All For The Game NSFW Prompt Fill Collection

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/11380125.

Rating: Explicit
Archive Warning: Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category: M/M
Fandom: All For The Game - Nora Sakavic
Character: Andrew Minyard, Neil Josten
Additional Tags: prompt fill collection, i would also do other pairings, but everyone only prompts andreil, which is - Freeform, Understandable, but if you want to read nsfw for other foxes, come prompt me. Anal Sex, Anal Fingering, Gay Sex, Nipple Play, Comfort Sex, Masturbation, Nudes, Long-Distance Relationship, top andrew, bottom neil, Andreil, Praise Kink, jerejean+kevin, Threesome, Rimming, Dirty Talk, Bottom Jeremy, Keremy

Stats: Published: 2017-07-02 Updated: 2019-03-23 Chapters: 8/? Words: 9277

All For The Game NSFW Prompt Fill Collection

by Marmeladeskies

Summary

Yes, well, the title says it all. I asked people to prompt me afgt-stuff on tumblr, and this is the NSFW collection (there is also a SFW collection). Chapter 1: Andrew masturbating thinking of Neil
Chapter 2: Comforting Sex (Andreil)
Chapter 3: Praise Kink (Andreil)
Chapter 4: Jerejean talking dirty about Kevin + oral sex (part 1)
Chapter 5: Jerejean+Kevin threesome (part 2)
Chapter 6: Renison, bathtub sex
Chapter 7: Andreil, hot tub
Chapter 8: Keremy, sneaky (mild nsfw)

Come prompt me on tumblr: marmelade-sky.tumblr.com

Notes

Have fun and enjoy :)
if you liked it, I'd love kudos or even a little comment. Or come talk to me on tumblr! :) I
don’t bite, promise... at least not in the streets...
Not living together anymore sucks, especially after getting used to Neil being around all day. Back at their dorm at PSU, Andrew could always manage to grab Neil and pull him into a corner. They never wasted opportunities, and more often than not, they sought them out, going up to the roof at night or letting Kevin sleep off his alcohol induced coma on the couch so they had the bedroom to themselves.

But now, with hundreds of miles between them, these opportunities are rare. It’s frustrating, and skyping isn’t the same. Andrew wants to touch Neil, and not just stare at him. He’s gotten so used to Neil’s stupidly loud breathing at night, and even his warmth next to him and how Neil sometimes mewls in his sleep. Like an idiot.

Andrew lies awake, on his bed, staring at the ceiling, trying to ignore his body screaming at him. Not seeing Neil means no relief, and Andrew’s not the biggest fan of taking care of himself. Too many times, ugly images pop up in his head when he does it, so he’s taken to avoid masturbation. When he had been rooming with Neil, there had been no need to. But now…

His phone chimes. It’s a new one, so Neil can send him pictures, which he does a lot ever since he’s discovered how Andrew reacts to particularly nice ones.

Andrew deletes the notification he just received pulls up the latest photo Neil’s sent him. It’s obscene, and it fills Andrew with a weird pride, knowing that Neil would never take a photo like this for anyone else. It’s Neil in the dorm bathroom, taking a picture of himself in the mirror, shirtless and in briefs which hug his round, perfect ass tightly. He’s half-sitting on the counter, too, and Andrew’s pretty sure he’s arching his back. “Missing you…” the caption says. “209%”, says Andrew’s reply.

Neil has sent a kissy emoji after that.

Andrew looks at the picture for a long time. Neil and his stupid perfect ass. Always a distraction. And those shitty scars on his back. Andrew wants to trace his hands over them, bite his neck and make him gasp for breath before he tugs at his hair.

Andrew’s abdomen is heating up. His erection is caged in his sweatpants, twitching impatiently when Andrew imagines sucking a mark into the soft skin of Neil’s neck.

Neil always consents happily. “Yes, Andrew, harder!” and “Fuck me, I need you!” ring in Andrew’s ears, and his resistance crumbles. He lets his hand slide lower and pulls down his sweats, freeing his hard cock which slaps against his lower belly.

His hand knows the rhythm, of course. Andrew keeps looking at the picture. He could sit Neil onto the counter, or just take him on the bathroom floor. The cold tiles would probably make him whine even harder.

Or maybe Neil would blow him. Andrew remembers how those blue eyes look up at him, half-hooded, pupils blown, while that pretty mouth is stretched around his cock. Andrew bites back a groan.

Neil always moans around his cock when Andrew tugs his hair, and sometimes his eyes flutter shut, which more often than not coaxes possessive little growls out of Andrew which Neil answers with happy moans. For a man who doesn’t swing, Neil swings hard once he gets into motion.

Andrew is leaking onto his belly by now, and he can already feel his balls draw up.

In his mind, he replays many memories of Neil, writhing, sweating, moaning, going cross-eyed while Andrew pushes into him.
Neil sometimes cums untouched, only from Andrew fucking him, and it always pushes Andrew over
the edge with him, just the sight of it, the way Neil’s back arches and his expression becomes almost
angelic right before he shoots his load onto his own belly.
Andrew grunts and adds a little twist to his hand movement.
Blue eyes meeting his, hands on the back of his head pulling him into a kiss-
Neil’s legs twitching and toes curling-
Pulling Andrew deeper-
Neil kneeling on the floor with his mouth wide open and a blissed out expression on his face as
Andrew comes into it-
Blue eyes searching for his, hands pulling him in by the back of his neck-
Andrew cums into his own fist, imagining it was Neil’s.
After he’s come down from his high, he snaps a picture of his cum-smeared belly and sends it to Neil
with the caption “You missed dinner.”.

The next morning when he looks at his phone after waking up, Neil has replied. The text is followed
by about twenty emojis, and says “UNFAIR!!!!!!”.
Andrew grins silently at his phone for a minute before getting up.
Maybe he’ll start sending more pictures as well.
Christmas was always a particularly rough time for both Neil and Andrew. Neil couldn’t get into the whole spirit and all the lights, jingle bells on the radio and stressed people confused him and rendered him annoyed as soon as he stepped out of the dorms. He barely remembered Christmas when he had been a child, but he doubted Nathan Wesninski had dressed up as santa clause.

Andrew was indifferent to christmas, at least on the outside, but Neil, who probably knew him better than anyone, could look through his facade. Ever since Thanksgiving, here was more tension in his shoulders, he slept worse and he definitely consumed even more candy, caffeine and nicotine.

