Summer Trysts

by windchijmes

Summary

(Warnings: possible dubious consent, anal sex, rimming)

Chapter 1 - Dwalin can go on for hours. Young Dwarves, like Fili, can't help coming pretty quickly, because well, Dwalin. But Dwalin likes to take his time and keeps fucking his spent, overstimulated young lover into a quivering mess.

Chapter 2 - It is summer still, and terribly hot. To cool Fili down, Dwalin holds him to the bed and rims his brains out until he's a sobbing, oversensitive, delirious mess.

Notes

Fill for this prompt: http://hobbit-kink.livejournal.com/6263.html?thread=14711927t14711927
Chapter 1

Slow, slithering heat in the air. Licking over sweat-dampened hair. Whispering hotly across heaving, flushed skin.

The metallic clang jars the thick, summer-burnt air. Heavy, rhythmic strikes of metal against stone.

Fingers wind even tighter around the wrought-iron bars. Then a sharp tug from below, and one of the hands slips, scrabbling over the sheets before it clenches desperately into their silken folds.

A plaintive whimper from reddened lips. Dwalin, I…please... The rest of those pleas end in a cry as that panting mouth is crushed by smirking lips.

The kiss is brief and brutal, leaving the boy in a worse mess than before. His head is arching, haloed by tangled golden hair, pale neck strained, eyes squeezed shut as he clings onto the metal and fabric beneath his hands like life-lines.

“Where do you think you’re going, hmm?” A deep, growling laugh.

Large, coarse hands grasp those writhing hips and drag him downwards, wrenching free the boy’s grip on the bars and sheets. A soft, startled cry tears from the boy's lips, quickly followed by a moan as those same rough hands haul him upright.

The chamber dances sharply into focus – glaring, sunlit, too bright and burning – in Fili’s glazed eyes. His arms are pulled around his lover’s neck. Keep them there, he is sternly ordered, and Fili nods. He gnaws on his lip, but he cannot stifle the dry sobs in his throat as his knees give way and he sinks fully onto Dwalin’s cock. The shaft is huge and wedged so deeply in Fili, he can feel it pulsing inside him when he breathes. And Fili is almost completely delirious now from being fucked so hard and deep, for so long.

As if hearing his thoughts, Dwalin grasps him by the waist and grounds him onto his cock. Then his thrusts slow. And stop.

Fili inhales sharply. His disorientated gaze finds Dwalin surveying him with a mixture of ravenous lust and unholy enjoyment.

“Dwalin…” Fili’s voice is a croak. His whole body is thrumming with sensation, burning and trembling and sweat-slicked. He doesn’t dare move – the slightest flex of that heavy shaft inside him sets every nerve alight. But he needs to – he needs to or Dwalin will not reach completion and the torturous pleasure-pain will not end.

“Poor, sweet little Fili…” Taking full advantage of Fili’s arms slung around his neck, Dwalin bends his head and nuzzles into all that supple flesh displayed for him. Smooth shoulders, slender neck, bearded jaw, and above, delicate cheekbone. He licks across the skin, tasting the saltiness of sweat and something sweeter – the boy himself.

“You’re a brute…” Fili grates out, voice rising with temper. Then he chokes on his next complaint as Dwalin’s hips grind up, and his cock strains against the tight, stretched walls of Fili’s passage. “It’s too much…Dwalin! Please…” He tries to raise himself off Dwalin’s lap but is firmly held there by the warrior’s hands.

“Next time, you’ll have to slow yourself then, won’t you?” Dwalin presses deceptively soft kisses over the golden lad’s eyelashes. “You’ll learn to wait…control yourself…”
“I cannot help it…!” That temper again. There is no trace left of Fili’s usual composure and carefully-smiling façade. He has been kept aroused, pounded into, only allowed to spill his release long moments after, and is now still being pounded into. All this for hours. “You…you…tormented me!”

