or maybe he was wondering if Oliver was a nut-job.

“Yes?” he asked lamely and the man laughed a little, covering his mouth to not seem impolite. Reaching into the front pocket of his v-neck shirt, a pretty mellow green thing made of light material that showed off more chest than was strictly professional and did absolutely nothing to hide his biceps that flexed with the movement of holding out the card.

Taking the standard rectangular piece of card he looked down at the details that cataloged one Mr. Harrison James Potter, professional massage therapist with several numbers and names at the back for references. Oliver blinked in surprise “I didn’t request a masseuse Mr. Potter. I am afraid you have the wrong address.”

Harrison hummed and retrieved a sleek black phone from the pocket of his grey sweat pants, Oliver’s eyes trailing lower down his body until they settled at the impressive if not frightening print that rested to the side.

“You are Mr. Queen are you not? Your friends John Diggle, Felicity Smoak and Roy Harper hired me for the day to provide you with a massage.”
He hated his friends.

“I was made to sign a contract but that was hardly strange given your status, I have also already been paid and the last thing I want is to be seen as a thief for not providing the service I was paid for sir.”

Oliver sighed and rubbed his forehead feeling a headache coming on. Casting another look at the man before him who was slightly taller, green eyes amused because no doubt he could see how at odds he was between disowning his friends versus thanking them.

Stepping to the side Oliver motioned for him to come inside and Harrison smiled brightly at him, reaching off to the side to pick up a huge folded table and a duffel bag, murmuring an ‘excuse me’ as he walked past Oliver and into the spacious penthouse.

Oliver observed as the hired masseuse set up his space, the table unfolding and was actually a lot bigger than he had anticipated with a smaller one being detached from it, a few candles placed on the surface along with a bottle and a couple salves.

“If you don’t mind Mr. Queen can you undress now please.” Harry stated after spreading a white towel down over the table’s surface.

“Call me Oliver, Mr. Queen was my father.” pulling the hoodie over his head he shed his pants and underwear next before climbing on-top of the table laying face down, the candles having been lit and already the aroma had him relaxing.

“You can call me Harry, no one but my professors have ever called me Harrison.”

Oliver could hear the mirth in Harry’s voice and he mumbled an affirmative, not willing to raise his head up from the comfortable position it was in.

“I will begin now Oliver. Ms. Smoak has also told me to tell you that should you try to leave before it is finished then she will release blackmail video number 64. Sorry.”

Oliver groaned because of course the woman had more blackmail material on him but seconds later Oliver groaned for a completely different reason when Harry pressed oil slicked knuckles into his back signally the beginning of the massage.

The oil had the faint scent of cocoa-butter with an undercurrent of a herb he couldn’t put a finger on but whatever it was, it did magical things to his body. The longer it settled on his skin the hotter it felt and for his aching muscles it was perhaps the best feeling in the world.

“Oh god…” he moaned when the aches and pains slowly disappeared leaving his back feeling several years younger and Harry chuckled, the slippery slide of his slightly calloused hands dragging further down Oliver’s body until they settled on his thighs.

Oliver groaned again as knots and tensed muscles in his hamstring were undone, tension leaking away under the experienced fingers and maybe, just maybe he would hold off of revoking friendship privileges from John, Felicity and Roy.

A match was drawn and another candle lit, this one slightly bitter to the senses but then changed to a mellow scent that made Oliver squirm minutes later. Oliver could feel a familiar haze of being slight high drifting over his mind, the feeling not strong enough to rouse suspicion, just a tingling fog of relaxation that his body followed without question.

His hips were paid attention to, then his ass cheeks, the muscled area being squeezed and kneaded
hard enough that Oliver groaned lowly when he felt his cock react, the length already at half mass where it was pressed against the table and towel.

“Can you roll over for me Oliver?” Harry soft voice cut through the embarrassment and Oliver shook his head, lifting one hand wave in the general direction he believed his crotch to be. “I’ve got a uh - situation.”

Harry chuckled and pressed his thumbs under the meat of Oliver’s ass, the area sending another spark of heat into his belly as it was kneaded. “The reaction is perfectly normal Oliver. You have no reason to be embarrassed.”

Groaning he rolled over onto his back, cock resting against his thigh and he covered his eyes with an arm as Harry continued with his feet, long fingers pressing into his soles and under his toes, Oliver biting his lip to withhold a whimper as the pain was relieved.

Harry’s hands moved further up his body to pressed into his thighs once more, an oil wet hand gentle grasping his dick to rest it to his belly instead but the brief contact was enough to make Oliver keen.

He didn’t want to think about the last time he had sex because the number of months would only serve to depress him.

His thighs were spread a bit wider and the moan Oliver let out this time was nothing short of erotic, paying little mind to more blood rushing south. The bliss he felt rivaled none and soon enough he felt he might as well be goo under Harry’s talented hands, hands that were now travelling over his abdomen, pressing into the tight core and tender sides then to Oliver chest.

