Mesmerized

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by Goneevil

Summary

Simon finds himself incapable of keeping his hands off Ryland.

Notes

Smutty part 2 to Hypnotized

We were about halfway through A Knights Tale when I caught myself staring at Ryland's profile. We were sitting pretty close so it was simple to lean in and press a kiss under his jawline, just next to his ear. I saw his smile out of the corner of my eye as he turned and caught my lips in an open mouthed kiss. After a few moments he pulled away from the kiss to sit up and straddle me, resting his hands on my shoulders. I grabbed his hips, feeling warmth pool in my stomach.

“Hey.” He whispered, sending sparks of electricity down my spine.

“Hey.” I whispered back, kissing him again.

He swiped his tongue across my lips and I opened my mouth to let him in. I slid my hands under his shirt and felt him shiver as I pressed one hand to his lower back, feeling his muscles flex under my palm. My other hand trailed down and up his thigh, coming to a rest on his ass, gripping gently.

His hands tangled themselves in my shoulder length hair, gently tugging, pulling a soft moan from my lips. I felt him smirk into the kiss as he tugged harder, eliciting louder noises.

I stuttered my hips, pulling him closer and grinding our dicks together through the layers of our sweatpants. We moaned in tandem as he pulled away and pressed open mouth kisses to the column of my throat. He tugged my hair again, harder this time, pulling my head back to rest on the couch as he sucked bruises on my collar bone.

I ran my hands up his back, taking his shirt with it. He sat back, allowing me to remove it fully, knocking his already skewed glasses fully off his face. I managed to catch them as they fell and put them off to the side. I tried to pull him back into a kiss but he swerved me. I gave him a confused look. He gave me a smirk before pulling me forward and tugging my shirt over my head.

I spent a moment admiring him as his soft hands ran up and down my muscular chest. His eyes always had a childlike mirth to them that was currently overshadowed by something darker, more lustful. His toned arms and soft stomach were at odds with each other as the light from the screen behind him gave him a halo through his golden locks. I ran my calloused hands down his chest, catching his nipples on the way down, making him shiver. I pressed my thumbs into the dips of his hip bones, sliding under the hem of his underwear.

Entranced by his happy trail, I hardly noticed as he hooked a finger under my chin and brought my face up to crash our lips together. His hands found their way to my hair again as I pulled him closer, both hands planted firmly on his waist.

After a few moments I pulled away and pushed him to the side, crawling on top of him as he laid back on the couch. “Your turn, angel.” I murmured as I began peppering kisses across his collarbones.

The soft sounds he let out were the most beautiful music I had ever heard. I sucked a dark bruise to a sensitive spot at the junction of his neck and shoulder, causing him to moan. I

gently bit down on the spot as I sucked, causing him to drag his nails down my back. I released him, admiring the spot now standing out against his pale skin.

“God, Simon, please…” he mumbled breathily.

“Please what?” I whispered back, kissing the spot again.

“You know what.” He grumbled.

I smirked. “I don't know if I do.” I said as I started on another hickey, this one just above his nipple.

“Please just take my goddamn pants off.” He said, almost whining.

I pulled away from his chest, fake shock on my face. “Ryland Grace, you watch your language.”

He heaved a sigh and pushed me off him, smoothly swapping our positions.

“Gotta do everything myself.” He muttered, giving me a sarcastic glare before gripping the hem of my pants and pulling them off me. I lifted my hips to wiggle out of my underwear before reaching for his. He once again pushed me away from him and pinned me to the couch, bracketing my head with his arms.

I felt my stomach flutter as he kissed me passionately. He pulled away again, giving me a “Stay.” In a moment of lucidity I reached over and hit pause on the movie as he rummaged in the bathroom. He came back and dumped a bottle of lube and a condom on the coffee table before turning around and picking out a CD.

Fleetwood Mac played quietly through the stereo as Ryland waltzed over to me and laid back on top of me. We shared a few gentle kisses before he pulled away.

