

Egg Hunt

A Short Kinky Stardew Story

June Lemmon

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Content Warnings

Hi. Yes. This is that kind of book.

If you came here for wholesome farming, emotional slow burns, and gentle character development... you have wandered into the wrong barn.

Inside you will find:

- Explicit sexual content (18+ only)
- M/M smut
- Consensual power dynamics
- Humiliation kink
- Sexual objectification
- The insertion of seasonal décor... and then the extraction of said seasonal décor

But if you're here because you absolutely know what you're signing up for?

Welcome. Enjoy.

XOXO,

June Lemmon

Egg Hunt

The crack of Mayor Lewis's starting pistol split the spring air, and Alex's stomach dropped straight through his sneakers.

"Go, go, go!" Voices scattered across the town square like startled birds, children darting between the flower boxes, adults making a show of leisurely searching while secretly eyeing the prize basket.

Alex didn't move. Couldn't, really, not with Sebastian's hand sliding into the back pocket of his shorts like he owned the real estate there.

"You ready to hunt?" Sebastian's voice was low, meant only for him.

"Get off." Alex tried to twist away, swatting at Sebastian's wrist. "People can see."

Sebastian's fingers didn't budge. If anything, they dug in harder, kneading through the thin, athletic fabric until Alex felt the pressure against his hole.

"Did you prepare like I told you?"

"I said *get off*." Alex's voice came out breathier than he intended. Pathetic.

Sebastian stepped closer, his chest pressing against Alex's shoulder blade, his breath warm against Alex's ear. "Keep being a brat. I'll bend you over that bench right now. Flip down these little shorts and give you ten across your ass while everyone watches." His grip tightened. "Bonus, I can check if you're ready at the same time."

Alex's throat went dry. His dick was hard, straining against his shorts, and he hated—*hated*—how fast Sebastian could do this to him. Three months of this and his body still betrayed him every single time.

He swallowed. Nodded.

"Words, Alex."

"I'm stretched," he muttered. "And lubed. Like you said."

Sebastian's hand gentled, rubbing a small circle of approval. "Good boy. Now let's find some eggs."

They slipped away from the square, past Haley photographing tulips, past Sam who gave Sebastian a knowing smirk that made Alex want to crawl into a hole. They wandered down the overgrown path behind Pierre's.

A flash of pastel pink caught Alex's eye. There, nestled in the weeds. The first egg.

Sebastian plucked it up, turning it over in his pale fingers. His smile was sharp, delighted, and it made Alex's pulse hammer against his ribs.

"Open up."

Alex looked around. Nobody. Just the rustle of leaves and the distant sounds of the hunt.

His hands shook as he hooked his thumbs into his waistband, pulling his shorts down to his thighs. He turned, bracing one hand against the brick wall, and reached back with the other to spread himself open. He was displayed. Vulnerable.

Alex's face burned, but his cock dripped.

Sebastian held the egg up, turning it. Alex's gaze locked onto it.

"Remember the rules." Sebastian's thumb traced the curve of the egg, almost tender. "You're my basket today. Every single egg we find goes right inside this pretty hole." He nodded toward Alex's exposed ass, casual as if he were discussing the weather. "We win the hunt? I give you a prize. We lose?" His voice dropped, darkened. "Punishment."

Alex's cock jerked against his stomach. He bit down on his lip, hard, trying to keep his expression neutral.

Sebastian leaned in, close enough that his lips brushed the shell of Alex's ear. "But you'd probably like the punishment more, wouldn't you?" A deliberate pause. "Dirty slut."

Heat flooded Alex's face. His cheeks, the tips of his ears, even the back of his neck did a full-body flush that had nothing to do with embarrassment and everything to do with the twisting want that coiled through him whenever Sebastian said things like that. Two words that made his knees go soft. Two words that made his hole clench in anticipation.

He hated it. Hated the way his brain lit up like a pinball machine at being degraded. Hated how many times he'd jerked off to the memory of Sebastian calling him worse, biting his pillow so his grandparents wouldn't hear.

Sebastian must have seen it—the way Alex's pupils blew wide, the way his lips parted on a shaky exhale—because his grin widened.

"Spit."

Sebastian held the egg out, tip angled toward Alex's mouth. Alex stared at it for a beat, then leaned forward and let a thick string of saliva drip onto the narrow end.

"More."

He spat again, coating it, his face burning hotter.

Sebastian reached around him, and Alex felt the cool, slick press of the egg's tip against his entrance. The lube he'd worked into himself that morning eased the way, but the shape... It was hard and smooth and foreign. Sebastian didn't rush it. He held the egg steady and pushed, slow, constant pressure that demanded Alex's body open for it.

Alex's breath hitched. His fingers curled against the brick, scraping. The widest part stretched him. Not painful, but insistent. Then his rim made it over the large end and the egg slipped inside with a soft slurp.

A sound escaped him. Small, involuntary, humiliating.

He could feel it. Sitting there, solid and warm from Sebastian's fingers, nestled just past his entrance. Every micro-shift of his hips telling him it was there.

"One," Sebastian said, his voice rough at the edges. He gave Alex's ass a little pat. "Pull your shorts up. We've got more to find."

Alex fumbled his waistband back into place, hyperaware of the weight inside him, the way it shifted when he moved. Walking was going to be—

He took a step. The egg moved. Pressed against something that made his vision blur.

"Fuck," he whispered.

Sebastian was already scanning the overgrown path ahead, hands in his hoodie pockets, looking for all the world like a guy on a casual stroll. He glanced back over his shoulder, one eyebrow raised.

"Coming?"

Alex gritted his teeth and followed, each step a negotiation between his legs and the smooth, unyielding thing his body was trying to grip and hold and push out all at once. He clenched deliberately, and the egg settled deeper. A bead of precum soaked through the front of his shorts.

They needed nine eggs to win. Eight more to find.

He was so fucked.

Alex kept glancing around, hyperaware of every distant voice, every rustle that might signal someone approaching.

"Relax," Sebastian murmured.

"Easy for you to say," Alex muttered. "You don't have an egg up your ass."

"No," Sebastian agreed, and his hand found the small of Alex's back, guiding him down the path. "I don't. But I do have the world's prettiest egg basket walking next to me, so I think I'm doing alright."

Alex wanted to shove him. Wanted to punch him. Wanted to drop to his knees again and—

He shut that thought down hard.

The second egg was lavender, half-hidden under the stairs behind the saloon where empty kegs collected dust and nobody ever looked.

Sebastian pointed at the ground. "Hands and knees."

Alex's jaw clenched. He glanced toward the alley entrance—empty, the sounds of the hunt still distant, muffled by brick and wood. His cock throbbed against his shorts, the first egg shifting inside him as he lowered himself down, palms flat on cool stone, knees spread on the packed dirt.

The position made everything worse. The egg inside him pressed forward, heavy and insistent, and his back arched involuntarily, presenting himself like—

"Look at you." Sebastian crouched behind him, tugging the waistband down just far enough. Cool air kissed his hole, and Alex felt it flutter, felt the first egg threatening to slip. "On your hands and knees in the dirt like a bitch in heat. You'd let me do anything to you right now, wouldn't you?"

"No," Alex gritted out, but his hips canted back, a fraction of an inch, and Sebastian caught it.

"Liar."

The second egg nudged against his rim, slick with Alex's own spit—Sebastian had made him drool on it, open-mouthed and panting, a string of saliva connecting his lower lip to the smooth surface. Sebastian pressed it in alongside the first, and Alex's body resisted for one bright, burning second before yielding. His muscles stretched, accommodated, and the second egg clicked against the first inside him like a marble dropping into a jar.

