

This morning, Martyn's woken up way earlier than he typically expects to. Not really sure what's up with that, except—fuck, he's horny. So damned horny. Per the usual when sleeping with Ren, all the sheets are knocked back, guy's a living furnace, every night like coming back to the hearth. And his bare cock looks so pretty, soft, foreskin pulled over the head, and there's still cum running down Martyn's legs but he needs to be fucked again, right now. Both of them have an invitation to the other's body, asleep or awake, but Martyn's never really taken advantage of Ren when he was asleep before. Typically, Ren's the early riser, and Martyn wakes up when Ren loses control of himself and starts pounding him—or, if he's lucky, he wakes up when Ren makes him cum on his cock. Always the best, when Martyn's so confused and so horribly aroused, ready to shove Ren into the sheets for another round. But he has the opportunity right now, and, fuck, his hands already at Ren's thighs, and grasping his cock, and—

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"Mm?" Ren asks, waking up, breathing heavily. "Did you cum, baby?" Martyn asks. "Uh... Mah... Martyn?" Poor thing's still waking up. "Yeah?" "Did you—" Ren's eyes blink open. He takes in the scene. Throws his head back. "Babe, we got... stuff... to do today..." "A little bit of walking around." Another roll of the hips, to feel how secure the knot is inside him. The answer? Very. "I'll be just fine, Ren." His head turns to the side. "Okay..." "You were so good, fuck, me making you breed me in your sleep," Martyn says. "That makes Ren's breath catch, him wake up. "You—baby, you're gonna get bred up again 'n it's gonna be all your fault." Too bad Martyn can't feel the spurts of cum inside him, feel if Ren's load came a little harder because of

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Ren doesn't even stir from it. Maybe his thigh twitches a little. Maybe. But he doesn't react, and Martyn strokes him dry a few times and he doesn't react to that, either, and the power starts to rush to his head. So many things to do. So many things, and Ren is helpless to them all, fuck.

He scooches down the bed, face at Ren's cock. Tongues at the foreskin, pulls it back, and there's a little bit of a gross mess there, and Martyn's always been fond of cleaning it up himself. Laps the discharge up; it sticks to his tongue, the roof of his mouth—disgusting, really, he wrinkles his nose at it when he cleans himself and he still loves it out of Ren. Loves it when he's all smelly, gross, disgusting.

Takes the cock into his mouth, starts humming, and he can feel it twitch, he can feel it start to get hard, the blood gushing, and that sensation only winds Martyn up more and more. Laving his tongue up and down the underside, along the veins that begin to grow more and more prominent, skin stretching, rigidity growing under his lips. Martyn draws back to

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Another confused noise. Might be due to the way Martyn squeezed around him.

"Sh, it's all okay, go back to sleep, I got it," all nice and soothing for Ren, lull him back to sleep.

A few more moments, and Ren settles, slack.

"Good, perfect, just let me," and Martyn settles back, rolls his hips, holds in his moan at how Ren sits inside him, right into the perfect spot.

Right. Right. He has to take it slow. Has to take using Ren—using Ren's cock when he wants—oh, fuck.

Martyn gets so hard at the thought, his cock dribbling with precum.

He's using Ren's cock just to breed himself on.

Fuck, he can't even help it, his hips moving on their own, fucking into Ren—he's using him, and he's putting his mark on him—and he knows damn well biology doesn't actually work like this but he doesn't even care, he doesn't even care, he's going to make Ren knot him, fuck, fuck—

Sinks down one more time.

Ren's knot fills up entirely inside him.

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under him and it's making his cock, ass, all of it, pound so damn hard—he needs it, he needs it, *so bad*—Now. Ren's cock is hard enough, and Martyn needs to be knotted on it right now, get himself bred up like how he needs it, damnit. Martyn climbs up over it, squeezes Ren's hairy tummy, the fat giving easily under his fingers. Lowers himself down. His goal initially was just foreplay, and then Ren wakes up and fucks him. And then it was to get on top of him—fuck, fuck, Ren's so massive, stretching Martyn just right, making him feel so, so—fuck—to, shit, to take him down. But he's still asleep, under Martyn. And then he turns his head, mouth opening a touch, makes this adorable, soft, sleepy sound. “Hey, no, babe,” Martyn coos, bending over to speak low and sweet into Ren's ear. He's usually so susceptible; Martyn doesn't think an asleep Ren should be that different. “No, no, no, it's all good, go back to sleep.”

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what he said. “Oh, no, whatever shall I do?” he asks, facetious.
Entirely serious: “Take it.”

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kiss the head, check for precum, and it hasn't started flowing yet but Ren's cockhead is getting so flushed, so pretty and soft. He loves the frenulum in particular, loves the feeling of the cockhead under his tongue, loves how, when Ren's awake, Martyn can drag his bottom teeth along it and Ren always, always, seethes and shivers and Martyn can see the way he lights up his husband's nerves. No real point in that right now, though. No real point in making Ren wake up when Martyn could be riding him. It's been a while since the last time, to be honest; Ren's been enjoying being fucked for the past while, and it was only last night when he ended up being the one to fuck Martyn, instead. And he didn't even end up knotting Martyn, either. Something about today's commitments, and Martyn would've been too sore for them, and, like, whatever. Martyn's lips are literally kissing near the base, where Ren's knot forms, and he can feel the tissue beginning to harden

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breed awake

somno w martyn getting bred awake is awesome and all but what abt martyn waking up first and needing ren's cock so bad he rides him in his sleep