

## Iniquity by [eggstraordinary](#)

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**Author's note:** Ah, wonderful. My first posted story... Thrilling!

Well. Hm... I'm pretty excited for feedback, so constructive criticism is greatly welcomed. Warnings, warnings... This is definitely an NC-17 rated fanfiction, for one. Minor blood play, plenty of sex, male on male, PWP, unbeta'd, etc. If any of this disturbs you, feel free to leave now.

Disclaimer: I own positively nothing except for the plot (what little plot there is, that is) and any clever sayings you may encounter (and, granted, there won't be many).

### Iniquity

Andy knew he shouldn't be doing this. As he stared up at the ceiling, cobalt eyes hazed over with lust and the thick, sultry scent of cinnamon wafting around him, he knew more than anything that this was wrong. Dark hands slid lasciviously over his body, burning their way through to his very soul, and he knew this was sinful. It was dirty, something he shouldn't want, but it was something he did want all the same. Lips pressed searing kisses into his skin, teeth nipping sharply and eliciting sensual, primal noises from him as Andy's back arched gracefully. The sheets underneath him were of fine black silk, the way he imagined sin would look if it was tangible. The man above him spoke, his voice like opium.

"You always were a goody two-shoes."

Andy scowled. "Not anymore, I guess," he whispered and the figure chuckled darkly as strong hands slid under the fabric of his shirt, fingers brushing smoothly against his abdomen. Blunt nails scratched gently over his skin and goosebumps erupted over Andy's body, adding to his burning need. Teeth bit into Andy's neck and he groaned, a hand sliding into dark, soft hair as one name left his lips in a delirious rasp.

"Sid."

Sid chuckled again, his palms flat against the overheating skin of Andy's stomach. "I didn't think you would say my name," he said huskily, moving his hands and grabbing

the hem of Andy's shirt. The brunet sat forward to let Sid remove the article of clothing before lying back.

"Right, well," Andy began eloquently, "I didn't think I'd ever be lying half-naked underneath you." Sid smirked before bending down to kiss Andy, his tongue prodding his full lower lip until the brunet graciously granted him access and his tongue slipped into a mint-flavored mouth. Andy ran his tongue across straight teeth, the faint taste of tobacco doing more to arouse him than to disgust him.

Sid's hands gripped Andy's waist tightly as he withdrew his tongue from the brunet's mouth and pulled away. Andy made a quiet noise of protest and Sid watched with mild amusement as darkened azure eyes opened to glare at him. The freckles on Andy's cheeks stood out even as they were painted with the slight hue of a blush and his wavy, chestnut-colored hair was mussed. Sid smirked and slid his hand into those soft locks, his fingers tightening and pulling back. Andy moaned breathily, his neck stretching and baring more untouched skin to Sid's greedy eyes. The raven leant in and bit down on Andy's shoulder, making a slow, thorough path up to Andy's ear. He nipped at the lobe and whispered to the blue-eyed boy beneath him.

"I'm going to fuck you, Andy," Sid murmured, his voice hot and practically dripping with sex. He felt Andy shudder under him and he smirked, his hands massaging sharp, slender hips. "You'll be mine. You *are* mine," Sid growled, his hands tightening possessively, almost painfully around Andy's hips. He ground into him and Andy moaned again, his eyebrows furrowed with pure, carnal pleasure. Sid's hips pressed into his again sharply as he commanded darkly, "You belong to me. Say it."

Andy groaned. He felt like he was being burned alive, flames licking at his waist where Sid was holding him so tightly. "I'm yours," he sighed, his voice manic and distraught, and Sid growled again, thrusting against Andy's pelvis. Andy swallowed thickly, his mind fogged with lust.

"Say it again."

The brunet moaned as Sid continued to rock vaguely against him. "I'm yours, I'm yours, I'm yours," he repeated, as if it were a mantra that he couldn't keep himself from saying. "God, Sid, I'm yours. I'm yours." Andy licked his lips. They were so dry; he felt like he was burning, a man drowning in fire, falling into an endless inferno. He didn't want to stop.

"Yes," Sid said, his voice rough with want. He kissed Andy harshly then, his tongue meeting the brunet's as they engaged in a war for dominance. Tobacco and mint mingled, a taste that intoxicated both participants in this dangerous game they were playing. Their hands wandered, running selfishly along burning skin, grabbing hips, sliding through locks of hair. Eventually Sid's hands found their way to Andy's jeans and he unbuttoned and unzipped them, hastily pulling them off of Andy's frame along with his boxer-briefs. Sid sat back and examined the brunet.

