Summary

doin this to practice kissy-smoochie biz ;) i believe this is what the kids once described as a "lime" i tried to find a lime emoji but there isn't one so have a kiwi  Requests are open!
This started with what you thought would be a small get together, but the party became an unmanageable ruckus within the hour. As a result, you couldn’t help but to feel left out. There were over a hundred people, when there should have only been a dozen or so guests at most; at least ninety-some people went unaccounted for. A soft roar of excited and indifferent murmurs alike echoed in from the living room and gnawed at your curiosity.

“Alright, alright, not everyone at once. We need some sort of order, so chill out and write down your name along with whatever you put in.” Oh. Oh no. Not this, and not today, or ever, for that matter. You decided to try sneaking away, and failed, as you ran into your friend immediately after turning around.

“Hey, I didn’t think you’d be into this sort of thing! Guess I don’t know you that well after all, huh?” Green. There were two ways you could go about this, and both end in you playing this game. You decided to play it cool and suffer through a game of Seven Minutes in Heaven without vocal complaint. What’s the worst that could happen? You weren’t exactly sure, but there was no conceivable way of buizeling out.

“Gather ‘round boys and girls, and anyone beyond or between, ‘cause we’re about to get touchy and feely with strangers in the dark!” In the middle of the circle stood Blue, flailing the empty garbage bag at the crowd wildly. People took turns dropping their item of choice in the bag, and it made its way around the room in a surprisingly quick manner. After bagging your item, the last one in, you brought it back to Blue. He gestured with his eyebrows, and you did the same without a second thought. You returned to your spot, waiting for the game to start. Green made her way to your side, looking over you with her snarky, wistful eye.

“Anyone you have your eye on?”

You shook your head at her without a second thought, then stopped to scan the party-goers. There were some pretty attractive people, but… No! You’ll get who you get, no need to worry. Green pointed out several people, but you couldn't entirely understand what she was saying, as she had dropped her voice pretty low; not only that, but you were having a little trouble focusing on her, or anything, for that matter.

“Hey, you’re not looking so good. You sure you’re up for this?” She watched you in a careful manner, looking for any signs of sickness.

“No! I mean—No, I’m fine. Don’t worry.” You smiled at her in a goofy manner, and she sighed.
“Alright then, sweaty,” she teased. You swiped at your brow and above your lip, earning a giggle from Green. “There you go, that looks better.”

It was terrifying being in a room with all these people. You had seen them on television, in the news, some of them have even been in movies! And yet, everyone’s eyes were glued to Blue and the Bag of Things, waiting anxiously for their turn. “I’m sure you’ll like whoever you get,” she assured, “even if you don’t believe so at first.”
Everyone was watching Blue stalk around as he decided on his victim. You only knew him from Green’s stories and his league challenges, so it was a little hard to predict what he would do. Actually, that’s how you knew most of these people. He stopped and pointed at Red, a well-respected trainer. Red plunged his hand into the bag without a word. He plucked the first thing off the top. Your item! You tried to straighten yourself up as you walked over.

You could think of absolutely nothing to say. You tried to start three separate sentences and didn’t finish a single one. Red remained patient though, and simply offered his hand as a greeting.

“What is this? Stop being weird, get to know each other in there.” The two of you were urged into the closet with no time to protest. After the closet had closed, you both took a moment to breathe. Blue was already back to entertaining the party.

You clasped your hands together and tried to think of anything to say that could make this less awkward. You suddenly became aware of something very warm being very close to you. Red! His face was even with yours, and so, so close. He offered a gentle smile. You couldn’t exactly tell what he was trying to do in the dark. You closed your eyes and pushed yourself forwards, not in the slightest prepared for what to do next.

“Are y—” Oh, sweet Arceus. He was trying to talk to you. You pulled back quickly and couldn’t stop before slamming the back of your head against a shelf.