“We’re going to Columbia.” They were seated on the roof, both of them in their coats, both of them smoking.

Neil looked over at Andrew, and simply replied “Okay.”

An hour later, they were on the road.

- 

The day they arrived was the 22nd, and so they had plenty of time to stock up on ice cream, booze, cigarettes, candy for Andrew and actual food.

As soon as Neil stepped into the house, it felt as if a weight was lifted off his shoulders. This was their refuge, their way to shut everything else out. The other Foxes were on their way home, Kevin was going to spend his christmas with Thea (which was a first), Nicky was in Germany, Aaron with Katelyn. Their group chat was unusually quiet, with everyone busy with their loved ones. As they put the groceries into the kitchen, it dawned on Neil that it was the same for him.

- 

They spent their night smoking and watching TV. Andrew pointedly avoided every channel that played anything clearly christmas-related, which was fine by Neil. They ate sandwiches and ice cream for dinner, and then Andrew poured both of them some whiskey. Neil noticed how he put the bottle away afterwards, and tried to hide his smile. Being drunk meant no consent, and so whenever sex was an option for later, neither of them had more than one drink.

After they were done eating, Andrew got up and put away their dishes, wiping crumbs off the coffee table afterwards. Neil followed him into the kitchen and watched him from the doorway. Andrew’s broad shoulders and strong arms worked in the most perfect way when he loaded the dishwasher.

“You’re staring.” Andrew closed the dishwasher and turned around, facing Neil and leaning against the counter.

“I am.”, Neil confirmed and took some steps forward until he was about an arm’s length in front of Andrew.

Hazel eyes regarded him as he did, but Andrew didn’t move.

“I don’t care for christmas.”, Neil said after a moment of silence. “It feels so… hypocritical.”

Andrew’s hazel eyes hardened. “What’s not to like about people coming together to play happy family?” His dry sarcasm told a whole story of its own.
Neil shrugged. “People are acting like it’s this huge thing, like it’s supposed to be super-special. To me, it feels like another Thursday.”

Andrew didn’t reply to that.

Neil took another careful step forward. “Yes or no?”, he eventually asked softly with a questioning look.

Andrew regarded him for a moment, and then his posture softened. “Yes.”

Neil leaned in and kissed him. The kiss tasted sweet and sugary, a bit like whiskey and cigarettes, perfectly like Andrew.

Firm hands grabbed his shirt, and then they switched positions, Neil’s hips bumping into the counter as Andrew pushed his lips against Neil’s and nipped at his bottom lip.

“Get on the counter.”, he commanded, and Neil happily obliged, pulling himself up with his hands and spreading his legs so Andrew could stand in between. Neil could feel his pants tent, the hot arousal that always came with kissing Andrew churning in his lower abdomen.

“Andrew, where can I-?”

“From the chest up. Arms, too.”, Andrew growled against his lips and Neil gripped on to Andrew’s biceps, feeling the thick muscles work under the skin.

Andrew let his mouth go and started moving his hands over Neil’s thighs. Before he could ask, Neil gasped “Yes!” into his ear and then kissed his neck. The little hitch of Andrew’s breath was the best sound in the world.

Quick fingers undid the bow of his sweats and pulled it down. Neil let go of Andrew’s arms for a moment to shed his shirt, and then buried his fingers in Andrew’s hair. “Andrew…”, he panted softly when a strong hand wrapped around him and started teasing him.

Andrew nipped at his chin and then caught Neil’s lips again in a heated kiss, tongue pushing into his mouth in a way that made Neil moan happily.

Andrew’s hand quickly found a rhythm, and the heat inside of Neil’s abdomen started curling into a white hot ball.

Right before Andrew pushed him over the edge, Neil pulled away from their kiss, toes curling.

“Andrew-”, he begged with hooded eyes, all modesty or embarrassment forgotten, “fuck me.”

For a second, hazel eyes met blue ones, and then Andrew’s hand let go and he stepped back. Neil whined because of the loss of sensation, but the heated look Andrew gave him quickly shut him up.

“Stay. Keep yourself entertained.” Andrew’s gaze darted down to Neil’s prominent erection. Neil nodded quickly and dropped his right hand between his own legs.

Andrew vanished for a minute or two, time which Neil used to discard his sweatpants and underwear, and to keep himself ready. Excitement was making his thighs twitch and his body feel itchy.

When Andrew returned, he held a bottle of lube in one, and a condom as well as a towel in the other hand, and had taken off his armbands and shirt.

Neil couldn’t help it; he whined at the sight and spread his legs a little.

Andrew stepped in between them again, putting the lube and condom down on the counter next to Neil. “I want to fuck you while you sit on the counter.”, he said, and Neil’s heart jumped, “Yes or no?”

“Yes!” Neil nodded his head so hard that he hit it a little on the cabinet behind him.

“Lift your ass.” Neil obliged and Andrew stuffed the towel under him so they didn’t dirty the counter. Neil now sat leaned back slightly, spine curved, chin almost on his chest and his heels on the edge of the counter.
He watched as Andrew squeezed lube onto his fingers, warming it a little by rubbing them together, and then lowered his hand. They had done this before, and it was included in the yes Neil had given to Andrew before if Neil didn’t say otherwise.

“How...”, Neil whined, spreading his legs until the joints of his hips popped. The whine turned into a moan when Andrew’s finger sunk into him. Neil knew Andrew liked it when he was loud, and loudly consenting, and frankly, he found it easier like this than to be quiet.

Andrew worked him open, coaxing all kinds of noises out of Neil. His cock twitched on his belly, leaking slowly as Andrew added another finger, brushing over his prostate and spreading them apart.

Only when Neil was a moaning, sweaty mess, Andrew pulled his fingers back and leaned in to kiss Neil fiercely. Neil eagerly met the blonde’s lips halfway, whining into the kiss. His legs felt like jelly already and he was spread open for Andrew, his body awaiting him eagerly.

Andrew tugged down his own sweats, ripped the condom wrapper open with his teeth, rolled it on and then lined his own erection up with Neil’s hole.

Neil shivered and looked at Andrew from under his lashes. “Andrew... wanna feel you inside...”

Andrew gave a growl which made Neil’s cock twitch, and then he finally pushed into Neil.