Andy lay there panting, his chest heaving with each breath he took. His eyes were half-lidded and darkened so much by lust and the heavy lack of light in the room that they appeared more of a hazy grey than blue. His body was slicked in a thin sheen of sweat, his skin hot and flushed. His legs were parted and Sid noticed with a leer that Andy was rather well-endowed, his erection hard and firm against his toned stomach. He was quite something to look at, and it all belonged to Sid.

The raven slid a stealthy hand up the inside of Andy's thigh and Andy moaned quietly, Sid's touch throwing his mind into a near-incoherent state. Strong, rough hands parted Andy's legs and the obscene motion caused the brunet to bite his lip. He was too good for this, he knew; Sid was all wrong and rotten and filthy and he wasn't who Andy should want to give his virginity to. But his mind was in a daze and the pleasure that Sid was causing him was intoxicating and he couldn't stop.

Full lips pressed into the apex of Andy's thigh; Andy could feel the silken locks of Sid's hair just barely brushing against his erection and he tried not to whimper. Sid's hand ran over his flesh, squeezing and feeling the muscles twitch underneath his palm as he continued to kiss the inside of Andy's thigh. His tongue swept against the surprisingly smooth skin and Andy breathed a pleased sigh, a sound that threatened to drive Sid mad. He was already falling into delirium, intoxicated by this man beneath him; he felt almost feverish, ill with the arousal Andy was sparking in him.

Andy boldly slipped his hand into Sid's hair, nails scraping lightly against his scalp as his fingers tightened. Sid groaned quietly and bit into Andy's thigh hard enough to draw tiny beads of blood, a warning that didn't even filter through Andy's mind as painful. He only moaned quietly, pulling Sid firmly up just as the raven was lapping the crimson liquid from his leg. Andy kissed him, his lips insistent against Sid's as his tongue slid against the taller man's. There was the faint, coppery flavor of his blood and Sid pushed his tongue into Andy's mouth, becoming more forceful as he ravaged Andy's lips with his tongue and teeth. His hands slid underneath the brunet and Sid gripped Andy's ass roughly, kneading almost painfully – painfully if it didn't feel so *good* – as he continued to kiss his counterpart. It was anything besides graceful, and Andy groaned gutturally,

raking his nails down Sid's still-clothed back. He pulled away from the kiss just enough to speak, a thin line of saliva still connecting his lips to Sid's.

"Take it off," he said, and his voice was much more commandeering than he had expected. Sid's face was flushed, his black hair messy and coffee eyes darkened with immeasurable amounts of desire. He complied, leaning back to take off the offending piece of clothing and Andy watched with sinful longing as Sid's tanned abdomen flexed and stretched, the muscles there clearly powerful. Suddenly Andy didn't know why Sid wasn't inside of him yet.

Once Sid's shirt was off, Andy gripped the back of his neck and pulled him down. He bit down on the side of Sid's throat, laving it with his tongue and inhaling the older man's scent. He smelled of musk, cigarettes, and sex; it clouded Andy's mind and he sank his teeth down harder into Sid's neck, a whimper leaving him as Sid moaned. A hand slid into Andy's hair, holding him where he was. He dragged his tongue up the sinewy length of the raven's neck until his lips were at his jaw, and he nipped sharply before pulling away to stare into Sid's eyes.

Already-dark eyes had been darkened almost to the point where Sid's irises bled into his pupils, but Andy could still see the intricate patterns in Sid's unfocused gaze. There was want in those eyes, and Andy's cock twitched. He rolled his shoulders, the arousal between his legs becoming nearly painful. When Andy spoke, it was in a dark, raspy whisper.

"I need you inside of me, Sid," he breathed, watching with drunken intrigue as the moon outside the window skulked out from behind the clouds and bathed Sid in its ethereal silver glow. The muscles in his neck shifted as he swallowed and Andy would swear he could almost see the raven's heartbeat through his chest.

Two fingers presented themselves at Andy's lips and his stomach fluttered when he let them slide wantonly into his mouth. Andy kept his gaze locked with Sid's as he licked and sucked at those long, oddly elegant fingers, coating them with his saliva and trying not to moan as he imagined the other things he could have been preoccupying his mouth with. Sid's free hand was absently massaging the inside of his thigh, dangerously close to his erection. Andy's cock twitched and his eyes threatened to fall closed.

Sid's fingers withdrew and he leaned provocatively over Andy, the hand on the brunet's thigh pressing insistently. Andy took the cue and spread his legs, flushing heatedly and turning his face away from Sid's at the feeling of utter vulnerability the motion caused him. The tip of a slick index finger prodded gently at Andy's entrance and he resisted

closing his legs when the digit slipped inside of him. It wasn't painful in the least, but it was definitely uncomfortable and it made him feel all the more exposed.