“I’m really sorry! I thought you were—“

“It’s fine! Just let me…” He brought up a tender hand to cradle the back of your head and massaged with his thumb. “I was just asking if you were okay. Are you?”

You shook your head. “Yeah, but I’m so so sorry for trying to kiss you, I really thought you were trying to kiss me, and…” You couldn’t find the words, and you were left with your jaw agape and attempting to pantomime your distress.

“I just thought you were playing.” The light from the top of the door seemed to spill in at such a perfect angle, just happening to fall in a diagonal sliver over the serene look on his face.
“Well, Red, I’m guessing you’ve gotten your fill, so I’ll just...” You backed away, tucking yourself in the corner.

“Only if you have.”

“And if I haven’t?” You noticed that the light began to move upwards—or, more accurately, Red moving closer.

“Then I haven’t either.”

He eased his hand onto your shoulders, leaving the other at the nape of your neck, and came close to closing the gap between you and him. He stopped within a hair’s width. “You’re sure?”

You took a shuddered breath, then pushed your lips against his. You lifted your arms to just above Red’s waist, timidly bringing your body closer to his. His hand lingered behind your head for a second more, traced over your neck, and came to rest on your cheek. The kiss broke apart softly, and you leaned into his hand.

“Woah,” he whispered, pulling the cap off his head. He subtly pulled you closer, and you complied by pressing yourself against him. He captured your lips quickly, but stopped himself.

“Could you kind of...?” He placed his hands on your hips, and pushed you softly against the wall. “Perfect.”

Red moved one hand to the nape of your neck. You lifted yourself upwards to kiss him, but he stood on his toes, having you come up just short. He planted his lips on your forehead, slightly annoying you; in response, you placed a kiss on his jawline, and peppered them down his neck. His laugh vibrated on your lips.

He dropped back down to his normal height, and then pressed his lips to yours again. He placed his arms around your waist and pressed his hips against yours; you pulled him as close as you could. His hands eased lower and lower, and felt his thumb contemplating your waistband.

“Here, let’s sit down,” he suggested, and you went along with it. He sat against the wall, and invited you to sit in his lap. You did so graciously, and couldn’t help but notice the formation of something a little harder than you expected under yourself.
As soon as you had settled yourself, he reconnected your and his lips. The momentum had been lost, but it was okay; the sweet, gentle kisses that took the place of heated and craved ones were just as nice. Soon, you both found yourselves winding down; you both did your best to catch your breath and let your heartbeats slowdown.

You sat beside each other on the closet floor, his hand intertwined with yours. The two of you talked about whatever you could think of, just trying to get to know the other while waiting for the time to pass. As you talked, the two of you took turns grooming the other, not wanting anyone to have the satisfaction of seeing either of you in such a state. He plucked the dust that had fallen in your hair when you bumped your head, and you helped to pat the dirt from the back of his pants from sitting down. Outside the door, a chorused countdown was audible. Red rose, and gave you his hand to get up.

“Wanna leave the party after this?” His lips remained close to your face.

“Yes, please.”

He moved to shield your eyes from the offending light just in time, startling you, though you ultimately appreciated it. Blue tried to stand above red, but only his spiked hair could loom over him.

“You didn’t do anything? You guys are lame. Next!”

Dazed and joyous, you followed Red outside. He kissed you sweetly under the moonlight, and readied Charizard to fly home.
Blue walked past, hooting and hollering at the room to see who was willing to go next. He was so concentrated on the promotion of the game, he tripped over your foot, which was ever so slightly in the way. The bag, being rather full, spilled a couple of the items that had been offered up by other players. One rolled between your feet, and you hurried to pick it up and place it back where it belonged.

"Eager to play much? All you had to do was ask, jeez." He grinned, delighted at himself.

"What? No, I—" You shoved the item at him, and he pulled away.

"Nope! No take backsies! Who put in..." He pried open your hand, the stickiness from the item making itself well known. "Some kind of candy?"