“Shit!” biting his lip he shuddered as his pecs were groped and squeezed, nipples being pinched and rubbed until they were hard and sensitive. Oliver’s cock let out an appreciative dribble of precum and he felt his embarrassment sky-rocket as the clear liquid ran down his belly, his legs spread wider under their own violation as the nipples were tweaked and twisted.

Peaking out from under his arm he could see the nubs glistening with oil and perked, the action seeming all too erotic for him but felt much too good for him to say stop. Harry’s hands moving lower and lower until -

“Fuck!”

Arching off the table when his cock was grabbed again but this time with purpose, the large hand squeezing the hard length as the next rolled his balls underneath. Quickly without losing momentum more slick was squeezed into Harry’s hands and Oliver watched as his cock was stroked in a tight fist, thumb rubbing the leaking tip and smearing more fresh oil over the slit.

“Y-You… what are you- hgnn!” Oliver gasped when a lone finger slipped between his cheeks to rub at his hole, the slippery pomade against his pucker effectively short circuiting his brain to the point where if not for the sudden pressure he would not have noticed it slipping in.

“Ah!” the finger moved slowly in him and Oliver’s eyes rolled back slightly as his insides were massaged as well, the digit reaching deep in places he nor anyone had ever ventured to before. His hips were moving on their own, thrusting into the tight fist that enveloped his cock and Oliver could only watched through blurry eyes as Harry stroked him faster.

“Mhmm! Shi-ah!” another finger was pushed in, the slide of the two digits in him almost surreal and Oliver spread his legs wider when a third breached him soon after. This was better and worse
than that high, his body feeling as though it were on fire and the only way to sate the heat was to let go.

Harry’s finger pressed to an area inside of him that made stars appear in the periphery of his vision, hips chasing the intense feeling with the drive of a madman and Harry indulged him, rubbing wet circles against it until Oliver was shouting his release, thick white ropes shooting from the wet tip and onto his face and Harry’s hand, the previously relaxed muscles tensing as he nearly bowed off the table.

Harry retracted his fingers and gave Oliver a silken smile “Shall we continue Oliver?”

The hard thick line in the grey sweat pants made Oliver’s head swim and he whimpered a soft “Yes.”

Chapter End Notes

Is anyone familiar with the 2019 tv series Warrior? I just came to realize that it might just be a generally unknown series and I’ve gone ahead and written an entire smutty chapter already.

Anywho, I have several chapters written with pairings requested already and yes I am thinking about expanding some of the pairings, still unsure whether in the Saga or in a separate fic. I’m trying to update every 5 days C:

As always your comments are very welcomed, as well as any prompts and pairings you would like to see. Thanks for the love so far~
Harold privately known as Harry stared up at the beautiful human he had taken for himself at a whim. Maybe the word ‘beautiful’ was perhaps too soft of a word for the Viking man who was all hard lines and harsh words spoken in a tongue he was still learning by the day but to Harold he was one of the most stunning creatures he had laid eyes on since coming to the new world.

During his two decades or so within Northumbria first as a simple man, then as one who performed ‘miracles of healing’ for the common people he soon had the attention of the royals and most annoyingly King Aelle on him.

Though the support of the most powerful man in the kingdom wasn’t too bad, he had riches, prestige and was a Hand of the King, having more say than most of the man’s advisors who held him in contempt since he first arrived.

They had called for his head, called him a ‘witch’ that used black magic - and it was laughable because they were not too far off. King Aelle had ignored them and here Harry was, being ridden by a former Viking King who had conquered and sieged Paris and destroyed other towns under the guise of riches but Harry saw deeper into the blue eyed Viking.

This man thirsted for knowledge like a man would water after traversing the desert for days with none.

What had drove Harry to declare he wanted the dying Viking for himself he did not know, perhaps it was the intense shade of blue as he welcomed death or even the fact that it would unnerve the people within the castle and court he had their most terrifying enemy just behind lock and key.

Whatever it was he could hardly see himself turning away the man now, not after he did indeed heal him and bring him back from welcoming his precious Valhalla. Excellent shape he was in now compared to when he first arrived. Maybe not tip top because while he could have healed him immediately he chose to take his time, to let the viking get used to his touch and voice, to his presence and to establish his position over him.

Over the course of traversing worlds Harry was amused to admit that he had become a bit of a sadist, and who better to exercise such a fetish on but a man who lived for blood and death while screaming the name of his All Father.

Harry wasn’t without his quirks however, and to keep up appearance of being the ‘master’ over the ‘filthy viking dog’ he had made sure Ragnar in his brief instances out of the extensive chambers and adjoining library was well groomed. He could do nothing about the beautiful ink that was etched into his skin and head though the hair had grown back in and covered most of it.

The former king had given Harry what could have been called a vision inducing blow job in order to convince him to let him maintain the mohawk and some beard, just not the ragged thing he had been found with upon his chin. Harry would have let him have both even without Ragnar sucking his soul and magic from his cock but who was he to deny a starving man.

