

Oh God... Fuck Me...

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What happens when an escort meets the one man that can make him sing? Oh boy, sparks fly..



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Table of Contents

Oh God... Fuck Me... Chapter 1

Oh God... Fuck Me... : Chapter 1

God, he was beautiful, even more so in person. The picture had been a simple snap shot of his face, all sensual angles and cold expression, it shouldn't have been anything to get excited over, it seemed like a picture someone getting their driver's license would take, but to Alex, it had seemed to be so much more. Maybe he was insane, or maybe his clients weren't satisfying him enough, but he had become as hard as stone, and had embarrassingly jerked himself off three times before finding the will power to put the picture away and get some well needed rest. Even now, simply sitting beside the man was torture, he could just remember the night before, when he'd stripped down to nothing and laid back on his bed. He'd held the picture in one hand and curled the other around his cock, simply stroking himself. He'd gone slow at first, then, as his excitement had peeked, he'd pumped himself harder, nearly chafing the skin, but he hadn't cared. He'd just needed to... Cum... He'd done this three times in a row. On the third try, the picture had slipped from his nerveless fingers, and in a desperate attempt at satisfying this sudden craving, this sudden hunger he'd gained just from looking at a damn picture. He came, harder than the last times, and finally lay there, sticky and sweaty, and so fucking satisfied he wondered why he ever needed sex at all... He'd smacked the picture to the floor, disgusted and a little queasy about the whole thing, how in the world had he suddenly turned into a sex maniac? He hadn't looked at the picture since, but his dreams had been haunted by that beautiful face, and now, here he was, sitting right beside him.

Embarrassed at his thought train, he glanced away slightly, trying to gather his cool. God, had it just gotten hotter in here? He rubbed a hand over his forehead, glad for his slightly swarthy skin that hid the blush staining his cheeks. He jerked slightly as he felt a finger touching his chin, and his face gently being turned around. Oh dear God no, he couldn't see his face now, if he did, he would know-"Let's get out of here," Miles said once Alexander was hesitantly looking into his face. The black haired male nodded slightly, watching as Miles stood with deadly grace and extended a calloused hand for Alex to take. It was a gentleman's gesture, though something under the other male's cool façade screamed danger, so Alex was more than a little reluctant to take his hand. Who was this guy? Alex hadn't been one to listen to gossip, so if the others knew who this guy was, Alexander suddenly wished he had asked. This man had called him just last night, he'd been getting ready for a shower, he'd been covered in sweat, and dirt from a recent client who had wanted to get down and dirty... Literally. The phone had rang twice before he'd finally made himself pick up. He'd been surprised by the voice on the other end, perfect, low and soothing, perfect for phone sex... Not that Alexander had ever done that, what was the fun in it? He liked touching and teasing more... When the man had introduced himself as Miles, Alex hadn't thought much about it, just another client wanting an appointment. Only this time, Miles wanted to /buy/ him. No, not just buy a few hours of his time, but buy Alexander forever, so that the only one he could service, and fuck, would be Miles. He'd been hesitant, but finally, had agreed to meet him. A quick exchange of cell-phone numbers, and Alexander had that blasted picture... The picture...

He shook his head to clear it and followed as he was led to the doors of the club, his gaze travelled back to the club as they departed, catching nods of encouragement and glares of jealousy from the other escorts, this was enough to give him a bit of a boost, hell, he'd happened to snag this mother fucker, he might as well enjoy it, why the hell was he being such a tongue-tied virgin for? Alex, you better step up your game, or you're gonna end up burned. He could feel an odd tingling in the palm of his hand that was clasped lightly in Miles' hand. It was a weird feeling, one that started at the juncture of their hands and sparked its way up his arm, almost numbing it. The outside air was bit cold; slapping him back to his senses and making him huddle into his jacket a bit more. They hurried to the front of the establishment, heading for a sleek, black limo that sat out front, his jaw became unhinged as he saw a black clad male quickly rush over to the side door to pull it open, ushering both him and Miles inside. The interior was genuine leather, with a faint scent of lavender and some strange fruit he couldn't identify. It was warm, and as he was gently pushed inside, he was actually afraid to sit on the seats, Jesus, he hadn't ever been in a limo, his clients had money, but not this much... Was it

rented? Maybe... He leaned gingerly back against the upholstery, hearing the click of the door as it was closed. Miles' softly murmured the address to the driver, before closing the glass that separated them, and facing him again. Nervous again, he swallowed hard and tried to relax, stretching his long legs out before him in the car.