Sid slid his finger slowly in and out of Andy, listening greedily to the quiet, almost inaudible sounds the brunet was making. Andy clung to him, his legs spreading obscenely wider as Sid slowed his hand down, almost as if asking for more. As the raven began sliding another finger in, he sealed his lips over Andy's pulse and sucked harshly.

Andy bit his lip; Sid's ministrations were nearing painful, but he wouldn't let the older man see it in his face. He tried to focus on the sucking and biting the raven was lavishing upon his neck as the slender fingers scissored and stretched him from within, and suddenly the pads of Sid's fingers pressed against his prostate and stars burst behind Andy's eyes. He moaned, his back arching.

"A-again," Andy breathed, pleasure making his words catch as the syllables slurred together. He felt Sid smirk haughtily against the skin of his neck and more colors blinded him, his moans deep and throaty as his back arched. He hardly noticed when Sid slipped in a third finger; he did, however, growl impatiently. He was as ready as he felt he was going to get and Sid was taking too long.

And then the fingers were removing themselves from Andy and he felt suddenly empty and gave up on trying to remind himself that emptiness was purity.

"Sid," Andy called quietly, desperately reaching for the dark-haired young man, and a hand slid into his, comforting in a sinful way that Andy still knew he shouldn't be welcoming. He heard Sid spit into his free palm and then the slick noise of the raven lubricating his erection – *when had he removed his jeans?* – and when Andy at last felt the blunt, thick head of Sid's cock pressing at his entrance, he protested.

"Use a condom," he said, but there was no strength behind it. Sid chuckled, leaning down so his mouth was hot against Andy's ear.

"No. I want to come inside of you."

Andy moaned, unabashed and heady, and it echoed in the bedroom as Sid growled, the possessiveness Andy witnessed earlier overtaking him again.

"Are you ready?" Sid asked, but it was more of a demand than a question. Andy let himself be momentarily stupefied by the fact that Sid had actually cared to ask before he answered, tone hot and demanding.

"Just fuck me already."

Sid needed no more motivation. His hand wrapped firmly around Andy's cock as he simultaneously began pressing forwards into the brunet's raw, overwhelming heat.

Andy tossed his head to the side, the feeling of Sid's thick erection penetrating him painful – *sinful* – but he dare not stop the raven. His hand moved slowly up Andy's cock and then back down, the heat from his palm searing Andy's soul.

Sid was biting his lip, trying to restrain from thrusting mercilessly into Andy's yielding body. *God*, he was so hot and *tight*, the sensations threatening already to pull Sid down into sweet, black oblivion even though he knew he was no virgin. He instead continued at a slow, steady pace until he was fully sheathed within Andy. Then he watched and waited.

Andy lay there panting underneath Sid, his chest heaving and slicked with sweat. Full, kiss-bruised lips were parted just slightly and love bites littered his smooth skin. Glazed cobalt eyes were observing him behind a thick veil of lust and desire, but Sid continued to rake his gaze over Andy's body. The brunet's stomach was taut and flat, the muscles underneath twitching with anticipation. Sid's eyes hungrily followed the thin line of dark hair that led to Andy's erection and his gaze lingered just below, where there were connected, before his eyes averted back to the younger man's face.

Without shifting his hips, Sid leaned down and pressed his mouth into Andy's. Both pairs of eyes remained open as Sid made slow, thorough work of kissing Andy, letting his tongue run over straight teeth, the roof of the brunet's mouth, underneath his tongue; everywhere he could reach. For minutes, Sid simply kissed the younger man and let him adjust to his size, watching him all throughout. After he withdrew his tongue, he simultaneously bit down on Andy's full lower lip and pulled halfway out of him before thrusting shallowly back in. A soft grunt escaped from the back of Andy's throat and finally, his eyes closed.

Sid released Andy's lip as he leant back to grasp a pair of firm, slim hips. He slid back out, relishing momentarily in the friction the action produced, before pushing back in. Andy whimpered and the sound sent a shiver down Sid's spine. Sid thrust into Andy again, this time a bit deeper, and Andy moaned, a resonating sound that only served to

further intoxicate the raven. Sid tightened his grip on Andy and began to speed up just slightly.

The back of Andy's wrist went to his mouth and he pressed his lips against it, hoping to stifle any of the sounds he was inevitably going to create. Sid's slow pace was becoming infuriating though, almost taunting, and he inwardly begged him to go quicker. The pain had dulled and was beginning to grow into something much, much more pleasurable.

Sid noticed vaguely Andy's almost irritated expression and smirked. He slid a hand licentiously over Andy's hip and up his torso, rubbing the pad of his thumb against a nipple.