"Nnh—" The sound leaked out of him before he could stop it.

"Two," Sebastian murmured, and his thumb traced the swollen edge of Alex's hole. "Still so tight. You're going to be so full by the end."

Alex pulled his shorts up and got to his feet too fast. The eggs shifted, knocked together, and he had to lock his knees to keep from staggering. His cock left a wet smear against the fabric.

Walking was harder now. Not impossible, but every step required concentration—a careful, deliberate gait that felt nothing like his usual easy stride. He kept his hands shoved in his pockets, fists clenched, trying to look normal while two solid weights rolled and pressed inside him with every movement.

The third egg was yellow, tucked into the hollow of a tree stump near the community garden.

"Squat for this one," Sebastian said, arms crossed, watching with those dark, half-lidded eyes that made Alex feel like a specimen pinned under glass.

"Someone could come around the—"

"Squat."

Alex squatted. His thighs burned with the effort of hovering, shorts stretched between his knees, hole on display. The position opened him up, gravity pulling the first two eggs down against his entrance, and he had to clench hard to keep them from sliding out.

"Hold yourself open."

Alex's hands trembled as he reached back, fingers hooking into the meat of his own ass, spreading his cheeks apart. He stared at the ground between his feet, at a weed pushing through cracked soil, at anything that wasn't Sebastian's face.

"God, you should see yourself." Sebastian's voice had gone thick, rough like sandpaper. "The golden boy of Pelican Town. Squatting in the dirt, holding his ass open for me, begging for another egg in his greedy little cunt."

"I'm not—begging—"

The third egg breached him, and his mouth fell open on a silent gasp. Three now, stacked and shifting, and the fullness was becoming something he couldn't ignore. It sat low in his belly, a constant, maddening pressure.

"Three. Halfway there, baby."

Alex stood on shaking legs.

They found the fourth behind Emily's meditation garden. It was green. This time Sebastian made him bend over and grab his ankles, shorts pulled to

mid-thigh, and Alex felt the stretch of his hamstrings and the stretch of his hole simultaneously.

"Four for my favorite cocksleeve," Sebastian said as it disappeared into Alex's anus.

Alex squeezed his eyes shut, breathing through his nose, and a tiny, desperate moan leaked out between his pressed lips.

"What was that?"

"Nothing. It was nothing."

"Sounded like you want more."

"No. It didn't—I DON'T."

"Your dick's telling a different story."

The fifth egg was blue, wedged into a gap in the stone wall near the graveyard. Sebastian had him lie flat on his stomach in the grass, face pressed to the earth, hips raised. Then he worked the egg in with two fingers—slow and deliberate—pushing it deep enough that Alex felt the chain inside him shift and resettle. The movement sent a cascade of pressure through him, lighting up every nerve ending.

"Five." Sebastian's fingers lingered, working his puffy rim, testing the give. "Getting sloppy. This hole's getting used to being stuffed, huh? Loose little egg-slut."

Alex bit the inside of his cheek until he tasted copper. A whine escaped anyway—high and needy and completely involuntary—and his hips ground down against the dirt, chasing friction for his aching cock.

"Didn't say you could hump the ground."

Alex stopped. His whole body was shaking.

Six was orange, found near the bridge to the beach. Sebastian made him face the railing, grip the wood, bend at the waist with his legs spread wide. It looked, from a distance, like a man stretching after a run. Up close it looked exactly like what it was.

"You're dripping," Sebastian observed, and Alex felt a fingertip trace through the slick that had leaked out around the eggs, trailing down his perineum. "All this lube working its way out. Or is that you? Getting wet for me like a needy bitch?"

The sixth egg pushed in and Alex's knees buckled. Sebastian caught him by the hip, held him steady, and Alex made a sound that was half sob, half moan—a broken, wrecked noise that echoed off the water below.

"Six." Sebastian pressed a kiss to the back of his neck. "You're doing so good."

Alex's eyes stung. His cock was a solid bar of heat trapped against his stomach, untouched and desperate, and the fullness inside him had become its own living thing. An impossible awareness that he couldn't escape. Walking was a negotiation now, each step small and careful, his thighs pressed together, his gait reduced to a shuffle that made Sebastian's lips curl with visible satisfaction.

The seventh egg was white, sitting in plain sight on a fence post near Marnie's ranch, like it was mocking him.

Sebastian gestured to a patch of grass beside the fence.

"On your back. Legs up."

Alex stared at him. "You can't be serious."

"Lie down and hold your legs open for me. I want to see your face for this one."

Alex lowered himself to the grass. The earth was cool against his shoulder blades as he drew his knees toward his chest. Sebastian knelt between his spread thighs and tugged his shorts up. Seven eggs. Sebastian had to work this one, pressing firmly, his thumb circling Alex's rim until the muscle relaxed enough to accept it, and when it finally slipped in, Alex's head dropped back and a loud, unguarded moan tore out of him.

"There he is," Sebastian said softly. "There's my noisy little slut."

"Shut up." Alex's voice cracked on both syllables.

Eight. They found eight near the entrance to the mines, a deep red egg half-buried in gravel. Sebastian had him crouch against the cliff face, one hand braced on rock, the other holding his shorts out of the way. The eighth egg required patience. Alex's body was full, resistant, clenching and releasing in involuntary spasms as Sebastian worked it past the tight ring of muscle.

"Breathe," Sebastian told him, and Alex realized he'd been holding his breath, his vision sparkling at the edges. He sucked in air and the egg slid home and his whole body convulsed—a full-body shudder that started at his hole and radiated outward.

Sebastian casually wiped his fingers on the grass. "One more. Think you can handle it, or is the big tough gridball star going to tap out?"

"I can handle it," Alex said, though his legs were trembling. He was fine. He was in control. This was nothing.

Sebastian stepped closer. His fingertips skimmed up Alex's sides, catching on the damp fabric of his shirt. "Can you?" he murmured, circling one nipple through the cotton. The touch sent a jolt straight to Alex's core, making the eggs shift. "Because you look about two seconds from falling apart."

"Don't—" Alex's protest died as Sebastian's hand slid down to his stomach, pressing gently. The pressure made everything inside him shift.

Sebastian's fingertips brushed Alex's inner thigh and Alex's skin erupted in goosebumps. Sebastian leaned closer, his breath warm against Alex's ear. "You're trembling. Right here." His thumb pressed into the hollow of Alex's hip, circling slowly.

The gentle contact broke something in him. Alex's hand shot out, shoving Sebastian's shoulder hard. In that single moment of unthinking reaction, his careful control vanished. All the measured breathing, the deliberate clench of muscles he'd maintained for an hour. All gone.

His body unclenched.

He felt it immediately—the slick, horrible slide, gravity and physics conspiring against him—and the eighth egg slipped past his rim and dropped into the dirt between his feet with a soft, damning thud.

They both stared at it.

The red egg sat in the gravel, glistening with lube. Obscene. Undeniable.

Alex's stomach plummeted. His mouth opened, but Sebastian was already moving, his expression shifting from surprise to something darker, something that looked like satisfaction wearing a mask of disappointment.

"Oh, Alex." Sebastian shook his head slowly. "That won't do at all."

"That wasn't—I didn't mean to—"

"A basket is meant to hold eggs. Not drop them." Sebastian sat down on a flat outcropping of rock near the mine entrance, legs spread, and patted his thigh. The gesture was casual. The look in his eyes was not. "Get over here."

