

Happiness Is a Warm Gun

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Happiness Is a Warm Gun

by [snarkysweetness](#)

Summary

While alone in the station one night, Graham finds a way to pass the time, but it turns out he isn't really alone.

Notes

Written for ouatkinkmeme on LJ. The request was or Huntsman/Graham Masturbation: "I just love the image of this gorgeous man playing with his cock. Bonus if he is caught by another male." I've also been unable to get the thought of Jamie Dornan/Alex Pettyfer out of my mind ever since seeing Magic Mike, because the two look so damn similar. So please, imagine Alex playing the part of random Queen's Guard/Deputy.

It was yet another boring night in Storybrooke. Sometimes, Graham wondered why he'd become Sheriff. It wasn't as if he was really needed. No one committed crimes. He spent most days at his desk or at Granny's, flirting with Ruby.

Ruby and those damn short skirts of hers. One of these days he was going to press her up against Granny's counter and fuck her senseless, just to prove that he could.

Graham let out a groan. He was hard just thinking about her. Whether or not she wore panties under those short skirts. What color they were. The kind of noises she would make. If she was a screamer or not.

She would look good on her knees, with his cock in her mouth.

He couldn't take it anymore. He was uncomfortably tight in his trousers. And he was alone; no one else worked the night shift. There was little chance he'd be caught and if so...

Did it really matter?

Graham leaned back in his chair and unzipped himself, pulling his hard cock free. He closed his eyes in relief, licking his lips as he imagined Ruby and her tight little ass rubbing herself against him.

He curled his fist around himself, pumping away at images of fucking Ruby on every surface of Granny's diner. Graham hadn't been with a woman who wasn't Regina in years. He wasn't even sure why he kept going back, the sex was lackluster, and he'd much prefer to ride the town bicycle, but he never dared, too afraid of what Regina would do to poor Ruby.

Graham would kill for a decent blowjob.

Was that too much to ask?

A shift in the air caught Graham's attention and he opened his eyes, hand still wrapped around his exposed cock. Standing in the open doorway was one of his part-time Deputy's, looking a bit flustered. And with a hard-on, from the looks of it.

Hadn't he just been wishing for a blowjob? Graham didn't care who it was from at this point.

"Don't just stand there. Close the blinds and come get on your knees. My dick isn't going to suck itself."

He was using his Sheriff voice and Deputy Adam didn't hesitate to do as he was told. The young man was licking his lips, clearly eager to be servicing his Sheriff in such a way.

Graham pushed away from his desk, allowing room for Adam to get down on his knees. He didn't waste any time. Graham's cock went immediately for the boy's mouth and Graham let out a groan. Finally, someone who knew how to use their mouth. He relaxed into his chair as

Adam sucked him off, using one hand to jerk him off and the other to work his balls.

He came too soon for his liking, but he was satisfied.

Graham adjusted himself when it was all over and sent Adam over to re-open the blinds. God forbid of Regina was unable to keep an eye on him at all times.

“Deputy, perhaps you should take the night shift tomorrow. I have a few extra jobs for you, if you’re interested.”

“Of course, anything for you, Sheriff.”

Graham kicked up his feet with a smirk. Perhaps things weren’t so boring around here after all.

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