



Oskar Tops Ian

By Odessa Hywell

This is a bonus scene for Always Osakr where Oskar tops Ian for the first time.

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Odesza
Hynwel

Ian:

Will I murder for Oskar? Without question. Without hesitation. There is nothing I won't do for my grandson. He only needs to ask in order to receive. So this—letting him slather paint on my naked body, before we fuck on a white sheet in the garden, is just one more thing he wants I can give him without question or hesitation.

He drags a soft brush down my abdomen, leaving a thick trail of cyan blue behind. A bright neon pink, lime green, and what he calls periwinkle, but honestly . . . it's just another shade of purple, quickly join the blue. Far be it from me to say anything. Oskar is the artist between the pair of us and I am happy to be his current canvas. With his hair pulled back in a loose ponytail, he's absorbed in his task.

The evening sun casts long shadows as it dips below the tree line. A soft summer breeze chases the day's heat away as the lights in the garden flick on one by one. My cock is standing at attention between us, leaking a string of pre-cum that Oskar steadfastly ignores.

Soon enough, I'm covered from shoulder to hip in wet paint. Oskar is wearing a self-satisfied smile, the one I love so much, and I reach out, cup his jaw and claim his soft mouth. He hums as his lips part and I sweep my tongue into the space. The ice cream we shared still lingers in his mouth.

Oskar:

Pops hold is absolute, not that I'm trying to escape, as he devours my mouth, swallowing a moan that vibrates my chest. My cock is hard and leaking, begging for attention but— "Fuck," I whimper against Pops' mouth as he fist my cock and strokes from root to tip. "Pops."

He's not playing fair—at all. But what can I expect? Pops didn't get this far in life by being fair.

I can't let him distract me from my task though. I still need— "Oh god," I groan as he falls to his knees and licks a bead of pre-cum from my slit. His tongue is hot and wet

as he laps at the sensitive head like I'm the cone of ice cream we shared some twenty minutes ago. It's so hard to think with him touching me. "Pops, I need to fin—"

He sucks me between his lips and my knees knock together as my protest dies a swift death. He wraps an arm around the back of my thighs and draws me forward until my knees press against his paint covered chest. Who cares about paint? Sure as fuck not me when Pops sucks me so deep I hit the back of his throat.

Heat gathers at the base of my spine and spreads until I'm curling my toes in the grass and fisting Pops' hair in a bid to remain upright. My balls draw up tight against my body as Pops hollows his cheeks and sucks—hard.

Ian:

The highway to hell is paved with good intentions. Oskar's intentions are clearly shot to hell as he starts fucking my mouth in earnest. His balls slap against my chin as his trimmed pubes tickle my nose. Moans spill from between his swollen lips as I swallow around his cock head and brush my fingers over his full hole, pushing down on the plug buried inside of him. His pre-cum is sweet on my tongue.

"N—No," he stutters, tugging on my hair. I tip my head back, freeing his cock from my mouth as he pants. "Too close." I tease the base of the plug again and he whines as he pushes against my fingers. Another drop of pre-cum bubbles from his slit and I lick it away with a hum. "Pops. Please."

"What do you want, Oskar?"

His eyes dart towards the white sheet and back to me. "Fuck me—now?"

I hum and fist his cock, squeezing the base. "Or you could fuck me."

Oskar's pupils blow wide and he chokes on his next breath.

In the six months we've been together, thus far I've been the one opening his tight little body and sinking into his slick heat. He hasn't show any desire to fuck me but I don't know if that is because he has no interest or believes that is the one thing I would deny him if he ask. Of course, I won't—not if he really wants to bury himself in me.

Oskar:

Did he . . . Oh god. My cock jerks and leaks. It's not something I've ever thought about before—topping Pops but now it's the only thing I can think about—opening him up, sinking into him, marking him with my cum the same way he has marked me dozens of times. A part of me will linger inside of him for hours. And shit—I'm going to come without being touched.

"Really?" I ask, my voice cracking around the single word. My mouth is dry and I swallow past the lump in my throat. Has he ever bottomed? It seems unlikely Pops would give anyone that much control but me . . . me I know he will without a second of hesitation. I don't even have to ask.

"If it's something you think you'd like to try—"

"Yes," I say. How can my answer be anything but— "Yes. Please."

Pops stands and grasp my face before claiming my mouth. His tongue pushes between my lips and I groan as I plaster myself against his wet chest. The paint squishes between us but honestly, I don't care. My plans to make art aren't a priority—not anymore. The only thing I care about is Pops' mouth on mine as I run my hands down his side before cupping his ass. Our cocks line up and he groans in my mouth.

How am I going to last long enough to please him? Is it even possible?

Probably not. But I'm damn sure going to try.

Ian:

The last time I bottomed, I was younger than Oskar—just barely sixteen at the time. It was my first and last time giving myself to someone like that. Not because I was unwilling or because I didn't enjoy the experience. I did—immensely. My partner was a friend of the family who was gay, older, and charming. When I finally had the courage to admit I was gay and I was interested in topping, he offered to teach me. I agreed. But of course, the best way to learn to top is from the bottom.

