

# Morning Coffee...and Stuff

*with Hook and John*

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“Come on, already. Stop fucking around and just *give it to me.*”

Unfortunately for me, the coffee pot doesn't give a damn what I tell it. It goes right on hissing and gurgling until finally the black liquid streams into the carafe at what feels like an unusually slow pace just to spite me. Glaring at it doesn't work but I don't budge from my spot at the counter, desperate for the caffeine today. If I could mainline the stuff without killing myself, I would.

Last night wasn't one of my better ones. I couldn't sleep for shit, so I spent a few hours reading and surfing the internet in the living room before switching to a punishing workout. Anything to keep myself from waking up the sleeping giant in my bed for some carnal fun. Not that I think he wouldn't be totally on board, but there's no reason for both of us to be sleep-deprived.

Somewhere around 5 a.m. I managed to exhaust every muscle in my body. I hopped in the shower for a quick suds-and-rinse, but was hit with the memory of finger-fucking John under the spray of hot water until he came so hard he nearly collapsed. With that pornographic highlight reel in my mind, I took the extra time to rub one out, rewriting the details so that he came with my cock buried deep in his tight ass—a fantasy I'll eventually make a reality, but not for a while yet. I'm good at playing the long game, and I like keeping Darling on the edge.

Afterward, I threw on my black track pants and made a beeline to the kitchen for some coffee. The coffee that's taking for-fucking-ever to brew.

Finally, the last few drops fall into the pot. Not wasting any time, I pour myself a cup and risk third-degree burns with my first sip. Releasing a satisfied breath, I head to the small kitchen table, slip on my black-framed glasses, and open my weathered copy of *The Count of Monte Cristo* as I caffeinate. Within minutes, my body relaxes, and my mind is sufficiently distracted.

Until my bedroom door opens and the sleeping giant emerges, rumped and groggy and too goddamn sexy to ignore.

Clad only in a pair of tight boxer briefs, Darling yawns and absently scratches his chest as he crosses to the kitchen. I allow myself a brief glance then force my eyes back to the worn pages of my book. I can feel my heartbeat pulsing in my cock, but as far as he knows, I barely notice his presence. I like to make him work for my attention. And no matter how much it frustrates him, I know he gets off on it twice as much.

“Morning,” he says, his voice sandpaper-rough like the rugged scruff on his jaw.

“You figure that out because the sun is rising or because a bluebird sang to you from the windowsill?” Yeah, occasionally I like to compare him to a Disney princess. It amuses me. But it's his own fault for being so damn chipper all the time.

John skips the coffee and starts to gather the ingredients for his gross shake as he tosses a wry grin over his shoulder. “Actually, it was your sunny disposition that gave it away.”

Without looking at him, I take a drink of coffee and flip him off with the hand holding the book. He chuckles and goes about his morning routine. “So what’s on today’s agenda?”

“Same shit, different day, Darling.”

“Did somebody wake up on the wrong side of the bed this morning?”

Turning a page, I mutter, “I’d have to have slept first.”

At that, he faces me. “Shit, man, sorry. I didn’t hear you get out of bed.”

I can practically feel his frown, which irritates me. My insomnia isn’t his issue to worry about. “If I’d wanted you to hear me, you would’ve.”

“Still…” John moves to stand next me but doesn’t say anything else. He’s waiting for me to acknowledge him. To give him more or converse with him like a normal person. But I’m nowhere near normal, and neither is this arrangement we’ve put ourselves in.

Swallowing a sigh, I finally look up, maintaining a bored expression. “What?”

Concern swirls in his amber gaze, making my chest tighten. “You have dark circles,” he says softly and sweeps his thumb across the thin skin beneath my eye. The tenderness he offers so easily has me warring between leaning into his touch and running for the goddamn hills, neither of which is an option.

Snatching his wrist, I hold his hand away from my face. “I don’t need you to coddle me.”

“It’s not coddling, Hook, it’s called caring, and I *want* to care for you.”

“Yeah, well, I want someone to blow me while I enjoy my morning coffee, but we don’t always get what we want, do we?”

“All you have to do is ask, you know.”

I quirk an eyebrow at him even as all the blood in my body rushes to my groin. “I’m Captain of the Neverland Pirates. I don’t ask. I give orders.”

“Then you shouldn’t have a problem getting what you want if you have a willing body to follow them,” he says, his voice husky as his erection begins to stretch the cotton of his underwear not even a foot from my face.

Slowly, I turn sideways on my chair and lean back against the wall with my legs spread. Even though he’s the one standing, I’m still very much in the power position. I’m relaxed and sure of myself. He’s tense and waiting for my command. I can keep us locked in this limbo as long as I want. His own alpha tendencies might eventually get him to break rank and make the first move despite the consequences. Then again, he enjoys my punishments almost as much as I enjoy doling them out, so there’s not much of a deterrence there.