Neil gripped on to Andrew’s arms again, and their found their rhythm quickly. Since Andrew was standing, he could move his hips with more force than when he was kneeling, and Neil thoroughly enjoyed that. This position was weirdly intense, and the angle was great. Every thrust brushed over Neil’s prostate, and Neil felt like he was going to go cross-eyed any minute. Their kisses became sloppy and wet, until Neil had to pull back and gasp for air, only to let out a loud moan. “Fuck, Andrew, you’re gonna make me cum just like this!”

The grunt Andrew responded with was music in Neil’s ears. “Then cum, cum for me, Neil, let me see you.” His hands ran up Neil’s sides firmly, and then Andrew pinched one of Neil’s nipples.

The world exploded into a million stars when Neil came. Hot, thick white ropes of cum shot onto his belly and chest, even up to his chin as his whole body clenched around Andrew. What came out of his mouth was incoherent, loud moaning and half-articulated praise when Andrew’s hips stuttered and he came, Neil’s name on his lips.

They stayed like this for a minute or two afterwards, both of them panting heavily, both sticky and sweaty. They had their foreheads pressed together and Neil was shivering lightly.

The radio played Jingle Bells again. Neil didn’t mind this time.
Praise

Chapter Notes

enjoy :) maybe leave me some kudos? :) makes me reeeeeeal happy

It took a while for them to get there, actually, more than a while. But it’s been worth it. They worked this out together, and now, they’re completely comfortable with this.

Sex.

It still starts with consent, every time, of course, and they have their little signs for when one of them can’t use their mouths. Three taps on the other’s thighs or the bed or the bedframe are enough.

They do talk about it, too.

It also takes them a while for that, to open up, and it usually happens while they’re at it, or after, or sometimes right before.

It doesn’t take long until Andrew figures out how Neil reacts to praise. Neil is so responsive, to every touch, every movement Andrew is willing to give, drowns himself in it, and even more so in Andrew’s words.

So Andrew starts talking. And it turns out, it’s surprisingly easy to say certain things when he’s balls deep in Neil.

Neil writhes under his hands when Andrew rubs his palms over Neil’s muscular thighs and mewls when Andrew talks about how firm and beautiful they are. They fall open for him and Neil wraps his legs around Andrew to pull him in eagerly, hands on Andrew’s shoulders, eyes on his.

“You open up for me so well...”, Andrew praises as he slowly pushes into Neil, giving him time to adjust, “...doing so good, baby...”

The nickname slips sometimes, because Andrew likes how it makes Neil’s cheeks flush.

“Andrew...”, Neil pants and bites his lip, eyes hooded. The rest of his sentence drowns in a moan when Andrew pushes into him completely.

“Moan for me, sounds so beautiful...”, Andrew pants, before pulling out, only to shove himself back into Neil a moment later.

Neil does as told, and it makes Andrew pick up speed until the bed rocks back and forth.

Neil’s hand is wedged between their bodies, jerking himself off, and soon, he is leaking onto his belly.

Andrew watches him with his pupils blown, steadying himself by gripping the backs of Neil’s knees. “You gonna cum for me? Show me how good it feels?”

Neils nods and moans out a sinful little “Uh-huh” which makes him sound like a porn star (a sound
that’s saved in Andrew’s brain forever), and speeds up the movement of his hand. “Kiss me...!””, he pants and Andrew does while speeding up the movement of his hips, matching Neil’s hand. Heat is coiling in his lower abdomen, but he wants Neil to come before he does.

“Andrew...!” Neil likes moaning his name when he comes, and it never fails to push Andrew over the edge.

“Yeah, cum for me, baby, so good, so pretty-”, he rambles, watching Neil’s belly get covered in sticky white semen.

Neil squirms under him and clenches around him, and Andrew comes as well, with hard thrusts and a groan.

- 

Afterwards, Neil curls into Andrew’s side like a kitten.

“Junkie.”, Andrew mutters and kisses his hair.
Chapter Summary

Jean and Jeremy realize that Kevin might be a fun addition to their sex life. Part One of Two or maybe even three.

Chapter Notes

So, this happened when I got a reeeeeeaaaally good prompt about Jerejean and Kevin having sex with Jeremy bottoming. I loved it, and so it kind of got out of hand. Hope you enjoy <3

It all starts because Jeremy never closes a fucking door. Kevin walks in on him showering, and frankly, that is unnecessary. It’s not like he’s been listening to Jean and Jeremy fuck the whole week he’s been staying with them, every night, while staring up at the ceiling and trying not to imagine what they were exactly doing at that moment when he hears Jeremy beg for more. So, he walks in on Jeremy in the shower, and really, he doesn’t mean to stare, but Jeremy’s ass is just… out there, and it’s so round, and his thighs are so thick and holy shit. “Sorry!”, he blurts out and immediately turns on his heels. The last thing he sees before he storms off is a surprised Jeremy looking at him from out under wet lashes.

- “Kevin caught me showering today.” Jeremy grins at Jean over the edge of his book. “Looked like he’d seen a ghost.” Jean chuckles and puts his own book down. Jeremy’s legs are resting in his lap, they’re on the opposite sides of the couch, reading while Kevin is on his morning run. “Really? What did he do?”

Jeremy just shrugs and grins mischievously. “He apologized and ran, before I could tell him to hop in with me.” He feigns disappointment. Jean playfully pinches his toes with a grin that soon turns into a smug smirk. “…did that turn you on? Him seeing you?”

Jeremy smirks back and shrugs a little coyly. “Maybe a little.” Jean cocks his head. “…wanna know a secret?” When Jeremy bites his lip, still grinning, and nods, he leans in and stage-whispers: “Kevin’s dick is huge.” Jeremy squirms and laughs, cheeks flushing red. “Jean!” he scolds with a laugh, “…that’s teasing. Unfair.”

Jean just shrugs and leans back against the couch, grin as smug as before.

Jeremy tosses his book away and leans forward, climbing into Jean’s lap, grabbing his book as well and putting it on the coffee table. Jean glances up at him and reaches out, hands cupping Jeremy’s ass.
“Is there something you want, Remi?” he asks innocently as Jeremy lowers himself so he’s straddling Jean.

Jeremy sits on top of Jean, golden hair falling into his eyes as he leans onto Jean’s chest and smiles down at him with a wicked expression. “…I want you to keep talking…”
Jean’s hands clench over Jeremy’s ass, squeezing the firm flesh. “About Kevin’s cock?” he asks, voice low and suggestive.

“Oh-huh…” Jeremy nods, curls springing, and slowly starts grinding on Jean’s lap.