A few people looked up, but none claimed it.

"Can we get a description, please?"

"Yeah, like, is it just a wrapper, or actually candy?"

"Or what color? Or any kind of defining quality whatsoever?"

Blue shouted over the crowd, "Shhhh! I can't think like this!"

Green shouted over the crowd, “Isn’t that normal for you?"

"Shhh! Red candy! White stripes! Kind of sticky! Tastes like..." Blue grabbed your wrist, but before he could put the candy in his mouth, a larger hand closed over it.

"Sorry, but I don't think you'd like the taste very much." An older man stood over both of you, his eyes crinkled in a friendly smile. With his other hand, he offered you an alcohol wipe to rid yourself of the stickiness.
Hands now significantly cleaner, you found them entwined with this man's as you walked with him to the closet. After finding a place in the closet you were comfortable in, you saw the door eclipse the light that once shone through. It wasn't pitch dark, but there wasn't near enough light to make you feel comfortable. You felt around for your partner, and—found him.

He giggled under your touch. "Careful now, you just managed to find my one ticklish spot."

"Oh, sorry!" You squeaked, embarrassed by your actions. "I really didn't mean—"

"It's all right. That's kind of what this game is for. If you really did just get wrapped up in it because of the dropped items, I understand..." He trailed off as he noticed how close you were. You were nearly nose to nose with him. He smelled like the outside, of pine trees and grass, and wildflowers, with a sweet twist of candy. You found yourself idly playing with the lapels of his lab coat.

You were nervous, and with good reason. Here you were, in a cramped, dark closet, looking into the face of a stranger. Your eyes flitted back and forth, unsure of what you wanted to look at. The silver bangs that hung in his face, giving him a sort of rugged charm? His brow, defined but relaxed? His eyes, with the golden amber that twinkled in the mahogany brown? His cheeks, speckled with dozens of freckles? Though all of those characteristics wrapped up to make one handsome man, you found yourself unable to take your eyes off of his lips.

The entire time he had been talking, you found yourself moving closer and closer—quite literally attracted to him, this man whose name you still didn't know. You felt the meshy athletic material on the palm of his glove on your cheek, and even without true skin contact, you felt as though you could have melted. Heartbeat in your throat, butterflies in your stomach, and weak knees weren't the easiest things to hide.

He definitely did feel your rapid pulse, even through his gloves. In the darkness of the closet, your pupils were far more dilated than the dim surroundings would cause. He leaned forward, his free arm finding itself around your waist as he did. He tilted his head down, and your lips met for a moment, as if only testing. His lips were a bit chapped from the sun, but they were gentle against yours. He parted much sooner than you personally would have liked.

He stepped back to remove his lab coat, his glasses, and his gloves, and tossed them on a shelf without thought. He immediately returned one hand to your cheek, and the other to your waist. His hands were warm, and a little bit rough from outside work. He went in for another kiss, but stopped just short.
"I'm sorry, did I catch your name?"

"Oh! Call me (Y/n)!" A smile tugged at his lips.

"I like that. You can call me Jude for now, no need for formalities." He found his thumb under your jawline, and guided your face upwards as he caught you in another kiss. You wrapped your arms around his neck to pull him downward, granting you better access to him. You found yourself pressed against him, wanting to get as close as you could. His body was well toned, but...

"Sorry, I'm kind of excited." He laughed at himself, a bit embarrassed by his situation. Athletic wear isn't the best fabric for hiding such... protrusions. Regardless, you found yourself compelled to get closer. As you rubbed yourself against him, his breathing got heavier, and you felt him holding you tighter. He began to kiss along your jawline, down to your chest, then back up to your mouth.

“Jude, you’re a tease.” He quirked an eyebrow and winked at you, all without parting. You felt his hand feel its way down your side, and pause just before your groin.

