

I Mustache You if You Want More Meat by [keshia-515](#)

 TV » [Parks and Recreation](#) Rated: M, English, Romance & Humor, Ron S., Donna M., Words: 1k+, Favs: 1, Published: Aug 7, 2016

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Words: 1508

A/N: This is for Jennifer! I hope you like it!

I Mustache You if You Want More Meat

Ron Swanson X Donna Meagle

Donna had never been so embarrassed in her entire life. She thought that she had a high tolerance for whiskey and all other delicious alcoholic beverages, yet apparently she didn't. Because this morning she woke to a pleasantly whiskered-burned, utterly-sexed body in the bed of her boss Ron Swanson. Her yellow dress was haphazardly thrown over a handcrafted wooden chair and her shoes were still frozen in the motion of her backing into the room. No doubt while being nipped and kissed by Ron. Donna felt a flash of heat at the memory of what had happened last night. Every thrust, lick, swat, and caress was quickly coursing through her awoken body, her nipples starting to pebble at the memory. She fanned her flushed face and started maneuvering out of the bed, watching to see if Ron was going to wake up. She sighed in relief when he didn't, as she quickly slipped her lace thong up her legs and slid the silky yellow dress over her voluptuous body, tiptoeing out of the door while grabbing her shoes and her small clutch purse. If she was lucky, Ron would not remember what happened and maybe she would forget too.

Donna made her way outside and almost cried with relief when she saw her car parked in the front of Ron's driveway. She slipped into the large vehicle, throwing her heels in the back and racing to escape the reality of the fact that she had just slept with Ron Swanson. And it was good. Really fan-fucking-tastic, enough to make her almost forget not only that Ron was her boss but also her personal motto, "Use him. Abuse him. Lose him."

She drove home in record time, rushing in because her morning had already started behind schedule since she was, you know, at **Ron's house** instead of her own. Not that it mattered. She always came into work whenever she wanted. But somehow for some

unknown reason, Donna felt that she **had** to be at work before Ron today. She threw off her clothes taking a glance at herself for the first time since she rushed out of the disaster, and sucked in a deep breath. First and foremost, her hair was a mess, if she remembered correctly when they were in certain positions Ron would card his fingers through her hair and roughly use it to gain leverage, so her usually prim and properly flat hair was tangled, knotted and bunched in handfuls that would take a long time to untangle. But her hair had nothing on the incredibly large and dark bruising that littered her body, but was mostly centered on her right shoulder. She leaned in closer, bringing her fingertips up to the bruise and got wetter as she felt the indentions of what was, in fact, a bite. Ron had bit her. He had left deep proof that he had come, and conquered. That she had been his for at least one night. She shivered in delight, before turning to her back and noticing her plump bottom slightly red. Oh yeah. Those were also some spankings to remember. She turned on the shower, knowing that really she wanted a soak, but she still couldn't get rid of the feeling that she needed to be at work early and before Ron. So despite her soreness she quickly washed, spending a moderate amount of time on her hair to make sure that it was untangled and proper. Then she slipped on some black leggings, a magenta long sleeved shirt and her pink scarf wrapped over her head and shoulders.

Donna had gotten to work early and safe, the only person there other before her being Leslie. She sat at her desk quietly irritated at the fact that before today she had never noticed how open to everyone she was. Her desk was right towards the entrance and she had not walls or a door to cower behind. And although she was sure that no one else knew what had transpired last night. She felt open and exposed sitting at her desk. Like an animal in a petting zoo, waiting for some child's sticky grubby hand to come down harshly and mishandle the precious merchandise. Donna waved as April walked in and sat down, the girl obnoxiously chewing gum loudly and grunting in reply, as she continued texting on her phone rather than properly responding to Donna. She jumped when Tom came waltzing in greeting everyone in a loud booming voice.

"What's up baby? Didn't see you last night for like the last four hours of the par-tay, you disappeared real quick. What happened?" Tom asked as he sat on Donna's desk.

