

## warm me up

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# **warm me up**

by [cock\\_guzzling\\_sidon \(orphan\\_account\)](#).

## Summary

Fair; he's never been interested in Bartolomeo for his charming behavior and suaveness. He has other heartwarming qualities, though.

## Notes

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See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Cavendish buries his face deeper into his downy pillow and whimpers. Perhaps he deserves this, whether for prancing around in his new clothing or leaving the panties on the coffee table. Bartolomeo has done far worse things to the poor table, getting upset over clean panties being folded doesn't seem worth this much fuss.

Cavendish could weep for his favorite pair, satin and powder blue, having been unceremoniously tugged down to his thighs. He has the money for *more*. He's already broken these in, though, loving them enough to follow the hand-wash instructions. Bartolomeo has no use for fancy underwear; he's seen the unholy monstrosities he wears, usually with one testicle hanging out for the world to view. Worse than his boorish behavior is the unrelenting attention to his ass; his septum piercing chilly against his skin, teeth grazing him with every single grin.

"I want these panties intact," he grumbles, making a poor attempt to close his legs, useless when Bartolomeo shoves a huge hand between his thighs. "I paid an insane amount for these, and want them to survive."

Bartolomeo grunts in response. "I wouldn't give a fuck were these granny panties, commando, or a cock cage. Pretty things never survive."

Fair; he's never been interested in Bartolomeo for his charming behavior and suaveness. He has other heartwarming qualities, though, including a signature warning. Cavendish relaxes momentarily as he presses a kiss to the base of his spine. Then, he's digging into the sensitive skin with teeth, promising a bruise, purple and painful, something he's going to ice and whine over. Immediately his skin is throbbing, and even with the pain, his cock gives a curious twitch. Bartolomeo's on him immediately, stroking him from base to tip, swiping a thumb over his slit.

"You have no use for this thing; too small for my mouth. Imagine a woman eager to be pounded into the mattress and gets his pants down to discover a pussy?" Bartolomeo taunts. "Think it could fit inside my ass?"

A whine tears from his throat. Of course, it can! Cavendish has proved he can and even managed to sneak a small groan from his partner with the right angle. He's utterly humiliated, and... he thrives beneath the attention, bouncing and twitching, eager for more attention as Bartolomeo lazily strokes him.

"You're going to be fucking nothing in a minute," he growls. "Either give my ass attention or get on with it."

A poor and meaningless warning. Bartolomeo laughs, a gravelly rumbling noise, and drops his cock, digging his fingers into his ass, and opening him wide.

"You're so fucking pretty." He hisses, nails promising to leave him marked as he tongues his ass. "You're so goddamn pretty."

Bartolomeo has a talented tongue; keeping him wide open as he buries his face between Cavendish, piercing pressing against his skin with a dull chill. One hand drops to hitch his leg higher, damn near touching his chest as he pulls back and blows a stripe on the wet muscle.

“Beg for more.”

“Fuck you.”

A cruel stinging slap to his ass, and he's gasping, cock bobbing between his legs and his knees quaking. Really, he should wear these panties more often.

## End Notes

I've been going through a random sadness, which has been difficult to shake.

Solution was writing some new porn. I love to receive bookmarks, comments, and kudos.

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