"Ten thousand," Miles said into the growing silence, making Alex blink and tilt his head to the side, "Excuse me?" He questioned. "Ten thousand," Miles repeated, reaching down between his legs and producing a suitcase, he placed it on his lap and opened it, turning it around so that Alex could look inside, "Ten thousand per month, for as long as you live with me." The other male continued nonchalantly, passing the suitcase to Alex. Shit, ten grand just to live with the dude? Per month!? How in the world could he refuse? It was more than most hot shot males made in the business industry! With a smile, he nodded, shutting the suitcase and placing it besides him. Miles seemed satisfied with his answer, and smiled, the first real one that Alexander had seen from him, and honestly, it caused a hard shiver of anticipation to course down his spine. Damn... This guy meant business... "Come give me a kiss," Miles ordered, raising one hand and motioning him forward with one finger. Hell, you didn't have to tell him twice. Alex moved from his seat and closed the gap between them, swinging one leg over Miles' and straddling his lap. He was unabashed as he leaned forward, his lips parting as he moved to capture Miles's mouth, only, he never made contact, a sharp burning in his scalp stopped him, and he realized that the male had tangled his hands in his hair, holding him back. A sweet burn started in his scalp, and though the pain should have turned him off, he found that it didn't hurt that bad, and it actually made his cock jerk in his pants. "I set the pace," Miles growled, his eyes flashing dangerously as Alex stared down at him. He waited only a few moments, as Miles teased him by bringing their mouths close together, but jerking Alex's head back every time he moved to close the distance between them.

He growled in frustration, finally managing to lock lips with the other male, even if the end result was the sting of pain in his scalp. Miles tasted sweet, like, honey, and a decadent fruit. The kiss was hungry, but controlled, a firm pull on his hair keeping him from getting out of line, the other male really did like being in control. The kiss grew more heated, the wet sounds of their mouth eating at each other growing louder, Alex's breaths started to come out in small pants, a shudder raking down his spine. Jesus, this kiss was drugging, he could feel his head spinning already, and he forced himself to move back, dragging in oxygen into his lungs. He licked his lips, still tasting Miles on them, his gaze arrowed on the male's neck and he leaned forward, wanting to taste the pale skin there. Again, he was stalled, wincing he looked over at Miles. "My rules, remember?" The male practically purred, easing his grip on Alex's hair. His rules? Oh ho ho, Miles was going to get schooled... With a snort, Alex ground his hips against Miles's, rubbing his ass against the undeniable bulge in the other male's pants. He saw a flash of surprise enter his eyes, before he hardened his expression and yanked Alex's hair back, making him hiss in pain, but then moan in pleasure as Miles leaned in, licking at the side of his neck, then biting into the muscle there, causing him to arch his back clutch the other male's shoulders. "Ooh..." He whispered as he felt the sting of teeth on his skin, then the sting was eased by the slip and slide of his tongue. Mm... He felt himself being pushed back, and he quickly got the message, he slipped off of his lap and onto his knees in front of his new Master. Miles still held onto his hair, controlling his movements. The hiss of a zipper being pulled down was punctured by the ragged sound of Alex's breathing and the pop of the latch holding Miles's pants closed.

"Take it out," Miles grinded out from between his teeth, inhaling sharply as he felt Alex's hands reach for his hardened cock, pulling it out from the confines of his underwear, and cradling it in his hands. "Use your mouth, not your hands," He ordered, pulling Alex closer by his hair, watching as the other male quickly dropped his hands to his lap and leaned forward, using his mouth to locate and capture the head of his penis, using his tongue to steady it, as he finally slid his lips down on it, sucking it softly into the warm recesses of his mouth, dragging out a ragged groan from Miles. He pulled back from his cock, saliva coating the hard skin as his mouth slid back along it. His hips jerked involuntarily from the pleasure, causing his cock to slip from Alex's mouth with a short plop. Instinctively, Alex reached up to try and pull the hard flesh into his mouth, but a sharp tug at his hair made him drop his hands back into his lap and glare up at Miles, "No hands, I said."

The comment came again, one of Miles' brows lifting slightly, in challenge. The dark skinned male only snorted slightly and leaned forward again, trying to capture his cock in his mouth again, without using his hands. The limo chose that moment to make a sharp turn, nearly tossing him into the door. Thankfully, he managed to hold on to Miles's legs to keep from embarrassing himself any further. When he straightened, Miles released his hair, brushing him off easily and starting to adjust his pants. It was in that moment that Alex noticed that the limo had stopped moving, and with an embarrassed curse, he scrambled onto his seat, to avoid being found on his knees in front of his new owner.

