

So Soft
a fic by HungryOnMain and mournwiththemoon

Jed wasn't shy about having sex, sure; he'd had his fair share out West. Ladies, gentlemen, those that know better, he'd played every role you could think of out there. The Robinson girls gave him a particularly interesting evening, though he stood crooked for three days.

This was his first time with Octavius, though. He'd had time to get used to being naked out West, but here? He was a stranger in a strange land. His confidence was shaken, even as he unbuttoned his shirt in Octavius's private quarters.

Octavius watched Jedediah removing his shirt as he fumbled to shed with his own cape and helmet. His fingers trembled lightly from a mix of lust and nerves, his body eager to be touched by the cowboy.

Thinking of the scars that littered his limbs and the softness of his once-toned middle, Octavius hoped Jedediah wouldn't mind the state of his aging, imperfect body. He knew he was not perfect, far from it, but he was well-versed enough in this sort of thing to feel confident in what he was doing. He knew how to make another man feel good, and he knew Jedediah.

Reaching a hand rather awkwardly around his side, he began to make work of the straps on his breastplate.

Jed kept his hat on, of course, but the shirt fell to the floor with ease. His belt was removed before he started undoing his pants.

The red long johns under his clothing hid most of his skin, yet he still felt exposed. His body was trembling with anticipation.

After letting his pants drop to the floor, he turned to Octavius, checking on his progress.

Octavius could feel Jedediah's gaze on him as he finally loosened his breastplate, setting it down on the sideboard with a light clunk. He felt oddly vulnerable without the armor shielding his torso, the thin fabric of his tunic now the only thing left to cover it.

"You'll have to forgive me," he said, his voice low as he dared to meet the cowboy's eye. "The armor makes disrobing a bit of an ordeal."

He reached for the strap of his pteruges and pulled them slowly away from his hips.

Jed's eyes weren't meeting Octavius's — they were focused farther south. The soft center of Octavius's body had utterly captivated him, the way it rested on his pteruges before they, too, were removed.

His cock stirred against his long johns, rising to attention beneath the fabric. His eyes were filled with stars.

"Wow... look at you," he whispers, hands fumbling as he begins to unbutton the thermal layer. "You're... you're so *soft*."

The cowboy's whisper sent a shiver down Octavius's spine. He blinked, eyes following the path of Jedediah's own.

"I suppose I am," he said, glancing down at himself with a small, awkward laugh. He gave his belly a light pat. "One thing about being a military man is that it pays to be well-fed."

His hands slipped southwards then to the hem of his tunic, and he pulled it over his head.

"I trust that it doesn't bother you."

Tossing the garment to the side, he let his hand cup the underside of his soft, gently rounded stomach, testing his own heft playfully with his palm.

"Oh my god," Jed whispered under his breath as he watched Octavius play with his heft. Any blood not rushing to his cock dyed his cheeks red with arousal. He finally dropped the layer past his knees, freeing his aching cock from its confines.

"Can I... can I touch you?" He asked, not taking his eyes from Octavius's center. "Please?"

He didn't know why the sight of his lover's belly was arousing him so intensely. He didn't know why it was making his dick hurt with want. He didn't care. He wanted to touch it.

Octavius's eyes traveled pointedly down to the rigid length of Jedediah's cock, and a curious smile began to toy at the corners of his mouth.

"Who knew you had it in you to be so pleasantly polite," he murmured, sauntering slowly over with his hand still planted on his middle. He stopped with only a mere few inches between himself and the other man. "It suits you."

He ran his palm across the swell of his stomach, dipping a quick, teasing finger into the depths of his navel and letting out a soft groan.

"Does this turn you on, my darling?" He pulled his fingers from his belly button and let his fat jiggle for a moment. Then, he echoed Jedediah's own plea: "Do you wish to touch me?"

His hand flew to his mouth in a futile attempt to cover the moan that fell from his lips. His other hand ghosted over his cock, itself beginning to throb from want.

"Yes," he begged, muffled by his hand. "Fuck, I don't know if I wanna get you pregnant, or if I want you to get *me* pregnant."