“I’ll show you a tease,” he mumbled against your lips, and softly, slowly, began to rub you through your clothes. Your breath hitched, and your toes curled as you pressed all of your available self against him. He cradled the back of your head as the kiss deepened, and he put more pressure on his fingers. Quiet moans found their way up your throat, and you couldn’t hold them back.

Your hands trailed from his shoulders, over his chest, and down to his waist. His hips rocked steadily against your own, and you couldn’t help but buck back in response.

“Do you hear something? I think—“ He was cut off by the closet door swinging open, revealing a rather compromising position for the both of you. Blue stood in front of you, rather pleased with himself.

“Having fun, are we?” You pushed past him with a curt “whatever,” and Jude followed behind. He took your hand, and nuzzled the crook of your neck briefly before whispering to you.

“I’ve been doing field work out here recently, so my portable lab isn’t far. Care to join me?” He beamed at you, and held out his hand. You gripped it, and returned the smile.
“I think you know the answer.”
Blue walked past you, not taking notice at first, then had a double-take. “Who let a kid join? Anybody?” The crowd murmured among themselves. Now you definitely felt like you didn’t belong. “Everyone else here is an adult, you’re not going to get to—“

“I’ll play!” A boy around your age stood near the back, waving his hands at you.

Blue shrugged. “Good enough for me. If you two get weird, I’m calling your parents. I’m already holding back from halving your time, so behave! Go!” The boy grabbed your hand and smiled as he led you into the closet. Blue shut the door.

“What’s this game called?” Oh Arceus.

“Seven minutes in heaven? Why did you agree to play a game you didn’t know?”

He shrugged and grinned. “I just wanted to help you, it seemed like you wanted to play.”

“Honestly… I didn’t. I just wanted my friend to think I was cool.”

“Oh, sorry. I guess we’re stuck in here then.”

“It’s alright, there are worse people to be locked in a closet with.” You returned his smile, his sunny disposition seeming to brighten the room on its own—actually, that’s static crackling! You could just make out the outline of a pikachu from the light provided by the sparks. You patted its head, and its electricity dimmed down.

“Aww, he must like you! Here, there’s enough room for us to sit down together. Let’s get comfy!” After settling down, Pikachu leaped from Ash’s shoulder and into your lap. From the light that seeped from under the door, you could see Ash’s worn out sneakers, and something sticking out of his pocket. A flashlight! You pointed it out to him, and he didn’t hesitate to turn it on. The light shone upwards and cascaded down, muting the shadows. The flashlight remained balanced between the two of you, though Ash leaned over it and back while he spoke to you excitedly.

“(Y/n)?”

“Yeah?”

“I’ve got a weird question for you.” He put his weight on his hands and knees, and put his face next to your ear as he whispered, “Would you mind holding hands with me?” You pressed your forehead against his for a second, then reached for his hand. He giggled. “Thanks, (Y/n).”

“It’s no problem, Ash.” He didn’t move. You brought your face closer, and nuzzled his cheek with your own. You felt his eyelashes brush against your face like a butterfree kiss. Suddenly, a light blinded you!

“Alright! You got 7 whole minutes! Now, out! Eat your school, stay in vegetables, and fold the dishes!”

“I don’t think—“

“I’m doubling down on it!” Blue watched intently as you both stood up, stretched, and exited. “Now brush your teeth and go to bed!” Oddly enough, a bulk pack of toothbrushes waited on the
counter. You allowed Ash to go first. He picked a red one, and you picked up your favorite color. You tried to discreetly watch him in the mirror, but he noticed. He made faces at you, and you laughed, nearly choking on toothpaste. Afterwards, you found a room with two twin beds, and you tucked yourself in.

Ash sat on the side of his bed and looked at you, his seemingly ever-present grin wider than usual. “I’m really glad I met you, (Y/n).”

You yawned and smiled. “Me too.”