Jean stifles a groan and grinds back as he starts talking. “It’s, like… 7 or 8 inches… and it’s thick, too…”
Jeremy hums and closes his eyes, trying to imagine it.

“He’s cut…”, Jean goes on and grinds up harder. “If you had us both, you’d get one cut and one uncut…”
Jean moans at the image and clenches his hands into Jean’s shirt.

“Would you like that?” One of Jean’s hands trail forward until it reaches the bulge in the front of Jeremy’s shorts, “both of us, at the same time? Yeah?”

“Jean…”, Jeremy grins with his eyes closed and squirms when Jean’s other hand runs up under his shirt and pinches his nipple.

“I’d love to see you suck him off…”, Jean goes on, and Jeremy shudders. “Oh… is that a good idea?”, there’s hot amusement in Jean’s voice.

“You’d choke… I’d love to see you choke on him, see your spit drip down you chin… you could suck both of us off… or I could eat you out while you blow him…”, Jean rambles on while teasing Jeremy through the fabric of his shorts. Both of them are rock hard, and Jeremy is leaking through his boxers.

“I’d open you up for him, and you could take him… I’d watch you get fucked by Kevin Day…”, Jean hums and finally reaches into Jeremy’s pants, wrapping his hand around his erection and teasing the head by rubbing his thumb over it.

“Jean…”, Jeremy whines and pushes his hands under Jean’s shirt, pushing it up, “I could take both of you… I know I could… you could fuck me at the same time…”

The words his Jean so hard that his balls clench from the arousal the image in his head produces. “Merde, m’ petit…t’es incroyable…”, he pants, and Jeremy grins breathlessly because when Jean speaks french, he’s done something right.

Jean grabs him by the hips, and several quick movements later, Jeremy’s shorts and briefs are on the floor. “Sit on my face, baby.”, Jean commands and Jeremy very happily follows his order, lowering himself so his ass sticks out over Jean’s face.

When a firm but gentle tongue runs over his perineum, he moans out Jean’s name. The cry is answered with a muffled goan as Jean starts circling Jeremy’s hole. Jeremy relaxed and lets himself fall forward.
Jean’s erection tents his sweats, and Jeremy reaches to take it out. When he laps at the slit, he’s rewarded with a humming moan against his hole.

They both know they have to be fast, because any minute, Kevin could come through the door and see them here, see Jean’s face buried in Jeremy’s ass and Jeremy’s lips twitching around Jean’s cock as he sucks him off, nose touching his balls and throat convulsing with swallowing motions.

But somehow, that knowledge makes it even better.

Jeremy reached down between his legs, and some strokes later, comes hard and hot all over Jean’s chest, muscles spasming around Jean’s tongue. He moans loudly, but doesn’t take his mouth off of Jean’s cock. In turn, he gets rewarded with a cumshot into his mouth, deep into his throat, which he swallows to the last drop. They get cleaned and dressed really fast afterwards, but stay on the couch, cuddling.

“That was… hot as fuck.”, Jean hums into Jeremy’s hair, eyes hooded, pleasantly exhausted. Jeremy agrees.

There’s a little silence between them for a moment, both of them trapped in their thoughts. “So… should we… ask him?”, Jean eventually says.

“Fuck yeah.”, Jeremy replies immediately and pushes himself up onto his elbows to look at Jean with an excited expression.

“You have to, though.” Jean chews on his bottom lip.

“…oh, I will.” Jeremy grins and kisses Jean, “…I’ll make it worthwhile for you, to watch.”

There’s a key turning in the lock, and a moment later, Kevin enters.
Kevin didn’t regret staying with Jean and Jeremy for a week, no. Not at all. But it was slowly burning through his nerves, getting through to his core what a fucking tease they both were.

Hearing them fuck every night was one thing. But watching them be affectionate towards each other, so much that it bordered on sexual was something else. Jean would playfully slap Jeremy’s ass sometimes, and Jeremy would make this little noise every time he did and wiggle a little, playfully, stupidly and cute. Their goodnight kisses when Jeremy went to bed early were so deep and passionate that it made Kevin blush and look away.

Later that night, muffled moans and the thumping of the headboard against the wall kept him awake, and painfully hard. However, worst of all was having to watch Jeremy run around the apartment in shorts and a fucking crop top. Yes, crop top. Because apparently, Jeremy Knox was this fucking gay in the comfort of his own home.

Kevin had to admit that his crush on Jeremy was an old thing, long going, simmering constantly and sparking whenever the blond gave him this happy little smile or bent over to retrieve something from a low cupboard in the kitchen.

Of course Kevin would never act upon the crush. Jeremy was Jean’s, and Kevin was happy to see how his old friend softened around Jeremy. They looked good together, too, Jean so tall and broad and dark next to the smaller, lither Jeremy, blonde and black hair forming a stark, aesthetically pleasing contrast. Once, on his morning run, Kevin caught himself imagining how Jean’s big hands would look squeezing Jeremy’s well-formed ass and consequently almost tripped.

The two of them were a nuisance, really. Kevin tried to ignore their antics as best as he could, and it worked… okay. Until the last evening of his stay, when, over lunch, Jeremy asked if Kevin wanted to join them later.

“…join you…?” He furrowed his eyebrows, not understanding. The two of them exchanged a glance and a smirk.

“Kev, you can totally say no to this.” Jean started, his hands folded on the table, “…but we’ve been… talking about you a lot recently… and…”

“…we’d like to have sex with you.” Jeremy ended the sentence. He sat up straight with one of his happy little smiles on his face, as if he hadn’t suggested a threesome.

“What.”, Kevin deadpanned and looked from one to the other. Heat was rising in his cheeks, and his stomach had just dropped to the floor and was still falling. Jean’s expression faltered a little, but Jeremy’s didn’t. “Look, I think I know how you’ve been looking at me all week…” Slowly, the blonde rose from his chair and made his way around the table until he was standing right before Kevin. He was wearing one of those fucking crop tops again.
Jean told me about your… assets.” Jeremy’s gaze dropped down between Kevin’s legs, and holy shit. Heat ran up Kevin’s spine and he could feel himself harden in his pants. “…do you think we could work something out later… the three of us?” Jeremy’s happy voice had a seductive edge to it now.

Kevin swallowed hard and looked up at him, then to Jean, who gave him a little, slightly insecure but excited smile.

“Uh… y-yeah. I think we… we could.”, he eventually replied.

“Great! Finish up, then, so ‘later’ comes quicker.”, Jeremy chuckled.