He took his time with me, explaining everything he did step by step and I was a dedicated student.

Oskar is too. And I have no doubt that we will both enjoy ourselves.

"Tell me what to do," Oskar pants against my mouth. His fingers dig into my ass as he thrust his cock against mine. We are slick with paint and pre-cum as I grasp the back of his neck.

"What's the first thing I always do?" I ask.

"Open me up," Oskar groans. His fingers slip between my cheeks and brush over my dry hole. I shiver and push back on his fingers but he only strokes the sensitive flesh. "Can I taste you first?"

I brush my mouth over his. "Always Oskar."

He moans and pushes me towards the sheet. I lower myself to the ground and pull him down. He falls between my thighs, catching his weight on his hands.

Oskar:

My hands shake as I run my palms down Pop's spread thighs. The hair is thicker here than it is on his chest. I spend a moment enjoying the texture before grasping under his knees and pushing his legs back. His hands replace mine and when I look up, he gives me an encouraging smile.

I've watched enough porn and been rimmed enough to know what I need to do but I'm still nervous. Pop's hole is dark and surrounded by a whorl of hair. My mouth waters and I swallow before grasping his cock in my dry fist. He grunts as I stroke from root to tip before catching a bead of pre-cum on my thumb.

"Do I just . . ." Do I just dive in and feast? Or should I suck him first? What would he prefer?

"Do whatever feels natural," Pops says, his hand curling around mine and squeezing. Whatever feels natural? I kiss the head of his cock and lap a bead of his essence away before wrapping my mouth around his dark purple crown. "That's it," Pops' encourages, his voice cracking as he pushes his fingers into my hair, tugging until the loose bun I put it in comes free. Dark strands fall around my shoulders and he fist them as I suck his thick cock to the back of my throat with a soft moan.

I know how to please him with my mouth.

There is nothing to be nervous about, not when I'm with Pops.

Ian:

Oskar falls into a practiced rhythm. He takes my cock to the back of his throat and swallows. The tight heat of his throat and the soft glide of his tongue has goosebumps peppering my arms and thighs. He pulls back and sucks on the head and I groan while tightening my fingers in his soft hair.

Like this, his mouth stretched wide around my shaft, he's more beautiful than ever. His dark eyes glow in the low light as I struggle to breath. Oskar dips his tongue into my leaking slit with a soft moan that vibrates my shaft. His slender fingers tease my balls for a handful of seconds before they slip lower.

Long neglected nerve endings spark to life as he teases my dry hole. He pops off my cock and pulls my asscheeks apart. I lay still, letting him look his fill. His pink tongue darts out and wets his lower lip before he sinks between my spread thighs and licks a stripe across my hole. I inhale sharply and squeeze my eyes close as he repeats the action. In an almost methodical fashion, with his lips, tongue and teeth—sucking, licking and nipping at my hole and the surrounding area—Oskar takes me apart.

My cock aches and leaks as he pushes his tongue into my body. The pleasure is intense. It's been a long time since I let anyone have this much power over my pleasure but I don't regret giving it to Oskar.

Oskar:

I'm going to come and I'm not even the one being eaten out but Pops taste is exquisite as I push my tongue into him again, this time alongside a slick finger. And the sounds he's making?

My cock is throbbing and my balls ache as I lick around my finger. His thighs tremble as I look for the lube packets he tossed on the white sheet while I prepared the paint. Pops must know what I'm looking for because he fishes around for a packet and holds it out. I take it, rip it open with my teeth and squeeze most of the contents

over his glistening hole. The liquid is slick and cool as I push a second finger into his body.

“Shit, Oskar,” Pops groans.

“Too fast?” I ask as I freeze. The last thing I want to do is hurt him.

He shakes his head. “To slow.”

I can’t fight my grin. “Now you know how I feel when you tease me.”

He huffs then moans as I start to twist my fingers inside of him until the digits are buried to the first knuckle. Like this, flushed pink in the fading light, spread out, cock hard and leaking, he’s so fucking handsome. I love him so much and I want this to be good for him, as good as he made my first time—better. If I’m not careful, I’m going to finish before I even learn what his body feels like wrapped around mine.

Ian:

Shit. Shit. Shit. Motherfucker.

It’s not painful—it’s not. I’ve hurt enough to know what real pain feels like. But I forgot the way a pair of fingers can stretch and burn. Oskar is being careful—going slow. The look of utter lust and concentration on his flushed face as he bites his swollen bottom lip and watches his fingers disappear into my body is captivating. I want to reassure him that he’s doing well, that he won’t break me, but as he adds more lube and pushes a third finger into my body my thoughts splinter.

He moans. Or I do. Maybe both of us.

He crooks his fingers and I gasp as sparks dance along my skin. “There.”

“Here?” he asks, stroking over the bundle of nerves buried inside of me. I grunt and roll my hips, drawing his fingers deeper. My cock jerks and I grasp the base to strive off my impending orgasm. No way in hell am I coming before Oskar. He knocks my hand away and fist my shaft, squeezing the base as his fingers move inside of me. The stretch is less uncomfortable and the burn all but faded. He hits my prostate again and I suck in a sharp breath.