Ragnar rolled his hips and tried to focus on anything but the pleasure building within him. He tried counting how many stars had been painted on one section of the walls within Harold’s chambers or how many leaves the forest on the left wall carried but the Anglo-Saxon doctor was persistent in his pillaging, hard cock never once missing the spot within him which sent scalding heat throughout his body.
His own length was hard and straining against his scarred abdomen, the tip an angry red bordering on purple that was painful as it leaked for every roll of his body.

He never had any inclination towards being fucked by a man, of course he was more than ready to do the fucking but no one stirred the lust within him enough to allow himself to be bent over like a woman and penetrated. He had fought the Anglo-Saxon the first time the man had proposed it, had fought him even as he spoke logic of loosening his body before sex.

Odin knew he fought him until he came from the man’s fingers in a shocking bellow as his balls clenched and he came for the first time in months, the built up frustration exploding forth and from fingers within his asshole no less.

He felt less of a man, and though he had wanted to bed Athelstan he never considered how it would have made his dead friend feel.

That had been months ago, the seasons changing several times now and the feeling of inferiority had long since washed from his mind with the changing of the tide. Harold’s cock was a comfort he never knew he needed and the Anglo-Saxon gave into his every demand, smiling as he did so as if it amused him to be ordered around by Ragnar, and perhaps it did because from the snippets he could hear from the maids Harold was a powerful man, nearly as powerful as King Aelle.

The green eyed man, gaze as sharp as an eagle’s and intense as a serpent’s let Ragnar boss him around just for his very own amusement, just as he let Ragnar take sex from his body and food from his plate.

He shivered as calloused fingers dragged along his body over old and healed scars, to the puckered flesh where some of the venom had destroyed the tissue according to Harry, then to his nipples; fingers teasing the nubs, twisting them until he moaned in pain, cock twitching and leaking more pre-cum against his abdomen.

The man was as calm as ever, and in the changing seasons he had yet to see him lose his composure despite being run ragged by the King’s orders, coming back to the chambers just to be pounced on by Ragnar then for it to repeat over again. Sometimes he would watch the man as he slept so deeply, arms wrapped around Ragnar’s body as exhaustion forced him into slumber.

Harold wasn’t human, that much Ragnar knew. There were times he would see the green eyes glow - not by some trick of the fireplace or the lantern or sunlight. No, they would glow an unholy green that spoke of death and destruction if he was particularly irritated or sometimes when he in a rare moment of dominance fucked Ragnar into unconsciousness.

The former viking king shuddered at the most recent memory, the small sounds he wanted to contain slipping out the longer he remained seated on the throbbing length that was snug within him. He wouldn’t scream like a woman, he refused to stoop that low, but his body ached and so his lips were loose from pleasure.

Every now and then, hardly twice per season Harry would take from his body, hours long fucking sessions and no matter how much he pleaded for a break he would be gripped in a supernaturally tight hold and held down upon whatever surface they were on and pounded.

Be it bed, floor, wall, table or washing tub.

He was always fucked thoroughly when Harry got into that mood, fucked until all he could do was moan, cum and cry.
During those times Harry was a force to be reckoned with, no one dared to enter or interrupt, not after a royal advisor was killed and though Harry had yet to remove his cock from within Ragnar’s body, the sword from one end of the room flew and impaled the red faced man to the wall, the steel slicing through his body like butter and embedded itself into the wall several inches deep.

Others had seen it happen too, servants and guards that tried to stop the man from interrupting them, eye witnesses who stopped King Aelle from having to place the man on trial for murder just to please those who hated Harold.

Harry had barely given the dying man a single glance before he continued on, commanding a guard to close the door after they managed to yank the sword and by consequence the man from the wall.

After those sessions Ragnar often felt so sloppy on the inside, his stomach distended just a bit from what he knew to be Harold’s seed, the man always taking great pleasure in caressing the tiny rise of his belly. He was ashamed to admit that those rare times Harry did consume him, when the Anglo-Saxon doctor took him over and over again until he couldn’t cry out the All Father’s name and could only lie limp while the thick cock fucked and filled his deepest part he loved it as much as he feared it.

Harry sat up in one smooth movement, muscled abdomen clenching, his tongue licking a wet stripe over Ragnar’s nipple - the nubs overly sensitive recently to the point where a cotton shirt was the only thing he would wear outside of the chambers. Ragnar moaned aloud as the bud was sucked, Harry kneading his chest as a babe would to its mother.

“Ha..reh…” his lips were covered next and he leaned into the kiss, hands going to his hips and all but forced him to bounce on the cock deep inside him.

“We will be going on a trip to my estate in a few days. I will have to travel back and forth between it and here but you will remain for the majority of the time.”

Ragnar barely heard him over his own pants and moans, eye rolling backwards as he came, his seed dripping down Harry’s chest and the man hummed, a smile upon his lips as he took his pleasure, the warmth from his come filling Ragnar and once again his hand was settled on his lower abdomen.

“Why are we leaving?” Ragnar asked after his heart ceased trying to escape his chest. Harry already in the process of wiping him down with a wet cloth.