"Please, please let me touch you," he whispered. "Please, please, please."

Octavius let out a guttural kind of grunt at the words and planted two firm hands on Jed's shoulders, guiding him back against the nearest wall.

"Gods above, Jedediah. You make the prettiest noises, *amate*. Touch me."

He took Jedediah's wrists in his hands and pressed them into the softness of his belly.

"Would you like to fill me up, Jedediah?" he breathed. "Would you like this gut heavy and full with your seed?"

The cowboy, damn his voice for betraying him, full-on *whimpered* at the domination. The sudden movement against the wall made his spine shock with anticipation.

When his hands were pressed into the warm, creamy fat, his hips instinctively thrust up into the flesh. “Jesus fucking— God in Heaven—”

That question snapped something in his mind. Perhaps that last thread of restraint.

“Yes, I want that. I wanna get you pregnant. I want you to crush me with it. I want you to knock me up. Please, please, please, please just let me—” he thrust up into the softness again. “Let me get you pregnant, Daddy.”

Octavius practically *growled* at the title, pulling Jed in for a passionate kiss.

“Breed me, you fucking slut,” he moaned, grabbing a handful of his own plush fat and lifting it to let it jiggle atop Jedediah’s leaking cock. “You want this belly so much bigger, don’t you, sweetness? You want your daddy’s pregnant belly crushing that pretty face of yours, *ita?*”

He ran a quick finger along the underside of his lover’s length before pulling away completely.

“On the bed, please, *care*. Tell me how you’d like me.”

“Y-yes,” he strained, his neglected cock aching to be touched again. His brow cinched and his face desperate, he listened, stumbling to the bed, naked and exposed.

“Please, just— I want you to ride me,” he admitted, the tip of his cock leaking pre. “I wanna feel all your weight. Fuck, I didn’t even know I was into that before tonight.”

He spread his legs, as if instinctual. “I wanna do so much with you, Octavius... but right now, all I can think about is your belly. I need to do so many things, Ock, you won’t believe...” His cock twitched as he admitted it.

Octavius followed Jed to the bed, pulling open a drawer of the nightstand on the way and retrieving a small vial of oil.

“What kind of things do you speak of, Jedediah?” he purred as he moved to straddle the cowboy’s twitching hips. “Hmm? Tell Daddy what you’d do to him, if you could do anything.”

He dipped a quick finger into the lubricant and began to prep himself slowly before running his hands back over the dome of his stomach.

“I—... I—...” He began to explain himself, but lost the words as he watched Octavius prep himself. If his cock could get any harder...

“You’re making a mess of yourself just at the thought of touching this, aren’t you?” he teased, slapping the side of his gut and letting the fat ripple. “Poor baby.”

The ripple of the older man’s fat made him whimper again. “I wanna... f-, fuck your belly. Just, I wanna get you fatter and, and use you— ah!!”

Octavius braced himself with a hand on Jed’s chest and lowered just the very rim of his entrance against the leaking head of the other man’s cock.

The resting of his lover's entrance against his cock stole his words again. "And, and I wanna be your, your pet, Ock. I wanna give up doin' anything else, just be yours and dedicate everythin' in me to makin' you fat and pregnant, and Jesus fuckin' Lord on high, Octavius, please let me breed you."

Octavius couldn't help but let the façade break just a little at Jed's words.

"Breed me," he panted desperately. "Hurry up and breed me, 'Diah, make me fatter, *amate*."

His own weight meant that sliding slowly down Jed's length was rather difficult, and instead he found himself plopping straight onto the cowboy's cock in one heavy movement. He watched the fat of his gut jiggle at the motion. Jed gasped at the sudden enveloping of his cock by Octavius's warm interior. His eyes were wide, glittering with pleasure. This was heaven.

"Good pet," he moaned, staring down at his lover with lust-lidded eyes. "All mine, Jedediah, my pretty little fuck toy."

He began to thrust his hips desperately.

"Going to fatten me up and breed me until I'm too round to get myself off, pet."