"Nothing. Just felt the party was wack and spent sometime elsewhere. Why are you suddenly asking?" Donna replied, her heartbeat getting faster at the thought of anyone knowing what happened. She wasn't embarrassed. Donna would never be embarrassed of her sexual side, but she knew that the promises that were given so freely last night, in the heat of the storm of alcohol, sex and oppressed feelings, rarely stood strong under the harsh light of the morning sun. That was why she took her opportunity when it was

given and left the house before a very awkward and disappointing morning of regret started.

"Naw, just wondering. If I know you, a player got game, and scored something."

Just a headache and some heartache. Donna thought to herself, but replied aloud, "Nope just a really bad hangover and case of cotton mouth." Tom just shook his head at her, chuckling and made his way to his desk.

It took two hours after that for Ron to walk in.

Donna couldn't stop staring at Ron's mustache. She really couldn't. Not even when Tom came over to ask her if she wanted to go with him to grab something to eat. All she could do was swivel her seat and nod absently towards him as she adjusted herself into a position to where she could stare at the majestic beast that was Ron Swanson's mustache. She knew what it felt like to have it brush harshly her skin. And have the soft lips beneath them kiss the sting away. And to have the warm, wet tongue flick out and lave the skin enticing goosebumps to crawl along the surface. She wanted to feel it again.

She knew that she needed to stop staring, she wanted to stop staring, but she wasn't able to look away until Ron turned and made eye contact with her. The look in his eyes terrified her, it was like he was someone else altogether. There was such promise, so much hope. Something he honestly couldn't give her. She felt panic, bubble in her gut, she needed to get out of there now, before either of them did something. She quickly grabbed her purse, rushing causing the items on her desk to smack the floor loudly. She didn't stop to pick them up, she didn't want to give Ron the chance to say anything.

She walked around her desk bumping into the edge, and followed behind Tom's receding back, but stopped walking altogether when a hand grabbed her forearm.

"Going out to lunch Donna?" Ron asked, pulling her back so he could see her face, "I though you promised me last night that you would only be eating with me from now on?"

Ron smiled pulling Donna into his arms, ignoring the gasps that were erupting throughout the office.

"You asked me if I really enjoyed meat and wanted an extra large serving. I remember taking you up on that offer and enjoying it immensely. But I never finished my meal, it

seemed that someone cleaned my plate before I could finish." He pulled her headscarf off of her head and smiled at the bruising that was evident even under her shirt.

"And I definitely plan on finishing... unless you've changed your mind?" He asked, on of his hands resting on her lower back the other grabbing the back of her head, forcing her too look at him. He was giving her a choice. A chance to end this all, and a chance to start something new. She was used to the same old thing over and over again. She never thought a single night and too much whiskey could change her life so much, but she really wanted to try to make this work so much. And if Ron was willing, she'd give them a chance. Even if it meant the end of her time here at Parks and Rec. Because no matter what, something had changed. Whether or not she wanted it to. She smiled and nodded slightly, kissing Ron softly on his lips, before pulling out of his embrace.

"See you later?" She asked.

"I'll definitely be seeing you later." He replied, and then he turned towards Tom who was still standing towards the entrance in shock.

"Be careful Tom, that's my woman you're taking with you."

Yep. She was his woman.

Ron Swanson x Jerry Gergich - Parks and Rec Gay Fanfiction by [adamsavagelover](#)

 [TV](#) » [Parks and Recreation](#) Rated: M, English, Romance, Ron S., Jerry G., Words: 917, Favs: 3, Published: Dec 22, 2017

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Jerry looked around. He normally didn't work late, that was always Leslie's thing, but needed to catch up on some work he had been putting off. Gayle and the Girls were away in Munsie, and Jerry wanted to use the time alone to be productive. It was late enough that the entire building was silent, instead of the usual rush, except for one location.

Ron Swanson's office had all its blinds down, and seemed to be empty. However, it had a consistent noise that a regular person would recognize as the fap-fap of a man

masturbating, but Jerry was too distracted to realize what the noise was. Initially keeping a consistent slow beat, he dismissed it as the A/C running weird.