The car door opened, and Miles slid out, leaving Alex to grab the suitcase with his money and follow. They'd arrived at a condo, a regular, pretty decked out. Alex no longer suspected that the limo was rented, but now, an even different fear started to gnaw at him, how in the world could this guy afford 10 grand a month? What was he, a drug dealer? The thought gave him a slight queasy feeling. And he lagged slightly, looking back to watch the driver get back into the driver's seat and drive off. "Alex, hurry up." Miles said impatiently from the front door, which he had already unlocked and was holding open for him. With one last glance at the outside, he ran after Miles and into the house.

The moment the door closed behind him, the suitcase was dropped and forgotten in the middle of the foyer as he was dragged into another one of those drugging kisses from Miles. He hooked both of his arms around his neck, clinging to the other male as they sort of walked together to the room. Not once did Miles stumble nor walk into an object, though he was walking backwards throughout the condo. Had Alex had two brain cells to his name, he would have found this fact odd, but his mind was on other things, like getting enough air into his lungs while he kissed this beautiful man. His head was spinning... Wait... Or was that the room? Before he knew it, his back hit the bed, and his mouth was released. Desperately he tried to drag in oxygen into his lungs, even as his body hungered for another kiss. He should have been worried by now, this sudden desire was not natural, not even for him, with his profession and all, but this burning in his groin and the way his mind set was only set on fucking this captivating male. Jesus, was he going insane? He had no more time to ponder his possible insanity; the god was undressing before his eyes. Revealing sweat slicked muscles, perked pink nipples, and interesting body ink... They looked familiar, like something he had seen before, but in his current frame of mind he wasn't able to pinpoint where exactly. The hiss of a zipper brought his eyes downward, and he blinked, licking his lips in anticipation as Miles dropped his pants and stepped out of them. Shit. He was even more beautiful naked. "You're wearing too many clothes. I want them off, now." Miles growled, kneeling on the bed, reaching for Alex who had been laying back in a state of perpetual shock. This quickly faded as he heard the command. Miles wanted him naked? Fuck yeah Captain. He scrambled to his knees on the bed, and two pairs of hands reached for his shirt. Fabric ripped and buttons went flying like tiny projectiles around the room, they clicked as they hit the floor, rolling to areas unknown to him. "I'll buy you another one, a nicer one," Miles whispered in his ear, as if Alex cared. Though, it wasn't like the offer would go unaccepted, new things made Alex's jellies go boing. "I'll keep you to that promise Miles," He answered on a purr, rearranging himself on the bed so that he could slide his pants down his legs. He kicked them off... Or tried to, because the moment his pants were past his knees, Miles grabbed his pants and yanked hard, knocking Alex on his back against the bed, and leaving him to just stare up at him in shock. His pants were thrown to the floor, and then his lover was coming over him, licking over his chest, paying extra attention to his pierced nipples.

There was a sharp sting, and then a soothing lick as Miles nipped on the hardened tips of his nipples. It was painful in its pleasure, drugging in its intensity. His nipples were his weakness, pierced to enhance his sensitivity, a clawing, mad feeling that arrowed right to his groin, where his cock jerked in reaction. Shit. He was ready to blow, just from the stimulation of his nipples alone, this had never happened, but it was possible of occurring now. "Nnngh... A-ah.." He whimpered, reaching down to sort of push at Miles' head, he couldn't come now, if he did, it would all be over. A hell of a lot of good that did, Miles just looked at him with his wish-washed eyes, brows lowering to give him that menacing look, much like a dog would do when protecting his food, it just screamed the words, 'Are you interrupting my meal bitch? I'll bite you..' It wasn't a

look Alexander wanted to contradict, so he just bit his lip and dealt with it. He stared hard at the ceiling, trying to still the cum boiling in his balls, but obviously Miles was having none of that. One of his hands snaked upwards and grabbed Alex's hair, jerking him to his senses and causing him to glance sharply down at him, pain mixing with his annoyance. "You will watch me at all times, or I will stop, are you understood?" Miles's voice left no room for argument, so with a disgruntled sigh, Alex nodded, his gaze sliding past Miles's face, to where his hand was curling around his cock, gripping it tightly. Oh shit. Alex knew he was done for in that first stroke. His eyes threatened to close in ecstasy, but the hard grip on his hair warned him of the punishment to come if he didn't do as he had been ordered to. He watched as his downfall became more apparent, Miles continued his sweet torture of his nipples, while his hand firmly stroked Alex's cock in short, upward and downward motions, twisting his wrist occasionally, causing Alex to arch his hips, trying to fuck Miles's hand as his pleasure grew. "A-ah... Fuck! I'm going to cum Miles, stop..." He cried, shaking as his orgasm raced up his spine, he twisted on the bed, heart racing, hands fisting on the sheets under him, and through it all, Miles only smiled, not stopping at all in his ministrations, not even giving Alex an answer in his honeyed voice. He knew what game Miles was playing, and no matter how hard he tried to stem the cum boiling in his balls, he knew that he couldn't hold back any longer, and before he could do anything, his body shuddered and he cried out, his eyes screwing shut as his back bowed, all of his muscles clenching in orgasm as his milky white seed spilled out, coating Miles's still pumping hand. He fell back against the bed, panting, and he silted his eyes open, staring down at Miles as the other male moved onto his knees, an expression of complete and total bliss coming over his features as his tongue lapped over the remains of Alex's semen from his hand.

