One Stormy Night

by Fishpaste

Summary

Siegfried is finding his reading material dull. Tristan has a few ideas for a distraction.

It was a dark winters evening. The fire was crackling in the grate and the rain was lashing at the French windows. The dogs were sprawled across the floor, all fast asleep and Mrs Hall had long since retired to her own bed. Siegfried turned the page in his veterinary journal and glanced at the clock, twelve fifteen. Beside him on the sofa Tristan shifted, half asleep as he stared dreamily into the dancing flames. His head came down to rest on Siegfried’s shoulder, the long blond hair tickling his ear.

Siegfried moved, freeing an arm to stretch around little brother’s shoulders. It was a quiet peaceful night, too serene for their usual bickering and posturing. Just time to enjoy being together, at home and at peace. Tristan snuggled deeper into his side and Siegfried absently ran his hand through his brother’s hair.

It was surprisingly soft, Tris’s hair he thought, twirling his fingers through the strands. Tris was almost purring, he realised amusedly, arching his neck to allow Siegfried better access. Siegfried obliged, running his hand flat across the scalp and curling the longer strands around his fingers and gently tugging. Tris sighed in pleasure.

Balancing his journal on his knee Siegfried, without really thinking about it, used his other hand to gently trace patterns on Tris’s neck and shoulders. At this point Tristan’s head was practically in his lap, the younger Farnon languid and relaxed. He jumped slightly when Siegfried stroked his fingers across his eyes.

It was very distracting, Siegfried decided, unable to keep reading his journal as he watched Tristan sigh in pleasure and he gently ran his hands over his shoulders and neck. He used the ball of his thumb to brush past the younger’s lips and Tristan opened his mouth obligingly, allowing the digit
to slip in. Siegfried bit his lip and breathed a little heavier. A heavy warmth suddenly pooled in his lower stomach and he bit back a groan.

What was he thinking? This was Tristan? This was his little brother! And a man besides! He couldn’t…oh God, Tristan was suckling at his thumb now, teeth lightly grazing the pad, lips soft against the base. Siegfried couldn’t stop the moan escaping.

“Tris…no…”

His brother’s eyes opened, dark and half lidded, eyes sparkling with interest and desire.

“What not?”

“What? Because, well, because…”

“Oh, hush Siegfried!” Tristan sat up suddenly, taking his brother by surprise. He leant forward and kissed Siegfried before the older Farnon could pull away. Siegfried hesitated, but Tris was eager and enthusiastic and actually a very good kisser. He found himself responding without thought, nibbling at Tris’s lower lip as he pulled away and parting his lips to allow in a questioning tongue. He felt hands gliding down his sides and dancing ever so gently across his chest. He moaned again as Tris shifted until he was straddling the other.

The new position decided Siegfried and he pushed away his previous concerns, who cared what he should be doing, this felt too good. He wrapped one hand around the back of Tristan’s head, pulling him into a deeper kiss and the other hand stroked down his back, trailing along the spine and just brushing the hem of the trousers. Tristan groaned and shifted his hips, pressing them tighter against Siegfried. Siegfried then switched his attention to his brother’s waistcoat, scrubbing at the buttons and struggling with the shirt underneath. Tristan arched his neck back with a guttural sigh as Siegfried’s hand met soft flesh. He hissed in pleasure when Siegfried leant forward, kissing his way along the collarbone and slipping his hands around his waist.

“You are positively alluring like that Tris.” He said, voice dropping low and sensual.

“Ah…and whose fault is…mmmm…that?”

“Mmmm…true…” His tongue circled a nipple; Tristan tensed and gripped Siegfried’s hair.

“Aha…ha…”

“Shall we move somewhere a little more comfortable?”

“Yeeessss…” Tristan moaned. Siegfried slipped his brother off his lap, biting his lip at the change in pressure across his thighs. Tristan leaned in for another kiss as they both stood upright, his taller frame giving him an advantage. He kissed along Siegfried’s jaw and the corner of his mouth, tantalising, teasing. Siegfried responded by running a single finger down Tristan’s chest, nudging against the trousers waistband.

“Upstairs, find a proper bed…” His brother shivered at the last word, breaking the kiss and turning without another word. Siegfried took the time to collect something from the surgery before heading up to his room.

When he got there Tristan was sitting on the edge of the bed, watching him expectantly. His brother’s eyes darkened, the pupils getting wider as Siegfried deliberately placed the bottle of lubrication on the bedside table.

“Are you sure, Tristan?”
“Yes.” There was no hesitation in his reply.

“Right then.”

Siegfried faced his brother, drew in a calming breath and slowly, carefully stepped forward.