"No." Alex took a step back. "No, you're not—we're outside, anyone could—"

"Should have thought about that before you dropped one." Sebastian's voice was calm, level, the way it got when he wasn't going to budge. "Over my knee. Now. Or I add ten."

Alex's heart hammered against his ribs so hard he could feel it in his throat. The festival sounds were off in the distance, carried on wind. His cock, impossibly, was still hard. Harder, maybe.

He crossed the distance on legs that felt like they belonged to someone else and lowered himself across Sebastian's lap.

The position was—God. His torso draped over one thigh, his hips elevated across the other, and he could feel Sebastian's cock through his jeans, pressing against his stomach.

Sebastian's fingers hooked into his waistband and yanked. The shorts came down in one efficient motion, bunching at his knees, and the cool air hit his bare ass. Alex buried his face in his forearms.

"Count them."

The first slap cracked through the quiet like a gunshot.

Alex's whole body jerked. The sting bloomed hot and immediate across his right cheek, and the impact sent the eggs shifting inside him, pressing against his walls in a cascade of pressure that made his vision swim.

"One," he choked out.

The second landed on the left cheek, harder, and Alex's fingers dug into the palms of his hands.

"Two."

Three, four, five. Rapid fire. Each one layered on the last, building heat upon heat until his skin felt like it was glowing, radiating warmth that he could feel in his bones. The eggs jostled with every impact, a sick, constant stimulation that kept his cock leaking against Sebastian's thigh.

Six landed across both cheeks at once and Alex's voice broke on the number. "Six."

Seven. Eight. Nine.

By nine his ass was on fire. He could feel the individual handprints overlapping, could feel the heat pulsing in time with his heartbeat, and his face was wet. When had his face gotten wet? He pressed harder into his forearms, jaw clenched so tight his molars ached, and the sounds he was making were small, strangled things trapped behind his teeth. Not sobs. He wasn't sobbing. He was just—breathing wrong. That was all.

Ten cracked across the meat of his ass and his whole body seized, a tremor running through him from scalp to toes, and the sound that escaped him was definitely not a sob. Definitely not.

Sebastian's hand rested on his burning skin, warm and still.

"Color."

Alex didn't answer immediately. His breathing was ragged, hitching on every inhale, and his face was buried so deep in his arms that the world was dark and muffled and reduced to sensation—the fire in his ass, the fullness

inside him, the relentless ache of his untouched cock, the rough denim under his stomach. He could feel tears on his forearms, hot and incriminating.

He could stop this. One word and it was over. Sebastian would pull his shorts up, wipe his face, walk him home. He knew that. Knew it like he knew the weight of a football in his palm.

He lifted his head. His eyes were red-rimmed, his jaw set, and when he spoke his voice was wrecked but steady.

"Green."

Sebastian chuckled. It was a low, dark sound that vibrated through his thigh and into Alex's stomach. "Of course it is." His hand rubbed a slow circle over Alex's burning cheeks, almost soothing, and then his fingers trailed inward, down the cleft, hovering. "Spread yourself."

Alex's arms were shaking as he reached back. The contact with his spanked skin sent fresh sparks of pain racing up his spine as he dug in and pulled himself apart. He could feel his hole winking open and close, he could feel the eggs sitting heavy in his rectum.

He was completely exposed. Held apart by his own hands on a rock outside the mines while half the town hunted Easter eggs a quarter mile away.

Sebastian's hand came down directly on his opening.

Not his cheek. Not the surrounding skin. His hole. A sharp, precise slap against the most sensitive, most exposed part of him, and the impact drove through the ring of muscle and vibrated through every single egg inside him like a struck bell.

Alex came.

He didn't decide to. There was no buildup, no warning. Just the slap and then his cock was pulsing, jerking untouched against Sebastian's thigh, spilling in hot, rhythmic surges that soaked through the front of his bunched shorts and smeared against denim. His pucker clenched violently, trying to close, trying to push, and his entire body locked rigid as the orgasm ripped through him.

The sound he made wasn't human. It was guttural, broken, punched out of the deepest part of his chest, and it echoed off the cliff face and came back to him like a stranger's voice.

He collapsed across Sebastian's lap, his hands falling away from his ass. Aftershocks twitched through his thighs. His muscles pulsed weakly around the eggs, sore and tender and still so impossibly full.

For a long moment there was only the sound of his breathing—harsh, wet, and shuddering.

Sebastian's hand settled on the small of his back.

"Did you just come?"

Alex couldn't speak. He nodded into his arms.

"In your shorts?"

Another nod. Smaller.

"Untouched. From getting your slutty little hole spanked." Sebastian's voice was awestruck. "That's—fuck, Alex."

A pause. Then Sebastian's hand tapped his hip.

"Stand up."

Alex peeled himself off Sebastian's lap like a bandage coming off a wound. Every movement reminded him of the eggs still inside, the fire across his ass, and the cooling mess in his shorts. He got his feet under him, barely, swaying on legs that felt like wet rope.

"Turn around."

He turned. Sebastian was still sitting on the rock, looking up at him, and his expression was—something.

"Pull the front of your shorts down. Show me."

Alex's hands were clumsy. He hooked his thumbs into the waistband and peeled the fabric away from his skin, and the evidence of what he'd done was damning. Thick ropes of cum coated the inside of the shorts and smeared across his softening cock, stringing between the fabric and his skin in translucent threads.

He stood there, holding his ruined shorts open like an offering and watched Sebastian's throat bob on a swallow.

"Look at that mess." Sebastian's voice was barely above a whisper. He reached forward and dragged two fingers through the cum pooled in the fabric, then held them up between them, coated and gleaming. "All from a spanking. All from getting your cunt slapped once." He shook his head, that sharp smile cutting back across his face. "You're filthy, Alex. Absolutely fucking filthy."

Alex's eyes were still wet, his lashes clumped together, yet his cock gave a weak, interested twitch at Sebastian's words despite having just emptied itself. At that moment, Alex hated his body with a passion that bordered on religious.

"We still need to find the ninth egg," Sebastian said, standing, wiping his fingers on Alex's skin like he was a napkin. "And you need to put the eighth one back in." He picked the dropped red egg, brushed it off, and held it up. "But first—lick your cum off my jeans. You made the mess, you clean it up."

Alex sank to his knees in the dirt. His body screamed, and his ass throbbed, and the eggs shifted, but he leaned forward and pressed his tongue to the dark wet stain on Sebastian's thigh.

They had one more egg to find.

The denim tasted like salt and earth. Alex dragged his tongue in slow, deliberate strokes, working the wet patch where his cum had soaked through, and the texture of the fabric was rough against his tongue, catching on every ridge.

Sebastian's hand settled on the top of his head. Not pushing. Just resting there, fingers threading loosely through his hair, and the gentleness made Alex's chest do something complicated and aching.

"Ah-ah," Sebastian said above him. "You missed a spot near the inseam."

Alex shifted his mouth lower, his tongue pressing into the crease where thigh met groin, and he was so close he could feel the heat of Sebastian's cock through the denim. Could smell him through the fabric.

He pulled back when the stain was gone, replaced by a darker wet patch of his own saliva. His lips were raw. He didn't look up.

"Good enough." Sebastian's fingers tightened briefly in his hair, then released. "Now the egg."

The red egg appeared in front of Alex's face, held between Sebastian's thumb and forefinger. Alex could see a faint smear of lube along one side, already drying.