His eyes widened slightly, but he had no time to recover, for Miles was moving again, spreading his legs open and moving that same cum covered hand to Alex's asshole, rubbing his slick fingers into the tight pucker, managing to slide one in. "O-oo..." Alex moaned, a flush rising to his cheeks, darkening his swarthy skin, causing his hips to jerk upwards once in reaction to the sudden, fluid penetration. Miles grinned, a flash of white against his velvet skin, before a second finger joined the first, scissoring and slipping in and out of his hole, fucking him with short, shallow thrusts that had him drooling like a virgin. He felt his cock rising again, as if his previous orgasm had never occurred; it hadn't taken the edge off of his lust. "Shit, Miles..." He whimpered, twisting on the bed, as he was fucked, he could feel Miles coming over him, little kisses that trailed over his chest, then over his neck, before he finally reached his own lips. This kiss wasn't as heated as the others, it was slightly... gentler, and more tame in comparison, not that it didn't have the possibility to destroy his sense of reason and turn him into a slut that just wanted to be fucked. He felt Miles moving between his legs, and he instinctively spread himself wider, inviting him in, arching his hips, he didn't have to wait any longer, for Miles sank into his ass in one slick movement, removing his fingers with a pop, and filling him with something much bigger, hotter.

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He cried out at the sudden feeling of fullness in his ass, and then bit down harder than he should have on his lower lip, his body shuddered, and even though he expected Miles to thrust into him, he didn't, instead he rocked up against him, making sure that Alex couldn't forget just who was inside of him, marking Alex in a deeper way than he could have originally thought. He sighed and then gasped, wrapping his arms and legs around his lover, finally feeling Miles move, slowly at first, long thrusts that left him breathless, then shorter, quicker strokes that rocked his world, made his heart race and his lust grow. "M-Miles..." He moaned into the male's ear, feeling him stiffen and growl in response to the unintended prompt. He felt his nails digging into his hips, holding him still for his rough, sexual assault. His cock jerked in response, dribbling pre-cum onto both of their abdomens. The bed squeaked and rocked with their ardent love making, the headboard slapped against the wall with each thrust. He tightened on Miles' cock, watching as the male growled in response, then suddenly they were rolling. Luckily Miles had quick enough reflexes to avoid having them fall off the bed. Alex blinked as he found himself straddling Miles now, the other male grinning up at him. He felt the sharp sting of nails in his hips as Miles nudged him, "Ride me," He ordered.

Oh God... Fuck Me...

Ride him? He didn't have to tell him twice! He braced his hands on both of Miles's shoulders, leaning forward as he lifted his hips, sliding off of the male's cock, before dropping back down with an audible slap. He made Miles gasp in reaction, and he knew that he'd done the right thing in taking him that way. This wasn't the time for neat and slow, it was the time for frenzied and fast, and this was what he gave him, a series of hard thrusts, and since he controlled the movement in this position, he could ride him any way he wished, and the other could do nothing... Or so he had thought. Because before he could react, Miles wrapped one hand around his throat and brought him close, squeezing slightly, much to Alex's surprise. "Ride me, no fucking around," Miles growled, giving Alex's ass one hard slap. Shit... That felt... Good... Alex had never been one up to bedroom games, but this was actually pleasurable, so without much ado, he started riding Miles in earnest. He moaned and felt his eyes slide closed, even as he felt his oxygen being cut off. What kind of fucked up shit was this? He was getting off on getting choked? Shi-it... He felt an orgasm tear through him, his semen streaming out over Miles's abdomen, his constricting muscles milked out his lovers orgasm, a warm stream of cum splashing into his ass. He felt his throat get released and he slumped forward limply, onto Miles chest. He rolled off later when he could, cuddling close to Miles. Dimly, something came to him as he sank into unconsciousness. Miles... Miles... Shit... Miles Avery... THE Miles Avery, gang banger extraordinaire...

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