The hummed as he dragged his bright green gaze over Ragnar’s naked tattooed body “You will see.”
Harry/Eddie Diaz

Chapter Summary

Some fluff, some whump then some sweetness.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

*I can see clearly now the rain has gone~*
*I can see all the obstacles in my wayyy*

Eddie pulled the tacos from the oven before dancing over to the fridge and poking the top of the tres dulce leche cake, hips shaking as he moved back to the tacos, placing them on a wide plate that was center to the rest of the food.

“Daddy is this okay?” Christopher held up the bowl of grated cheese that he had been working on diligently for the past forty minutes or so and Eddie made a sound of agreement, ruffling his son’s hair and taking the grated cheese.

“This is perfect buddy, thank you.” Christopher beamed and Eddie felt that despite the rough two years the boy was finally back to his old self.

Shannon’s death had hit Eddie hard but not nearly as hard as it had hit the then seven year old boy. He had hidden it well from everyone, even Eddie but there was only so much a child could withhold before the carefully placed wall came crumbling down.

Running to the bedroom he opened the closet, rummaging through the various shirts before holding up two, changing into both in the mirror before choosing the soft grey one that was well worn and used but still looked new weirdly enough.

The doorbell rang and before the fireman could leave the bedroom he heard the shrill cry of “Uncle Harry!” and the image of his now nine year old son in the arms of his boyfriend was one he would remember for years if not decades to come.

Moving a bit slower as to give Christopher enough time to get one of the many hugging sessions in; Eddie accepted the kiss to his cheek, tickling his son when the boy giggled. Peering up at Harry he smiled, taking the man’s hand in his own to tug him towards the table.

“We’re having a party?” Harry asked as his green eyes stared at the table full of food plus more within the kitchen.

“I uh -”

“Dad said he’s gonna introduce you to everyone!” Christopher explained and Eddie ducked his head at Harry’s raised brow of surprise.

“I… I hope you don’t mind. I should’ve told you but it was sudden and I don’t - I don’t want to keep you a secret anymore. I want you to meet my family, my firehouse family and - and be able to
Eddie was hushed with a kiss and he blinked in surprise only to get another in return until he chuckled, Harry’s calloused palm cradling his face.

“Edmundo Diaz I would be honored to meet your family.” Eddie returned the kiss and hugged the taller man, hand moving to ruffle Christopher’s hair from where the boy was seated at the table grinning up at them.

“Christopher buddy why don’t you go and find a pants and shirt you want to wear so I can help you put it on yea?”

Christopher hummed and slipped from the chair “Okay Daddy.” and both Harry and Eddie watched the boy turn the corner.

“You’re exhausted.” it wasn’t and question and Harry did not bother to treat it like one, only shrugging and giving Eddie that stupid dopey grin.

“I’m close Eddie. I’m so close, but there’s something I’m missing and I know it’s right there but I can’t seem to see it and it’s driving me up the wall.”

“You’ll find it, you always do. When was the last time you slept?” his hands slipped the jacket from the man’s shoulders to throw it over the back of a chair before helping to undo the rest of the three piece suit. Never did he think he would be dating someone as phenomenal as Harry, much less someone who owned the city’s largest hospital.

“I’ll get some after the party, I promise.”

“Harry-” Eddie made a sharp noise in the back of his throat when his butt was pinched “I promise Eddie.”

Rolling up the shirt sleeves of the dress shirt Harry pressed a kiss to the fireman’s forehead “Now how about you rescue Chris from his closet of superhero shirts and let me help you clean up some of the dirty dishes before everyone comes.”

Eddie huffed but did just that, finding his only child staring at three different shirts of Tony Stark and unable to pick one. Eddie laughed silently when the boy whined and told him to pick one for him only to veto the choice. It was a few more minutes before the blue one was chosen and a pants as well that Christopher was happy with the options and honestly, Eddie was never so happy to have him as his kid.

The sound of a dish being broken made him stand from where he was crouched and Christopher tilted his head.

“Harry?” he called out and from the distance the other man should have been able to hear him since the house was not that big.

“Harry!” standing he brushed a hand over Christopher’s hair “I’ll be back buddy, try to find your watch, the one that Auntie Hen gave you.”

Moving back towards the kitchen he frowned when he didn’t see the tall figure of his boyfriend until he caught sight of a foot on the ground.

“Harry?!?” running over he avoided the broken casserole dish, hand pressing along Harry’s neck. “Harry? Hey, baby, open your eyes for me.”
He rolled Harry over gently and whimpered at the sight of blood on the man’s lip. His breathing shallow wheezing breaths and his face scrunched in pain.

“Harry please, open your eyes for me baby-” his other hand fumbled to get his phone from the back pocket of the jeans, punching in 9-1-1 and waiting the three agonizing seconds for someone to pick up.

“9-1-1 what is your emergency?”

“Help me, m-my boyfriend he’s - there’s blood on his lips and his breathing is shallow and he’s not waking up.”

“Can you tell me your location?”

“P-Palm View Central number uh- number 22. I don’t know what’s wrong. When I left him in the kitchen he was fine and then I heard a dish break and found him on the ground and .”

“I’ve sent ambulance to your location sir.” There was a pause before “Wait… Eddie? Eddie is that you?”

