Doesn’t Make a Difference

by Inspire_me_to_breathe

Summary

Basically, I realised how many fics in this fandom have top!Eames and wondered if this was
because of how he presents himself...

So I decided to write a little drabble where Arthur assumes that too and then turns out to be
wrong.

'Arthur would be lying if he said he hadn't expected the night to end up like this; hot and
breathless and messy. '

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Arthur would be lying if he said he hadn’t expected the night to end up like this; hot and breathless
and messy. He has Eames pressed up against him in a dirty restroom stall, hands roaming and hips
grinding, while the heavy bass of the club music thunders through their veins. The cubicle is cold
and hard against his back, a sharp contrast to the warm solid mass of Eames’ body. Outside there is
the murmur of voices, people looking for a good night. No one suspects that less than a metre away
two men are rubbing up against each other like bloody teenagers.

Arthur grabs Eames’ hips and drags him closer; close enough to taste if he flicks out his tongue, so
he does, running it along Eames’ jaw, sucking and licking at his skin. Eames’ moans in appreciation,
(draws nearer and buries his face in Arthur’s neck, one hand sliding down over his spine to rest
lightly in the small of his back. Arthur nips at his throat, forcing Eames to raise his head once more
and surge forward in a sloppy, fiery kiss. Their tongues dance aggressively until Arthur draws away,
breathless and heart pounding. He stares at Eames, notes the other man’s dilated pupils and flushed
cheeks. Usually so composed, Arthur thinks he might have broken Eames – and he smiles.

“I suppose you’ll want to fuck me.” Arthur says, almost conversationally as if they were discussing business and were, in no way at all, currently in a painfully hard state and on the edge of doing something crazy. In a public toilet.

But the words don’t seem to have the desired effect. Arthur had assumed that was what Eames daydreamed about; sinking his dick into Arthur’s perfect, tight ass, but Eames only frowns, rocking his hips against Arthur’s.

So Arthur decides to speed things up a little. For all Eames’ confidence and blatant sexuality at the most inconvenient and unprofessional of times, it appears the man is actually a little nervous when it comes down to it. But that’s fine; Arthur quite likes being the dominant one, and he proves this by twisting around, his hands shaking as he pulls down his trousers, and bending over slightly. He’s in the perfect position for fucking; he knows this from prior experience, and he spreads his legs invitingly.

Eames does nothing more than grind up against him slightly, and, if Arthur wasn’t so hard and if this wasn’t a public place, he might have enjoyed the slow build, the foreplay. As it is, though, he feels impatient, just wants to get on with it. He reaches into a pocket and pulls out a condom and a little packet of lube (ever prepared for all eventualities), and hands them over to Eames.

“Hurry up.” He snaps when he doesn’t hear the packet being torn open, “I’m horny.”

Eames places one hand on his hip, squeezes softly, and then traces along the line of muscle down his thigh. Arthur shifts against him, pushes backwards, wants something. He doesn’t care what. Just needs Eames close. Just needs Eames to be enjoying himself.

“What?” Arthur asks, exasperated, reaching down to tug on his own throbbing dick. “What do you want?”

Eames pauses, clears his throat. “Do you mind,” he begins, seeming nervous, perhaps a little embarrassed, “Would it be okay if you fucked me?” His eyes flicker away as a red blush spreads across his cheeks.

“Really?” Arthur tilts his head, regarding the other man. “I kinda thought –”

Eames shrugs. “If you don’t want-”

“Yeah, no.” Arthur cuts in quickly, slips around to face him, “I mean, it’s fine. Yeah, I’ll fuck you.”

Eames smiles hesitantly, and Arthur responds with an amused quirking of the lips.

“You could have just asked.”

But Eames laughs a little self-consciously, “I don’t usually get the choice. People just assume because I don’t look like some twink…”

Arthur bites his lip, “Sorry.” He realises he’s guilty of that, too.

Eames shakes his head in a self-mocking way, “Not your fault. I know I present myself as a certain kind of person – but that’s for business, not for pleasure.” His fingers twist in Arthur’s hair, “And it’s not your fault – I get it; it’s hard to unlearn a stereotype.”

“If you’re done lecturing on the injustice of society’s perceptions, can we get down to the actual
“fucking?” Arthur leans forward, captures Eames’ lips in a light kiss, “Either way’s good to me. It really doesn’t make a difference.”

End Notes

Sorry there’s no actual sex :( hope you enjoyed it anyway.. please leave kudos/comment if you liked it!! <3

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!