Kevin slowly lowered his gaze to his plate. Suddenly, he wasn’t all that hungry anymore.

- Later came soon enough, and Kevin found himself in the couple’s bedroom.

Jeremy had already taken off his shirt and shorts so easily, in no way ashamed of his body, while Jean was still wearing shorts but had shed the shirt. The only one still fully dressed was Kevin.

The last time Kevin had sex with a guy had been back when he was still with the Ravens. Like everything, it had been for Riko’s entertainment more than his own pleasure, but it had still been alright. Riko had never made him bottom, so he had definitely been on the better end of the whole ordeal.

This, with Jean and Jeremy, was entirely different. Their eyes raked over his body as they undressed him, hungry, appreciative. Jean stood behind Kevin, not too close, but close enough so Kevin could feel his warmth, and stripped off his shirt while Jeremy stood in front of him, marveling over his body with wide eyes, running his hands over Kevin’s pecs and abs.

“You’ve got such a good body… so hot…”, the blond looked up at Kevin from under his eyelashes and gently dug his fingertips into Kevin’s biceps. “Can’t believe I’ve got both of you here right now… about to fuck me…”, Jeremy whispered and gave Kevin the happiest, dirtiest little smirk. He could hear Jean chuckle behind him.

Jeremy slowly dropped to his knees, and a shudder went up and down Kevin’s spine.

Jean slowly stepped next to Kevin, and Kevin could see that he had gotten rid of his shorts. His briefs were tenting remarkably.

“Isn’t he a tease?”, Jean hummed and reached out to run a hand through Jeremy’s hair. The blond man hummed and smiled, nuzzling into the hand and opening his mouth to suck on his boyfriend’s thumb.

“Tellement beau…”, Jean hummed and Kevin watched as Jeremy slowly rocked back and forth on the balls of his feet, eyes shutting slowly as he ran his tongue along Jean’s thumb. “You wanna suck Kevin’s cock?”

The coarse words made Kevin’s erection twitch in his pants, and the way Jeremy’s eyes opened and he looked to Kevin, nodding, whining needily around Jean’s finger did it again.

“I’ve been telling him about how big you are…”, Jean explained in a low voice as Jeremy moved to kneel by Kevin’s feet. “…he’s been begging me for this ever since…”

Kevin felt like this wasn’t reality anymore. It couldn’t be. He must have landed in some alternative dimension in which Jeremy Knox wanted nothing more than to suck his dick.

“Can I?”, Jeremy reached out and grabbed the waistband of Kevin’s shorts. When Kevin nodded, Jeremy tugged them down.

As Kevin’s cock sprang free, Jeremy’s eyes went wide and he licked his lips. He took a moment to take in the sight, before he turned to look at Jean, smiling happily. “You really didn’t exaggerate.” “I’d never lie to you, baby.”, Jean grinned and watched as Jeremy reached out and wrapped his hand
around Kevin’s shaft which coaxed a soft moan out of the striker’s throat.

“Oh, he speaks.” Jean teased. Kevin threw him a look and a slightly sheepish smile. “’s all a little… overwhelming.”, he admitted, and Jean mirrored his smile with a smirk. “Babe, why don’t you help Kevin relax a little?”

Jeremy nodded enthusiastically and leaned in.

At first, he started suckling on the tip of Kevin’s dick. He’d been so used to Jean’s uncut one that the feeling of the blunt tip between his lips felt unusual at first. Kevin gave a low moan, and Jeremy let his jaw go slack. He was aware of both Kevin and Jean watching him, and he wanted to make this good for them, put on a little show. His own dick was leaking into his briefs already.

He losened his throat and took Kevin in, inch by inch. It was hard, Kevin was indeed huge, and so Jeremy couldn’t manage to take him in completely like he could with Jean. But Kevin didn’t seem to mind.

His hand had found its way into Jeremy’s hair, not tugging, just sitting there, fingers running little circles over his scalp which sent tingles down Jeremy’s spine.

He moaned, noise muffled by Kevin’s cock, and Kevin replied with a keen.

Jeremy reached out until his hand found Jean’s crotch. The bulge there was remarkable as well, and Jean cursed in french when Jeremy ran his palm over the length of Jean’s clothed erection.

Their moans and noises filled the empty space of the bedroom in the best possible way, and Jeremy felt himself slowly drift off into a cozy, concentrated but blissed out headspace as he coated Kevin’s cock in his saliva, swallowed around the length, ran his tongue over the slit and teased the head while, at the same time, rubbing Jean off through the fabric of his briefs.

When he finally pulled back to get some air, he saw that the two dark haired men were kissing, and the sight of them sent a hot wave of arousal straight to his own straining erection.

He rose to his feet again, enjoying the fact that both of them towered over him in size for a moment before shedding his underwear and then freeing Jean of his.

The two of them had stopped kissing and were watching him, two pairs of eyes on him. Jeremy took a step towards Jean, who reached out and pulled him into his arms, Jeremy’s back to his chest, and immediately started sucking a mark into the crook of his neck.

Kevin watched with hooded, dark eyes. Jeremy reached out and wrapped his arms around him, pulling him in. Kevin had to lean down to kiss him.

They were close, so close, Jeremy could feel Jean’s cock between his buttocks, and Kevin’s against his belly, both of them so incredibly hard and tempting, leaking onto his skin.

“Fuck…”, he whined, eyes closed as Jean dragged his tongue over the back of his neck and Kevin slightly sank his teeth into the soft flesh just above his collar bone. “Please… fill me… I need a cock inside me…”

Jean grunted and rutted against Jeremy’s backside while Kevin swore lowly in french. “Is he always that insatiable?”, he asked, not hiding the excitement in his breathless voice. Jean replied with a growling chuckle over Jeremy’s shoulder. “Always…” Big, strong hands gripped Jeremy’s hips.

“Why don’t you show Kevin your pretty ass, baby?”

The way they talked about him, and to him made Jeremy’s head spin and his cock leak so much that he was dribbling. Readily, he sank down onto the bed when Jean let him go, bending over, presenting his ass to both of them, legs slightly spread. “Please…”, he keened, “…can’t wait much longer…”

“Patience, baby.”, Jean hummed and rubbed his palm over Jeremy’s backside soothingly.

“Tellement joli et rosé… c’est un trou parfait, vrai? Tout pour toi et moi, mon ami…”, Jean mumbled, and the french made Jeremy moan needily.