“Stand up Tris.” His brother obeyed, cheeks darkening as Siegfried circled him slowly. He ran a finger across Tristan’s shoulders, brushed a hand against his chest.

“Strip.” Tristan hesitated briefly but obeyed, pulling off the opened shirt and waistcoat, sliding off the shoes and socks and roughly dragging down the trousers and underwear until he stood, exposed before the elder.

Siegfried felt the desire flare up, scorching across his skin. He stepped up to Tristan’s back, felt him shiver at the breath cooling the back of his neck.

“Oh, little brother…all bare and vulnerable…close your eyes Tristan…” Siegfried slid off his tie, bound it over his brother’s eyes. He stepped back to admire the spectacle, Tristan trembled with eagerness, almost painfully erect and quivering. Siegfried swallowed. He grabbed Tristan’s shoulders and pushed him down onto his knees, one hand undoing his own trousers and freeing his length.

“Open your mouth.” Tristan did, willingly and Siegfried pushed inside, deeper, deeper…Tristan’s mouth was soft and warm, his tongue moving unsurely at first but with increasing confidence, lips, teeth tongue and Siegfried started thrusting, trying to keep at steady rhythm. Siegfried groaned, clawing at the back of the blond head and Tristan lapped at the head, one hand sneaking up to play with the other’s balls while the other ran up and down the inner thigh. He suckled eagerly, enjoying the strain on his jaw and throat, moaning as Siegfried increased his speed.

But Siegfried pulled out, pulled back.

“Oh, no…not that…ah...easy...li, little brother.” He jerked the blindfold off, pulling hastily at his own clothing. Tristan whined with loss of contact, reaching for the other.

“No, get on the bed. Face down.” Tris’s eyes widened, a smirk spreading across his face. He hurried to obey. Siegfried finished undressing and moved to kneel next to his brother. He bent down.

“Last chance to back out now.” He breathed into Tristan’s ear, feeling the other shudder in response.

“Never.” Tris replied. Siegfried responded by running a hand down his back, along his spine and to his bum. He stroked his brother softly, fingers just grazing the entrance. Tristan whined breathlessly and shifted, pulling his knees up to allow better access.

Siegfried reached for the bottle, coating his fingers liberally. He slipped in a finger, watching as Tristan clenched and whimpered, sweat beading on the back of his neck. He rubbed gently and added a second finger, then a third. Tristan clutched at the sheets below, biting his lip and writhing.

The last of the lubricant. Siegfried coated his hands and stroked himself slowly, his cock twitching in anticipation. He knelt up, leaning over Tristan who moaned and arched his back. He grasped the younger’s hips firmly, pulling him back as he pressed forwards and…oh. Oh God. It was tight and hot, tighter than any woman. Such perfect pressure. Siegfried groaned, deep and heartfelt, head flung back in hedonistic bliss.
“Ah! Oh! Oh...haaa!” He inched in further as Tristan relaxed, digging his fingers into his brother’s hips. Tristan choked beneath him, hands clenching and unclenching as he adjusted to the unfamiliar hardness.

Finally Siegfried was fully seated, pressed up against the younger blond. Tristan breathed in deeply and rocked his hips back as Siegfried began a slow, deliberate slide in and out. Siegfried felt his brother cry out in agonised bliss as he pressed against his prostate and angled his hips to hit it again, and again, it was all heat and movement and the sound of Tristan whimpering and straining beneath him. Siegfried bent his head down and kissed and licked his brother’s shoulders, Tristan responding with higher pitched whines at the new angle. It was too much, too much heat, pleasure, movement, all combining in a whirlpool of carnal pleasure. The feel of a body pinned beneath his, willing and eager. He groaned deeply, thrusting harder and faster. Tristan whimpered in helpless desperation. Siegfried sped up, panting, sliding a hand down around his Tristan’s chest and grasping his brother’s member firmly. Tristan gave a shout at the unexpected contact and every muscle clenched suddenly as he orgasmed, the sudden extra tightness pushing Siegfried over the edge too. Stars flashed in front of his eyes as his whole body seemed to explode in sensation. He collapsed against his brother, panting harshly.

Tristan gasped at the added weight, rolling over so he was curled next to him, Siegfried slipping out of him as he did so. He nuzzled into his brother’s chest, Siegfried wrapping an arm around him.

“Mmm…much better than reading that old journal right?”

“Bloody…little pest. Yes.” Siegfried kissed Tristan again, deeply. “Now shut up and go to sleep.”

“Mmmm…”

They drifted off, still wrapped as closely together as possible.

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