“Maddie? Maddie! Oh God Harry’s -”

“Daddy?”

Eddie turned his body to see Christopher staring at the unconscious man whose head was resting on his lap, grey eyes wide with a horror that Eddie never wanted to see in his boy’s eyes.

“Chris -”

“Daddy what’s wrong with Harry?”

For once he couldn’t give his son an answer and Eddie shook his head “I don’t know. Auntie Maddie is sending an ambulance to help.”

“Eddie? Can you tell me what his skin is like? Cold, clammy?”

“He’s sweating and pale… he looks like he’s in pain.” Eddie felt like crying because it was like deja vu back to that city street where Shannon had died, but he couldn’t cry because Christopher was there watching.

“In pain… can you gently prod along his chest? Where his heart is, light touches should do.”

Eddie did as instructed and though he had medical training and could scale a burning building that was tilted side ways his brain felt empty, any knowledge about what to do, what he should have known to do was lost, knowledge he should have been able to remember now blank in the face of his panic. Pressing gently over Harry’s heart he watched as the reaction was instantaneous, the green eyes flew open and the man lurched to side to vomit what little he had eaten.

The scent of stomach acid was strong but Eddie could care less because Harry looked as though he had been shot and was dying.

“Eddie?”

“H-He… chest pain yea. He also vomited.”

Maddie was silent for a moment before her voice filtered back through the phone. “It’s possible he
may have an aortic sisssection Eddie. Sweaty skin, nausea, chest pain, shortness and wheezing of breath… though the blood on his lips may be a complication to blood having gone to his lungs. He’s going to need surgery immediately if I’m correct about the prognosis.”

“W-what -”

“You told us that Harry is a CEO yes? But he also works in the lab? It’s possible the hypertension caused this, stress coupled with exhaustion are major inducers or maybe blunt force, was he in any accidents recently?”

“He said… he said he got into a small one and his car needed repair but it wasn’t anything serious..”

“We can’t know for sure but it may have torn the inner wall of his aorta. Try to keep him awake.”

“Harry?” the green eyes were unfocused but somehow managed to turn in his direction, the shaky and pain filled smile on his lips enough to make Eddie return one back, eyes blurring a bit with tears. Harry’s wheezing was becoming worse and Eddie could see more blood on his lips with every exhale.

“Don’t you dare die on me Potter. You hear me?”

The sound of sirens outside his house and then the heavy footsteps of people made him look up to see the paramedics in his kitchen and Christopher missing. Eddie was numb as Harry was loaded onto a gurney, nicely expensive shirt cut open to reveal a nasty looking bruise on his chest that had not been there the last time they spent the night together a week ago.

“You said it was a small accident! Harry!” he followed them out of the door the same time Buck and the others arrived in their respective carpools, each of his friends rushing out and Hen going straight for Christopher who was standing by the door.

“Sir we need to go are you coming are not?”

Eddie was torn but Hen made it easier when she motioned him to go and so he did.

The surgery took hours and by the time he was informed that Harry was resting in the ICU section of the hospital it was well past six in the evening. Chimney and Bobby sat on both sides of him in the waiting room, silent support and Athena had stopped by with three bags of food each before returning to her shift, the soft kiss she placed on his cheek making him ache for his own mother's affections at a time like this.

Harry didn’t have any family, or at least any family he was comfortable speaking about and as far a Eddie knew he and Christopher were the only people that could be classified as family for the man by default.

Going to the room he paused at the door and the tears he had held back finally spilled free, the nurse patting his back in what he supposed would have been comfort.

Sitting by his bedside careful of all the wire and tubes Eddie took the large hand in his and pressed a kiss to it. The same hand that had saved Christopher from tripping while they shopped for groceries well over a year ago.

"How could you do something so stupid huh? Do you have any idea how terrified I was? How scared Chris is?” he asked and the only respond he received were the continuous beeps from the machines.
Harry was the one who helped him piece back together his life after Shannon, the pieces the team couldn't fit and glue back for him, the ones that Christopher noticed and did his best to help but could never fill.

Harry asked for nothing and gave everything. His time, his patience, even going so far as to pay for an expensive surgery for Christopher and most important of all his love. Unconditionally and consistently he gave and gave and now Eddie was at a lost what to do because there was no fire to put out and no one he could save.

"Eddie..." looking up he hurried to wipe the tears from his eyes, Bobby laying a hand on his shoulder to stop him.

"There's no shame in crying, especially around us." it was a gentle reprimand that Eddie took with a wobbly smile and he could practically see Bobby's shoulder slump.

"Oh kid. It's going to be okay. The doctor said his recovery should be unhindered as long as there is no infection and he will be kept for a few days to a week for observation. But he's young and in good physical shape so she does not think any complications will arise alright?"

Eddie nodded and hesitated a bit before allowing Bobby to pull him into a hug. The captain was a strict man but he was also incredibly gentle.

He had no clue as to when he fell asleep but he woke up to a hand gently carding through his hair, Eddie blinked awake to stare at Harry who gave him his stupid dopey grin, the one that made a dimple appear on his right cheek and softened his features a bit.