When Octavius started moving, Jed's hands desperately clung to his gut, kneading the flesh under his fingers, squeezing, caressing, molding the warm fat between his digits.

"Gonna breed you, Daddy, gonna knock you up with my litter, oh good fuckin' God, yes!"

He bit his lip to stop himself before he said anything stupid. A bit late for that, the slut.

"*Gods*, 'Diah, good pet, such a good pet for daddy, aren't you?"

Octavius pushed back against Jed's cock with a groan, the softness of his middle jiggling with each thrust.

"Get me pregnant, Jedediah, touch my gut — *fuck* — touch my fat gut, pet!" He moved his own hand down and slipped two fingers into his navel. "A-ahhh—!"

The sight goes straight down Jed's cock. His eyes roll up and close as he takes over the thrusting. Rough and steady, he rams into Octavius, slamming his prostate. Octavius nearly spilled down his own front the moment Jed began to thrust upwards, and a whine escaped his throat.

"Daddy...!!" he strains. "I'm a good pet, I'm a good pet, yes, yes, ahh—!!"

"Gods, yes, Jedediah!" he cried, slipping a third finger into his navel with a roll of his hips. "Breed me, good pet, such a good pet for Daddy, yes, good boy—!"

Jed's breath shudders and a particular throb pulses through his cock. Octavius could feel the cowboy's cock pulsating deep inside of him, and the break in Jed's voice was enough to crack his resolve.

"Gonna cum, gonna cum, Daddy, please let me cum, please, please let me breed you, Daddy, please—!!"

“Cum for me, pet,” he groaned, letting one hand drift down as his fingers knotted themselves through Jed’s blonde locks. “Cum for your daddy, be a good pet and cum inside me, gods, breed me —!!”

“Daddy!!”

He almost screamed it as he let go. Warm, sticky seed shot from his cock and deep inside Oct, his breath held as he came. His legs shivered as he released, barely holding Oct up anymore.

“Ah—, ah— Da-, Daddy, ahh...” he trailed off as he finished at last, his flaccid cock slipping out. “Thank you, Daddy...”

“That’s it, *dīlēcte*,” Octavius soothed, rolling onto his side as Jed pulled out and he felt his body sag beneath him. “That’s it. Come here, you.”

He bundled the spent blonde up in his arms and pulled him flush against his chest, pressing a gentle kiss to his forehead. It made him blush. Jed, panting, accepted the hug, his hands moving back to Octavius’s belly. Immediately, he was rubbing it. Octavius let out a contented hum at the hands on his belly, pushing instinctively into the touch.

“Daddy’s got you, pet. Daddy’s got you.”

“Daddy’s knocked up with my litter...” he muttered, still floating in afterglow.

He pressed a kiss onto his lover’s bare chest.

...Before scooting down to kiss his belly. He wrapped his arms around his center, ear pressed to it. “I ain’t got anywhere to be tonight, sugar. We got all night.”

“You mean to say that I get you all to myself tonight?” he murmured, still gently petting his partner’s hair. “Mmm. Lucky me...”

He watched on fondly as Jedediah cuddled up to his middle, the hands around his belly sending a bolt of possessiveness down his spine.

“Did you get off?” Jed asked, continuing to caress and massage Octavius’s creamy soft belly. “I wanna make sure you get off too, sugar.”

He pressed more kisses to the warm flesh before him, burying his face in the softness. He took a deep breath, and sighed.

“You smell so good,” he said, muffled by fat. “I love you.”

Octavius felt himself melt at the words, a warm wave of affection washing over him as he watched Jed pressing his face into his soft belly.

“*Gaza mea*,” he breathed. “I love you too.”

He couldn’t help but let his own hand drift down to the swell of his lower belly, rubbing himself as he dwelled on the thought of Jed finishing so deep inside of him — of Jed *knocking him up*, as he’d put it.

“And no, I did not finish this time,” he said softly, remembering his lover’s earlier question. “But the night is still young...”