"Spit."

Alex's mouth was dry, scraped clean by denim. He worked his jaw, gathering what moisture he could, and spat on the egg.

"Pathetic." Sebastian said it without heat, almost fond. "Open your mouth."

Alex opened his mouth.

Sebastian spat into it. Direct, accurate, a thick glob that landed on Alex's tongue and sat there, warm and degrading in a way that made his stomach flip end over end. He held it, didn't swallow, didn't close his mouth, and waited.

"On the egg."

Alex leaned forward and let it drool out—his spit and Sebastian's, mixed together—onto the red surface. It coated the shell in an uneven slick.

"Turn around. Hands and knees."

Alex obeyed.

Sebastian knelt behind him and Alex felt the egg's tip nudge against his entrance. His body flinched.

"Relax."

"I'm trying."

"Try harder."

Alex pressed his forehead to the backs of his hands and breathed. In through the nose, out through the mouth, the way he used to before games, before big plays, before anything that required his body to cooperate with his brain. The clench eased. His opening softened, and Sebastian pressed the egg forward, steady and patient, and Alex felt the stretch—wider than before, or maybe his body was just more sensitive now, more aware, every nerve ending dialed up to a frequency that turned pressure into something indistinguishable from pleasure.

The egg shoved in against the others, and the fullness was staggering. Eight eggs, stacked and heavy, pressing against his walls and each other. Alex's rectal walls pulsed around them. Tight, rhythmic contractions he couldn't control. His hole opening and closing in tiny spasms like it was trying to decide whether to hold or expel.

"Eight. Again." Sebastian patted his flank. "Up."

Getting to his feet was an act of will that rivaled anything he'd ever done on the gridball field. He looked like a disaster. He felt like one too—legs trembling, gait reduced to a careful, bowlegged shuffle, face blotchy and tear-streaked, shorts stained front and back. If anyone saw him—

Alex shook the thought away, refusing to consider it.

They walked. Or Sebastian walked. It was that easy, loose-limbed stride, hands in his hoodie pockets, dark hair falling across his forehead, kind of walk. Alex followed as best he could. His gait was reduced to something careful and mincing, each step a controlled negotiation with gravity and his own treacherous insides.

The festival sounds were getting closer. Voices, laughter, the tinny music from the speakers Lewis set up every year. They were running out of time.

Sebastian paused at the junction where the mountain path met the road back to town. His gaze swept the landscape and landed on something Alex couldn't see.

"There." Sebastian nodded toward the bushes flanking the entrance to the spa. "See it?"

Alex squinted. A glint of gold, half-buried in mulch beneath a hydrangea bush. Gold. The special egg. The one worth triple points. Lewis hid it in a different spot every year, and most years nobody found it.

His heart kicked. If they got that one, they wouldn't just win. They'd annihilate.

But the spa entrance was visible from the path. Anyone walking back from the mines or the carpenter's shop would have a clear line of sight.

"I can't—not here. Someone will—"

"Then you better be quick." Sebastian was already crossing the road, plucking the golden egg from the mulch, turning it over in his hands with an eager expression. It was larger than the others. Noticeably. The width of it made Alex's stomach drop.

"That's not going to fit."

"It'll fit."

"Sebastian—"

"It'll fit because you're going to make it fit." Sebastian closed the distance between them, backing Alex against the wall beside the spa door, one hand braced by his head. "Because you're a good boy who wants to win. Because you've taken eight already and your greedy little cunt is loose and sloppy and desperate for one more. Because—" His voice dropped, went rough and raw. "Because I told you to."

Alex's cock was hard again. Fully, achingly hard, like the orgasm hadn't happened, like his body had reset itself in the span of minutes because Sebastian's voice was apparently a direct line to his dick. His insides clenched around the eight eggs and he felt them press against each other, felt the fullness spike, and a whimper slipped out before he could catch it.

"Turn around. Hands on the wall. Fast."

Alex turned. His palms hit the warm stone of the spa's exterior wall, and Sebastian yanked his shorts down just past the curve of his ass—not far, just enough—and Alex heard him spit, heard the wet sound of him coating the golden egg, and then the blunt, wide tip pressed against his entrance.

It was bigger. Christ, it was bigger. His hole stretched around the curve and kept stretching, a slow burn that crept toward pain, and Alex's fingers clawed at the stone as his body fought the intrusion. The eight eggs inside him left no room—the ninth had to push them deeper, rearrange them, and he could feel the whole configuration shifting, pressing in a way that made white light strobe behind his eyelids.

"Breathe," Sebastian said, and his free hand was on Alex's hip, thumb rubbing small circles.

He breathed. The egg pressed deeper. His asshole burned, stretched, and then—

Slorp.

His body swallowed it. Nine eggs. The fullness was total, absolute, a presence that occupied every available space inside him and pressed outward against his walls in every direction. He could feel them in his gut. He could feel them in his chest. He could feel them in his damn toes.

A sound came out of him—long, low, shattered—and his forehead dropped against the stone wall. His cock was dripping a steady stream of precum down his thigh, and his hole pulsed weakly around the last egg, trying to close, unable to fully seal around the girth of everything inside.

"Nine." Sebastian's lips pressed against the nape of his neck, hot and firm. "That's my boy. That's my perfect, filthy, ruined boy."

Alex's eyes were wet again. He didn't bother pretending otherwise.

Sebastian's arms wrapped around him from behind. His chest pressing flush against Alex's back, his chin settling into the curve of Alex's shoulder. The embrace was almost tender, and that made it worse, because Sebastian's words weren't tender at all.

"You know what you look like right now?" Sebastian's lips moved against the shell of his ear, each word a warm exhalation that raised every hair on Alex's neck. "Pinned against a wall with nine eggs stuffed in your slutty little cunt, cock dripping, shorts around your thighs. You look like you were made for this."

Alex's knees softened. He locked them, forced them straight, and shook his head. "That's not—I'm not—"

"Shh." The arms tightened. Sebastian's hands slid under the hem of his shirt, palms flat against the trembling plane of Alex's stomach. They traveled upward, pushing fabric with them, until they found the firm swell of his chest. Sebastian's fingers spread wide, cupping the hard muscle of each pec, kneading the flesh with possessive pressure that made Alex's breath catch.

"Don't—don't touch—"

"These tits," Sebastian breathed against his ear, and his thumbs found Alex's nipples at the same moment, circling the stiff peaks once before pinching down. He rolled both of them between thumb and forefinger, slow and deliberate, then pulled—away from Alex's body, stretching the sensitive flesh until the burn radiated across his entire chest and Alex's mouth fell open on a soundless gasp. "Fuck, look at these. You work out every day building these for me, don't you? Getting your chest all thick and pretty so I have something to play with."

"That's not—ah—that's not why I—" Alex couldn't finish. The denial dissolved on his tongue because Sebastian twisted both nipples simultaneously and the sensation lanced through him like current, connecting his chest to his cock to the nine eggs sitting heavy in his gut, and the noise that came out of him was something between a word and a whine.

His back arched, pressing his chest harder into Sebastian's hands, and the involuntary offering made Sebastian hum—a low, satisfied sound that vibrated against Alex's neck.

"Not why you what? Not why you spend two hours a day in the gym?" Sebastian released one nipple just long enough to slap the pec beneath it—a light, stinging smack against the muscle that made the flesh bounce under his palm. He grabbed it again immediately, fingers sinking into the firm mass. "Not why you wear those tight little tank tops around town with your nipples poking through?"