He pushed himself off the bed, and leaned over you. He planted one quick sweet kiss on your cheek. “Thanks for making today special.”
Blue stood in front of you, and placed his free hand on his hip. “I’m sick of this, I want a turn already! Hold this real quick.” He shoved the bag into your hands. “And now that you have my item, it’s my turn to play!”

“You tricked me!” You threw the bag down, somehow not spilling anything. “I can’t believe you’d do that.”

“I can! Come on, it’ll be fun!” He held your hand with a glee as he led you to the closet. “I’ll try not to be as annoying as usual.” He winked and smiled at you, and you couldn’t help but to groan. It was Blue. You had only met him a couple times with Green, and he got on your nerves every time. You could only assume the same would happen alone. The last thing you saw before the door closed was Blue grinning to himself.

Blue neglected to release your hand. You pulled away subtly, but Blue didn’t give.

“Something wrong?” He was close. Far closer than you, personally, would like.

“My hand?”

Blue looked down. “Right.” He seemed reluctant to let go. He grunted and cracked his knuckles in a very dramatic “pay attention to me” fashion. “Well, let’s get down to business, huh?” You weren’t wholly sure that you wanted to. He noticed from the look on your face. “Or not? C’mon (Y/n), talk to me.” He pressed his forehead against yours, and held your hands in his own.

You got nervous, and began to tear up. You felt them roll down the contours of your cheeks.

“Hey, hey...” He placed his palm behind your head, and guided your face into his chest. Why was he being so nice? Blue’s hazel eyes examined every bit of you. “You really don’t want to be in here, do you?”

How do you explain to someone that you hated them until this very moment?
"I can let you out." A soft simper replaced his usual smirk. He moved to open the door, but you took his hand back.

"No! You— I— Well—" You exhaled through you nose sharply, before taking a shaky breath and pulling Blue to you by the collar. You embraced, then pressed your lips to his. You counted in your head— 1, 2, 3, 4, 5— then he finally reciprocated. His eyes fluttered shut peacefully. He pulled you closer by the waist, then parted to take a breath.

"Well, I wasn’t expecting that!"

You laughed. "Me either, honestly!" You both shared a giggle, then looked into the others’ eyes. Slowly, carefully, you brought your face near. Blue dipped in, then backed out again, almost like he was afraid. You placed your hand against the back of his head, letting the gelled locks lose their definition between your fingers. You kissed him again, more deeply than before. Blue’s cheeks flushed, while his eyelashes brushed against the bridge of your nose, slightly tickling. He felt down to the small of your back, and eased you against the wall.

He parted, and nuzzled the crook of your neck. You kissed the top of his head. Blue grinned, and looked into your eyes. "I’ve wanted to do this since I met you." He held your face in both of his hands, caressing your cheeks with his thumbs. He kissed you longingly, passionately, as if he’d been pining over you for decades. You felt a burning for more in the pit of you stomach. You placed one hand on his cheek, and the other at his hip. You tested the waters— just one little tug closer— and you felt him harden more so than before.

Blue seemed to go into overdrive. He moaned, and pressed his entire self against you. You felt his pulse racing against your groin. He ground himself on you rhythmically, almost like he’d practiced beforehand. He kissed you any where he could reach, your face, your hair, your neck, and then finally settling at your lips. His hands roamed over your body, but his favorite spot seemed to be your hips, where he’d grasp and buck against you and moan over and over again.

Soon, he was out of breath. He rested his head against your shoulder. You pecked him on the cheek, and held him softly. You swayed in each other’s arms for a moment, before Blue looked into your eyes. “I think our time is about up.”

Within the next few seconds, the door swung open, revealing Green. “It wasn’t so bad, right?”

You beamed. “Not bad at all.” You strolled out casually with Blue, as if you hadn’t just partook in an intense make-out session. Blue held your hand and whispered in your ear, “Listen, I’ve still gotta run the game, but once it’s over? I’m all yours.” He winked and shot a playful finger gun at
you, clicking his tongue.

What a dork (that you’re immensely interested in).

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