

Oiled Up

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/29896308) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/29896308>.

| | |
|------------------|--|
| Rating: | Explicit |
| Archive Warning: | Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | Hetalia: Axis Powers |
| Relationships: | Prussia/South Italy_(Hetalia) , Canada/South Italy_(Hetalia) |
| Characters: | South Italy_(Hetalia) , Canada_(Hetalia) |
| Additional Tags: | human names used exclusively , Pool Boy AU , Throat Fucking , Face-Fucking , Agreed Upon Extra Marital Affair , Open Marriage , Dom/sub Undertones , chubby lovi |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2021-03-07 Words: 2,293 Chapters: 1/1 |

Oiled Up

by [PugSempai](#)

Summary

Lovino and Gilbert needed a pool boy for the summer, fortunately a recent college graduate has come into their employ. Not only does he does his job well, he's easy on the eyes. With Gilbert away on a trip and permission given, Lovino indulges himself in seducing the young man and having a little fun in the sun.

Notes

Welcome to 2K of Porn for a ship I don't even know if anyone has even thought of. All I can write is foreplay and oral lmao.

I'm crap at writing proper sex scenes is anyone else like this?

Lovino sighs, turning over in the lounge chair, drowsy from the comfort of the Italian sun. He cracks an eye open at the soft sound of something entering the water of the pool, eyeing up the Canadian student he'd hired to work for him for the summer. He was a beast of a man, physically. He had quite the soft disposition and Lovino would be lying if it didn't make him *horny as hell*. He adored Gilbert to pieces, the glittering rock on his hand a testament to this. But he had to wrestle control away from the man. Matthew was a darling, pliable, agreeable. Gilbert liked it too, the pair having spent a decent amount of time discussing their fantasies. Sadly Gilbert was away on business back in Berlin, leaving Lovino feeling horny and empty, but with ample permission to try and get Matthew in their bed.

He adjusts, sitting up a little and resting his chin on one hand, observing, watching the muscles in Matthew's body move as he leans over the pool to scoop the leaves out. Licking his lips he shifts again, lifting his hips and hooking his thumbs into the waistband of his sinfully tiny bathing suit. It'd been more of a courtesy than anything, Lovino much preferring to sunbathe nude. It suited him more, no one wants to see tan lines through a sheer gown. He whistles through his teeth, getting the boys attention after he tucks the suit under his chair. Mathew looks up, setting the net down before jogging over until the sun is basically blocked out and god the boy is big.

"Could you give me a hand, cerbiatto?" He coos, all pouty lips and smooth voice. Arching his back just a little to draw attention to his soft rear.

He goes into his beach bag, it's easier to just keep everything in there really, and pulls out his well used bottle of tanning oil.

The pool boys eyes flick from the bottle to his butt and back again.

"Would you....?" He purposely lets the question trail off, holding the bottle out.

Matthew's Adam's Apple bobs as he swallows and nods, taking the bottle and clicking it open.

"Gladly, Si- erm. S-signore Vargas."

"If you're rubbing oil into my skin you can call me Lovino."

Those lovely freckled cheeks go delightly red and violet eyes are averted as Matthew pulls something over to sit on. *Right in front of Lovino's face*. There's a few painfully contact less moments with Lovino staring slack jawed between thick, muscled thighs then those big, rough hands set themselves on his back, moving slowly. Almost massaging a little and it's only been three days since Gilbert left how is he already so needy? Face heating up at the first touch of hands on his skin.

"You can be a little firmer, cerbiatto."

"Yes si- Lovino."

Lovino lets his eyes close as the hands massage down his back, getting the oil in every nook and cranny. He knows he's moaning a little, and is unashamed. It feels so good. For a moment he's worried that Matthew will be too shy to go any lower when the hands hit his lower back and pause.

"E-erm is it okay if I?"

Oh how *precious*.

"Yes it's okay."

Rough thick hands sink into the soft flesh of his ass and he gasps, not expecting him to grab his cheeks but certainly not complaining. Matthew rips his hands off of him for a moment.

“I-I’m sorry I didn’t expect it to be so... soft.”