The noise kept going for around 15 minutes before it sped up dramatically, and loud moans came from the office. Jerry, extremely frightened, tried the door handle, and found it unlocked. He inched the door open and was shocked at what he found. Ron was going at it hard, naked and sweaty. He was pumping hard and loud moans escaped his mouth every few seconds. Jerry attempted to close the door, but accidentally knocked over a mug on April's desk in the process.

The fap-fap noise stopped.

The door still open an inch, Jerry and Ron made eye contact before Jerry walked into the room, profusely apologizing.

Jerry started babbling, "I'm sorry! I'm sorry, I wondered what the noise was..

Is there anything I can do to help make it up to you?"

Ron, still naked and erect, smiled.

"There is.."

"I'll forget this whole thing, if you will bottom and be my bitch for tonight."

Jerry wasn't shocked; at his all-boys school he had been the bigger, manlier boys' cock slut. He had put that behind him, but he was intrigued, and Ron had an impressive dick.

"Yes. I'll do it."

Ron looked surprised, but smiled.

He started to clear off his desk, and motioned for Jerry to take off his clothes.

Jerry did, and Ron was amazed. Ron had a pretty nice sized dick and was extremely hairy, but Jerry beat him by a mile. Jerry's dick wasn't even erect and it was already around 5 inches.

Ron said: "I think I've changed my mind. I may bottom for you today."

Jerry blushed, then said "let's start, then?"

Ron climbed over the desk and pulled Jerry into his hip. He started grinding, before kissing him, his mustache grinding against Jerry's face, his tongue quickly taking control. Ron reached down and grabbed Jerry's hand, then guided it to his waiting penis. He then reached down to Jerry's, and started stroking it. They kept doing this until Jerry's penis was at its limit, an incredible 9 inch cock.

Ron said "Alright. Suck my cock bitch!"

Ron leaned back on the desk and Jerry happily obliged. He started going down on Ron, and grabbed his own dick and started to stroke it.

Ron started to moan, almost louder than before. "Oh yes.. oh god please YES.."

He started thrusting into Jerry's mouth, and Jerry managed to take all of Ron down his throat.

Ron stopped and grabbed Jerry's head. Jerry looked up in surprise, then Ron said "A good man returns favors."

He got off the desk, sat Jerry down, then started going down on his monster cock. He ran a hand through his thick mat of chest hair, struggling to get all the way down.

"Oh Ron, you don't have to do thi.. Ohh! Ahh yes Please.."

Jerry was caught off guard by Ron's sudden victory over his gag reflex. He had managed to get all the way down to the base of Jerry's cock. He started bobbing up and down the shaft, and Jerry started moaning.

Ron kept going for a bit, but pulled off and said

"Alright, bitch, get on your stomach."

Jerry obliged, flipping over. Ron reached for the lube hidden in his desk, then covered his cock in it. Ron then reached over and stroked it onto Jerry's cock, believing that he would return this favor as well.

"Tell me if this hurts, Jerry."

Ron slowly pushed in, and Jerry's face cringed in pain, but he motioned to keep going. He pushed all the way in, and then began hard, slow thrusts into Jerry's ass.

Jerry started moaning, and Ron replied back with: "You like that bitch? Take my cock!"

Ron started moaning, and picked up speed. He started fucking Jerry even faster until both men were moaning so loud the whole town could probably hear them.

Ron finished in Jerry's asshole, cumming all inside him, and pulled out. Jerry had not cum yet, so Ron switched places and winced as Jerry's monster dick entered inside of him.

Jerry pushed even deeper, and Ron gasped in pain, but pushed back on his dick, as to take more. Jerry began faster thrusts, not quite all the way in yet, but got closer with each thrust.

"Ohh yes.. Please more, Jerry!"

Ron gave up the half-assed attempt at Jerry being his bitch and started moaning and groaning like a slut. Jerry picked up speed before finally getting all the way in.

Ron flipped over onto his back, and started stroking his own dick, both men moaning in intense pleasure. Finally, Jerry groaned, and filled Ron's asshole with cum, at the exact time Ron had another orgasm.

Ron, panting, said "Are you up for some more?"

Jerry smiled and went back down on Ron's dick.