“Vraiment bel…”, Kevin’s voice was a low little growl. He reached out and squeezed the tanned cheeks, massaging the flesh. Jeremy’s muscles tightened for a moment, his hole twitching, empty and needy.
While Kevin massaged Jeremy’s ass, Jean retrieved the lube and two condoms from the nightstand. He lubed up his fingers, and then stood right next to Kevin. “Hold him open for me, will you…”, he hummed. “Fuck yeah.”, Kevin replied quickly and pulled Jeremy’s buttocks apart, spreading them. Jeremy moaned in reply, rocking back slightly into the men’s hands. Jean ran two fingers over the ring of muscle, praising Jeremy as he did so, and eventually breached the barrier easily. His fingers went in without meeting any resistance. “He’s so relaxed…”, Jean told Kevin with a smirk, and Jeremy moaned as Jean’s fingertips found his prostate, “all open already…” “Can’t wait to have you in me!”, Jeremy keened which coaxed swears from both of them men. “Yeah?”, Kevin asked, eyes trained on Jean’s fingers going in and out, in and out, stretching Jeremy open, “you think you can take my big cock?” Jeremy whined in reply and rocked back harder, “Yeah please, give me that big cock, need it, please…” With his free hand, Jean handed Kevin one of the condoms. Kevin had to stop massaging Jeremy’s ass to put it on, which Jeremy complained about with a needy whine, but Jean added another finger and the whine became a moan.

When Kevin was ready, Jean grabbed the lube, squeezed some of it into his palm and reached out to coat Kevin’s cock in it. Jeremy turned, watching over his shoulder, mewling while the two taller men kissed and Kevin rocked into Jean’s hand. “Don’t forget about me…!”, Jeremy complained playfully after a while and wiggled his ass. Jean and Kevin broke apart, Jean chuckling a little, Kevin flushed deep red, eyes searching for Jeremy’s. “Ready?”

“Yeah!”, Jeremy replied enthusiastically, nodding quickly. “…fill me, come on, Day. Put your-” The rest of the sentence became a loud moan when Kevin lined himself up with Jeremy’s hole and pushed into him.

“Fuuuck…”, Kevin’s eyes fluttered shut. Jean watched, stroking himself, as Kevin’s big cock disappeared inch by inch, making Jeremy whine and moan and squirm beautifully. Kevin stilled when he was in Jeremy completely, giving him a moment to adjust to the length and girth. Jeremy hummed, a high-pitched, delicious noise, and then, slowly, managed to look back over his shoulders, eyes searching for Jean. “S-sit on the bed, babe… I wanna… I wanna suck you off while-ah… while Kevin fucks me…”

“Merde, petit…”, Jean cursed and moved to sit on the bed in front of Jeremy, his erection hard against his belly while he leaned against the headboard. Kevin grabbed Jeremy’s hips and moved him with ease, further up the bed, until Jeremy’s mouth was close enough to Jean’s cock. Kevin stilled when he was in Jeremy completely, giving him a moment to adjust to the length and girth. Jean whined, a high-pitched, delicious noise, and then, slowly, managed to look back over his shoulders, eyes searching for Jean. “S-sit on the bed, babe… I wanna… I wanna suck you off while-ah… while Kevin fucks me…”

The blond’s mouth was stuffed already, Jean’s cock deep enough to almost make him gag. Jean ran his hands over Jeremy’s shoulder blades gently while encouraging him with praise, interrupted by moans of his own.

“So good, so perfect for us, such a good boy…”, he praised, and Jeremy’s breath hitched noticeably.
Kevin hummed in agreement while he relentlessly rocked into Jeremy. “So tight, such a tight hole, feels so good…”, he agreed breathlessly. Jeremy’s hole twitched in response, and Kevin all but toppled over forwards. “Oh, fuck, you’re gonna make me cum like that!”

Jean’s grey eyes found Kevin’s green ones, desire burning in both of them. Jeremy pulled back from Jean’s cock for a moment. “Yes, please, come into my ass, I wanna feel you come…”, he begged, muffled again when Jean grabbed his hair and pulled his mouth back onto his aching erection.

“Do it, Kev… use his hole.”, Jean growled, and Kevin furrowed his eyebrows in pleasure, thrusts speeding up until white lights exploded in his line of sight and he imploded, coming hard, hips stuttering against Jeremy’s ass, cock twitching as he came.

Jeremy moaned loudly around Jean’s cock, and his own erection dribbled a steady stream of pre-cum onto the sheets.

Jean watched Kevin come, and with hooded eyes, he noticed his own orgasm approaching as well. He gripped Jeremy’s hair, holding him down in a way Jeremy could manage. The blond understood and started swallowing around Jean’s cock while Jean cursed, his balls tightening.

“Kevin- fuck- touch him-”, he panted, head falling back against the headboard.

Kevin, blissed out and still in Jeremy, understood and reached around Jeremy’s hips, hand wrapping around the blond’s erection, tugging and running his thumb over the wet head.

Jeremy keened, the noise muffled, and the vibration was enough to send Jean over the edge. With loud moans, hips rocking up, he came, spurting his come down Jeremy’s throat.

Swallowing, spit and come running out of the corner of his mouth, Jeremy found his release as well, and came all over Kevin’s hand and the sheets.

“Fuuuck…” Kevin’s eyes closed when Jeremy’s muscles tightened around him rhythmically and sucked the last drops of semen out of him.

When all three of them were spent, their movement slowed down. Kevin carefully pulled out and took off the condom, tying a knot into it and dropping it into a tissue Jean handed him. Jean relaxed against the headboard, and Jeremy had sunken onto his belly, face buried in Jean’s chest, panting.

Kevin sat on the bed, a little unsure what to do, where he belonged here, with the cuddling couple, until Jean gave him a tired smile and reached out for him. “…come here.” Jeremy hummed in agreement.

Hesistantly, Kevin let himself fall forward slowly, until he was resting in Jean’s arms as well. Jeremy opened his eyes, pupils blown, and gave him a tired smile and a soft kiss.

 “…that was great.”, he whispered, and Kevin couldn’t help but smile back when Jean’s lips found the top of his head, leaving a soft kiss there as well.

 “…well, now I have more reasons to pay you another visit soon…”, Kevin hummed and closed his eyes.

“Please do.”, Jean smiled and Jeremy nodded gently. “Yeah…”

They fell asleep like that.

The next morning, before Kevin had to leave, he got a blowjob from both of them, and ended up leaving with a purple hickey right below his collar and a ton of new, perfect memories.
The bath tub is already running when Renee comes home from sparring with Andrew.