“Enough. I’m ready, Oskar,” I say. He pulls his fingers from me slowly and slicks his cock with the remaining lube. I reach for him and he falls forward, catching his weight on one hand while holding his cock with the other.

Oskar:

This isn’t a dream. I’m really here with Pops, really about to fuck him.

His rough hands are warm on my arms as he peers up at me with a soft smile. The head of my flushed cock bumps against his wet hole and he wraps a leg around my hips, pulling me closer. My chest is tight and my stomach clenches as I push forward. With almost no effort I pop through the first tight ring of muscle with a soft moan. Pops gasp, the sound low and needy. His fingers dig into my arm and I stop as his body clamps around the head of my cock.

I was already on edge from eating him out and just this—the tip of my dick being inside of him has me grappling for control. I cannot, will not come before I’ve given Pops’ everything he has given me. But shit—I squeeze my eyes closed and breath through my nose.

“You’re doing so well,” Pops whispers as he cups my jaw and pulls me down. His mouth slots over mine and I moan as I slowly sink deeper and deeper into his welcoming channel until I can’t tell where he begins and I end. His hole is hot, tight and wet. My balls draw tight against my body as I turn my head and press my face into his neck. “That’s it. Take a minute.”

I need way more than a minute. There isn’t enough time in the universe.

Ian:

Every breath Oskar takes is hot and wet. His body trembles as I run my hands up and down his sweaty back. His cock is as hard as a steel pipe, buried in my ass. My cock is trapped between our abdomens, leaking and twitching. There is no rush though. If Oskar needs a minute or five to collect himself so he can enjoy my body as much as I have enjoyed his so be it. I’m not going anywhere.

“Pops,” Oskar whines and I brush a kiss over his temple. “I’m not gonna last.”

"You don't have too," I assure him. He huffs and shifts, sinking just a little deeper into my hole. I swallow a groan of pleasure but Oskar doesn't quite manage. The sound is soft and desperate as he rolls his hips again.

"Oh God," he whimpers and shoves into me harder this time. I palm his ass, pushing down on the thick plug still buried in his wet hole and lift my hips. He nails my prostate as he cries out. I groan as I pull him closer. "Pops. I'm seriously not going to last."

"Sit back," I urge him. He lands on his knees, peering down at me with wide, glazed eyes. His chest and stomach is smeared with the colorful paint he'd brushed on my body. I grasp my straining cock and stroking from root to tip. Oskar groans and grasps behind my knees, pushing my legs up and slinging his hips.

Oskar:

Nothing has ever felt as good as Pops' tight body as I push into him. Every time I withdraw the plug he put in me before we came outside hits my sensitive prostate. My cock is throbbing and my balls ache as I pant for breath. Pops is stroking his flushed cock, leaking pre-cum, and groaning every time I bury myself inside of him. Every groan, grunt and gasp that passes his lips spurs me to fuck him harder, deeper, faster, despite the fact I'm about to come. It's unfair but next time . . .

Fuck. Will there be a next time?

I moan and hold Pops' hips, lifting them just enough to have him crying out as I plunge into him again. "Right there, Oskar."

I want to feel his hole milking my cock as he comes. But shit . . . "Pops . . . I'm not . . ."

I shake my head as my balls draw tight against my body. I'm going to come.

There is no fighting the inevitable.

"You gonna come inside of me, Oskar?" Pops ask, grasping my hip and tugging me forward.

"Oh f—fuck. Pops," I whimper, catching my weight on my hands as I plunge into his wet hole. My cock jerks, wave after wave of pleasure assaults me and I gasp, squeezing my eyes closed as I flood his insides. Pops fist my hair and drags my mouth

down to his as he groans. His cum paints his stomach, mixing with the paint, as as aftershocks roll down my spine.

Ian:

For a long minute, it's hard to breathe.

And not because Oskar is collapsed on my stained chest, panting for breath as he trembles.

But because the orgasm my grandson just gave me is probably the best I've ever had.

The world is a little shaky and dark around the edges as I take a moment to gather my wits.

Oskar's exhales, pressing a kiss to my damp collarbone.

I chuckle and comb my fingers through his hair. "How was it?"

He shakes his head. "I'm supposed to ask you that."

"It was perfect," I assure him. Every moment with Oskar is always perfect.

"Really?" he asks, popping up and peering down at me with wide eyes. His cock slides free and I feel his warm seed leaking from my body as I cup the back of his neck and pull him down. He sighs, wrapping his arms around my neck as I press a kiss to his sweaty forehead. He's flushed from excursion and still attempting to catch his breath as I gather him close. "I didn't last as long as I wanted."

"You lasted long enough." I did come after all.

"Next time I'll last longer," he says, a coy smile tugging at the corner of his swollen lips.

"Next time, huh?" I fail to keep a stern expression.

Oskar grins and nods. "Next time."

Who am I to deny him? If he wants to try his hand at topping every once in a while, I won't argue.