“I did?” Dwalin’s hands make their way to Fili’s buttocks and pull them further open. Then he stabs up hard with his cock, wrenching a cry from the young Dwarf. “With this?” At Fili’s impetuous and stubborn refusal to answer him, Dwalin laughs deep in his chest. He thrusts up again – and again, letting the pace build anew.

A flow of soft, pretty sighs hitch from Fili’s throat. He clings to Dwalin’s neck with the same desperation as he had done to the bars, nudging his own head up to be kissed, as if the soft caresses will take away the maddening torment of the cock bucking into his hole from below. But they don’t, and Dwalin is cruel in the ruthless pleasure he inflicts upon Fili. One of Dwalin’s powerful arms now wraps across the boy’s back, supporting him, and keeping his body flushed against Dwalin’s own. Dwalin rather relishes the feel of Fili’s already spent shaft rubbed mercilessly between their heaving bodies, because it makes the boy squirm in the most delicious manner on his lap.

Now Dwalin lets go of all restraint. His lunges are faster, more intense, driving up into the quivering, slick flesh around him. His sweet golden lad. When Dwalin finally comes with a long, sated groan into the boy’s head, Fili is too oversensitised and weak to scream. He makes a pitiful mewl, fingers fisting into Dwalin’s beard, his smaller body jerking with each spurt of hot, thick fluid deep inside his hole.

Dwalin holds him until his own release eases, and his cock begins to soften. Then he lifts the boneless form in his arms, and slides out as carefully as he can. It still stings, for Fili bites out a muffled curse. But the boy has done beautifully, and is proving that very fact by almost immediately drifting off to sleep.

Aren’t young lads supposed to be more energetic than this? Griping and grumbling out loud, Dwalin tosses the stained sheets off, lies back on the bed, and cradles the sleeping golden lad against his chest. Their bodies are sticky and filthy, and perspiring still from the sweltering temperatures.

Above the summer abode, the sun climbs higher still, cocooning them in a wash of molten heat.

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Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

It is summer still, and terribly hot. To cool Fili down, Dwalin holds him to the bed and rims his brains out until he’s a sobbing, oversensitive, delirious mess.

Chapter Notes

Fill for this prompt: http://hobbit-kink.livejournal.com/5346.html?
thread=11157218#t11157218

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Fili holds it up against the sunlight.

It is thinner than the flimsiest parchment. The rays scorch upon it, then they are diffused, scattered, and reach his skin in hazy warmth.

He turns it idly in one wrist.

Gentle wafts of breeze brush across his face.

The Men call it a fan – a pretty plaything for lasses. But here it is, in his grasp. Even in the blistering blaze of summer, princes are not above dainty toys if they bring him relief.

He fans himself again, and his half-lidded eyes roll lazily around him. His summer chamber. The cool marbled stone shelters him from the unforgiving rays of sunlight all around, leaving just a single skylight that drenches the bed in molten heat. He lies upon it now, naked, tangled up in the sheets. He is sticky with perspiration, but he is too lazy to free himself. It is much like how he loves and loathes the summer at the same time.

A conflict of the senses, is what he thinks it is, if he can put his mind to it.

He hears the door open and close, and heavy footfalls striding towards the bed. Here is another conflict about to present itself, a walking dilemma that traps Fili at every turn. They seek carnal pleasures from each other like ravenous creatures, their desires driven only keener by the taunting knowledge that the world disapproves.

Fili lowers his eyes so they’re half-lidded, and gazes up at the other Dwarf like that. It drives him mad, Fili knows. An iron grip closes around Fili’s ankle, and drags him roughly down the bed until his legs are sprawled across huge, muscled thighs. The sheets twist around his body, entwining around him and making him warmer.

“Must you be like that?” Fili complains, adjusting his grip on his fan, having nearly lost the damned thing when he was manhandled.

There is a deep hum from Dwalin as he leans forward slowly, his large bulk advancing over Fili.
He is wearing a most unholy grin on his bearded face - and breeches on his legs. The rest of him is bare, and Fili’s eyes drift languidly from the runic tattoos on his sometimes-lover’s broad chest, down to that trail of coarse hair that leads temptingly into those breeches slung low on his hips. He knows what lies in there. That enormous shaft of flesh that has too-often plowed into Fili and reduced him to a delirious mess.