“Alli?” She calls into the dorm while she takes off her boots and puts them neatly on the shoe mat next to the door.

“In here!”, Allison calls from the bathroom. “…come on in!”

Renee smiles to herself and does as she’s been told, making her way to the bathroom while pulling the hairtie out of her hair. It’s damp from her sweat and cold from the freezing temperature outside. She opens the bathroom door, and finds Allison in the middle of a cloud of rose-scented steam. She’s naked already. Renee’s smile brightens.

“Hello.”

“Hi.” Allison turns around to her with a grin. “Up for a little bath? I thought you might want to warm up.”

“That’s very nice of you.”, Renee says warmly and closes the gap between them with one big step. She wraps her arms around Allison, whose skin is warm and soft.

Allison lovingly lifts her hand and runs the pad of her thumb gently over a bruise which is forming on Renee’s cheekbone. “Fucker.”, she growls lowly, and Renee knows she means Andrew. Allison hates it when he gives her bruises when they’re sparring. “…hope you kicked his ass.”

Renee laughs and idly kisses Allison’s collar bone. Allison slightly arches up into the touch. Renee dips her head and catches her lips in a kiss that makes Allison quickly forget about the bruise.

When the bathtub is filled, Allison takes a step back. Renee watches her breasts jiggle as she does.

“You first. I’ll sit between your legs.”, Allison orders.

Renee discards her shirt, sports bra, leggings and woolen socks, and then climbs into the tub. The warm water feels scalding on her cold calves, covering her whole body in goosebumps. She hums, closing her eyes. “This is nice.”

“Right?” Allison sounds very pleased with herself as she waits for Renee to climb into the tub, and then follows. Renee parts her legs so Allison can sit in front of her and lean back against her. She, too, groans a little when she’s lowered herself completely into the water. Renee wraps her arms around her from behind. Allison has tied her long hair into a bun on top of her head, and Renee has to push it to the side a little so it doesn’t tickle her nose. They settle in just fine, and Renee lets the hot water soothe her strained and cold muscles.

Allison is quiet, and eventually leans back, putting her head on Renee’s shoulder. “Do you like the surprise?”, she asks, her voice small, how it only becomes when they’re alone with each other.

“Very much. Thank you, it was a nice idea.”, Renee replies in a quiet, loving voice and then turns her head to the side and kisses Allison.

They soak and kiss, kiss and soak.
Renee can feel herself relax, her shoulders and neck unlock. Allison is soft between her legs, and the sensation of feeling her pressed against her is enticing.

The next time they kiss, Allison lets out a little noise, not quite a moan, more like a happy little sigh which makes Renee smile and also tingle.

She slowly drags her hands upwards over Allison’s toned stomach until they reach her breasts and cup them. Allison lets out another one of those nice noises.

Renee watches with a little smile as Allison closes her eyes, head still on Renee’s shoulder, and smiles, too.

Renee gently starts thumbing over Allison’s nipples, making her squirm just the slightest bit. The space in the bathtub is rather narrow, but they make due.

Allison’s legs fall open easily, and her breath speeds up when Renee starts tugging on her nipples. The flesh of them is flushing a deep, lovely shade of pink. It’s one of Renee’s favourite colors.

“Re…”, Allison whispers pleadingly, and Renee’s smiles broades.

“What do you need, love?”, she asks quietly. Allison squirms some more, and then she lifts her leg, putting it on the rim of the bathtub, and then grabs one of Renee’s hands and pushes it between her legs.

Renee chuckles, but complies. With her left hand, she keeps playing with Allison’s nipples while her right hand slowly starts rubbing between Allison’s legs.

She can feel Allison’s wetness, diluted by the water, but clearly there. She dips her finger into it, making Allison moan softly, and then holds her open with her index finger and ring finger, crooking her middle finger to slowly stroke over Allison’s clit.

“Fuck, Re…”, Allison breathes, and her hips are upwards, into Renee’s hand.

“Is that what you need, love?”, Renee asks her as she watches Allison’s beautiful body move in the rhythm of her strokes.

“Uh-huh…” Allison sounds angelic.

Renee doesn’t do a lot. She keeps the movement steady, the pressure right and keeps her other hand busy. She can feel Allison quiver, her breath becoming faster and shallow after a while. Renee herself can feel her body respond enthusiastically.

“I-I’m gonna-” Allison moans. The moan turns into a defiant whine when Renee suddenly pulls her hand away, but is quickly silenced with a kiss.

“Sit on the edge of the tub.”

Renee helps her sit up, and when they’ve rearranged themselves accordingly, Renee watches Allison spread her leg, opening up like a beautiful flower. She’s glistening wet, not just from the bath. Her whole body is flushed from the water, and it just adds to her beautiful glow.

Renee kneels between Allison’s legs now, still in the water, and puts one hand on her thigh. With a glance upwards to make sure Allison is okay, she lets her other hand trail over Allison’s other thigh, inward, until she reaches her pussy again. Allison throws her head back with a moan when Renee’s fingers trail over her clit. “Oh, gosh-” Renee loves that Allison refrains from using the Lord’s name
in situations like this one.

“M-more, please~”, Allison begs now, and Renee uses her other hand, too, spreading Allison open, pulling back the hood of her clit. The little bud is flushed read and twitches a little when Renee teases it with the tip of her finger. Allison moans, and wetness drips down from her and into the water.

Renee keeps using only the tip of her finger, and it pleases her deeply that she can make Allison moan and whimper and rock her hips like this.

She can see her twitch now, her muscles tightening, and she knows Allison is close. “Do you want to come, baby?”

“Yes!”, Allison moans, and it’s loud and breathless and wonderful.

“Come for me, then.”, Renee encourages her, her voice rather breathless as well, and Allison does, moaning, muscles spasming. Renee can see her contract an it’s the hottest thing ever.

Afterwards, Allison slumps into the bathtub.

“That was hot.”, she whispers, head leaning against Renee’s shoulders again.

“Yes.”, Renee agrees, smiling, “…nice surprise.”

“Indeed.”
Andreil, hot tub

It’s one of the nicer hotels they’ve ever stayed at when on one of their road trips. Neil likes the fluffy bed and the enormous windows and the gentle lighting of the room.

He also likes the private hot tub they have.

Neil has been in hot tubs before, on Fox vacations, but he’s never been with Andrew, and so this is an opportunity that cannot be missed.

