Dorian is a little shit.

The clock rang throughout the empty hall. As sunlight poured in from the windows and spilled on the floor, Dorian lay on the white divan on a late summer day. The embroidered silk between him scuffed his bare skin at every small movement he dared to make. Basil had ordered him to lay still, but Dorian never did as he was told. His breath was labored in the summer heat despite the windows being open, curtains flaring out. He brushed away a stray golden curl that had clung to his pale forehead. His cheeks were as red as an apple, albeit Dorian was always a canvas of white and red. Basil painted meticulously. His heart sped at every curve he copied on to his canvas. The likeness was uncanny, yet he still doubted himself. No picture could compare to the reality of Dorian Gray. The young man had stripped his clothing to reveal his soft skin. Exposed he lay in Basil’s presence. Basil pondered if that is what it meant to be such close companions with one’s muse.

A smile crept across Dorian’s youthful face. Head leaned back, his hand danced across his torso. His fingers traced his own hip bone that could have been carved marble. Dorian’s fingertips were nearing his groin. His grin grew as his eyes focused on Basil.

“What are you doing?” Basil stammered. It was difficult for him to avert his eyes from Dorian’s gentle hand playing with such a delicate area. Dorian did not reply right away, he stroked himself with small motions. He became quickly aroused. Basil had nowhere else to look.

“I’m quite bored of being still.” Dorian stretched his body like a cat, hair falling from his face. He jerked his hand quicker, sighing in pleasure.

Basil cleared his throat. “Dorian-”

The younger stood up, stimulated and thirsty. He approached the painter without shame. “Would you please relieve yourself from painting?” He whispered in a sultry voice. Basil felt blood rush up and down his body. “I shall like a moment to alleviate the stiffness of my body.” Dorian made an attempt
to place a hand upon Basil’s forearm. “Would it be troublesome for you to attend to my body? For it was you that forced me to lay there aching.” His hand fell upon Basil’s arm, he tugged the older forward.

Basil could inhale Dorian’s scent. A lilac field, sweet and loving. His eyes darted to Dorian’s red lips, curved and curling. His bottom lip twitched as if anticipating a tender kiss.

“Well?” Dorian spoke softly. His hand held the back of Basil’s neck. Their noses brushed lightly, if either talked again, their lips would touch. The mere sensation of having Dorian close and bare had Basil drowning in the emotions rushing through his head. “Do not deny me this.” He yanked the older so that their mouths became intimate with one another.

Basil was tasting Dorian. His flesh touched his own and he could hardly contain his excitement. Dorian was ridding Basil of his paint tools, they clattered to the hardwood floor. Basil payed no heed, he worked on helping Dorian get his clothes off so nothing more separated their bodies.

Dorian coaxed Basil to the divan by his cravat. He undressed Basil, working gracefully at all his lacings and buttons. The other man was flushed as red as his paint that has been discarded on the floor. Basil was focused on the blue eyes of Dorian, how they went dark with desire. The plump of his lips, pursed and begging him. The muse twined his fingers in Basil’s locks. Dorian went forward for another kiss, it felt like a sweet summer breeze. Small kisses were left on Basil’s neck. Each touch surged electricity through him from head to toe. Basil wanted much more from Dorian. At last he dared to touch him. Smooth skin was just under the palm of his hand. He caressed his body, feeling his sides, thighs, and arms.

Dorian pulled his mouth slightly away from Basil. “How badly do you want me?” He studied the painter, eyes dancing across his flustered face. “Will you answer me?” Dorian took Basil’s hand and brought it to his lips. “Would you show me love?” He held Basil’s hand to his cheek. “Shall you give into desire, at least-” He paused, enjoying the fear in his companion’s expression. “for tonight?” he finished, kissing Basil’s fingertips. Basil did not answer. “Such talented hands, what else can they be used for?”

“Dorian, I-” His muse parted his lips and drew Basil’s pointer and middle fingers into his mouth. His tongue was playing with them.

He let his fingers leave his mouth. “Are you protesting?”

“No. Never.” Basil said firmly.

“Excellent.” Dorian spun them around and pushed Basil into a sitting position on the divan. “Because I would like to taste more of you.” He knelt between Basil’s legs, running his fingers across his thighs. “Would you allow me to use my mouth on you? Do I have my permission?”

“Dorian.” Basil cleared his throat. “You are allowed to do anything you please.”

“Anything?” Dorian bit his lip.

Basil simply nodded.

Dorian kissed him roughly. “Thank you.” He nuzzled his face between Basil’s upper thighs. Basil felt his muse’s soft hair on his stomach. Dorian was achingly slow, pressing his nose in the concave of Basil’s hip, his lips hovering over the supple skin that lay there. Basil longed for Dorian’s touch, his gentle acts of submission. Basil gasped when Dorian’s tongue flicked the head of his cock. All barriers broke between them. Dorian looked up, satisfied with his companion’s expression. Dorian played with his tongue until Basil let out a small noise. Happy with that reaction, Dorian wrapped his mouth about the head, still working his tongue. Basil’s sudden cries grew louder, echoing in the empty hall. Dorian concentrated on making the painter beg for more.