Eddie despite his best efforts whimpered and Harry’s eyes widened when fresh tears slipped down Eddie’s cheeks, panic settling clearly in his green eyes and he made an abortive move to sit up only to yelp.

“Idiota!” Eddie admonished, placing a hand on his middle to get him to stay still, and Harry gave him a small albeit weak smile as Eddie rattled off in Spanish to help mask some of his worry.

Harry reached up, slipping two fingers into the collar of the fireman's shirt to pull him down so he could press a soft slightly chapped kiss to his forehead “I know. I love you too."

Chapter End Notes

I swear I love Eddie and canonically I ship him with Buck so freaking hard, but here he's all Harry's.

His relationship with Christopher is adorable and really if you haven't watched 9-1-1 as of yet you really should, though Eddie doesn't appear until the 2nd season.

May have had incorrect medical information, I did my best with google I swear. Feedback as usual is alwaays appreciated!
Harry/Bruce Wayne

Chapter Summary

"Rich people are crazy."

Harry had to agree that Ron might just be onto something.

Harry stepped inside the dimly lit room, his footsteps the only sound to be heard as he continued down an even darker corridor before a door opened to reveal the coveted club he heard so much about from his business associates.

The half mask on his face, a requirement to enter would hide his identity from the other men in the area who barely cast him a glance from behind their own masks, and he settled down on a comfortable one-seater couch that gave him a full view of the room.

It was a Gentleman’s Club in the loosest of sense. A club for the filthy rich who knew no better way to waste their money than on entertainment based on humans and sex.

The men and women hired were not even slaves but instead people of pedigree breeding and equal standing who all wanted to be degraded and humiliated by strangers who could very well be signing a contract with them tomorrow.

The masks protected the buyers as well as the coveted pets. No one could blackmail you if they didn’t know your identity, and even so it would be hard to do so without exposing themselves.

Contracts had to be signed and a fee of 25K paid upfront. Small pocket change for the stupidly rich, Harry knew himself was included.

“Champagne, scotch or wine sir?”

He looked up at the woman dressed in a slinky golden dress that exposed more leg than it did breasts and he reached out and took the tumbler of brown liquer off the offered tray, the woman who barely looked older than twenty gave him a slow smile before sauntering off to another guest.

Gotham for all that it was a city full of crime, super villains and the one place anyone could definitely guarantee to find themselves kidnapped or killed in a blink of an eye certainly had one of the most entertaining under bellies.

“If I could have your attention gentlemen! The auction is about to begin!”

The same waitress came by again with a black paper paddle with the number 31 painted in white on both sides, and refilling his glass with an extra ice piece. Harry had heard about the auction, a lucrative bidding that sometimes went well into six figure digits for whoever was on the stage. Ron was right, rich people were certainly crazy.

Snorting he hid his amusement behind the glass, a small stage up front displaying a woman in barely there lingerie, breasts heavy and mask hiding any prominent features other than her blond hair done up in a jeweled top knot.
“The bidding shall begin at 1 million!”

Almost immediately the numbers rose until they settled at 20 million and the next attraction for the evening was bought out. Harry had yet to raise his paddle, not to say the women and some men were not beautiful or bodies not attractive they just did not call out to him.

The proceedings continued and he found himself sipping at his third glass of aged scotch, the tingle at the back of his throat that told him to slow down was ignored for now and Harry watched the show through half lidded eyes and little to no interest.

“Next we have Darling!” the auctioneer announced, waving dramatically at the stage until a man came out to stand on the platform for a few seconds before lowering himself to his knees.

Harry could feel his interest pique instantaneously, the rush of clarity that chased away the tipsy haze made him sit even straighter, tumbler forgotten in place of the paddle.

His green eyes dragged slowly over the muscled body of the man, black leather slave harness complimenting his skin tone and the leather pressing into his body in just the right places. His eyes were particularly drawn to the man’s chest, the pecs large and hard nipples protruding slightly more due to the leather pressing into the skin.

His cock twitched and he barely waited until the announcement of 6 million starting bid was declared before he doubled it.

*Darling* looked over to him from behind the black half mask, pink lips curling as he leaned back on his haunches, the leather backless t-back straining over the erection he was sporting, showing off, provoking.

Harry had to admit, *Darling* certainly knew how to play the crowd, the men in the area going wild when he spread his legs a bit wider and let out what might be the most obscene moan Harry would ever hear.

“27 million!”

“30 million!”

“38 million!”

The numbers continued to steadily rise as the men themselves stood and shouted the numbers leaving the auctioneer a bit stunned on stage while Darling looked rather pleased with himself as he lounged on his side on the stage, like a huge cat overlooking silly prey from the branches above.

Standing Harry slowly maneuvered himself through the crowd of men until he stood less than a foot away from the stage, Darling perking up slightly and his blue eyes behind the mask trailing over Harry’s body.

He knew he looked good, not in a fit of narcissism but because Draco had dressed him, the blond taking personal satisfaction in being able to style and force him to wear whatever he pleased simply because he felt like it.