Yet today, the temperature is simply too sweltering for such an activity.

Snorting to himself, Fili raises the fan again and he is stopped – his wrist seized in a strong fist.

“What lassie toy is this?” the older Dwarf scoffs.

“A fan,” Fili humours him, not bothering to explain. “Now unhand me,” he continues, but does not wait. He twists his own wrist free with little effort, but he is barely able to take another flick of the fan when Dwalin grasps his hand again.

This time, the warrior grabs his fan and tosses it.

His gaze sharpening, Fili watches the fan sail across the air and land somewhere on the ground, out of sight. “What was that for?” he grouses, not quite able to keep the complaint out of his tone. “Now how shall I cool myself?”

If anything, the grin on Dwalin’s face grows wider – and darker. “There are other ways to cool yourself.” As he speaks, his hands begin to remove the sheets from Fili’s body. “Little. Golden. Wench.” He punctuates each word with a sharp tug of the sheets to reveal more supple, naked skin beneath.

There is no change of expression on Fili’s face, but his body betrays him, shivering ever so slightly when he is finally completely bared before Dwalin’s eyes. The way Dwalin looks at him – missing nothing, penetrating him to the core, and raking over every inch of his form. The warrior’s huge hands take him by the hips and lift his lower body up, as if to take in his nakedness more greedily.

“It’s – it’s too hot for anything, Dwalin,” Fili says, and he is irked at how the shiver has crept into his voice. When Dwalin bends his head, Fili’s breath catches in his throat. “I said it’s too hot for –” And his words are cut off with a gasp as a hot tongue drags over his testes and cock in a single, long, lick.

Oh, Mahal.

The wetness on his flesh cools in the stifling air, and Fili cannot help a soft moan as his member begins to stir, rousing to life and stiffening.

The warrior Dwarf chuckles, sounding more like a growl in his chest. “Your pretty cock loves it.”

Fili scarcely has time to feel any embarrassment about his situation, when those same hands flip him over. The movement is abrupt and rough, and Fili finds himself gasping into the sheets, and his hardening cock rubbing into the same fabric. He groans now, audibly so, growing louder as his thighs are spread open, baring everything between them. There is heat all around him now, from the sheets, from the burn of his skin, even from Dwalin’s scrutiny as it sears into him from behind.

Callused palms cup each swell of his buttocks and begin to knead ungently, jostling Fili over the sheets. His shaft slides over the linen, and grows even harder, thickening and lengthening beneath him.

“Dwalin,” he pants. Everything is so hot, he feels light-headed. The chamber swings giddily before
his eyes. He is almost fully hard now and his body feels like it’s on fire.

“I can’t stand it – ” Fili groans, his tone rising into a whimper. “The heat.”

“Hush,” Dwalin quiets him. His hands stop their groping, and instead, hold Fili firmly at his hips. “I’ll take it away,” his voice rumbles, and his lips pressed into one rounded swell.

Fili jerks at that touch and he feels his resolve slipping away as fierce, demanding kisses are branded all over his buttocks. “Dwalin, please…” He snarls and groans at the same time. The warrior is making the heat even worse. He tries to escape, shifting restlessly, but the warrior holds him down into the sheets and pulls his arsecheeks apart.

The air teases across his exposed entrance, and Fili trembles in anticipation. For a moment, nothing happens, and Fili realises suddenly – flushing all the way to his ears – that the warrior is relishing the sight of his vulnerable flesh. The brute.

“Dwalin!” Fili snaps as he whips his head around. He is so many things now – irritated and aroused and drowning under the summer sunlight – and he doesn’t even know what he – Fili’s thoughts blank completely when Dwalin’s mouth delves into his cleft.

Squeezing his eyes shut and biting on his lip, Fili tries to keep quiet even as Dwalin’s lips find and suckle hungrily at that – intimate part of himself. Obscene, slurping sounds drift from down below and Fili is beginning to lose the battle fast. He whimpers, fingernails rending into the linen.