“Have you seen the hot tub?”, Neil asks idly, stepping out on the balcony where Andrew is smoking.

“Hm.”, is Andrew’s only reply. Neil steals his cigarette.

They order room service and eat it on the bed.

Afterwards, Andrew stands up, wipes his hands on his sweat pants and goes off towards the bathroom. Neil stays on the bed, watching tv and trying not to slip off into a food-induced coma in the meantime.

Until he hears the water run.

“...Drew?”

Slowly, Neil rolls off the bed and traipses into the bathroom, stretching as he does. He finds Andrew bent over the hot tub, and hot water running into it.

Neil stays in the door frame for a moment in silence, before asking: “...what are you doing?”

“What does it look like?” Andrew regards him with one eyebrow cocked, looking back over his shoulder. “...yes or no?”

Neil can feel a grin spread on his face. “...yes.”

“Get undressed.”

They both get undressed in the end, and it’s glorious. The water is hot, the bubbles are nice and when Andrew puts an arm around Neil, he melts into him, feeling all tension seeping out of him.

Andrew looks so good when he’s naked.

Neil lazily reaches out, looking to Andrew for permission, and, when he gets it in the form of a nod, places his hand on Andrew’s pecks. They’re hard and chiselled under his palm. He trails his hand up, and over Andrew’s shoulder, sharp and sculpted, to his upper arm where his hand wraps around Andrew’s bulging biceps.

“...junkie.”, Andrew murmurs, but then his lips are on the side of Neil’s neck and his hand dips under water until it wraps around Neil’s already semi-hard dick.

Neil groans softly, his hand clenching around Andrew’s arm. Feeling Andrew’s muscles work under
his palm only makes Neil harder. It’s amazing how strong Andrew is.

Andrew runs his thumb over Neil’s tip and Neil jerks a little, startling from the sensation. “Feels different under water...”

“Good different?”, Andrew asks, hand stilling, his voice muffled by Neil’s skin.

“Uh- ...uh-huh. Drew...” Neil arches into the touch. He craves touch, craves friction, craves more of what Andrew had been about to give to him.

“Kiss me.”, Andrew orders softly, and Neil does. In comparison to the hot water, Andrew’s lips feel cool, and the sensation makes Neil’s head spin.

He groans again.

Andrew’s hand has found a rhythm that they’re both familiar with by now, up and down, up and down, thumb circling over the head occasionally. It’s just the right pressure and just the right speed, and soon, Neil’s head droops back, mouth open, eyes closed as Andrew sucks a bruise into his throat.

“Andrew, I’m... I’m gonna...”

The hand on his cock speeds up and clenches, just slightly, and then Neil is gone, shooting into the water in white, floating ropes of come, uncontrolled moans filling the hotel bathroom.

Andrew kisses him when it’s over, and then slowly peels his hand off Neil, finger by finger. He watches Neil’s release become diluted in the water. “…that’s unhygienic.”

Neil only manages a snort.
pretend (keremy/slightly nsfw)

The door of the bathroom slams closed behind them, shutting out the music and chatter from outside.

It’s slutty and cheap and dirty and desperate, and yet, it’s what keeps Kevin going. His back hits the wall with a muffled thump, and then Jeremy’s pressed up against him, hands fisted into the front of Kevin’s black dress shirt, thigh slotted between his, lips so close to Kevin’s that Kevin can feel his breath on his face, warm and smelling like fruit punch.

He reaches out and turns the lock on the bathroom door, hard. It snaps into place with a metallic click, and Kevin lets out a shaky breath that catches in between Jeremy’s lips.

“I missed you-” Jeremy says it with such quiet sweetness that it makes Kevin’s heart clench in his chest; he can feel it even though he usually can’t feel his heart at all anymore.

He doesn’t say it back because that would mean something; something scary and dangerous and terrible that could get them both into so much trouble. Kevin doesn’t want to think about Riko right now, but he can’t help it. He reaches out and tests the lock again, shaking the door, making it rattle in its hinges.

“Stop, Kevin, he’s not gonna-” Jeremy’s hands cup his face, and Kevin finally focuses on him, those blue eyes and the freckles on his nose and the sun tanned skin that makes him look all glowy and golden and beautiful.

“…just kiss me, Kev.”
There’s a sadness behind the desperation, and it hurts in a way nothing else does. Fuck.

Jeremy has to stand on his tip toes to press a kiss to Kevin’s lips. Kevin leans down to meet him halfway, and when their lips finally meet, Jeremy lets out a shaky sigh that goes straight to Kevin’s dick.

Training with his right hand.

Speaking french with Jean.

Kissing Jeremy Knox.

These things all have the same dangerous edge to them: they make Kevin feel guilty and a little scared, but by far not guilty and scared enough to stop him from doing them. In secret.

He pulls Jeremy closer, wrapping his arms around him. They’re pressed together from their chests to their knees now, and Jeremy feels warm and good, melting against Kevin.

“Kevin-” It’s a plead falling from Jeremy’s mouth, sugar-sweet and desperate, and that same desperation sits deep in Kevin’s guts, and so he grabs Jeremy by the shoulders and turns them around-

Jeremy is so small that it’s easy to hoist him up against the wall, and when he wraps his legs around
Kevin’s waist, breath hitching, Kevin’s vision swims for a second.

Jeremy’s hands land on the back of Kevin’s neck, and Kevin knows Jeremy wants to run them through his hair but he can’t- it would mess it up too much.

Rumpled clothes are risky enough.

“Kevin-” Kevin is pretty sure he will never grow tired of hearing Jeremy moan his name like this. Not ever.

“-fuck me.”

Kevin’s hips stutter up helplessly- he’s been hard since Jeremy touched his hand and gave him that look a few minutes ago, outside, on the edge of the dancefloor of the banquet, but this sentence makes him positively throb.

He likes to think that he has perfect control over his body, but Jeremy seems to possess the ability to prove him wrong on that.

“-fuck me like you mean it, Kevin, I want to remember you tomorrow morning-”, Jeremy rambles on, lips hastily running across Kevin’s neck, leaving a warm, wet trail behind.

“Yeah?”, is all that Kevin can say, but it’s enough for Jeremy, who nods fiercely.

“Yeah! Make- make me feel like it’s just us-”

It will never be just them, they both know- because there’s Riko, and the master, and both of their teams standing in between them; it will never, Never be just them-

But they can pretend. Even if it’s just for a few minutes.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!