Sebastian released one nipple and ran his hand down, dragging blunt nails across the ridges of Alex's abs, and settled low on his belly. He pressed. Firm, deliberate pressure against Alex's lower abdomen, and Alex felt the eggs respond—felt them compress, rearrange, and press deeper into secret, forbidden places.

"I work out because—because I'm an athlete, you—fuck—" The word disintegrated as Sebastian's other hand abandoned his nipple and joined the first, both palms pressing flat against his lower belly, fingers pointing down, and the pressure was exquisite and unbearable.

His shorts—already barely clinging to his hips, already soaked and ruined—gave up the fight. The wet fabric slid over his hips, down his thighs, and pooled at his ankles with a quiet, defeated sound.

Naked from the waist down. Shirt rucked up to his collarbones. Nine eggs inside him. Sebastian's cock pressed between his bare cheeks with nothing but a layer of denim preventing—

Sebastian rocked his hips. A slow, grinding roll that dragged rough denim across Alex's asshole. The zipper teeth caught on his swollen opening and Alex's cock spit a clear strand of precum onto the stone wall.

"You do it because you're a cock-hungry tease who gets off on being wanted. Walking around town in your little shorts, flexing for everyone, bending over to show off this ass—" Another roll of his hips, harder, and Alex felt the shape of him through the denim, thick and insistent. "—and you love it. You love knowing every eye follows you when you walk by."

"That's not—"

"But here's the thing, Alex." Sebastian's mouth closed over his earlobe, teeth grazing the soft flesh, and his voice was low and final. "This body? It's mine now."

The words landed in Alex's chest like a fist. His mouth opened—to argue, to deny, to say something—but Sebastian kept going, his hands pressed harder against Alex's belly, fingers splayed wide, possessive. "Every inch of it. These tits—" a squeeze, "—this cock—" another squeeze, "—this greedy, stuffed little pussy. Mine."

Alex shook his head, a jerky, desperate motion. "You don't—you can't just—"

"I know everything about you." Sebastian's thumb traced a lazy circle below his navel. "I know what you sound like when you're about to come. I know what your body does when I call you a good boy—yeah, there it is, feel that clench? I know that." His lips dragged along the column of Alex's throat. "And I know what you're thinking right now."

"You don't—"

"You're thinking about my cock." Sebastian pressed his hips forward again, and the hard ridge of him ground against Alex's crack, and the eggs inside shifted like tectonic plates. "You're thinking about how I could unzip right now and stuff it inside you alongside all those eggs. Scramble them in your hungry little cunt. Rearrange your guts until you can't remember your own name."

Alex's whole body seized. His cock jumped, slapping wet against his stomach, and a sound came out of him that was dangerously close to begging. "That's not—I'm not thinking—shut up. Shut the fuck up."

"You're so full already. Imagine how it would feel if I—"

"I said shut UP—"

The tinny crackle of the town square speakers cut through the air like a blade. Mayor Lewis's voice, amplified and distorted by distance: "Ten minutes remaining, everyone! Ten minutes to turn in your eggs!"

The words hit Alex like ice water. Ten minutes. There were nine eggs inside him and they needed to get back to the square and present them and he was standing behind the spa with his shorts around his ankles and his cock out and—

Sebastian moved fast. His hand closed around Alex's bicep and hauled him sideways, away from the wall, toward the tree line behind the spa where the path dissolved into overgrown brush and shadow.

"Wha—" Alex stumbled. His shorts, pooled around his ankles like shackles, caught on his sneakers and he pitched forward, barely catching himself with his free hand as Sebastian hauled him across the grass. The eggs lurched inside him with every graceless step—a sickening, wonderful cascade of pressure that turned his legs to water. His cock bounced against his thigh and his shirt was still rucked up under his armpits as he was dragged nearly-naked behind the spa like a piece of luggage.

"Wait—my shorts—let me pull my—"

"No time."

They crashed through a wall of forsythia into a small clearing. It was walled on three sides by dense shrubbery and invisible from any path. The ground was soft with last year's leaves, dappled with afternoon light that filtered through the canopy.

Sebastian released his arm and turned to face him. "Okay," he said, rubbing his hands together. "Time to retrieve."

Alex blinked. His brain was cotton, soaked through with endorphins and overstimulation. "Retrieve... what?"

"The eggs, Alex. Wide stance now." Sebastian tapped the inside of Alex's ankle with his foot. "Spread your legs. More."

Alex obeyed without thinking—shifting his feet farther apart until Sebastian nodded his approval. He stood barefoot and bare-assed in the clearing in nothing but his bunched-up shirt and sneakers, legs spread wide. The shift in

his center of gravity made the eggs settle lower, pressing against his entrance, and his hole protested in weak, involuntary spasms.

Sebastian dropped to the ground.

Not to his knees. All the way down, flat on his back in the leaf litter, and he scooted himself directly between Alex's spread feet until his face was positioned beneath Alex's crotch.

Sebastian folded his hands behind his head, casual as a man watching clouds, and looked up at Alex with those dark eyes gleaming. "Ready," he said.

The realization hit Alex like a truck.

He wanted—Sebastian wanted him to—

Squat. Over his face. And push. Like a—

"No." Alex tried to step back, tried to move, but Sebastian's hands shot up and locked around both his ankles, grip iron-tight, thumbs pressing into the bones. "No, absolutely not, I'm not going to—"

"We need the eggs out." Sebastian's voice was steady, reasonable, like he was explaining basic arithmetic. His breath was warm against Alex's inner thighs, and his dark eyes glittered up at him from between his spread feet. "Nine eggs. We need to present them. You want me to pull them out in front of Lewis and the whole town? Or do you want to squat down and lay them for me like a good little hen so we can win this thing?"

Alex's face was so hot he thought his skin might actually blister.

"We have ten minutes," Sebastian reminded, thumbs stroking Alex's anklebones with deceptive tenderness. "Probably eight now. So unless you want to forfeit everything we just did—you're going to drop that plump ass down and push."

Alex squatted.

His thighs burned with the familiar strain of a wall sit, but this was nothing like training. As he lowered himself, the eggs shifted inside him, pressing downward with the compression of his torso. The pressure against his en-

trance became impossible to fight. His hole, already swollen and tender and wrecked from the spanking, began to open.

"That's it." Sebastian's voice drifted up from between his legs, close enough that Alex could feel the warmth of his breath against his perineum. "Nice and slow. Bear down for me."

Alex's face crumpled. His teeth sank into his lower lip and he pushed—a careful, controlled contraction of his abdominal muscles, the same motion he used for heavy lifts but directed inward and down. The first egg poked out his opening, and a shudder of unexpected pleasure rippled through him as his asshole began to stretch.

"I can see it," Sebastian murmured, and his voice had that rough edge again. "Gold one first. It's crowning. Keep going."

Alex bore down harder, a moan escaping him as the pressure built. The golden egg—the big one, the last one in, now the first one out—stretched him wide, wider, and then his rim crested the equator and the egg slid free with a lewd, wet slurp that he felt in his entire body. There was a soft thud as Sebastian caught it in his hands.

"One," Sebastian said, and his voice was thick.

One egg gone, eight remaining, and the pressure barely diminished. His hole throbbed as the second egg started to emerge before he'd caught his breath.

"Push," Sebastian said. "Come on, show me that pretty pussy open up again."