I rake my eyes over his hard body and his even harder dick. Part of me wants to stop this game, pull him out, and jerk him with a finger in his ass until he begs me to let him come all over the table. But he started us on *this* path, so I’m going to make us finish it.

“And are *you* a willing body, Darling?”

“You know goddamn well I am.”

I pretend to ponder his response as I tuck my thumbs into my waistband and pull my track pants down to mid-thigh. “Not good enough. Let’s try that again.” Grabbing my thick length, I give it a couple of slow tugs, squeezing at the head to release a clear drop of pre-cum.

John’s chest heaves with shallow breaths, his gaze glued to what my hand is doing as he rasps, “Fucking hell.”

“I wanna know if your body’s willing, Darling. Answer me properly.”

Golden pools snap up to meet my icy blue ones. He licks his lips. “Yes, Captain.”

“Good,” I say, releasing myself to pick up my book and mug. “Then get on your knees.”

John doesn’t hesitate, simply drops like a devout Catholic in church. But after yanking off my pants, instead of praying to God, he starts worshipping my cock.

He sucks me down to the back of his throat. I almost groan with pleasure but manage to hold it in. He’ll get no sounds from me. I don’t even watch him. I stare at the pages of my book and pretend like the words aren’t swimming in front of my eyes. Occasionally I drink my coffee. Not that I can taste it anymore with every cell in my body pre-occupied by the glorious things John is doing with his mouth.

I can feel him getting frustrated with every second I don’t give him a reaction and it makes me grin behind my book when I lift it to turn the page. As I lower it again, I fix my expression as though nothing is out of the ordinary. As though a half-naked god of a man isn’t on his knees, sucking my cock like it’s his last meal and lighting my nerves on fire in the process.

John must’ve taken the page-turn as a personal affront because he growls and ups his game with a slow, deliberate lick from testicles to tip in one, long swipe. When he tongues the pre-cum from my slit, my hips jerk, but I grit my teeth and lock it down.

“Fuck, you taste good. Wanna lick every inch of you.”

“No one’s stopping you, Darling.”

“*You* will.”

Setting the book down, I issue the challenge with an arch of my brow.

His full lips curve into a sly grin. “Say when,” he says, like he’s about to top off my coffee, not devour my cock. Which he does, all the way to the root, then sucks on me like a goddamn Dyson as he pulls back and starts all over again.

Fire ignites in my belly and licks up my spine, going higher and higher every time he swallows around the head of my dick between pumps from his mouth and the light graze of his teeth. Beads of sweat pop out on my forehead and my hands curl into fists, but I hold my ground and don’t move, don’t drive my hips up and fuck his face like I want. I’m in total control. I’m positive I can ride this out long after he eventually begs for my come down his throat.

Popping off my dick, he makes good on his promise. His tongue explores my shaft like he’s making a mental map of every inch, cataloging the path of every vein. Then he travels lower, giving the same attention to my balls, licking and sucking each one into his mouth until they’re as tight as stones.

*Fuck me.* I'm starting to be *less* positive I can ride this out like I thought.

Releasing a slow exhale, I make the mistake of closing my eyes—just for a few seconds—and that's all it takes for John to change the game.

He hooks one of my legs over his shoulder and shoves against the inner thigh of my other one, opening me wide. My eyes snap open but before I can ask him what he's doing, he locks that golden gaze of his on me and arrests the words in my brain. Then he runs his tongue down my shaft, lower over the seam of my balls...and lower still.

"Darling," I grind out, half warning, half pleading.

"All you have to do is say when," he whispers.

He's issuing a challenge. A damn big one. Either I let him continue and somehow keep what's left of my stoic appearance, or I call him off and prove that I'm anything *but* unaffected and lose.

The thing of it is, he knows he has the upper hand. He might not know that I haven't allowed anyone else to explore me the way he plans, but he knows I haven't allowed *him* to do it, which means he's pushing boundaries, hoping I crack. But he severely underestimates how badly I hate losing.

I focus on taking even breaths as John pulls my hips to the edge of the chair, wedges his broad shoulders between my legs, then dips his head to place a wet, open-mouthed kiss on the sensitive flesh behind my testicles. He changes the angle of his head and does it again, searing me with his lips and the heat in his eyes. It's fucking filthy yet oddly tender, reverent yet claiming, and it twists me up in ways I didn't expect.

John moves his head lower. My ribs and nostrils expand with the heavy breaths I take while watching him. I know what's coming—I can see it in the mischievous glint in his eyes—yet I'm still not prepared for how *fucking good* it feels when he laps my hole with the flat of his tongue like I'm a goddamned ice cream cone.