“Look at your pretty hole,” Dwalin laughs, guttural and lecherous. “See how it invites me inside…” he proves his words by thrusting his tongue inside Fili.

He is lost.

Crying out, Fili clutches desperately at the sheets, but there is nowhere to go. Dwalin’s weight keeps him pinned in place, and that large, slippery muscle at Fili’s arse is merciless as it spears wetly into him, before drawing out. Again and again, it pushes deep into his hole, undulating all around his passage as if trying to devour him from inside out. Fili writhe helplessly beneath that squirming pleasure. Sweat trickles profusely down his back, making him even wetter and harder. His cock is a rock-hard mast digging into the sheets.

Now, Dwalin’s tongue does not withdraw. Instead, it stays where it is, wedged right into him, and wriggling every now and then to shatter his mind.

“Dwalin…” Fili is whining incoherently now. There is noise in his ears – a ceaseless roll of mewls and pants – and he realises they are from his own mouth. He is burning up and he needs to release. But the warrior toys with him still, drawing his tongue out slowly only to trace teasing around the wrinkled skin of his entrance.

“Dwalin…Mahal, please…finish it…” Fili turns his head but he can hardly see anything before his blurred gaze. “Let me come…” he begs, abandoning all dignity and pride. He thinks he hears Dwalin chuckle again, that bastard warrior, but all thinking halts yet again as that cunning tongue slides back into his hole. He catches another glimpse of the tattooed head of the warrior pushing into his rump as he does his devilish work, then he is sobbing into the sheets.

The pace grows feverish now. A hand slips under Fili’s crotch and grasps his heavy cock. There is hardly enough friction, and Fili bows to the maddening sensations, raising his arse for each wet thrust into his passage, then bucking forward again to shove his member into Dwalin’s hand. His arousal peaks dizzyingly as pleasure assaults him from all ends.
Then he is falling.

Tossing his head back and wailing, Fili feels himself spurt, his cock pulsing as white strings spatter onto the bed. His climax is wrung-out and almost violent in its intensity, leaving Fili all but boneless on the sheets when it finally nears its end. He vaguely feels Dwalin’s tongue slipping from him, then the warrior is shifting so his greater bulk spoons Fili at the back.

“There’s more in here, hmm?” Dwalin’s lips are at Fili’s ear now, nipping downwards until his face buries into his neck. His hand is still on Fili’s cock. “Come, empty yourself for me,” he coaxes, massaging that dribbling, softening flesh in his grasp.

Mewls resound in Fili’s throat. His whole body is quivering from the surge of pleasure and completion; fluid still leaks from his oversensitised shaft and Dwalin’s fingers smear it lewdly around his cockhead. “Dwalin…fucking scoundrel…” he whimpers, entirely forgetting any manners, and moves himself, rocking weakly into the warrior’s fondling until his cock is drained dry.

His body is washed with sweat now, and if possible, he feels even hotter than before with Dwalin plastered against him. But the sun is starting to set in the sky and the first tendrils of coolness curl into the chamber.

Opening one eye, Fili turns in Dwalin’s embrace and pushes him onto his back. Without missing a beat, he flops over so he is sprawled on the warrior’s chest. He feels powerful arms wrap around him and tucking him in more securely.

“Bloody hot in here,” Dwalin gripes half-heartedly into the stillness that now reigns in the quarters.

So it is. But soon the summer shall pass and autumn will arrive with her cloaks of red and brown and orange. Then winter with its icy whiteness, and a sweet spring of tender green. And if the Maker sees fit to have the cycle renew itself with no end in sight, then perhaps, with some luck, so shall their secret trysts.

Outside, the skies turn violet-gold and the sun begins its descent.

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Chapter End Notes

Actually this was never meant to be a multi-chapter anything. But well, I wanted to fill this prompt and it seems to fit into this particular fic-verse. Anyway, chapter 2 is the last. This is as much summer smuttiness as I can handle!

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