“Do you like it?”

There’s a tentative nod. Lovino grins and drops his voice another octave.

“Then go right ahead and feel it up as you please.”

There’s more hesitation and then the hands are back, Lovino’s arching into the touch as Matthew squeezes and massages his rear end, a pause for a moment as the bottle of oil is grabbed. Lovino’s cheeks set alight at the slight chill of the oil and he gasps again, but thankfully Matthew doesn’t stop. Bottle set aside and the hand back on him, spreading the substance around. Lovino squirms and whines, lifting his hips just a little to make room for his fattening cock. Normally he’d be embarrassed at being worked up so fast but it’s been weeks into the summer and his cravings for those large hands on him. Those thick fingers drifting inwards, slipping between his cheeks and as much as he’d *love* to get fingered in this prone position, sun tan oil is no substitute for lube.

Forgoing having his legs fondled he moves to turn, Matthew obliging by removing his hands as Lovino turns over. Not bothering with being coy or shy about how his cock is stiff and bobbing out in the open. If Matthew doesn’t want to do this well, it wouldn’t be the first time he’d jerked off in his backyard.

“Do my chest.” It’s not a request this time as he pushes himself back a little. “And get off the stool and kneel.” He’s breathless. “Are you okay with me touching you?”

Matthew nods with a little needy whimper, moving and now kneeling, the effect Lovino’s noises have had on the boy are very apparent. His mouth waters and he reaches backwards for the purposely small shorts that were assigned as his uniform. They’re tugged down, freeing the Canadian’s erection and his eyes go wide, mouth agape. Hands meet his chest, first petting through the chest hair there before fingers sink into the meat of his pecs, he wasn’t fit by any means, frankly a little on the chubby side, but he was proud of how he looked. And Matthew didn’t have any issue with it by the way he was groping Lovino.

“You like them, eh? My...” Oh what the hell was Gilbert always saying. “Tits? I bet you could fuck them.”

The strangled noise and the twitching of the thick length now being cradled in Lovino’s hands speaks volumes for all the fun he could have with the pool boy.

“Mmmm... Get them all oiled up as you straddle my chest, fat cock nestled between my tits. Mouth open so the head rubs against my tongue every thrust.”

Matthew whimpers again and he has mercy on the man just as his nipples are reached. Flicked and tweaked as he takes Matthew into his mouth, shifting a little and relaxing his throat. Head now hanging off of the lounge chair. He can’t bob his head in this position but that’s not an issue for him, cupping Matthew’s sack and giving it a gentle squeeze, rewarded with a shout and the young man thrusting forward into his throat. Lovino moans and his eyes cross a little. He does it again, once more rewarded by Matthew thrusting his cock into his throat. His own hips twitch and he makes a mental note, while he can still think, to ask if Matthew would be okay with his husband joining in when he’s back from his trip.

He wonders if he'll have to squeeze again to get the message as he returns the massage by rubbing the underside of Matthew's cock with his tongue. Pleased to find that he won't have to, the pool boy rolling his hips and starting to just barely fuck Lovino's throat of his own accord. Hands still groping and petting his chest, his tits. His eyes are closed but by the way Matthew is breathing he can tell the other's mouth is open. He wonders if his tongue is hanging out, needy and eager to latch onto his soft chest. Oh he'd let him, let the boy latch on and suck and tease until Lovino has had his fill of attention to his chest and pushes the boy lower to put his mouth to use elsewhere.

He lightly slaps Matthew's hip, trying to convey that he wants his throat fucked harder and there's a pause. Matthew adjusted and pulled back and out of Lovino's mouth. Silent question asked with a tilt of the shy man's head and Lovino responds with a sultry gaze, opening his mouth as wide as it can go, lolling his tongue out of his mouth. Hands going to grip the sides of the lounge, legs spread lewdly as he braces his feet on the warm stone. Matthew hesitates for just a moment more before that *beast* is being guided back into his mouth, hands back on his tits for leverage. Lovino's eyes flutter closed as the main event begins.