Alex bore down. The red egg—number eight going in, number two coming out—met less resistance, his opening already softened and gaping from the golden one's exit. Sparks cascaded up his spine as the egg slipped out and the moan that fell out of him was like an animal.

"Two. Fuck, Alex, look at your cunt pushing that out. All puffy and swollen and just—wrecked. You're wrecked."

The word landed somewhere deep in Alex's chest and detonated. His thighs shook. He bore down again without being told, and the third egg crowned. He could feel the exact moment his ring stretched around the widest point, that impossible instant of maximum diameter where his body was a perfect circle of yielding flesh. And then it was through, sliding free with a slick sound that seemed obscenely loud in the quiet clearing.

"Three. That's it, that's my filthy boy, keep going. Your hole's just—God, you're fucking dripping. It's so wide open, I can see inside you—"

The fourth egg came faster. Alex's body had found a rhythm now, a cadence of push and release that felt less like expulsion and more like something else—something rhythmic and primal that his brain kept trying to name and his shame kept shoving away. Each egg's exit dragged through his swollen sphincter with the same devastating friction as the entry, every nerve ending lit up and screaming, and the pleasure was indistinguishable from the overstimulation was indistinguishable from something that felt terrifyingly like need.

"Four. Jesus Christ, Alex, the sounds—you hear yourself? Those wet little noises your cunt makes every time one comes out? Sloppy. So fucking sloppy. I could listen to that all day."

Alex's vision was going soft at the edges. The dappled light through the canopy swam and blurred, and the sounds of the world... birdsong, distant festival music, Sebastian's voice... arrived wrapped in cotton, muffled and warm. His thighs burned but the burn was distant too. He was floating. Suspended somewhere between the strain in his muscles and the relentless, pulsing fullness that diminished egg by egg but never quite disappeared.

"Five, baby. Fuck, your hole is so red. So puffy. Looks like a fucking—like a mouth, opening and closing, begging me for more—"

Alex pushed and felt the egg slide through him in slow motion, felt every millimeter of its surface drag against his insides, and the sound he made was long and continuous and dreamy. Not a moan, not a whimper, something

softer, something surrendered. His eyes were half-closed. The leaves beneath Sebastian's head were impossibly green, the light impossibly golden, and the world had reduced itself to the warm dark space between his legs where Sebastian's voice lived.

"Six. Three more. You're almost there, you're doing so fucking good, your little cunt is just—it's just giving them up for me, so obedient, so—"

"Love when you watch me," Alex heard himself say.

The words came from somewhere outside his conscious mind. From the floaty, dissolved place he'd drifted into, where shame was a concept that belonged to someone else, someone who wasn't squatting over his fuckbuddy's face pushing eggs out of his body in a forest clearing. His voice sounded strange to his own ears. Dreamy. Honest.

Sebastian went quiet.

Alex felt the silence like a change in air pressure. He bore down and the seventh egg crowned. The sensation was so overwhelming that more words spilled out, loose and unfiltered: "Love how you look at my hole. Like you want to eat it. Like you want to live inside me."

The egg dropped free and Alex heard Sebastian's breath stutter.

"You like watching me push them out?" Alex's voice was a murmur, slurred and sex-drunk, his hips rolling in a slow circle that made the remaining two eggs shift inside him. "Like watching my slutty hole stretch open for you? I can feel you staring. Can feel your breath on me."

"Alex—" Sebastian's voice cracked on the second syllable. The sound of it pierced through Alex's haze just enough to register as victory.

"Two more," Alex whispered, and he clenched down with a low, guttural groan that he let fill the clearing without restraint. "Watch them come out. Watch my pussy open up."

A sound came from below him. Not a word. A growl. Low and guttural and vibrating with something that sounded less than human. The noise punched through Alex's haze and he looked down between his spread thighs.

Sebastian's face was transformed. The careful composure, the sardonic half-smile, the performance of control—gone. His lips were parted, his jaw tight, his dark eyes fixed on the space between Alex's legs with an intensity that bordered on feral.

Alex's gaze traveled lower. Sebastian's hoodie had ridden up, exposing a strip of stomach, and below that—

The outline of his cock strained against his jeans like something caged. Thick, visibly hard, pressed along the left side of his zipper in a rigid line that the denim couldn't disguise. A dark spot had bloomed near the head, barely visible against the dark fabric but unmistakable. Sebastian was leaking through his jeans.

The sight sent a spike of raw, electric power through Alex's chest. He sucked his fingers and reached between his legs, smearing the saliva around his ring in a slow circle, and watched Sebastian's throat work on a swallow.

"Like what you see?" Alex's voice came out wrecked, barely a rasp, but the words landed. Sebastian's jaw clenched so hard Alex could see the muscle jump.

"You have no idea—" Sebastian's voice was shredded, all the silk stripped away to reveal something raw and desperate underneath. "—what you look like right now. Squatting over me with your thighs spread wide, your cunt all puffy and stretched, dripping like a desperate little whore who can't get enough."

Alex let his head fall back. The moan that poured out of him was theatrical and genuine in equal measure. "Maybe I am desperate. But whose fault is that, you sick fuck?"

The growl that answered him was barely language. "Push," Sebastian snarled from below, and his whole body was taut, vibrating, a wire about to snap. "Push them out, you filthy fucking cockslut. I want to see that ruined hole gape."

Alex pushed. He braced against his own thigh as he bore down, his abs contracting, his anus stretching open around the eighth egg with a slick sound that seemed to echo in the clearing.

"That's it, that's it—fuck, look at your pretty pussy swallowing it back and forth, it can't decide if it wants to hold on or let go—"

"Shut your mouth and watch me," Alex gritted out. "Watch your dirty little slut push it out. This what gets you hard? This what makes you leak through your jeans like a fucking pervert?"

Sebastian made a sound like he'd been punched. "Please. You're the most depraved cumrag in this valley and you walk around town pretending to be the all-American boy next door—"

The eighth egg crested and dropped free. One left. Alex could feel it working its way down, pressing against his entrance, ready.

"Last one," Alex panted. "Last one for you. Want it? Want to watch your filthy little hen lay the last egg?"

"Give it to me." Sebastian's voice was barely recognizable. "Or I swear I'll shove my whole hand up your sloppy cunt and pull it out myself. Push it out and give me that egg now, you fucking slut."

Alex's entire body contracted. His abs, pelvic floor, even the deep muscles he didn't have names for all squeezed. The last egg emerged with agonizing slowness. He felt every millimeter. When the widest point hit, he cried out—a sharp, broken sound that cracked the quiet—and then it was through, landing with a soft thud.

For one suspended heartbeat, there was nothing but the sound of both of them breathing, the air between them thick enough to choke on.

Then Sebastian's hands shot up and grabbed his hips.

His finger dug into the hollows above Alex's hip bones, thumbs pressing hard into the meat of his ass. Then, before Alex could process what was happening, he pulled and yanked Alex's ass directly onto his mouth.

Alex's brain whited out.

Sebastian's tongue pressed flat against his hole and dragged upward in a single, devastating stroke that made Alex's entire nervous system short-circuit. The sound that ripped out of him wasn't a moan. It wasn't a gasp or a whimper or any of the sounds he'd been making all afternoon. It was a scream—raw, guttural, torn from somewhere behind his sternum—and it echoed off the trees and scattered birds from the canopy above.