"Jesus fuck!" I shout, throwing my head back as lightning tears through my body.

He groans. "Mmm, more."

Then he makes a feast of me. He jacks my cock roughly while his mouth devours everything else. Infinite sensations consume me from the suction of his lips, the glide of his tongue, the grazes of teeth. I feel like I'm drowning and being reborn, all from a fucking blow job. I want more. I *need* more. I won't fuck him yet, though. It's not time. Not nearly.

But I'm done letting him have the reins.

Grabbing his head with both hands, I lift his face to look up at me and give him my best pirate smile. The one that spells trouble for whoever it's on. "Fucking *when*."

In a flash, I push him down flat on his back on the kitchen floor, his wrists pinned above his head. I smash my mouth on his and delve inside, plundering. Staking my claim with every lick, every scrape, every bite. *Mine, mine, all fucking mine.*

Angling his hips up, he rubs our dicks together. The friction of cotton and the delicious pressure drags a growl from my chest to mingle with Johnathan's keening moan.

"Fuck me," he rasps. "I need you to fuck me."

“Oh, I intend to,” I say, my evil grin hovering above his lips. “Just not the way you think.”

Keeping his wrists shackled in one hand, I move up his body to straddle his ribcage before spitting in the center of his chest to provide lubrication. Then I stare into his eyes as I start grinding my steel-hard cock against his spit-slick skin. My movements are slow and measured, and my body is angled up so he can get a good look.

“Oh fuck,” he croaks. “Why is that so hot?”

With my free hand, I grip his jaw tightly, my thumb and fingers denting his stubbled cheeks. “Because it turns you on when I debase you for my own pleasure.”

I don’t like the flash of conflict I see in his eyes. Either we put an end to that shit right now or this entire scene stops. Dipping down, I speak directly into his ear. “Don’t overthink it. Your instincts are different with me, but that doesn’t make them wrong. Trust them. Trust *me*,” I whisper then nip at his earlobe. “Do you trust me, Johnathan?”

“Always, Captain.” His voice is steady and sure.

“Good boy.” I rise back up, repositioning his hands on either side of his head so I can straighten my arms and give him a show. “Now watch as I fuck myself on this hard body you insist on showcasing every chance you get.”

His “*Fuck yes*” is like a starting pistol going off in my head.

Unleashing my usual control, I pin my cock between us and thrust against him like I’m finally pounding into his tight ass, getting faster and rougher with every stroke. Our eyes lock, his back arches, and my sweat drops off to mix with his. I clench my jaw with the effort it takes to hold my climax at bay, but then he furrows his brow while *his* jaw drops open on a soundless cry, and I know he’s coming in his fucking briefs.

That does me in. My balls draw up tight and the fire swirling at the base of my spine shoots up through my dick. I stripe John’s neck with so much come it looks like a collar and short leash. I don’t hate the way it looks.

*Mine.*

As soon as I’m sure I can move without collapsing, I sit back and snag the hand towel from the counter. Fighting the urge to rub the white evidence into his skin, I start to clean him up but stop when he smiles up at me. “What?”

“You said ‘when’ so I wo—”

I slap my hand over his mouth and glare at him. “Finish that sentence and I won’t touch you for a week. Got it?” He nods and I go back to swiping the towel over his neck and chest, but he gets that dopey grin on his face again. Sighing, I ask against my better judgment. “What now, Darling?”

“You’re taking care of me.”

Rolling my eyes, I wad up the towel and toss it behind me, making a mental note to grab it for laundry later. “I was making sure I didn’t have to clean my floor when you get up.”

John pushes up, palms the back of my head with one large paw, and brings me in for a searing kiss. When the shock wears off, I retaliate and bite his lower lip hard enough I'm surprised I didn't draw blood. His smile tells me he's too happy with himself to care.

"Sure you were. Don't worry, though, I won't tell the guys and ruin your rep," he says, laughing.

I answer by palming his face and pushing him back down as I stand and head to my bedroom.

"Damn, Hook. I hate it when you leave, but I love to watch you walk away."

I shake my head. "Flattery won't get you very far with me, Darling."

"Then what will?"

Pausing in the doorway, I look back to where he's propped against the table, grinning like a cat with a belly full of cream. This would be so much easier if I didn't find him so damn charming. I should tell him that nothing he does will work. I *should* tell him that. But that's not what comes out of my mouth.

"Sucking cock like that sure as fuck won't hurt your chances."

He bites his lip as he thinks about his answer, and I find myself holding my breath until he finally says, "Then consider me at your disposal."

"You agreeing to follow my orders, Johnathan?"

"I am, Captain," he says with a serious nod. "Always."