Jed lifted his face from the warm softness, a smile on his face. That spark in his eyes — it was that particular rowdy cowboy-ness he’d come to be known for.

“Let me help,” he gave a kiss to his lover’s belly. “if Daddy wants me to.”

His kisses moved south, and his tongue slipped into Octavius’s navel, exploring the deep scar as far as his tongue could reach, dribbling saliva down the curve of his gut.

“Ohhhh—” Octavius moaned as Jed pressed his tongue in, and he pushed up into the touch with a grunt. “Y-yes, please, my angel,” he panted. “Gods, that feels so fucking good, Jedediah...”

He managed to slip both hands beneath the overhang of his belly and lifted it up so as to give the cowboy easier access to continue his task.

“Keep doing that,” he whined.

Jed’s mouth continued its work on his navel as his hand moved to stroke Octavius’s cock. He was careful in pulling back the foreskin, stroking the length at a consistent speed and pressure.

He pulled away from his work, strings of saliva connecting his lips to his lover’s navel.

“Daddy’s too fat n’ pregnant to get off, but that’s what I’m here for. I’m all yours.” A smile. “I’m all yours.”

And back in he dove, tongue fresh with new wetness, savoring the sweat of his skin and the warmth of his cock in his hand.

“Ah—Good pet,” Octavius moaned, unable to mask the break in his voice. “Good pet, so good for daddy...”

He glanced down to watch Jed at work, whimpering at the sight of his hand on his cock and his mouth against his navel.

“Yes, baby, get your Daddy off. Daddy’s so fat, ‘Diah, so stuffed full with your litter, ohhhh—!” He rubbed at the crest of his gut and thrust firmly into his lover’s touch. “Jedediah, mmm...”

Jed’s tongue ran up the crest of Octavius’s gut, leaving a stripe of saliva in his wake. His trail ended in a kiss, before he slid back down beneath the navel.

That warm wetness enveloped Octavius’s cock as Jed took him into his mouth, sucking with expertise. His moans rumbled up his throat, vibrating with joy, as he serviced his owner. His hands pressed firmly into the sides of Octavius’s gut, just to keep his balance.

“*Faex*, Jedediah—!”

Octavius let his head tip back with a loud, shameless moan, dropping a hand down to cup the back of the cowboy’s head.

“T-touch my belly, Jedediah, please, pet, make daddy’s gut feel good, ahh...”

His hand held Jed firmly in place on his cock, his mind clouded by the need to use and own his pet.

“Mmph,” was all he could moan. He kept up his work, sucking as well as he could. His nose pressed against Octavius’s pubis, as deep as he could go. It was heavenly, pressed between cock and gut fat. His hands kneaded that belly as ordered, massaging the flesh under his fingers with ease and purpose. “Mmph!”

“That’s it,” Octavius groaned, feeling himself close to the edge. “Well done, my pet. Such a good boy for me, ‘Diah my love, so good.”

The warmth of Jed’s hands on his tummy and his mouth on his cock made Octavius’s hips twitch involuntarily.

“Going to cum, pet, fuck, Daddy’s going to cum—”

Jed went as deep as he could, feeling Octavius’s cock press against the back of his throat, before lifting his head. Deep, hard sucks came as he worked the shaft. His hands squeezed the flesh above him in preparation for the coming release, his eyes rolling up again, waiting to swallow every drop.

A broken groan escaped Octavius’s lips as he shuddered and spilled hot and heavy down Jedediah’s throat. Jed didn’t spill a drop.

“Jedediah,” he mumbled as his movements began to still and he felt himself soften in the other’s throat. “Well done, my love. You did — fuck — you did so well for me, ‘Diah.”

Carefully, Jed pulled off of his owner’s cock, without swallowing — not yet. When he was visible over the curve of the belly, he parted his jaws, revealing the load — before closing them again with a thick swallow.

“Thank you, Daddy,” He whispered, laying behind Octavius, being the big spoon. His hands rested over his tummy again, continuing to knead and rub the softness. “I love you, Ocky. I love you so much.” He said in the afterglow.