“Please, please...” cried out Basil. Sweat beaded upon his forehead and glistened in the midday sun. Dorian was pleased. He removed himself from between Basil’s thighs. “Forgive my crudeness.” he soothed, standing up. “I was wondering if now,” Dorian was stroking his own cock as it was exposed eye level to Basil. “If you’d like to fuck me.” His lips caressed the cuss, making it sound like he spoke the name of God.

“Yes.” Basil choked out.

Dorian smirked. “Allow me to help you begin.” He placed his knees on the divan, straddling Basil. He guided Basil’s fingers back inside his mouth. He wet them, eyes on Basil’s flushed face. Dorian
let go of the painter’s hand, he let him play with those plump lips. Dorian kept his eyes and Basil’s locked. Basil tried to look away from the man of his dreams. “Look at me, dear friend. Look at me when you fuck me. Look at me in a crowded room and remember this day.” Basil’s fingers were away from Dorian’s talkative lips and tracing the smooth edges of his spine. Unblemished and unforgiving.

“I always look at you,” said Basil, eyes glistened, wet fingers gliding lower down Dorian’s back. “Then never look away.” Dorian knelt his head to give Basil a rough kiss full of bites and tongues. Basil’s lips were raw.

The painter inserted one, then two, and finally three fingers into Dorian who was vocal in his pleasure. He did not feel like a virginal youth that he appeared to be. “You have done this before.” Not a question, an obvious statement. Dorian placed a finger to his lips to hush him.

“Don’t verbalize my sins and I shall not speak of yours.” Dorian positioned his hips lower, another inch and he and Basil could become one. Basil removed his fingers and placed both hands on Dorian’s sides. The painted planted innocent kisses on Dorian’s chest. His muse’s marble skin left him ignited. Dorian grasped Basil’s shoulders and sat down on the painter’s cock. Basil was inside of him. How intimate and how whole a muse and an artist can become.

Dorian rotated his hips expertly. Basil was in awe of how intense this shameful pleasure could be. His companion’s smile was brighter than the sun. His nails dug deep into Basil’s collarbones. Basil held Dorian, arms wrapped about his torso. His hands gripped him so passionately, he feared he would mar his flawless skin. Dorian was sighing in ecstasy, head thrown back, neck exposed. His fair curls bounced away from his damp forehead.

Basil groaned, his pleasure echoing in the great hall. He rested his head against Dorian’s chest, pressing his bodies together. It was just slick skin on skin. Dorian was incessantly vocal and it was driving Basil wild.

“Oh, fuck!” Dorian was panting on top of Basil. “Your cock feels heavenly, Basil.” Dorian growled, his hips crashing with his painter’s. Basil lifted Dorian up to spin him and send him crashing into the divan. Basil hovered over him, and flipped him onto his stomach. “You can’t see my face anymore.” Dorian cried, face pressed into the cushions.

“No, I can’t.” Basil said, entering Dorian again. All Basil could see was that clear back arching and the mess of golden locks. Basil was as rough as Dorian was with him.

“Yes.” Dorian sighed, his hands gripping the divan. Basil lifted Dorian up to spin him and send him crashing into the divan. Basil hovered over him, and flipped him onto his stomach. “You can’t see my face anymore.” Dorian cried, face pressed into the cushions.

“Give me the world thrice over.” Dorian whispered. “Give me everything, Basil.”

“I am.” Basil leaned his close the space between Dorian’s back and his stomach. His teeth sank into Dorian’s shoulder. He pushed harder and farther. His arms held Dorian, his hand reaching down to stroke him. Basil finished with a final jerk of his hips, spilling inside Dorian. He pulled out, looking at the spent younger man.

Dorian turned over, still aroused. “On your knees, Basil.” Without thinking, Basil sank to the floor, he could hardly stand anyway. His heart pounded and he had never felt such heavenly pleasure that had caused him so much shame in his life.

Dorian was stroking his cock in front of Basil’s face, nearing the end of his amusement. Basil stopped him with a gentle hand. “Let me.” Dorian was about to protest, but instead he allowed the older man wrapped his mouth about his cock. Dorian tasted like heaven to Basil. He needed only to suck for a minute until Dorian reached his peak. He climaxed, dripping on his painter’s face. Basil removed his mouth. He was hot and wanted to lie in bliss on the divan with Dorian for all his remaining years.

Dorian played with Basil’s hair. “You want more.” Dorian noted. Basil nodded, his face red with shame and euphoria. “What a pity.”
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