Not that Harry had much room for objection, he was fashion blind as much as he was legally blind without his glasses.

“One hundred and fifty million.”
The blue eyes widened behind the mask as his voice seemed to cut through the noise, the crowd growing silent and the auctioneer tapping the gravel on the podium once with a loud crack when no one contested the amount.

Not that it was a large amount but no one was willing to spend that much on a simple man, Harry however could see something that they could not and it made the hardened length trapped in the black slacks he wore throb.

“Darling goes to Number 31!”

“Sir?” Harry broke the stare off he and Darling were having to glance at another woman dressed in a dark blue dress, a clipboard in hand with a man obviously meant to fulfill the ‘muscle’ part of the equation. “This way please.”

He followed after Darling who was led to the back. Taking out his black card he swiped it, his signature being placed in a thick stack of paper that basically told him his rights and limitations as well as those of the entertainment that was bought.

He watched as a black collar was attached to Darling’s neck accompanied by a sturdy leash that was placed in his hand, the thick cord of the lead heavy but the man on the other end of it looked content behind the mask, blue eyes lowered to half mass and body relaxed even if his cock strained under the t-back.

Harry, the man who had no respect for contracts and secrecy had revealed his name and face the moment they stepped foot inside the luxury loft apartment, mask being taken off and dropped on a table with a “Hello, my name is Harry, and what’s yours?”

The genuine politeness had surprised a laugh out of him and after he was finished he straightened his back and held out his hand, his own mask in hand “Bruce.”

It had been amusing watching the flicker of pleasant bewilderment when he responded alike but Bruce could hardly help it, the question had been expected but never so childlike and honest, many men wanted to know his name simply for business advantages that he would never give.

The pleasantries had ended there however and Bruce had found himself soon after on his hands and knees, back arched and ass in the air trembling from the assault on his hole.

Harry as it turned out was a lover of fore-play and Bruce found himself coming twice before the other even deemed to undo his pants.

The heavy slap of what was undeniably the man’s cock tapping against his loosened hole made Bruce clench a bit and Harry draped himself over his sweaty back, fingers brushing the fringe of dark hair away from his eyes.

“You decide how the first time will be.” he murmured and Bruce shivered at the sound of his voice, feeling for the first time in years like he was back at boarding school and experiencing his first blowjob then giving his first as well.

It was cliche and a bit silly because here he was, a 35 year old man who was just auctioned off to a complete stranger at an underground ‘gentleman’s club’ simply because he had half a day free tomorrow and needed some frustration to be released.

Normally by now he would be on his way back to his penthouse in the city after a quick and probably rough fuck leaving his bought partner asleep in whatever lavish hotel he was dragged to,
but here he was on orgasm number two and a stranger - Harry, telling him to choose how he wanted to be fucked.

Bruce chuckled into the mattress his hips rolling so the heavy presence of the cock pressed between his cheeks rubbed along the crease, just before turning onto his back and spread his legs wide so the twitching bud nestled between was exposed.

“I want it like this… I want you like this please.” the leather harness had long been stripped from his body and Harry had licked each area that the straps had pressed against, his nipples especially still tingled from the onslaught of an eager tongue.

Harry hummed and took off his glasses, the spectacles being placed on the bedside table and Bruce watched as the man took off each piece of clothing, the dark green pin striped waist coat, the black dress shirt and finally the slacks came off leaving him as naked as Bruce.

Harry was a marvelous man that much Bruce could see and when the other hovered into his space, lips pressing invisible marks along his skin before teasing his lips Bruce opened to the kiss, legs to wrapping around the tapered waist.

He moaned into the kiss as he felt the blunt pressure of Harry’s cock press to his hole before it slipped inside, the lube covering the length helping to draw a long deep moan from Bruce as he was filled to the brim more than he had ever been before.

“Big… you’re so big…”

Harry only pressed another light kiss to Bruce’s temple, hips rolling to send the remainder few inches inside until he was nestled in balls deep. The tightness and wet pressure around him was delicious, almost as much as the small sounds the man under him was making.

“Such a good boy you are Bruce.”

The pace was slow at first and Harry let him get used to the girth of his cock as the walls clung to it almost impossibly tight. Bruce was keening, hands tangled in both the sheets and Harry’s hair before he pulled away and leaned back leaving Bruce to clutch the sheets alone.

“Spread your legs for me love.” Harry murmured and watched as Bruce’s muscular thighs were spread wide enough until he could see the pink hole being stretched wide around his cock, the lube coating it glistening and wet sounds came from where they were joined each time he pushed in deep.

“I am going to fuck you now.” there was no room for negotiation, a kiss being pressed to each ankle before Harry grasped it to push Bruce’s legs back but still open, his cock sliding out until just the tip remained inside and Bruce had a three second grace period to brace himself before Harry slammed it back inside.

Bruce felt as though he was about to die from pleasure alone.

Eyes rolling back he shuddered as the cock fucking deep into him rubbed against his prostate, the nub of nerves oversensitive at that point and it barely took him a few seconds more before he was coming again, white painting his chest and hole clenching down in a vice grip around Harry.