"Oh fuck—oh fuck oh FUCK—"

Sebastian's tongue pushed inside him. No resistance. His body was open, loose, still gaping from the eggs, and Sebastian's tongue slid in like it belonged there. Alex ground his ass on Sebastian's face and Sebastian groaned against him, a vibration that traveled through Alex's hole and up his spine and detonated behind his eyes.

His hands scrabbled for purchase, finding Sebastian's knees, his shins, anything to anchor himself as his hips bucked involuntarily. He couldn't control it. Couldn't control any of it! Not the rolling grind of his ass against Sebastian's mouth, not the sounds pouring out of him in a continuous, wrecked stream, and not the way his cock bounced and dripped with every jerk of his hips.

Sebastian ate him like he was starving. His tongue fucked in and out with a rhythm that was wet, sloppy, and audible. His lips sealed around Alex's ring and sucked. The sensation was so intense that Alex's vision tunneled to a pinprick and his mouth hung open and the noises he made weren't words anymore.

Sebastian pulled back just enough to breathe. "Taste so fucking good. Could eat this sweet pussy for hours."

Alex sobbed. Actually sobbed. Sebastian's hands loosened on his hips, just enough for his thumbs to stroke the bruised hollows they'd carved.

"Don't cry, baby." The words vibrated against his hole, slurred and wet. "Don't cry. Put that mouth to work and suck my cock instead."

The command landed in Alex's chest like a stone dropped into still water. His body was already moving. He tilted forward, his weight redistributing across Sebastian's torso, while his hands found the ground beside Sebastian's hips. The position folded him in half over Sebastian's body, his ass still hovering over Sebastian's face, his own face level with the straining line of denim he'd been staring at earlier.

His fingers found the zipper. The metal was warm from body heat, and it caught once before sliding down with a sound that cut through the wet noise of his own breathing. He tugged the waistband of Sebastian's boxers down, and—

The breath left his lungs.

Sebastian's cock sprang free, thick and flushed dark, the head slick with precum that had pooled in the slit and smeared across the shaft where it had been pressed against fabric. The smell of salt and musk hit him and Alex's mouth flooded with saliva so fast he nearly choked on it.

He knew this cock. Had taken it in his mouth, in his hand, more times than he could count over the last three months. But something about seeing it now, after everything, made the sight of it hit different. His stomach dropped. His chest ached. His cock, already hard and dripping, jerked against his belly like it had been struck.

Want. Raw, uncomplicated, devastating want that bypassed his brain entirely and lived somewhere in the base of his spine, in the pulse of his empty, gaping cavity, in the saliva pooling under his tongue.

"You feel that?" Sebastian's voice drifted up from beneath him. His breath ghosted across Alex's pucker again. "Your cunt just clenched so hard I could see it from here. Just from looking at my cock." A pause. Then a low laugh. "You're fucking Pavlovian, Alex. I've trained this hole to drool for my dick."

Alex's face burned. His hole clenched again, proving the point. Right now, he wanted that cock in his mouth so badly his jaw ached with it.

He dropped his head and swallowed Sebastian down.

No teasing. No tentative licks or careful exploration. That was Alex three months ago. Now his throat opened like a door on well-oiled hinges. He took the head past his lips, across his tongue, and sank until his nose pressed into the coarse hair at the base, and the thick length of Sebastian filled his throat with a pressure that was grounding.

Sebastian's hips bucked. A strangled sound came from between Alex's thighs and Alex felt a savage flare of satisfaction in his chest. He swallowed around the cock in his throat, felt the muscles contract and squeeze, and Sebastian cursed—a bitten-off "fuck" that vibrated against Alex's asshole.

Then Sebastian's tongue was on him again, pushing inside with zero preamble.

Alex moaned around the cock in his throat and the vibration made Sebastian's hips jerk upward, driving his shaft deeper, and the feedback loop was immediate and devastating. Sebastian ate his ass and Alex sucked his cock and every sound one of them made fed directly into the other's body, a closed circuit of vibration and suction and heat.

Alex worked him the way Sebastian had taught him. Hollow cheeks on the upstroke, tongue pressed flat against the underside on the way down, a twist of his head at the apex that dragged the ridge of the head across the roof of his mouth. He breathed through his nose in controlled bursts, timing each inhale to the pull-back, each exhale to the descent. Three months of practice. Three months of Sebastian's hand in his hair, correcting his angle, controlling his pace, telling him slower, deeper, swallow when I hit the back, good boy, just like that.

His body remembered even when his brain was soup. Muscle memory. Sebastian had literally trained his throat the way a coach trained an athlete, and the realization should have horrified him but instead it made his cock pulse and drip a strand of precum onto Sebastian's chest.

Sebastian's tongue fucked into him with increasing urgency. Sloppy and graceless, nothing like the controlled precision of earlier. His hands gripped

Alex's ass again, spreading his cheeks apart so wide the stretch burned, holding him open like he was trying to climb inside. The sounds were obscene—wet, sucking, slurping sounds that filled the clearing and mixed with Alex's muffled moans and the thick, rhythmic glug of his throat working Sebastian's cock.

Alex felt it building. Not in his cock... or not *only* in his cock. It started deeper, in the place where the eggs had been, in the hollowed-out, oversensitive cavity that Sebastian's tongue was now colonizing with ruthless efficiency. A pressure that wasn't fullness but felt related to it. An ache that radiated outward in slow, rolling waves, each one surfing higher than the last.

His thighs started shaking. His rhythm on Sebastian's cock stuttered. He lost the careful timing, the trained precision, and devolved into something messy and desperate, his head bobbing fast and sloppy, drool running down Sebastian's shaft and pooling in the dark hair at the base. He couldn't breathe properly. His vision was going white at the edges again.

Sebastian's hand cracked down on his ass.

No warning. No windup. Just the flat of his palm connecting with the still-burning flesh of Alex's right cheek in a slap that rang through the clearing like a rifle shot, and the impact drove forward through his hips, burying Sebastian's cock deep in his throat at the exact moment the shockwave rippled through his empty, gaping hole and slammed into whatever raw, devastated nerve cluster Sebastian's tongue had been working for the last five minutes.

Everything detonated.

Alex came with Sebastian's cock lodged in his throat, his scream reduced to a choked, gurgling vibration that traveled the full length of Sebastian's shaft. His cock pulsed untouched. Again, fucking again, the second time in an hour without a single hand on it. His hole clenched around nothing, violent rhythmic contractions that squeezed Sebastian's tongue out of him, and his whole body locked rigid, every muscle fiber firing simultaneously,

a full-system seizure of pleasure that whited out his vision and emptied his lungs and left him suspended in a space that had no name.

Sebastian's hips snapped upward. Once, twice—and then he was coming too, his cock swelling on Alex's tongue before the first pulse hit the back of his throat. Hot, thick, flooding his mouth in surges that timed with the spasms still racking his own body. Sebastian's moan against his hole was the loudest sound he'd made all day.

Alex swallowed. His throat worked on instinct. The trained response kicking in even through the white-out of his own orgasm and he took every pulse, every thick surge, his throat contracting around Sebastian's shaft to milk the last of it. The taste was salt and bitter and warm, coating his tongue, sliding down his throat, and he swallowed again, and again, until Sebastian's cock softened enough to slip from his lips and he was left gasping, mouth open, a thin string of cum and saliva connecting his lower lip to the glistening head.

He collapsed. His full weight dropped onto Sebastian's body. Chest to stomach, face pressed against Sebastian's hip, legs splayed wide across his shoulders. For a long, suspended moment neither of them moved.