"C'mon, babe," he breathed, voice husky and tinged with lust so potent that it made Andy's head swim. "Beg for me. Tell me what you want." He bent down and licked the nub teasingly before catching it between his teeth. Andy cursed mildly under his breath and moved his wrist.

"Go faster," he said, his voice weak with need. Sid smirked and pulled away from Andy's chest.

"What was that?"

Andy's eyes narrowed and he rolled his hips lecherously against Sid's. Sid groaned, his nails digging into the brunet's hips.

"I *said*," Andy repeated, his tone dangerous and potent as he roughly slid his hand into Sid's hair. He pulled. "Go faster."

Sid didn't need to be told again; he pulled all the way out before slamming deliberately back into the brunet. Andy cried out, his hand moving back to cover his mouth before Sid pointedly caught his wrist and pinned it to the bed.

"I don't think so," Sid hissed possessively. "Let me hear you." He continued to thrust into Andy as he leaned down to speak hotly in his ear, the soft scruff on his chin brushing against Andy's skin. "Say my name."

Andy turned his head so his lips were against Sid's ear, panting heavily into it as the raven's dick slid in and out of him. "Sid," he breathed, drawing out the vowel. Lust

washed over him anew as the name slid off of his tongue and the man shuddered above him.

"Again," Sid growled. He thrust pointedly into Andy, the head of his cock almost brushing his prostate. Nails raked down Sid's back as a tongue flicked purposely against his ear.

"Si—d," the brunet moaned showily, his arms tightening around the raven's muscular back. Sid responded by lifting Andy's hips and thrusting deeper within him, hitting his prostate at a perfect angle. Andy's back arced off of the bed, his chest pressing against Sid's as he loudly cried out.

"Fuck, *Sid*," he moaned, "do that again."

"Beg."

Andy didn't put up a fight. "Please," he groaned, "please, please, oh God, fuck me." He let out a shuddering cry as Sid pounded relentlessly into him, his cock hitting Andy's prostate with each thrust. Sid's lips met Andy's in an open-mouthed kiss, tongues briefly brushing together before he pulled away and continued to slide in and out of the young man. The noises Andy was making were escalating in both volume and desire, mingling with the sounds of Sid's own harsh breathing and skin slapping against skin.

Sid was lost in feverish passion for Andy as he fucked him, the tight, silken heat of the brunet around him burning and consuming him. Inexplicable envy tainted his veins at the thought that anybody but himself should ever touch Andy like this, be with him like this, even though he knew Andy was a virgin before the night began. Darkened chocolate eyes grazed over Andy's every feature and a single sentence passed Sid's lips.

"You are mine."

Andy moaned his assent and begged Sid to go faster, harder, deeper, *anything* to just push him over the edge. The raw passion he was being subjected to was driving him into an inferno, an insanity that almost ached as it pulsed within him. With each thrust of Sid's hips, Andy cried out; a raw, carnal sound that threatened to end both of them.

Sid became too much to bear for Andy, and as he felt the burning heat in his lower abdomen tighten, his pleased grunts very nearly turned into sobs.

"I'm yours, I'm yours, I'm yours," he keened into Sid's ear, his breath hot and damp against the raven's skin. "God, Sid, I'm yours." His voice was beginning to go hoarse from the sounds Sid was eliciting from him.

Sid groaned and he gripped Andy's cock and began pumping in time with his quickening thrusts, biting into the brunet's neck as he did so. Andy hissed and everything unfurled, stars bursting behind his eyes and Sid's name dancing on his lips as he cried out and came hard into the raven's hand.

Sid groaned lowly, the sound muffled by Andy's neck, and relished in the feeling of the younger man tightening around him like a vice. He let himself fall, biting harder into Andy's soft skin until his tasted blood, his essence spilling into the spent body beneath him. His eyebrows furrowed in pleasure as his racing heart slowed and he pulled back to stare at Andy.

The two lay there for a few quiet minutes, catching their lost breath and gazing at each other as they were pulled down from their highs. Andy brushed a few strands of dark hair from Sid's eyes, a surprisingly tender action, before sliding his hand into the soft hair at the back of the raven's neck and pulling him gently down. He placed his lips upon Sid's, his eyes open but complacent as they watched the older man. Sid tilted his head to better fit his mouth against Andy's, massaging the brunet's dry lips with his own. His fingertips brushed placidly through Andy's wavy locks and down his cheek to his neck where they rested. For a long, peaceful minute they simply kissed one another until Sid slowly slid out of Andy's body and lay down beside him.

Neither of them spoke. With the scent of sex and cinnamon still drifting lazily about him and Sid's come dripping down his skin, Andy let the impact of what he'd just done crash over him. He shook his head, swallowing and licking his dry lips as he reached down to pull the sheets over his and Sid's naked bodies.

He supposed everyone died a sinner.