Harry wasn’t deterred and fucked him right through the orgasm and post bliss until he was writhing and crying out again. Bruce’s spent cock was slowly revived again with every intentional prod of his prostate and only when he was fully hard again did Harry allow his cock to slide against the over-sensitive set of nerves.
Bruce felt as though he was delirious with fever and riding a never ending high all at the same time. Harry sped up and Bruce arched off the bed, hands scrambling to find purchase in the sheets or Harry’s arms that still held his thighs open.

“What do you say Bruce?” Harry sounded breathless but his hands tightened around the meat of Bruce’s thighs where they had slipped lower.

“Th-thank you!” Bruce gasped out and was reward was a near brutal slam of hips that drove the thick cock deeper still.

“Thank you whom?”

Bruce barely had enough brain cells to rub together at the moment to cause a spark and he let his head fall back until his nipple was pinched and pulled as punishment. “I asked you a question Darling. Thank you whom?”

“Thank you Daddy… ple-please Daddy I want your cum.”

Harry hummed in appreciation at the words, green eyes sharp even through the haze of sex, fingers rolling the hard nub between them just to watch Bruce come undone even more. This was the man he had seen on stage, the predatory gaze that surveyed the men waiting to buy him because despite whatever high powered position Bruce had in the real world outside none of it mattered.

Bruce at his very core was a masochistic little slut and while Harry wouldn’t be able to explore just how far the streak went tonight he would be sure to revisit Gotham to find out, but for now -

“Where do you want me to cum Darling .” he asked, the heat in his belly becoming near painful pressure with the need to release but Harry was nothing if not dedicated to duty.

Bruce reached between their bodies to pry his hole wider with his fingers, his blue eyes blown so wide only a thin ring of ocean blue remained among the sea of black. Harry stared at the flushed face of a man completely lost in ecstasy then to where his fingers tried to stretched his hole further.

“In m’pussy puh’ease… cum in m’pussy daddy!” Bruce whimpered, words slurring and Harry felt something in his chest flutter at the sight.

“Open your cunt for me Bruce. Say ahh.”

Bruce trembled under him, dilated eyes wide as he stared up at the man who had bought him for 150 million.

Harry let his weight rest on top of Bruce, one hand braced against the mattress and the next grabbing a hold of a fist full of Bruce’s hair, the sounds of skin slapping skin loud in the apartment but not as loud as Bruce.

“Daddy! Daddy !”

Harry groaned and snapped his hips forward one last time before he came, Bruce crying out soundlessly with his own nearly dry orgasm, eyes fluttering close seconds later and Harry laughed between pants for breath.

Bruce came to hours later with the first rays of dawn peaking over the horizon and a warm hand to his face, calloused thumb gently rubbing his cheek. He stared at the man in confusion for a few seconds before the previous night came flooding back to him and he blushed but didn’t shy away
from the hand.

It took him a couple more seconds to notice that Harry was already bathed and dressed, three piece suit ironed and pristine.

“You are leaving.” it was not a question and Harry nodded. “I have business to attend to in Dubai.”

“I see.” he tried to not sound disappointed in the fact that Harry was leaving when normally it was Bruce who snuck out during the early hours of the morning. It was a simple arrangement after all.

Harry bent at the waist and coaxed him into a kiss with Bruce reaching up to wrap his arms around the other’s neck.

“If it would not be too forward to ask, can I see you again the next time I am to be in Gotham? Without the pretense of underground sex clubs of course. Maybe over several dates of home cooked dinner.”

Harry tried to not look hopeful at the prospect of securing a date with Bruce, a man who he had no idea as to his last name but was willing to learn slowly.

“I know the contract stated explicitly that we were not to -” he paused at Bruce’s laughter, blue eyes tearing up and a pillow being hugged to his bare hickey bruised chest.

“You broke the contract the moment you told me your name Harry, it’s actually frightening how little you regard your security.” Bruce mused before sitting upright slowly when the ache of his lower back made itself known.

Reaching out he straightened the tie and fixed Harry’s waistcoat all the while trying to ignore the storm of butterflies in his belly at the proposal.

As Bruce Wayne the sole inheritor to the Wayne fortune and everything that fell under his parents name he wanted for nothing but the simple idea of a home cooked dinner intrigued him more than it should.

Holding his hand out he watched as Harry blinked in confusion “Your phone.” it was handed over quickly and Bruce input his personal digits into the contact list and gave the phone back to a pleased Harry, the man pressing a kiss to Bruce’s lips that was returned in earnest until Harry climbed on top of him and began to shed himself of the jacket and then the rest of his clothing.

“I thought you had to go to Dubai.” Bruce mumbled into the kiss, legs parting for the hand which snuck between them and a reedy moan escaping when Harry hoisted his legs over his shoulders, tongue licking warm soothing strokes over his abused hole.

Looking up from between Bruce’s thighs, tongue dragging a wet line over the hardening cock Harry smirked and nipped at the pale skin of the thick muscle in Bruce’s inner thigh.

“Darling I’m nothing if not devoted.”

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