

Legitimate Businessman

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Legitimate Businessman

by [Wafflestomp](#)

Summary

After riding to the top of the cocaine distribution business, Stitches has nowhere to go but up.

Notes

Part of the Stitches No Backspace challenge

While looking up the lyrics to Brick in Yo Face, I found the song described as a motivational speech to his drug runners. And thus, businessman Stitches was born.

I am so so sorry.

"Congratulations, you are the NEW apprentice!" Said the odd looking yet strangely charismatic Donald Trump. His face was beaming a orangey-reddish glow as he looked down on the young man standing in front of his desk. Stitches rubbed the AK47 on the side of his face, still precisely clipped and with extendos, he was so happy to have been chosen. Finally a boss he could look up to, someone who shared his essential ideas of how to run a business. "I'm looking forward to throwing many bricks with you at my side," Donald Trump exclaimed, gesturing widely at the cameras as he welcomes Stitches in for a manly back thumping hug. Stitches flushed, unused to physical contact with anyone other than his hos, who would respect him after seeing him with his arms wrapped around this man? But this was the way to take his business to the next level, so he swallowed his pride and accepted the hug with much back thumping and grunting. As was the custom. According to Mr. Trump.

Those thick tree trunk like arms around him lingered, the thumping turning into firm circle rubbed into his skin. He could smell the TRUMPCO brand cologne, made of only the richest of sperm whale secretion, the rare black rhino musk filling his senses with an unfamiliar longing, a craving for this man, the only man he would accept as his boss, his mentor, his master. A surge of desire flooded his loins.

"Annd... cut!" screeched the producer. The sudden noise of the crew shutting down their equipment startles Stitches back to himself. He untabled himself from Trump arms and started brushing down his shirt, pulling it down to conceal a noticeable bulge in his baggy pants.

"Why don't we get a drink while they sort out this stuff?" Trump gestured wild expansively at the whole production crew. "Just me and my new apprentice."

Stitches nodded and followed him into the private office. A click of the door in the lock in the door, made him turn around with raised eyebrows. "Mr. Trump?" He asked nervously, there was something intimidating about being locked in a room with this strange man and not having his usual AK or even his much insulted pistol at his side. "So, what sort of business do you think we should be-" His question was cut off by the sudden rough embrace of the man approaching him from behind. Arms wrapped around him, pulling his back into the clutches. He could feel Trump pressed against his back, hips digging into his ass. It was startling and he was about to ask another question but suddenly a voice hissed in his ear, "Master. You call me Master now, my apprentice."

"Uh, you clownin' in me?" Stitches tried to shove his way out of the man's grip. He wasn't going to fall for any of this weird shit. His crew would never respect him if this was caught on camera and broadcast to the world.

"Oh I think not", Trump pressed his face into the reluctant rapper's neck. "You signed the contract before we started filming, you belong to me now." his breath was hot and sticky as his thick tongue teased along the earlobe. before catching it between his teeth with a sharp bit.

"I uh- ain't into that shit man!" Stitches protested, despite the betrayal of his body to the Trumps desires.

"You said you'd do anything, so it's not now time to follow through." A sharp kick of the back of his knee dropped Stitches to the floor, his knee hitting the ground with a sharp thump. A thick hand was locked around the back of his neck, pressing his face into the crook of some very strained fancy pants. The overpowering scent of TRUMPCO cologne was leaving him gasping for breath. "I could feel it when you hugged me, you want this as much as I do." He was pressed face first into the bulging crotch of the business mogul. It Despite his panic, Stitches could feel a rising level of excitement. He had never been with a man before, never dared to explore these urges, except for that weird night with the pin faced dude but they never talked about it afterwards. He wanted this. Salivating with desire and embarrassment, he lifted his hands to the zipper of his master, maybe he could make this work.

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