And boy does it ever, it's not hard to imagine every muscle in his pool boy's body working to both fuck his throat and avoid breaking his jaw. There's going to be bruises on his chest and the mere thought makes Lovino groan, eyes rolling back as he fights to keep his throat and mouth slack as it fucked, hard, hot flesh plunging in and out of his mouth as his legs shake. It's oddly rough for the boy's disposition but a welcome surprise as he'd been worried even with full permission the boy would hold back. Grunts and moans work their way past the rushing sound of blood in Lovino's ears and he takes the chance of removing one of his hands from the side of the chair to wrap around his own weeping and aching length. He grips the base of his cock for a moment, enjoying the brief reprieve from it's throbbing before he starts to work himself over. Not bothering with matching Matthew, instead going for what *he* prefers.

This is purely for his own pleasure, if Matthew gets off too then that's a plus, though he hopes he does. Poor thing must be so pent up, the thought makes Lovino's hips twitch as he jerks himself off. Head swimming in the sensations of his own hand and the cock battering his throat. Oh his voice is going to be so hoarse. It's going to turn him on all over again. Despite his preferences not even Gilbert had given into Lovino like this. He's reaching his end, heat pooling and building low in his gut as he plays with the head of his erection. A single blunt nail pressed to his drooling tip for that slight edge of pain. Not too much but just enough. Matthew speaks.

"Mis- Mister Va- ah. Lovi- S-sir I can't. I can't."

An idea hits him in that moment and he smacks at Matthew's hip with his unoccupied hand to get him to pull out, head still hanging back over the edge of the chair and he croaks out.

"Cum on my face and tits."

Matthew lets out a high, keening noise and takes himself in his hand, jerking off rapidly and he pants and braces himself on the chair itself this time. Lovino's other hand slides down his body as he closes his eyes again, teasing down past his cock, rubbing the pads of his fingers against his hole as he grips his own cock *just* right. That edge of pain from his nails paired

with his fingers teasing makes his gasp, mouth open ever wider as he cums. Matthew scant moments behind him, Lovino's moan deep and loud as cum splatters onto his face. The larger man adjusted a little so he could coat his tits as well as so ordered. Having finished, Lovino brings his hands up to smear and rub the other's spend over his chest, teasing at his own nipples a little as Matthew finishes up. A few errant spurts hit Lovino's face as the taller slumps back on his heels.

"Grab my phone from the table."

Matthew scrambles to comply despite his wobbly legs and he really does look like a fawn, Lovino's favorite pet name for the man. Device collected he stands over the naked and mussed Lovino, unsure.

"Twist your wrist like this to open the camera." He mimes the motion with his hand and Matthew copies him. "Do I need to tell you what I'd like or are you a good boy?" The flush that brings to the boys cheeks is a fact stored away for later.

"I'm a good boy." Matthew mumbles, brow furrowed and tongue peeking out of his mouth as he focuses on getting the best pictures he can of his debauched employer. There's a cat-like grin on Lovino's face that he knows suits the photos well, despite it being purely coincidental. Eventually the phone is handed over.

"How did I do?"

Lovino hums as the post orgasm drowsiness sets in, swiping through them.

"Fantastic, carro." He purrs and selects the best one to send to Gilbert, delighted that once praised Matthew immediately beams and, after his shorts are pulled up and righted, goes off to get something to clean Lovino up with. As he's cleaned he instructs Matthew on where the closest tube of lubricant was and that he was going to nap. Stating that if were to be woken, he wanted it to be because Matthew was either fucking him or preparing to fuck him. Matthew nods, diligently listening until Lovino is clean, and resituated on his stomach on the chair.

"What should I...?"

"I believe the pool still needs tending too, cerbiatto."

"Right."

An hour and a half or so later, Lovino is woken up by the delightful feeling of that impossibly long, thick length pressing into him. And delights in the panicked and strangled noise that bursts from his phone when he answers Gilbert's facetime call with Matthew buried to the hilt in his plush ass.

"Can't wait for you to come home, vita mia~"

"You're going to kill me, sonnenschein."

Lovino laughs as the sound of his husband undoing his zipper can be heard.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!