The clearing was quiet except for their breathing and the distant, tinny sound of Mayor Lewis announcing that the egg hunt was over. The winner was Abigail with eight eggs.

"Abigail won," Alex said flatly, his cheek still pressed against Sebastian's hip.

Sebastian's chest rose and fell beneath him in a long, slow breath. He patted Alex's bare butt. "Yep."

"We had nine."

"We did."

"Nine eggs. The gold one. We had the fucking gold one, Sebastian. We would have won."

"Mmhm." Sebastian's thumb stroked the crease between Alex's thigh and ass cheek. "Would've had to explain why they were warm and covered in lube, though."

"Details."

Alex didn't move. Couldn't, really. His limbs had the structural integrity of overcooked pasta, and peeling himself off Sebastian's body seemed like a task that belonged to a future version of himself.

"So," Alex said, and his voice came out scraped raw, barely functional. He cleared his throat. Tried again. "So. We lost."

"We lost."

"So what's..." Alex pressed his face harder into Sebastian's hip, hiding the heat that was already crawling up his neck, and the question came out muffled. "What's my punishment?"

Sebastian's hand came down on his bare ass. Light. Playful. A pat more than a slap, nothing like the devastating cracks from earlier, but it landed on skin that was still hot and tender, and Alex yipped.

"Punishment." Sebastian rolled the word around in his mouth like he was tasting it. "You did earn one, didn't you?"

Alex squeezed his eyes shut. "Yeah."

"Dropped an egg. Lost the hunt. Came without permission. Twice."

"I know."

"Humped the ground when I told you not to."

"I *know*."

Silence. Alex braced himself, remembering the time Sebastian had made him wear a vibrating plug during gridball practice, or when he'd been tied spread-eagle to the bed for hours, edged until he sobbed. Would it be the wooden paddle this time? Or maybe Sebastian would use the nipple clamps...

"Alright," Sebastian said. "Here's what's going to happen."

Alex held his breath.

"First," Sebastian said, "I'm going to run you a bath. Hot. With that eucalyptus shit you pretend you don't like but I've seen you sniffing when you think I'm not looking."

Alex blinked.

"Then you're going to sit between my legs and I'm going to wash your hair."

Alex lifted his head.

"After that, you're getting into my bed. Clean sheets—I changed them this morning. I'm going to rub arnica into every bruise I find. There will be water and heating pads." Sebastian's hand moved from his cheek to the small of his back, rubbing slow, firm circles. "And then I'm ordering pizza and we're watching that gridball documentary you've been talking about for three weeks. And you're going to eat at least four slices and fall asleep on my chest and drool on my shirt, because that's what you do every time."

Alex couldn't hold back. He barked a laugh.

"That's—" He pressed his face into Sebastian's hip, trying to muffle it. "That's not a punishment, you asshole."

"Isn't it? Four slices of pizza is a lot."

Alex snorted. "Weirdo."

"Jock."

Alex's body protested every inch of the process of getting vertical. His thighs screamed. His knees, bruised from kneeling, buckled once before holding. His hole throbbed in a way that made sitting down in the immediate future seem like a hostile concept. He tugged his shorts up from his ankles and tried not to think about the walk back through town.

Sebastian stood with considerably more grace, brushing leaf litter from his hoodie, tucking himself back into his jeans. The cum stains on his shirt were visible but Sebastian didn't seem to care. He ran a hand through his dark hair and looked, infuriatingly, like a person who'd been on a pleasant afternoon stroll rather than one who'd just had his brain sucked out through his dick.

He turned to Alex, his expression softening, before closing the distance between them in two steps and pulling Alex against him.

His arms wrapped around Alex's waist, hands flat against the small of his back, chin hooked over his shoulder. Alex's face found the curve of Sebastian's neck. He smelled like cigarettes and pine needles and Suave shampoo. His arms came up on their own, circling Sebastian, his fingers curling into the back of his hoodie.

For a moment there was just this. The two of them standing in a clearing in the woods, holding each other, breathing.

Then Sebastian's lips moved against his ear.

"Of course, I'm also locking your cock up for two weeks."

Alex's head snapped back. "You're WHAT?"

"Chastity cage. Two weeks. I got a new silicone one. Should be comfortable enough for daily wear. You can piss through it fine."

"Two WEEKS?" Alex shoved against his chest, but Sebastian's arms didn't budge. "Are you insane? That's—I can't—two weeks is—"

"Fourteen days, Alex. You can count that high, right? Gridball scholarship and everything."

"Fuck you. Fuck you, that is—I have practice, I have—the shower situation alone—you can't just—" Alex sputtered, his voice climbing, his face flushing hot all over again. His hands were still fisted in Sebastian's hoodie. "That's—no. No. Absolutely not. I refuse."

"You came without permission. Twice." Sebastian's arms tightened, drawing him closer, and his mouth curved against Alex's temple in a smile Alex could feel. "Actions have consequences."

"I'll appeal. I'll—I'll file a grievance."

"With who? The sex tribunal?"

"With—I don't know—Sam. I'll tell Sam."

"Sam already knows about the cage. He helped me pick the color. Hope you like hot pink."

Alex's mouth opened. Closed. Opened again. No sound came out. The flush had spread down his neck and across his chest. Two weeks. Fourteen days of his cock locked away in pink silicone. The thought of Sebastian pocketing the key with that infuriating smirk sent a bolt of heat through his gut that he absolutely, categorically refused to examine.

Sebastian pulled back just enough to look at his face. Those dark eyes tracked downward to Alex's parted lips, his flushed cheeks, the rapid pulse visible in his throat and then lower, to the obvious outline tenting the front of his destroyed shorts.

The corner of Sebastian's mouth twitched.

"Yeah," he said softly, knowingly, with the quiet satisfaction of a man who could read Alex's body like source code. "That's what I thought."

Alex opened his mouth to deny it, to say something cutting, something that would restore some fraction of his dignity! But Sebastian's hand came up and cupped his jaw, thumb brushing the dried tear track on his cheek, and the denial evaporated on his tongue.

"Two weeks. No touching. No grinding. The only time that cage comes off is when I decide it comes off," Sebastian said. His thumb traced Alex's lower lip, pulling it down gently before releasing it. "I'm looking forward to the Flower Dance."

The implication landed like a slow-burning fuse. Two weeks. The cage coming off at the Flower Dance... or during it, or after it. Two weeks in chastity and then Sebastian's hand on his waist in front of the whole town.

Alex's breath left him in a long, shaking exhale. His forehead dropped against Sebastian's shoulder, but he made sure to add an extra thump of protest. "You're a monster," he mumbled, fingers betraying him by curling tighter into Sebastian's hoodie.

Sebastian kissed his forehead, lingering just long enough to make Alex's cheeks burn. "Get your shoes on," he whispered against Alex's skin. "We've got a bath to run. Unless you'd rather I carry you?"

They gathered the nine eggs from the leaf litter. They were still warm, still faintly slick. Sebastian dropped them into his hoodie pockets where they clicked together softly. The walk back through town was slow. Alex's gait was still tentative, but Sebastian matched his pace without comment, his hand resting on the back of Alex's neck in a grip that was equal parts possessive and supportive.

The festival was winding down. Lewis was presenting Abigail with the prize basket near the fountain.

Nobody looked twice at them. It was just the athlete and the loner, walking close together, one of them moving like his legs didn't work quite right. Just two guys heading home from the egg hunt with nothing to show for it.

And in two weeks, it'd be time for the Flower Dance.

Alex couldn't fucking wait.

THE END