“Can I finger you?” He asked quietly, tracing patterns on my chest.

I felt my face redden. We had fucked on several occasions but I had never bottomed before. “Yeah ok.” I whispered back, my heart in my throat.

“Tell me if you want me to stop.” He said kissing my temple. He sat back on his knees as I bent and spread my legs, face burning.

He coated a few of his fingers with lube, using his knuckle to put pressure on my asshole, transferring some to the skin there. I gasped at the coolness as he gently pressed the tip of his middle finger into me, sliding in fully and holding there, allowing me to get used to the feeling.

He peppered kisses across my inner thighs as he gently slid his finger in and out of me. I sighed softly.

“You can add a second.” I mumbled after a few moments. He complied without a comment, continuing his gentle kisses.

The second finger fit easily and I was a bit confused as to why Grace seemed to like being on the other end of this when he crooked his fingers and brushed against something. I let out a loud moan at the feeling, arching my back as Ryland's other hand came around and pushed my hips back down, tethering me to the earth. He brushed that spot again, and I tried to clamp my legs together, feebly trapping his head.

“How's it going, pretty boy.” He murmured into my thigh. I could hear the smirk on his face.

“What the fuck-” I was cut off by a moan as he brushed against it again. “What the fuck is that.” I managed to choke out.

He let out a giggle. “Thats your prostate. I'll give you a rundown later.” He crooked his fingers again.

“Thats what a prostate does?” I asked incredulously.

He laughed again. “Not primarily, but yeah.”

He continued fingering me and I continued moaning. After a few minutes I managed to grunt out his name. “Ryland.”

“Yeah?”

“Will you just fuck me already.”

He smiled up at me. “Yeah, I will.”

Crooking his fingers one last time, he pressed firmly against that bundle of nerves as he pulled out, drawing a positively pornographic moan out of me. My dick twitched erratically against my stomach as my fingers dug into the couch cushion.

“Fuck, Ryland.” I moan gutterally.

“Believe me, I do.” He responded, reaching for the condom.

“Fuck you.” I panted.

“No, other way around.” He grinned as he ripped the package with his teeth and rolled the latex onto himself.

I groaned, this time without pleasure.

He slathered lube around his cock, placing his hands above my head and leaning in to kiss me.

“You ready?” He asked, tenderly.

“Please.” I whined.

Carefully lining himself up, he pressed forward into me. We moaned together as he slowly bottomed out and collapsed forward into my arms, pressing our chests together. Slowly he began to rock back and forth pulling more and more obscene noises from us both. Setting a steady pace and rambling breathlessly in my ear, I clutched him tightly, never wanting this feeling to end. He stuttered and shifted us closer, changing the angle enough that his tip was stoking my prostate at every thrust.

Speeding up, he reached his previously lubed hand between us and grabbed my dick, stroking in time with his thrusts. I let out another obscene noise. My hands clutched at his back, nails digging into the soft flesh as I felt myself falling toward an edge I had never experienced before.

“Come for me, starshine.” He whispered in my ear. I threw my head back, seeing the stars he named me for as I painted our chests with my cum.

“Fuck.” I heard him groan as I clenched around him. I felt him pulse inside me as he finished just after me, slowing his ministrations as we rode out the waves together.

We melted together on the couch and I lost track of where I began and he ended. We both flinched as he carefully pulled his softening dick out of me, standing shakily to clean us both off.

My eyes were glazed over with ecstasy as I stared blankly at the ceiling, hardly hearing him as he flattered about.

“Simon.” He whispered. “Let's take a shower.”

I mumbled in agreement and let him lead me to the bathroom. I was still hazy through the shower and it wasn't until we fell into bed, each wearing a pair of his briefs that I came to and took a good look at him.

I was laying on his chest, staring up at his side profile once again.

“Ryland.” I muttered.

“Yeah?” He asked without opening his eyes.

“You sound really fucking hot when you swear.”

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